THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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Maps and Plans made to order.
Maps of the timberlands and pocket maps of each county for sale.
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One of the best investments in South Paris, on High Street. Eighteen-room house, finished in three rents. Large stable connected. Several acres of land. Also three house lots in desirable locality. Contemplated removal only cause for sale.
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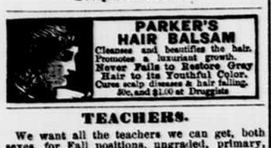
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

TEACHERS.
We want all the teachers we can get, both sexes, for Fall positions, ungraded, primary, grammar, and high schools. Send for circular and register.
Eastern Maine Teachers' Agency,
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Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR CALLOW PEOPLE

Specialist
Specialist
For sixteen years I have fitted glasses to defective eyes and nothing else—that makes me a specialist. If your eyes trouble you in any way, and if you want expert advice in regard to the same, come to the man who is a specialist, who does one thing only. No charge for eye examinations or consultation.
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Eye Specialist, Norway, Me. Tel. 18-4.

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In all its stages there should be cleanliness.
Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.
Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

BAD EYES
Are What We Are
LOOKING FOR.
It is to be regretted that there are so many of that sort at this day and age, but they must be cared for and we are fully equipped to do it. No matter what you think the trouble is, do not do a thing till you come to us.
IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING TO KNOW,
And it is your duty to your Eyes.
S. RICHARDS,
Graduate Optician, South Paris.

Wanted.
All kinds of Pulp Wood the coming year. Correspondence solicited.
H. D. COLE,
Bryant's Pond, Me.
April 12th, 1905.

Receiver's Sale.

Water Power, Mill, Machinery and Real Estate.

The Receiver's sale of all the property of The Linen Manufacturing Company, notice of which was published in the issues of the Oxford Democrat of October 16, 23 and 30, A. D. 1906, has by order of the court been postponed to March 11 (eleven), at 12 (twelve) o'clock, noon, A. D. 1907, and unless otherwise ordered by the court I shall sell at the mill of said The Linen Manufacturing Company at Snow's Falls in Paris in the County of Oxford on said eleventh day of March, A. D. 1907, at twelve o'clock, noon, to the highest bidder, under the conditions hereinafter stated and subject to the approval of the court, all the property and interests of said The Linen Manufacturing Company, which are fully and particularly described in said notice of sale published in said issues of the Oxford Democrat. The conditions of said sale are that all said property except certain personal property hereinafter specially mentioned will be sold together, and no bid less than two thousand five hundred dollars ($2500) for the same will be received. The bidder to whom said property is awarded at said sale must, at the time of said sale, deposit with said Receiver a certified check for five hundred dollars ($500), payable to said Receiver, which sum shall be held by said Receiver pending the approval of said sale by said court. If said sale is not approved by the court, then said sum of five hundred dollars ($500) will be returned to the person so depositing the same. If the sale is approved said sum of five hundred dollars ($500) shall, upon payment of the balance of the purchase price of said property, be applied to complete the payment of said purchase price. If said bidder, to whom said property is awarded, shall after approval of said sale by said court, fail to pay the balance of said purchase price in accordance with the order of said court upon approval of said sale, then said five hundred dollars ($500) shall be applied as said court may direct, to the payment of all cost and expense of said sale and the services of said Receiver on account thereof. And said bidder shall be compelled to pay the balance of said purchase price or said property may be awarded to the next highest bidder, or sold again as the court may direct.

I shall also sell at the same time and place, to the highest bidder, the following described property of said The Linen Manufacturing Company:

Two horses, subject to a lien for keeping, the amount of which lien will be fully stated at the time of said sale.
One double team.
One sleigh.
One double traverse pung.
One pair of driving harnesses.

Dated at Portland, Maine, January 26, 1907.

Charles A. Strout,
Receiver.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company.
Hartford, Connecticut.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1906.

Real Estate,	$ 1,091,187 75
Mortgage Loans,	616,600 00
Collateral Loans,	1,000 00
Stocks and Bonds,	13,085,244 25
Cash in Office and Bank,	1,319,869 98
Agents' Balances,	1,570,522 10
Interest and Rents,	8,457 75
All other Assets,	39,885 59
Gross Assets,	$17,702,807 42

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1906.

Net Unpaid Losses,	$ 767,411 73
Unearned Premiums,	10 655,483 14
All other Liabilities,	1,926,576 56
Cash Capital,	2,000,000 00
Surplus over all Liabilities,	2,353,335 99
Total Liabilities and Surplus,	$17,702,807 42

FREELAND HOWE, Agent,
Norway, Maine.

NOTICE.

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

In the matter of AUGUSTUS L. MITCHELL, (In Bankruptcy. of Mexico, Bankrupt.)

To the creditors of Augustus L. Mitchell, in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of Feb., A. D. 1907, the said Augustus L. Mitchell was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 8 Market Square, South Paris, on the 27th day of Feb., A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, Feb 11, 1907.
WALTER L. GRAY,
Referee in Bankruptcy

MANY SUDDEN DEATHS FROM POISONOUS RHEUMATISM

The Disease Has Its Dangers—Should Be Taken in Time.

Rheumatism has long been regarded as a trouble which, while it might be painful, was not necessarily dangerous. Very few persons, it was thought, ever died from Rheumatism. Pick up a paper to-day, and you will see that the majority of sudden deaths are due to some form of neglected Rheumatism. Rheumatism of the heart, neuralgia of the heart, paralysis and poisonous Rheumatic acid are among the most dangerous forms of the disease. If Rheumatic acid poison is allowed to stay in the system, sudden death can scarcely be averted. There is but one cure for Rheumatism, and that is Smith's Specific Uric-O. No other Rheumatic remedy can possibly do as much for the disease. Uric-O is a positive cure for Lumbago, Muscular and Articular Rheumatism. It will cure Sciatica and Rheumatic Kidney trouble in the most pleasing manner. Uric-O costs $1.00 per bottle, and can be supplied by your Druggist. Samples and circulars will be cheerfully forwarded by the SMITH DRUG COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Uric-O is sold and recommended in South Paris and West Paris by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

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.

That Economic Problem.

"Could four adults, accustomed to a bountiful table, live on an income of $500 per year in New England; walking distance of a country town; provided they have enough for a little home free and clear, with furniture enough? And would such persons be cordially received?"

As I understand the above proposition from "A Subscriber" $500 is to be the total income, and must provide food, heat, lighting, clothing and all incidental expenses including medical attendance, etc. Taking this as a basis, one is on the same level as though living in town provided he owned his home there, except that taxes might be a little less outside corporate limits.

By dividing $500 by four we have $125 for each adult to cover all his share of expenses for a year or $2.40 a week.

The writer once had experience in a boarding club of eight members, where the central idea was to get along as cheaply as possible not once dreaming of a sumptuous table, but sufficient good, plain nourishing food for bodily needs, without any frills. My recollection is that our food cost per week for each person averaged just about $1.50, that is for the raw material with seasoning, lard, etc., to cook the food. This was in school days, in a city of 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants, where there were good stores, and some discount allowed to "clubbers."

I judge from the above that it would be out of the question to live bountifully from $500 considering food only. Living very plainly as our club did, and deducting the $1.50 from $2.40 one would have only 90 cents per week to pay for heat, light, clothing, etc., none of which was included in our expenses of $1.50.

It would be possible, barring extraordinary illness, necessitating large bills for medical attendance, to live on $500 per year, but one would have to live something after the bill of fare of the colored poor of the south, viz.: on hog, hominy and molasses. There is only one way in which four could live comfortably on $500 a year—that is have a place where a splendid cow could be kept to furnish milk, cream and butter, and the skim milk grow a good porker, for hams, shoulders and bacon, with enough salt pork for the bean pot; chance for a flock of hens to furnish eggs for cooking and food for the table. Then with a few good fruit trees and a good-sized, well-kept garden where the needed vegetables could be raised I could think of four adults faring well on $500 a year.

As to their reception in the village, that depends a good deal on the "four adults." The way to the best people in any place is through the church. If one attends church regularly and lives up to its teachings and is personally agreeable to those he meets, he need have little fear of being treated other than cordially. Those who snub you because you live outside the village are "codfish aristocracy" and hardly worth being on terms of intimacy with.—D. J. Ryther, West Pownal, Me.

Building a Sheep Barn.

In answer to a query from a Connecticut man to the Country Gentleman as to building a sheep barn with hillside entrances, Dr. C. D. Smead replied:

All I can give is a few generalities on building a sheep barn. The first is that unless the barn can be built in the hillside so that it has an eastern frontage, I would not build it in the hillside. Again, if the hillside were so steep that I could even then have windows on the north and south, I would not build it on that site. Sunlight and pure air must be got into practically every bit of space used for the penning of sheep, or the building will become unhealthful. This can't be done well with a western frontage or a northern; with a southern, and the western slope, so that windows can be placed also in the east end of the basement, a fairly good one can be built, providing the location is where the south wind does not blow much. As a general rule, sheep barns wholly above ground, with doors to drive through, are the best and most convenient, when built on comparatively level ground. The needed sheep yards can be made on either side, and the sheep in small flocks can be let out into them. They can be more easily entered with the manure wagon, and when but 50 feet wide, every part of the space can be so arranged as to allow some sunlight to enter at some time in the day.

If winter lamb raising is to be engaged in, the barn must be so constructed as to close tightly. If the proposition is to have the lambs dropped after the weather becomes quite warm, the closed doors will not be needed. The feeding racks when possible should be constructed in the center, or so that the flock will not crowd, as they will when the racks are round the outside. Arrangements should also be made so that hay can be got into them without carrying it over the backs of the sheep; in short, got to the rack in such a way that the sheep cannot get on to it, and the racks so made that neither sheep nor the little lambs get into them and soil the hay. Again, they should be so constructed that the flock can get the hay without having to more than put their noses between the slats in the rack.

In conclusion, I may say that construction of the barn is not so important as the arrangement of the space in it after it has been built; so that the food and water can be got to the flock conveniently and in the best possible condition.

Fattening Oxen for the Shambles.

[Recently a pair of well finished oxen were marketed at Brighton, Mass., at fancy prices. In the following article George C. Rice, owner of the oxen, tells how they were fattened.]

I bought the oxen March 5, 1906, from the wood lot where they had been lumbering. They weighed 3165 pounds. As soon as they were in the barn they were given a dish of cob meal of about 2 quarts. I continued the same until they were turned to pasture June 1. I grow a great many early apples, so begin to feed them to the oxen by the bushel in September and October. They had two bushels each per day along with Stowell Evergreen corn, with some corn on the stalk. November 1 I took them to the barn, giving them about two quarts cob meal each. December 15 I began to feed for beef. I gave each about six quarts of cob meal with one-half bushel oats to one barrel of corn. This I ground twice a day, morning and evening. At noon I fed about 1 dozen ears sweet corn, husks and all.

The oxen enjoyed good pasture and all the nice hay they would eat. I kept them ten and one-half months and in that time they gained 1200 pounds. They carted manure and hay, probably 100 tons of hay, 25 tons of rowen, 10 tons of oats and also performed many other jobs about the farm as well as helped plow 7 acres for spring planting, etc. The day the oxen went to Brighton they weighed 4365 pounds.—George C. Rice in New England Homestead.

There are few dairymen in the business only for a season. Wherefore, if one comes across a suggestion either in thought or while reading, and it does not apply to the present season, let him remember it, if valuable, until the season arrives when it will be applicable.

Only feed turnips, etc., immediately after milking, so as to allow time for the elimination of the volatile products of such food from the cow's system.

Jottings from the Farmers.

I have always had best success in growing the finer wool breeds of sheep. They are more hardy and longer lived than the long, coarse wool breeds. Always aim to have a thoroughbred sire and give them good, dry quarters. Salt frequently and change the silage as often as possible. Rowen hay is excellent for sheep. While in the barn give them white cracked corn and oil meal. Sheep are the best paying animals on the farm.—John Anderson, Franklin County, Mass.

The care and management of our farm animals has much to do with the income derived from them. They should be provided with comfortable quarters and tie-ups should be so arranged that the temperature can be controlled. In feeding, each man should use his own judgment in studying the needs of the individual animals. Before buying feed, look over the market carefully, as something can usually be saved in that way.—A. W. Jose, Penobscot County, Me.

The argument is occasionally made that the continued use of silage has a deleterious effect upon the constitution of the animal. The ground taken is that the acids affect the digestive functions and in time impair the bodily vigor and productive capacity. To my knowledge, no such claims have ever been substantiated and the average feeder need have no fears in this regard.—Prof. F. W. Taylor, New Hampshire Agricultural College.

Sheep husbandry on the great plains of the west is lessening year by year. As that land is being taken for agricultural purposes, the price has advanced and the free use of large government tracts can no longer be obtained. Hence the number of sheep kept has been decreasing, while the demand for wool and lambs has been increasing. Wool has doubled in value since 1895 and lambs are no longer a drug on the market. The farmer of to-day that will purchase a small flock of good grade sheep with as good a male as he can obtain, will find that with good care and a small expenditure he can derive returns second to those from no other farm animals.—C. B. Hoyt, Carroll County, N. H.

I have been in the dairy business for the past 15 years. I started with two good grade Jersey cows and have used bulls of the best blood and never have raised a scrub heifer. I have raised my own cows and met with fair success. They are fed three times a day with hay or cornstalks, twice a day with cottonseed meal and bran or corn or cob meal. I believe cattle should have at least 15 minutes' exercise every day.—C. M. Vaughan, Franklin County, Me.

We have been most successful with dairy cows. In winter they are fed good, early cut hay three times a day, given all they will clean out. For grain ration they receive four quarts of a mixture consisting of equal parts cottonseed meal, bran, Ajax flakes and oats and corn meal. The grain is fed in one ration in the morning after feeding hay. We do not find it best to feed cows beets and turnips but consider carrots, apples, squash and pumpkins better for milk and butter. We always plant a large piece of sweet corn for fall feed and when the ears are well filled up it is cut and fed out to stock.—J. L. Simmons, Lincoln County, Me., in New England Homestead.

Wanted—Boys and Trees.

The alarm occasioned by Vermont's big spruce timber cut of nearly one hundred and twelve million feet is groundless. It is like the question that arose in a Vermont city on the question of water. The city council was cutting off a meter here, a motor there, a sprinkling house somewhere else, and devoting all its time to restricting the consumption of the liquid life. A plain man got up and said: "Gentlemen, we don't want more meters; we want more water." And so it is in Vermont. We don't want to restrict the spruce out; we want more spruces. And intelligent forestry, a start for which was made by the recent legislature, will do it.

There are too many land-owners who look askance at the re-foresting proposition and ask suspiciously:

"What'm I going to get out of it? Won't never live to see them spruces big enough to cut, ner them seedlings big enough to count."

This is true. There must be something approaching a public spirit in the owner's attitude toward this question. He must do something with no immediate return in view. He will probably never sell a foot of the timber he sets out in seedlings.

But his boys may get the benefit. His land will be constantly increasing in value.

The greatest needs of this state to-day are more boys and more trees. Let us raise the boys and trees together.

For every boy that is born to the fortunate Vermont farmer let his father set out a thousand or two seedlings in some waste land or unprofitable pasture. Let him renew them year by year—the cost is small, and by the time those boys are grown to manhood and ready to go into forestry on their own account, they will have a little property that will repay the thoughtful labor.

Shouldn't the meanest, most hand-to-mouth, back-lot farmer in the state take enough pride in his heirs to do as much as this for them? He wouldn't get the benefit himself, perhaps, but it would be all in the family.

Certainly the renewal of this enormous draft on our state forests, represented by 111,654,000 feet of timber cut last year must be replaced by some means. And the small landowner can do his share and benefit his kin at the same time.—Montpelier (Vt.) Journal.

What Cow-Testing Did.

A few years ago a creamery started in a certain locality. The milk was bought by test. One farmer didn't have enough milk to interest the manager, and what he had was a poor quality, three per cent or lower. He was pretty sore because, you see, he wanted to be "our influential citizen." It was like being slapped in the face to be told his milk was no good. Finally he concluded it was useless to buck capital. He began to wake up and use the part of his anatomy that he carried under his hat. He improved his herd. If he suspected a cow wasn't up to par he took a sample of her milk to be tested. He fed better and gave better care. His last check for 15 days was a few cents over $69. Know what your cows are doing.—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

The Benefit of Apple Eating.

Apple eating, especially before retiring, is very beneficial to health. Apples are very nutritious, for they contain more phosphoric acids than any other fruit or vegetable. If eaten before retiring the brain and liver are benefitted; undisturbed sleep is produced; the odor of the mouth is disinfected; the superfluous acids of the stomach are restrained; secretion of the kidneys is accelerated, and the formation of stone is prevented. The eating of apples is also an excellent preventive of indigestion, and of certain forms of throat troubles.—Naturopath.

The milk from cows just freshening should not be used until after the ninth milking.

Limit the quantity of ensilage, turnips and the like so that the cows will consume the entire ration at one eating.

From both a humanitarian and a business point of view, gentleness is the best with the cows.

Siclone ...Clark

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright, 1900, by Frank H. Spearman

THERE goes a fellow that walks like Siclone Clark," ex claimed Duck Middleton. Duck was sitting in the trainmaster's office with a group of engineers. He was one of the blacklisted strikers and runs an engine now down on the Santa Fe. But at long intervals Duck gets back to revisit the scenes of his early triumphs. The men who surrounded him were once at deadly odds with Duck and his chums, though now the ancient enmities seem forgotten, and Duck, the once ferocious Duck, sits occasionally among the new men and gossips about early days on the West End.

"Do you remember Siclone, Reed?" asked Duck, calling to me in the private office.

"Remember him!" I echoed. "Did anybody who ever knew Siclone forget him?"

"I fired passenger for Siclone twenty years ago," resumed Duck. "He walked just like that fellow, only he was quicker. I reckon you fellows don't know what a snap you have here now," he continued, addressing the men around him. "Track fenced, ninety pound rails, steel bridges, stone culverts, slag ballast, skyscrapers—no wonder you get chances to haul such nobs as Lilliuokalani and Schley and Dewey and cut ninety miles an hour on tangents.

"When I was firing for Siclone the roadbed was just off the scrapers, the dumps were soft, pile bridges, paper culverts, fifty-six pound rails, not a fence west of Buffalo gap and the plains black with Texas steers. We never closed our cylinder cocks. The hiss of the steam frightened the cattle worse than the whistle, and we never knew when we were going to find a bunch of critters on the track.

"The first winter I came out was great for snow, and I was a tenderfoot. The cuts made good windbreaks, and whenever there was a norther they were chuck full of cattle. Every time a train plowed through the snow it made a path on the track. Whenever the steers wanted to move they would take the middle of the track single file and string out mile after mile. Talk about fast schedules and ninety miles an hour. You had to poke along with your cylinders spitting and just whistle and yell—sort of blow them off into the snowdrifts.

"One day Siclone and I were going west on 59, and we were late. For that matter, we were always late. Simpson, coming against us on 60, had caught a bunch of cattle in the rock cut just west of the Sapple and killed a couple. When we got there, there must have been a thousand head of steers mousing around the dead ones. Siclone—he used to be a cowboy, you know—Siclone said they were holding a wake. At any rate, they were still coming from every direction and as far as you could see.

"'Hold on, Siclone, and I'll chase them out,' I said.

"'That's the stuff, Duck,' says he. 'Get after them and see what you can do.' He looked kind of queer, but I never thought anything. I picked up a jack bar and started up the track.

'He stood out there with a shovel and kept the whole bunch off me."

"The first fellow I tackled looked lazy, but he started full quick when I hit him. Then he turned around to inspect me, and I noticed his horns were of the broad gauge variety. While I whacked another the first one put his head down and began to snort and paw the ties. Then they all began to bellow at once. It looked smoky. I dropped the jack bar and started for the engine, and about fifty of them started for me.

"I never had an idea steers could run so. You could have played checkers on my heels all the way back. If Siclone hadn't come out and jollied them, I'd never got back in the world. I just jumped the pilot and went clear over against the boiler head. Siclone claimed I tried to climb the smokestack, but he was excited. Anyway, he stood out there with a shovel and kept the whole bunch off me. I thought they would kill him. But I never tried to chase range steers on foot again.

"In the spring we got the rains—not like you get now, but cloudbursts. The section men were good fellows, only sometimes we would get into a storm miles from a section gang and strike a place where we couldn't see a thing.

"Then Siclone would stop the train, take a bar and get down ahead and sound the roadbed. Many and many a washout he struck that way which would have wrecked our train and wound up our ball of yarn in a minute. Often and often Siclone would go into his division without a dry thread on him.

"Those were different days," mused the grizzled striker. "The old boys are scattered now all over this broad land. The strike did it, and you fellows have the snap. But what I wonder often and often is whether Siclone is really alive or not."

Siclone Clark was one of the two cowboys who helped Harvey Reynolds and Ed Banks save 59 at Griffin the night the coal train ran down from Ogallala. They were both taken into the service. Siclone after awhile went to wiping.

When Bucks asked his name, Siclone answered, "S. Clark."

"What's your full name?" asked Bucks.

"S. Clark."

"But what does S stand for?" persisted Bucks.

"Stands for Cyclone, I reckon. Don't it?" retorted the cowboy, with some annoyance.

It was not usual in those days on the plains to press a man too closely about his name. There might be reasons why it would not be esteemed courteous.

"I reckon it do," replied Bucks, dropping into Siclone's grammar. And without a quiver he registered the new man as Siclone Clark, and his checks always read that way. The name seemed to fit. He adopted it without any objection, and after everybody came to know him it fitted so well that Bucks was believed to have second sight when he named the harebrained fireman. He could get up a storm quicker than any man on the division and, if he felt so disposed, stop one quicker.

In spite of his eccentricities, which were many, and his headstrong way of doing some things, Siclone Clark was a good engineer and deserved a better fate than the one that befell him, though—who can tell?—it may have been just to his liking.

The strike was the worst thing that ever happened to Siclone. He was one of those big hearted, violent fellows who went into it loaded with enthusiasm. He had nothing to gain by it—at least, nothing to speak of. But the idea that somebody on the East End needed their help led men like Siclone in, and they thought it a cinch that the company would have to take them all back.

The consequence was that, when we staggered along without them, men like Siclone, easily aroused, naturally of violent passions and with no self restraint, stopped at nothing to cripple the service. And they looked on the men who took their places as entitled neither to liberty nor life.

When our new men began coming from the Reading to replace the strikers, every one wondered who would get Siclone Clark's engine, the 313. Siclone had gently sworn to kill the first man who took out the 313, bar nobody.

Whatever others thought of Siclone's vaporings, they counted for a good deal on the West End. Nobody wanted trouble with him.

Even Neighbor, who feared no man, sort of let the 313 lie in her stall as long as possible after the trouble began.

Nothing was said about it. Threats cannot be taken cognizance of officially. We were bombarded with threats all the time; they had long since ceased to move us. Yet Siclone's engine stayed in the roundhouse.

Then, after Foley and McTerza and Sinclair, came Fitzpatrick from the east. McTerza was put on the mails, and coming down one day on the White Flier he blew a cylinder head out of the 416.

Fitzpatrick was waiting to take her out when she came stumping in on one pair of drivers, for we were using engines worse than horseflesh then. But of course the 416 was put out. The only gig left in the house was the 313.

I imagine Neighbor felt the finger of fate in it. The mail had to go. The time had come for the 313. He ordered her fired.

"The man that ran this engine swore he would kill the man that took her out," said Neighbor, sort of incidentally, as Fitz stood by waiting for her to steam.

"I suppose that means me," said Fitzpatrick.

"I suppose it does."

"Whose engine is it?"

"Siclone Clark's."

Fitzpatrick shifted to the other leg.

"Did he say what I would be doing while this was going on?"

Something in Fitzpatrick's manner made Neighbor laugh. Other things crowded in and no more was said.

No more was thought, in fact. The 313 rolled as kindly for Fitzpatrick as for Siclone, and the new engineer, a quiet fellow like Foley, only a good bit heavier, went on and off her with never a word for anybody.

One day Fitzpatrick dropped into a barber shop to get shaved. In the next chair lay Siclone Clark. Siclone got through first and, stepping over to the table to get his hat, picked up Fitzpatrick's by mistake and walked out with it. He discovered his change just as Fitz got out of his chair. Siclone came back, replaced the hat on the table—it had Fitzpatrick's name pasted in the crown—took up his own hat and as Fitz reached for his looked at him.

Every one in the shop caught their breaths.

"Is your name Fitzpatrick?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mine is Clark."

Fitzpatrick put on his hat.

"You're running the 313, I believe?" continued Siclone.

"Yes, sir."

"That's my engine."

"I thought it belonged to the company."

"Maybe it does, but I've agreed to kill the man that takes her out before this trouble is settled," said Siclone amiably.

Fitzpatrick met him steadily. "If you'll let me know when it takes place, I'll try and be there."

"I don't jump on any man without fair warning. Any of the boys will tell you that," continued Siclone. "Maybe you didn't know my word was out?"

Fitzpatrick hesitated. "I'm not looking for trouble with any man," he replied guardedly, "but since you're disposed to be fair about notice it's only fair to you to say that I did know your word was out."

"Still you took her?"

"It was my orders."

"My word is out. The boys know it is good. I don't jump any man without fair warning. I know you now, Fitzpatrick, and the next time I see you, look out." And without more ado Siclone walked out of the shop, greatly to the relief of the barber if not of Fitz.

Fitzpatrick may have wiped a little sweat from his face, but he said nothing, only walked down to the roundhouse and took out the 313 as usual for his run.

A week passed before the two men met again. One night Siclone, with a crowd of the strikers, ran into half a dozen of the new men. Fitzpatrick among them, and there was a riot. It was Siclone's time to carry out his intention, for Fitzpatrick would have scorned to try to get away. No tree ever breasted a tornado more sturdily than the Irish engineer withstood Siclone, but when Ed Banks got there with his wrecking crew and straightened things out Fitzpatrick was picked up for dead. That night Siclone disappeared.

Hand over hand Siclone Clark crept up.

Warrants were got out and searchers put after him, yet nobody could or would apprehend him. It was generally understood that the sudden disappearance was one of Siclone's freaks. If the ex-cowboy had so determined he would not have hidden to keep out of anybody's way. I have sometimes pondered whether shame hadn't something to do with it. His tremendous physical strength was fit for so much better things than beating other men that maybe he himself sort of realized it after the storm had passed.

Down east of the depot grounds at McCloud stands or stood a great barn-like hotel, built in boom days and long a favorite resting place for invalids and travelers en route to California by easy stages. It was nicknamed the barracks. Many railroad men boarded there, and the new engineers liked it because it was close to the roundhouse and away from the strikers.

Fitzpatrick, without a whine or a complaint, was put to bed in the barracks, and Holmes Kay, one of the staff surgeons, was given charge of the case. A trained nurse was provided besides. Nobody thought the injured man would live. But after every care was given him we turned our attention to the troublesome task of operating the road.

The 313, whether it happened so or whether Neighbor thought it well to drop the disputed machine temporarily, was not taken out again for three weeks. She was looked on as a hoodoo, and nobody wanted her. Foley refused point plank one day to take her, claiming that he had troubles of his own. Then one day something happened to McTerza's engine. We were stranded for a locomotive, and the 313 was brought out for McTerza. He didn't like it a bit.

Meantime nothing had been seen or heard of Siclone. That, in fact, was the reason Neighbor urged for using his engine, but it seemed as if every time the 313 went out it brought out Siclone, not to speak of worse things.

That morning about 3 o'clock the unlucky engine was coupled on to the White Flier. The night boy at the barracks always got up a hot lunch for the incoming and outgoing crews on the mail run, and that morning when he was through he forgot to turn off the lamp under his coffee tank. It overheated the counter, and in a few minutes the woodwork was ablaze. If the frightened boy had emptied the coffee on the counter he could have put the fire out, but instead he ran out to give the alarm and started upstairs to arouse the guests.

There were at least fifty people asleep in the house, traveling and railway men. Being a modern building, it was a quick prey, and in an incredibly short time the flames were leaping through the second story windows.

When I got down men were jumping in every direction from the burning hotel. Railroaders swarmed around, busy with schemes for getting the people out, for none is more quick witted in time of panic. Short as the opportunity was, there were many pretty rescues, until the flames, shooting up, cut off the stairs and left the helpers nothing for it but to stand and watch the destruction of the long, rambling building. Half a dozen of us looked from the dispatchers' offices in the second story of the depot. We had agreed that the people were all out when Foley below gave a cry and pointed to the south gable. Away up under the eaves at the third story window we saw a face. It was Fitzpatrick.

Everybody had forgotten Fitzpatrick and his nurse. Behind, as the flames lighted the opening, we could see the nurse struggling to get him to the window. It was plain that the engineer was in no condition to help himself. The two men were in deadly peril. A great cry went up.

The crowd swarmed like ants around to the south end. A dozen men called for ladders, but there were no ladders. They called for volunteers to go in after the two men, but the stairs were long since a furnace. There were men in plenty to take any kind of chance, however slight, but no chance offered.

The nurse ran to and from the window, seeking a loophole for escape. Fitzpatrick dragged himself higher on the casement to get out of the smoke which rolled over him in choking bursts and looked down on the crowd. They begged him to jump—held out their arms frantically. The two men, again side by side, waved a hand. It looked like a farewell. There was no calling from them, no appeal. The nurse would not desert his charge, and we saw it all.

Suddenly there was a cry below keener than the confused shouting of the crowd, and one running forward parted the men at the front and, clearing the fence, jumped into the yard under the burning gable.

Before people recognized him a lariat was swinging over his head. It was Siclone Clark. The rope left his arm like a slungshot and flew straight at Fitzpatrick. Not seeing or confused, he missed it, and the rope, with a groan from the crowd, settled back. The agile cowboy caught it again into a loop and shot it upward, that time fairly over Fitzpatrick's head.

"Make fast!" roared Siclone. Fitzpatrick shouted back, and the two men above drew taut. Hand over hand Siclone Clark crept up, like a monkey, bracing his feet against the smoking clapboards, edging away from the vomiting windows, swinging on the single strand of horsehair and followed by a hundred prayers unsaid.

Men who didn't know what tears were tried to cry out to keep the choking from their throats. It seemed an age before he covered the last five feet and the men above caught frantically at his hands.

Drawing himself over the casement, he was lost with them a moment. Then from behind a burst of smoke they saw him rigging a maverick saddle on Fitzpatrick, saw Fitzpatrick lifted by Clark and the nurse over the sill, lowered like a wooden tie, whirling and swinging, down into twenty arms below. Before the trainmen had got the engineer loose the nurse, following, slid like a cat down the incline, but not an instant too soon. A tongue of flame lit the gable from below and licked the horsehair up into a curling, frizzling thread, and Siclone stood alone in the upper casement.

It seemed for the moment he stood there the crowd would go mad. The shock and the shouting seemed to confuse him. It may have been the hot air took his breath. They yelled to him to jump, but he swayed uncertainly. Once, an instant after that, he was seen to look down; then he drew back from the casement. I never saw him again.

The flames wrapped the building in a yellow fury. By daylight the big barracks were a smoldering pile of ruins. So little water was thrown that it was nearly nightfall before we could get into the wreck. The tragedy had blotted out the feud between the strikers and the new men. Side by side they worked, as side by side Siclone and Fitzpatrick had stood in the morning, striving to uncover the mystery of the missing man. Next day twice as many men were in the ruins.

Fitzpatrick while we were searching called continually for Siclone Clark. We didn't tell him the truth. Indeed, we didn't know it, nor do we yet know it. Every brace, every beam, every brick, was taken from the charred pile, every foot of cinders, every handful of ashes sifted, but of a human being the searchers found never a trace, not a bone, not a key, not a knife, not a button which could be identified as his. Like the smoke which swallowed him up, he had disappeared completely and forever.

Is he alive? I cannot tell.

But this I know:

Years afterward Sidney Blair, head of our engineering department, was running a line, looking then, as we are looking yet, for a coast outlet.

He took only a flying camp with him, traveling in the lightest kind of order, camping often with the cattlemen he ran across.

One night away down in the Panhandle they fell in with an outfit driving a bunch of steers up the Yellow Grass trail. Blair noted that the foreman was a character—a man of few words, but of great muscular strength, and, moreover, frightfully scarred.

He was silent and inclined to be morose at first, but after he learned Blair was from McCloud he unbent a bit and after a time began asking questions which indicated a surprising familiarity with the northern country and with our road. In particular, this man asked what had become of Bucks and, when told what a big railroad man he had grown, asserted, with a sudden bitterness and without in any way leading up to it, that with Bucks on the West End there never would have been a strike.

Sitting at their campfire while their crews mingled, Blair noticed in the flicker of the blaze how seamed the throat and breast of the cattleman were. Even his sinewy forearms were drawn out of shape. He asked, too, whether Blair recollected the night the barracks burned, but Blair at that time was east of the river and so explained, though he related to the cowboy incidents of the fire which he had heard, among others the story of Fitzpatrick and Siclone Clark.

"And Fitzpatrick is alive, and Siclone is dead," said Blair in conclusion. But the cowboy disputed him.

"You mean Clark is alive and Fitzpatrick is dead," said he.

"No," contended Sidney. "Fitzpatrick is running an engine up there now. I saw him within three months." But the cowboy was loath to conviction.

Next morning their trails forked. The foreman seemed disinclined to part from the surveyors, and while the bunch was starting he rode a long way with Blair, talking in a random way. Then, suddenly wheeling, he waved a goodby with his heavy Stetson and, galloping hard, was soon lost to the north in the ruts of the Yellow Grass.

When Blair came in he told Neighbor and me about it. Blair had never seen Siclone Clark and so was no judge as to his identity, but Neighbor believes yet that Blair camped that night way down in the Panhandle with no other than the cowboy engineer.

Once again, that only two years ago, something came back to us.

Holmes Kay, one of our staff of surgeons, the man, in fact, who took care

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, FEB. 19, 1907.

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

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Coming Events.

March 4.—Town meeting.
March 5.—Oxford Pomona Grange, West Paris.

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Notes from the Legislature.

Although the past week in the legislature has not been largely productive in the matter of final action in important matters of legislation, it has included hearings on several of the most interesting measures before the legislature. No session for many years has had before it so many important matters affecting the people generally by new legislation, and most of these have now had their hearing in committee and are ready for action, though the committee reports have as yet been made on none of them.

Last week's hearings included resubmission, the repeal of the Sturgis law, the state house removal, etc.

An order having been adopted fixing Feb. 19 as the time limit for the reception of matters of special legislation, one of the first things in order this week will be to extend that time limit. But as this legislature is running things on a little stricter lines than some previous ones, the limit will probably not be extended more than twice, and perhaps not but once.

The resubmission hearing was held in the senate chamber Wednesday afternoon, having been driven out of the house by the state house removal hearing, which had a much larger attendance. Speakers in behalf of resumission were Senator Staples of Knox, Sheriff Pennell of Cumberland County, Hon. William T. Haines of Waterville, and others. While the other speakers are opponents of prohibition, Mr. Haines, who is an avowed candidate for the gubernatorial nomination by the Republican party on a resubmission platform, declares that he favors resubmission for the purpose of reaffirming prohibition. The leading speaker in opposition to resubmission was Mrs. Stevens, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. No really new arguments were advanced on either side. It seems to be generally understood that resubmission is dead for this session.

The hearing which drew the big crowd for the week was that on the removal of the state capital, held on Wednesday according to a continuance from an earlier date. At the hearing last week Augusta put in the rest of its case, Hon. Forrest Goodwin of Skowhegan opening and Hon Herbert M. Heath of Augusta closing for the present capital. Gen. C. P. Mattocks of Portland closed in behalf of the advocates of removal to Portland. Mr. Hichborn of Augusta explained the new hotel proposition which is expected to solve the problem of hotel accommodations at Augusta. There were several other speakers on both sides of the question, one of the opponents of removal being Hon. John P. Swasey of Canton. The hearing extended through the afternoon and evening.

To a certain extent the business of the legislature gave way on Tuesday to the governor's reception at the state house in the afternoon, and the reception and ball in the evening given by the citizens of Augusta at the city hall. These biennial affairs were largely attended and much enjoyed.

Tuesday afternoon there was a hearing in which Oxford County is considerably interested, on the bill giving the Union Water Power Co. the right to deepen the outlets to the Rangeley Lakes so as to draw the water down about six feet lower than at present in winter. A number of prominent lawyers appeared on each side of the question, Judge Foster being one of the attorneys for the opponents of the bill, who are headed by the Rickers of Poland Spring.

The petition for the closing of Twitchell and Round Ponds in Greenwood and North Pond in Greenwood and Woodstock to ice fishing drew out a remonstrance with numerous signers, which was presented last week.

The judiciary committee reported "ought not to pass" on the woman suffrage amendment, and the report was accepted in the house without a ripple.

Although the flood has been past for some time, yet there is not a day that there are not a number of new measures presented, to say nothing of cords of petitions and remonstrances relating to matters now before the legislature.

One of the warmest hearings of the session was that on the bill to repeal the Sturgis law, on Thursday, although it did not attract so large an audience as many of the others. The principal speakers in favor of repeal were Senator Staples of Knox, the old Democratic war horse, and Hon. H. M. Heath of Augusta. Ex-Senator Sturgis, the father of the bill, spoke in opposition to repeal, as did Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Rev. C. E. Owen, Rev. H. N. Pringle, Judge Nathaniel P. Hobbs of North Berwick, and several others.

The hearing on the bill providing a third term of Supreme Judicial Court for Oxford County comes on Wednesday of this week, Feb. 20, at 2 P. M., before the judiciary committee.

Maine News Notes.

John Keefe, a boiler maker, was drowned at the Grand Trunk coal pockets at East Deering on the 10th by falling from the wharf. He had been at work on the boiler of a steamer which was discharging her cargo there. Keefe leaves a wife and four children.

The steel turbine steamer Camden, built for the Eastern Steamship Co., was launched at the Bath Iron Works Thursday. She was christened by Miss Martha Cobb, daughter of Governor Cobb, with a bottle of American champagne. The Camden is the first turbine steamer built in Maine.

Nahum M. Wing, son of Hon. George C. Wing of Auburn, who disappeared from Denver, Col., on the 4th of September, was located a few days since in New Orleans, where he had aimlessly wandered. On coming to himself he telegraphed his father, and not long after arrived in Auburn, where his wife has been for some time. Wing for some time had occupied the position of contracting agent of the Southern Pacific railroad at Denver and a diligent search in Denver and through the west has been made for him. He is about 30 years old.

The worst smash-up the Maine Central Railroad has had for some time occurred early Wednesday morning a short distance west of Freeport. The engine of a west-bound passenger train was in trouble, and the train had stopped and the engineer was working to remedy the difficulty. A brakeman went back with a flag, but either he did not have sufficient time, or he made an error of judgment as to distance, for a freight which was following was unable to stop, and crashed into the passenger train. Fortunately no one was killed, but five passengers were badly hurt and a number of others shaken up. Several cars were badly wrecked.

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.

Job H. Rawson, one of Paris Hill's best known citizens for many years, had a shock of paralysis about a week ago and is in a critical condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Case of New York arrived here Sunday and are enjoying the beauties of an "old fashioned Maine winter" and also celebrating their thirty-third wedding anniversary.

Miss Maud Douglass of South Paris spent Sunday with friends at Paris Hill.

Miss Flora Churchill of Buckfield visited Faustena Hammond a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hammond and Roy, Mrs. Kate Holden and Merton Holden spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Willard Bryant quite recently. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. George A. Jackson and little Albert were present. Mr. Bryant entertained them with his new phonograph which they enjoyed very much

Carroll Hooper of Boston was the guest of his sister, Miss Hattie Hooper, over Sunday.

George Proctor, who is lumbering in the woods for the Paris Manufacturing Co., spent Sunday with his family.

The Baptist Ladies' Circle held its annual meeting with Mrs. Merrill Friday afternoon. The social to have been given that evening was postponed on account of the illness of Mr. Rawson. The officers chosen for the circle are:

President—Mrs. L. B. Merrill.
Vice-President—Mrs. V. R. Farris.
Secretary—Miss Alice K. Hammond.
Treasurer—U. H. Heald.

Maj. E. T. Brown of the United States Army has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Col. Brown is now stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco. Naturally his mother and sister and other relatives and friends in this vicinity are much pleased with his promotion.

Miss Persis N. Andrews writes from Pasadena, California, as follows: "We are liking this quiet, beautiful city far better than busy, noisy Los Angeles. The weather is most delightful. Maximum temperature yesterday was 84 degrees and it has been about 80 degrees for four or five days. Flowers are in bloom everywhere, and birds are singing merrily. I visited Rubio Canyon in the Sierra Madre Mountains yesterday and was from two to three thousand feet above sea level.

Miss Annie L. Parris is visiting friends at South Paris for a few days.

A meeting of the Universalist parish will be held Wednesday evening at the church, to see about further repairs and furnishings for the church.

There will be a social dance at Academy Hall Tuesday evening of this week.

Bryant's Pond.

Harry Noyes has returned from his winter's work at Rangeley Lakes.

Cora Morgan of Greenwood, who has been in the employ of Horace Noyes, has returned home.

J. M. Day and wife, while going to their home from the village Thursday, were tipped out of their sleigh near the crossing. Neither was hurt. The horse made quite a run and damaged the sleigh somewhat.

Mrs. Mary P. Farrar, who was reported ill last week of pneumonia, passed away Wednesday morning. Mrs. Farrar was a good woman, kind and helpful to all. Her presence will be missed in her home and in the circle of her friends and acquaintances. Her age was 68. She leaves a husband, one son and two sisters. Her funeral was held at the Universalist church Friday afternoon, attended by Rev. George B. Hannaford of Rumford. Many relatives and friends were present.

Geo. L. Cushman and Lewis M. Mann have each lost a horse this week with colic.

Jerry Ryan returned from Detroit last Monday and is employed by the season at E. H. Pike's.

Lester Heath and Geo. W. Q. Perham were in Portland Tuesday on business.

Mr. Bert Whitman, who has been ill for a number of weeks from the results of the measles, died at his home in Bethel Feb. 11th, aged about 35 years. Mr. Whitman was a hard-working, industrious man, and his death brings much sorrow to his family and friends. He leaves a wife, father, mother, and one brother.

Lovell.

An all day meeting of Suncook Grange was held Friday. The questions for discussion were "The removal of the state capital to Portland," "Woman Suffrage," and "The condition and needs of our town schools." There were in addition readings and several musical selections. The exercises were entertaining and profitable.

The German measles are prevalent about here.

The town officers are busy preparing the annual town report.

Fred S. Walker has returned to Hartford, Conn.

The funeral of Frank C. Walker was held at his late residence on Sunday afternoon attended by Rev. Charles H. Shank. The community is much saddened by the death of Mr. Walker, who after a short illness passed away at the age of 43 years. He was born in this town, the son of Marshall and Drusilla (Chandler) Walker, and has always made his home here. Although the day was stormy there were many friends in attendance at the service, including a delegation of members of Delta Lodge, F. and A. M., of which he was a member. He was also a member of Delta Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, and of Oriental Chapter of Bridgton. The interment was at No. 4 Cemetery with a Masonic service at the grave. The floral offerings were many and very beautiful. We noticed the following:

Forty-three white pinks—Mrs. Annie B. Walker.
Bouquet tulips and carnations—Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Walker and Mrs. Drusilla R. Walker.
Bouquet of pinks—Catharine C. Walker.
Bouquet of pinks—Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Walker.
Bouquet of white pinks—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harriman.
Bouquet of white pinks—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wood and son.
Bouquet of pink roses—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kimball, 2d, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Poor.
Bouquet of red and white pinks—Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Fox and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Kimball.
Pillow of pink and white roses—Delta Lodge, F. and A. M.
Floral star—Delta Chapter, O. E. S.
Floral piece, "Keystone"—Oriental Chapter, Bridgton.
Roses and white pinks—Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Pitcher and Mrs. Gamage
Bouquet—Mrs. W. B. Hurd.

Brownfield.

First Congregational church, Rev. Dr. James J. G. Tarr, minister. Sunday, Feb. 24, morning worship at 10:45 with sermon by the pastor, "The Chief Corner Stone." Sunday School at 12 M. Evening worship at 7, subject of pastor's sermon, "A 'Come' for Busy People." We invite all to worship with us, both morning and evening. Seats free. A hearty welcome to all.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 13th, a number of the friends of Miss Lizzie Peabody gathered at her home to give her a surprise party. Music and games were enjoyed by the company, and a fine collation served. The occasion was very much enjoyed by those present.

Since the closing of the high school we miss the familiar sight of Prof. Storer, and hope that he will be with us next term.

East Brownfield.

The Congregational Circle met with Mrs. James R. Hill last week.

Mrs. Carrie Bachellor of Sebago spent a few days recently with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Gatchell.

Mrs. Eben Rounds has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Marston, who lives in Conway, N. H.

Herbert McLucas, who has been suffering with a lame hand, is much better.

Last Thursday was a delightfully warm day.

We hear that Mrs. Burnell, who is in the Maine General Hospital, is not so well.

Considerable pulp wood, cord wood and bark is being sent from this station this winter.

West Paris.

Friday evening, Feb. 22d, is the date which has been set to play the drama "Breezy Point." This is a 3-act comedy and will be presented at Dunham's Hall, under the auspices of the Universalist Good Will Society, with the following cast:

Aunt Debby Dexter, Mistress of Breezy Point, ... Mrs. Mabel Allen Mann.
Eleanor Pearl, of unknown parentage, ... Miss Margie M. McKenney.
Ashrael Grant, a workhouse waif, ... Mrs. Annie W. Wheeler.
Mrs. Hardscratch with business propensities, ... Mrs. Mildred F. Davis.
The Hardscratch Twins, who never tell nothin', ... Anonymous
Mehitable Doolittle, manufacturer of catarrh snuff, ... Mrs. Cora D. Lurvey.
Aunt Debby's summer boarders,
Bernice Vernon, ... Miss Ethel M. Howe.
Laura Leigh, ... Miss Alice Dunham.
Edith Norton, ... Miss Dora I. Hill.
Clarice Fenleigh, ... Mrs. Eva M. Swift.
Fantine, the French maid, ... Miss Jennie L. Bradbury.
Old Clem, the gypsy, ... Mrs. Genevera G. Tuell.

There will be music between acts, and no doubt the entertainment will merit a good patronage. Admission tickets 25 cents. Children under 12 years, 10 cents. Curtain at 8 o'clock.

A quiet home wedding occurred at the Maple House, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse G. Dexter, on Saturday, Feb. 9th, at 3 P. M., when their daughter, Cora Marion, was united in marriage to Mr. Regnall Stanford Dinsmore of Norway. Only the immediate families were present. The private parlor where the ceremony took place was decorated in green and white. The bride and groom stood beneath a large white bell and J. Edgar Dexter and wife stood up with them. The single ring service was used, the officiating minister being Rev. Isabella S. Macduff. The bridal gown was dainty white muslin, and the traveling suit of stylish brown cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore, accompanied by relatives, left on the afternoon train for Lewiston amid a shower of rice and good wishes. Mrs. Dinsmore is a graduate of Norway High School and since then has successfully taught school. She will be sincerely missed by many friends. Mr. Dinsmore is an estimable young man, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dinsmore of Norway. The newly married couple expect to remain in Norway this winter, and in the spring will make a permanent home in Greenville.

Mrs. W. E. Pratt is working for Mrs. Percy Mayhew.

Mr. E. E. Tuell's children have had the German measles, but are out again and no more cases have appeared here.

Miss Catherine G. Briggs and Mrs. Wirt Stanley of South Paris were guests of Miss Tucker Friday of last week.

Miss Iva McArdle of South Paris is still a guest of Mrs. Packard. Mrs. Packard is improving in health.

Laura Barden visited relatives at South Paris last week.

Eugene Hammond has been at Carthage for two or three weeks, packing apples for Mr. F. A. Dunham.

Newie Rowe has finished clerking for A. K. Shurtleff.

Mr. Edgar Allen of South Paris is spending a few weeks with his sister, Mrs. W. H. Pratt.

Mrs. Clara A. Ridlon and Mrs. Dora M. Jackson are in Berlin, N. H., assisting Mrs. L. H. Penley to settle in her new home.

Miss Emma A. Swan of Auburn recently visited relatives here.

The body of Mr. Merton Brown of Dorchester, Mass., was brought here Monday of last week for interment. Mrs. Brown will break up housekeeping there and go to North Paris to live with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Abbott.

Twelve members of Penacook Lodge, No. 130, I. O. O. F., from Rumford Falls, visited West Paris Lodge, No. 15, on last Saturday evening. They came with teams, remaining over night at the Maple House and returned home Sunday. The party included Mr. H. L. Elliott, recently retired as district deputy at Rumford, and Mr. E. H. Brown, a former resident here. As Mr. Brown still remains a member of West Paris Lodge he was appointed toastmaster. A good number of the local lodge members were present and the occasion was much enjoyed. The degree team of West Paris Lodge exemplified in an efficient manner the work of the second degree and received many sincere compliments from their visiting brothers for their excellent work. The company was served with an oyster supper in the hall below, after which some time was occupied with speeches, etc., to the enjoyment of those present.

West Sumner.

Funeral services were held in the Universalist church Sunday, the 10th, for Charles A. Buck of this place, who died very suddenly of spinal meningitis at Carthage. The deceased was 28 years old. Although he had been in poor health for some time his death was unexpected. Rev. Isabella Macduff of West Paris officiated at the services. A trio of singers with their organist came from West Paris. Mrs. Lena Farnum, soprano; Mrs. Lena Curtis, alto; Frederick Dunham, bass; Miss Jennie Brown, organist; R. N. Stetson of this place tenor. The casket was almost hidden with flowers. Besides the floral tributes contributed by his relatives, the male friends of the deceased brought in a magnificent set piece and some beautiful cut flowers. Interment was in Pleasant Pond Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. James Buck of Auburn, who were called here to attend the funeral of their son and only child, Charles A. Buck, have returned home. To attend the same funeral Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Merrill, cousins, and Charles Leighton, an uncle, came from Rumford Falls, also Mrs. Mabel Foster of Bryant's Pond.

Mrs. Rachel Parlin of Paris Hill is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Small.

Herbert Curtis of Paris Hill was in town Wednesday and bought a cow of Horace Farrar.

John Heald, who has been at Camden three weeks, has returned home.

Ruth Farrar of South Paris is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young. Miss Farrar is Mr. Young's niece.

Friday, the 8th, the body of Mrs. Annie Abbott was brought here from Massachusetts and placed in the receiving tomb.

Saturday, the 9th, the remains of Wm. Stetson were brought here from Massachusetts and placed in the tomb at Pleasant Pond Cemetery.

Tuesday, the 12th, the body of Howard F., son of Frank A. and Gertrude (Buck) McAllister, was brought here from Livermore and placed in the tomb. Mrs. Cora Crawford, aunt of the deceased, came with the remains.

Mrs. Minnie Farrar has gone to Wilton to work for Mrs. Adelbert Verrill, who is ill.

Henry Young is very low.

Owing to the bad traveling the dinner given by the ladies of the Baptist circle Wednesday was not very well attended. Quite a lot of fun was gotten out of the guessing contest. Mrs. Cynthia Bisbee sold her baby afghan by guessing on a bottle of beans. Mrs. Rosetta Ryerson guessed nearest the number. There were 273 beans in the bottle and she guessed 275.

Denmark.

The selectmen are busy making out town reports.

Mr. Fred Sanborn has moved his saw mill from the Steve Ames place to Pumpkin Valley where he will saw spool strips.

Ladies' Circle at Odd Fellows' Hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 20. All are invited.

The grippe is raging in this vicinity, and a large number are sick with it.

A nice large box stove has been placed in the Congregational church.

Mr. Sam Dealery and Parker Erskine of Portland have been in this town a few days fishing.

Hebron.

Rev. Mr. Cotton of Norway preached Sunday.

Dr. Crane is so as to be out again and the most of the sick ones are improving, but Mrs. Augustus Bumpus is still very sick. Tuesday Dr. Caldwell of Buckfield was there in consultation with Dr. McFadyen.

The senior class ride came off Wednesday of last week. The dinner was at Beal's Hotel, Norway.

Mrs. Fred Sturtevant is in Portland and her mother, Mrs. Augusta Thompson, of New Sharon, is keeping house for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gurney have a young son, Feb. 13th.

Buckfield.

Buckfield and Mountain Granges paid a visit Saturday to East Hebron Grange. The visiting granges furnished the entertainment, the local grange furnished the banquet. A great time was reported.

A gospel temperance meeting was held Sabbath evening at the Baptist church, under the patronage of the local W. C. T. U., Mrs. A. W. Pottle, the president, presiding. Parts were assigned to several ladies of the union, and short addresses were made by the pastors.

The Ladies' Circle met Wednesday afternoon and evening with Mrs. Lyman C. Waterman. Twenty-six were present and all sat down at six o'clock to a sumptuous supper of baked beans and all that goes with such a banquet. The evening was spent in social chat, singing, recitations and remarks. At a late hour all reluctantly retired to their respective homes.

Mrs. V. P. Decoster and daughter Helen spent last Sabbath with their friend, Mrs. Rilla Baird Dingley, of Auburn, returning home Tuesday.

Rev. Eleanor Forbes, pastor of the Universalist church at Gray and Gloucester, is spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Julia Forbes, of East Buckfield. Mrs. Forbes is planning to close her home and go to live with her clerical daughter.

Warren and Helen King of Portland are visiting at Mr. V. P. DeCoster's.

Leslie Washburn, the son of Frank S. Washburn, is reported as improving. He has been seriously ill.

Mr. W. J. Wheeler and his daughter, Miss Susie Wheeler, of South Paris, were in town Monday calling on friends.

Mrs. O. H. Hersey of Portland was in town Sunday, the guest of J. A. Warren.

The Buckfield Historical Club met with Mrs. Pottle Tuesday. They hold their next meeting Tuesday, Feb. 19, at the same place.

Mr. Lyman C. Waterman has purchased a span of heavy work horses with entire outfit of Bert Parsons, formerly owned by Morris Farrar. Mr. Waterman has commenced cutting lumber on his recent purchase, the George Shaw farm, and has employed A. L. Dunn and Mr. Gammon.

Miss Clara Withington left home for Augusta Monday with Representative Dyer and wife, by whose courtesy she attended the governor's ball Tuesday evening.

Rosalvo Crockett has closed his business engagement with the Atwood & Atwood Co.

Howard P. Shaw and Benjamin Spaulding, Jr., went to Boston and Brockton, Mass., taking in both business and pleasure.

The graphophone at the Shaw store has taken its departure.

An entertainment and dance, for the benefit of Buckfield High School, will be given at Nezinscot Hall Thursday evening, Feb. 21. The entertainment will include the newsboys' chorus, by seven boys under direction of J. E. Warren, fan drill by twelve young ladies under direction of Miss Elizabeth Morris, reading by Miss Nathalie Withington, piano duet by Misses Julia Gile and Gladys Morrill, and the comedy, "Mr. Bob," with the following cast:

Philip Royson, an embryonic M. D., L. G. Lord.
Robert Brown, the "Unknown," J. E. Warren.
Jenkins, the Butler, also called "Romeo," J. Withington.
Rebecca Luke, a "Kittymaniac," Miss Louise Warren.
Katherine Rogers, her niece, Miss Elizabeth Morris.
Marion Bryant, Katherine's friend, Miss Cora Young.
Patty, the Maid, who does love Shakespeare, Mrs. Rebecca Record.

Bethel.

Tuesday the snow drifted and the roads are not in the best condition.

The following speakers have been selected to compete for the prize in the annual contest of Gould Academy. Ladies—Florence Eaton, Myra Forbes, Bessie Goud, Verna Kilgore. Gentlemen—T. Fitzmaurice Vall, Philip Barker, Forrest Keene, Ernest Bisbee. The speakers are chosen by the teachers and are elected according to the rank maintained in elocution throughout the year.

Miss Edith and Mr. Ernest Walker gave a very enjoyable whist party to their friends.

Prof. W. S. Wight's music classes have just closed in Monticello, Smyrna Mills and Houlton, and the Aroostook Houlton Times speaks in commendation of his work. The professor has now gone to Ashland, Masardis and Fort Kent where he has engaged to teach.

Wednesday evening state secretary of Sunday Schools, H. E. Lufkin, addressed those interested in the work.

Thursday noon the Ladies' Aid served dinner in Pattee's Hall. A most appetizing dinner of vegetables, baked beans and pastry was enjoyed by all who partook of it.

Mr. Eli Stearns has loaded a car of apples this week.

The Gould Academy basket ball team played in the gymnasium Friday evening with the Edward Little High School team, the result being 25-5 in favor of Gould Academy team.

The annual fair of the academy students will be held in the near future.

Next Saturday evening Westbrook basket ball team will come to Bethel to play with the academy team.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

The death of Linnie, wife of Liscoe A. Hall, who died Feb. 4th, brings sadness to our homes here as when a young lady and also from childhood up, she lived in this neighborhood; we knew her as a pupil in the school room, always having a good deportment, and as a friend and neighbor ever kind and faithful. As she grew to womanhood she proved a devoted wife and mother; she ever tried to sacrifice all if possible for the good of her only daughter Elsie, who we all know will sadly miss her dear mother. Her sister Bertha, who married a brother to Liscoe, died some years ago. Their mother died when they were children and Casper Capen, the father, was left with these two little girls, and faithfully cared for them, never marrying again. He is now left without wife or child, and he has the sympathy of all in his loneliness.

Our soldier friend at Togus, Dennis Casey, writes that this is the coldest weather he ever knew. It has been 48 below zero, and the old men are dying fast, 27 deaths last month. There is a bill in Congress increasing our pensions $12 a month for all men 62 years old, $15 for 70 years old, and $20 for 75. Every true patriot believes that our old soldiers who saved our flag ought to have all Uncle Sam will give them.

Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Clark were given a surprise party by a number of their friends on Monday evening, the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were presented with some handsome rugs, and ice cream and cake were served.

The Congregationalist Ladies' Circle was entertained by Miss Scribner at Mrs. Brackett's Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Lufkin, general secretary of Maine State Sunday School Association, was here on Tuesday and gave an address at the M. E. vestry.

Mrs. McKinnon has been suffering from an abscess in the throat.

Merrill Brackett is the owner of a fine pair of twin calves.

Mr. and Mrs. Insley Bean have been sick with pneumonia.

Sheriff Hubbard and Walter Gray of Paris were in town Monday.

An interesting meeting of the study class was held at the parsonage Monday evening.

Cephas Casey, who sold out and went to Casco, talks of coming back.

Hiram.

Mrs. C. E. Wilson is at Hebron caring for her son, Charles L. Wilson, a student at Hebron Academy, who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Dr. Geo. W. Weeks of Cornish attends Dr. Wilson's patients during his frequent visits to his son.

Mr. Roscoe G. Greene is visited by his mother, Mrs. Nancy Greene, of Pleasantdale, near Portland.

The grippe is quite prevalent in Hiram.

The venerable Capt. Thomas O. Spring passed his ninetieth birthday on Wednesday, the 6th, having been born in 1818. He has been totally blind several years. He gained a competence in California and Chicago, and is kindly cared for in the family of Mr. Samuel L. Clemons. He is a brother of Marshall W. Spring, and the late Hon. John H. Spring.

Greenwood.

The aurora borealis or northern lights has been making rather a fine display of late, and some say that when they do that a spell of weather is pretty sure to follow. It has done that very thing this time, and the question has been asked more than once whether we are living in Maine or Alaska. Some who profess to be well versed in American history say that this winter is very similar to the one when Washington's little ragged and half starved army emcamped at Valley Forge, 1777-1778.

But we have now reached the middle of the month, and since the temperature is really a little higher we will take courage and keep up an unfaltering trust. And already the people begin to stir round again; this morning Mrs. E. L. Dunham went to the city to visit her relatives, and more recently her sister, Cora Morgan, came here on her way home from Bryant's Pond, where she had been at work for a sick aunt. Still later, Green Emery of Paris called here soliciting orders for a fine variety of potatoes and other vegetables.

The selectmen are at work this week making out the town report; rather late on account of the indisposition of the chairman of the board.

One year ago last May Walter Bisbee died of consumption, leaving a widow and nine children. In a short time she had provided homes for nearly all of her children, and then went to work for Mrs. Leonard Carter of Norway, where she remained until recently, when she was called to Rumford to assist in caring for a sick daughter, who died on the 8th inst. from the effects of whooping cough. The funeral was held at Bryant's Pond the following Sunday, divine services by Rev. Seth Benson. The remains were buried in the cemetery near Royal Martin's. The widow is with Mrs. A. S. Brooks, and also her little four-year-old boy, whom she has kept with her continually.

Our thanks are due Scrutator for the additional information in regard to the Willey and Goldau disasters. I have always been much interested in those sad events, and when starting on my visit to the White Mountains in 1858 the intention was to visit the former place, but learned that it was several miles away, and no regular conveyance, and so the scheme was given up. I was somewhat acquainted with Rev. Benjamin Willey, heard him speak several times and saw him officiate at a double wedding on one occasion, and if not much mistaken Slocum had a hand in the exercise.

The Willey Slide.

Since writing the article on "The Willey Slide," which was in the Democrat of Feb. 12, I have casually come upon another account of that catastrophe of which I will make mention. This account of the Slide is in one of those annuals which used to be so common, but which now have gone out of fashion. The annual containing this account was published at 126 Nassau Street, New York City, its title is "The Parlor Annual and Christian Family Casket," it was "Edited by an Association of Clergymen," it was "Published by J. E. D. Comstock," and it bears date 1846. The article on the Slide is on pages 297 300, and is headed "The Fatal Avalanche. Scene at the White Mountains. By the Editor." In the volume's table of contents, "D. Newell" is given as the author of the article, and this "D. Newell," the editor of the annual and the writer of this account of the Slide, was Rev. Daniel Newell, who at the time when the Slide occurred was supplying pulpits in Brownfield, Hiram and Denmark. In the account which Benjamin Glazier Willey gives of the Slide in his book on the White Mountains, he says: "I was away from home on an exchange the Sabbath previous, and remember well all the circumstances and events of the gathering storm;" and it seems that it was with this Mr. Newell that Mr. Willey exchanged pulpits on that Sunday preceding the Monday night in which the Slide occurred, for in Mr. Newell's account of the catastrophe he says that "The Sabbath previous the writer was invited to occupy the pulpit of the Rev. B. G. Willey of Conway, near the scene of the Slide." Mr. Newell intended to go to the White Mountains the early part of the week the first day of which he preached in Mr. Willey's church, but was prevented from doing so by the unfavorable weather conditions, as is shown by this excerpt from his account of the Slide: "At an early part of the week we contemplated visiting the mountains, but, by a change of weather and from the fear that the prospect from Mount Washington would not be favorable, our plans were defeated. Such continued the state of the atmosphere that we did not start on our contemplated trip to the mountains until Rumor with her thousand tongues had told the tale of the sad catastrophe through the neighboring towns."

Apropos of my mention of Ethan Allen Crawford in my article in the Democrat of February 12, I will say that last month I had the pleasure of a call upon his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Wile Howard (widow of Jeremiah F. Howard) at her home, 12 Hancock Street, Stoneham, Mass. Mrs. Howard's mother, Lucy Crawford, wrote an interesting book on the White Mountains, the book being the story of the life of her husband, Ethan Allen Crawford, and, as the book is the story of his life as told by him, being written in the form of his autobiography. This book by Mrs. Howard's mother contains a good account of the Willey Slide. Mrs. Crawford revised and rewrote this book of hers, but the revised version has never been published. The manuscript of this revised version of the book is in the possession of Mrs. Howard, and I hope that it will some day be put into print. Mrs. Howard has a large picture of her mother, but of her father, Ethan Allen Crawford, there is no picture in existence. Mrs. Howard is 83 years of age.

SCRUTATOR.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Bar Association, which was held at Augusta last week, the following officers were elected: President, Orville D. Baker, Augusta; vice-presidents, L. B. Deasy, Bar Harbor; George C. Wing, Auburn; Fred H. Appleton, Bangor; secretary and treasurer, Leslie C. Cornish, Augusta. A special committee was appointed to act with the committee from the Cumberland County Bar in providing a reception to the American Bar Association at its annual meeting which will be held at Portland next August.

NEIGHBORS GOT FOOLED.

"I was literally coughing myself to death, and had become too weak to leave my bed; and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive; but they got fooled, for thanks be to God, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one dollar bottles to completely cure the cough and restore me to good sound health," writes Mrs. Eva Uncapher, of Grovertown, Stark Co., Ind. This King of cough and cold cures, and healer of throat and lungs, is guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., Druggists. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Probably the oldest carriage in existence to-day in this country is that which belonged to Gen. Henry Knox of Thomaston, Me. The vehicle is about 125 years old, but is still used occasionally by its present owner, Frank B. Hills.

RISING FROM THE GRAVE.

A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A Fertwell, of Lucama, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says: "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters, I feel like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease, in the Diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently, for it has already stopped the liver and bladder complications which have troubled me for years." Guaranteed at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s, druggists. Price only 50c.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry.

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

The Cooking of Food.

There is no reason in the world why men, whether average men or men of genius, should despise the cooking of their food. They never show, or are required to show, the same contempt toward any other art, and on no other is their mental calm more completely dependent. An ill fitting coat is a worry, but not such a worry as dinners perpetually ill dressed. To many men, and especially to men whose work is sedentary or whose brains are fully taxed, food which is at once light and nourishing is an absolute necessity if they are to exert their highest powers, and food of that kind is obtainable only by care in selecting meats and good cooking when they are selected. A man should not think too much of his dinner or devote too much time to preparation for it or enjoy it too visibly when it has arrived, for all those are animal peculiarities. But to remain content with bad food, when a little more thought or carefulness or criticism would procure it in a state fit to be eaten, is only what Scotchmen used to describe as "a wasting of the maircies."—London Spectator.

Shingling a House.

And I looked and beheld seven carpenters shingling a house. They were hauling up bundles of shingles that had been lying in the rain for two days and nailing them on one by one. In a few days the shingling will be done. Then the painter will come along with his ladders and brushes and stains, and $300 will be spent by the owner of the cottage to have it thoroughly dabbed. And in a little while the sun will shine, and all the shingles will buckle, some up, some down, until the cottage will resemble a frizzled chicken. And there will be leaks and cursings and lamentations. Now, brethren, why not be sensible in these small matters? Painters are not needed at all in a case of this kind. Keep your shingles dry; buy a few barrels of stain; soak the shingles in the stain and throw them on the grass to dry; then nail them to the clapboards. They will never buckle, they will never leak, and you have saved $300.—New York Press.

Cheerful Advice.

A number of railway men were once discussing the question of accidents.

"The roads in Scotland," said one official, "used to have a bad name, indeed, in respect to accidents. No one thought of embarking on a railway journey unless he had provided himself with an accident policy of insurance.

"The famous Dr. Norman Macleod was once about to set off on a long journey through the Scotch country. Just as the train was pulling out the clergyman's servant put his head in through the window and said:

"'Ha'e ye ta'en an insurance ticket, sir?'

"'I have,' replied the doctor.

"'Then,' continued the servant, 'write ye'er name on it and gi'e it to me. They ha'e an awfu' habit o' robbin' the corpses on this line.'" — New York Times.

Think Lightly of It.

The road to home happiness is said to lie over small stepping stones. So small sometimes are the causes of our unhappiness that we wonder the consequences can be so great. One great palliative is the determination by every member of the family not to dwell on the circumstances, whatever they may be, which are alike sad to all. If it be poverty let it be cheerfully and silently borne; if it be the ill temper of grandpa try to make a joke of it. If it be something infinitely worse and also hopeless accept it bravely; do not talk of it. Try in the family circle to ignore it. Accept every little enlivening circumstance. Let in all the sun and air. Work on cheerily and hopefully, knowing that there is the ray of sunshine somewhere that has only to be looked for to be found.

Squeezing the Grapes.

"In wine making," said a wine expert, "the grapes are squeezed from one to six times, and from each squeeze a different grade of wine is made." That is why from one district and from one firm so many varieties of wine come. These varieties don't mean that each is made from a different kind of grape. They mean, as a rule, that they are made from different squeezes of the same grape. The first squeeze of

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing Sept. 30, 1906,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down(east)—5:26 A. M., daily; 9:44 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:35 P. M., daily.

Going up (west)—10:07 A. M., daily; 3:26 P. M., daily except Sunday; 8:47 P. M., daily.

CHURCHES

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. K. Baldwin, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sunday School 12 M.; Vespers 4:30 P. M.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 P. M.; Church prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 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., 6:15 P. M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; Wednesday evening prayer service 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. Junior Union at 3:30 P. M. Y. P. C. U. at 7 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Master Harlan P. Dennison is visiting his grandparents at West Bethel.

Only two weeks to town meeting, and hardly a simmer on the pot as yet.

Miss Jennie Bradbury of West Paris was the guest of friends here Thursday.

Miss Catherine G. Briggs visited friends in Lewiston the first of last week.

George A. Cutting and family have moved into Mrs. Burbank's house on High Street.

The Chautauqua Club was entertained by Mrs. Donald P. Chapman Thursday afternoon at N. D. Bolster's.

William C. McArdle of Hopedale, Mass., formerly of South Paris, was here for a few days last week.

A valentine sociable at Good Cheer Hall Thursday evening, under Y. P. C. U. auspices, had a good attendance.

A second cutting of ice was made at Walker's field last week for Mountain View Farm, and it was a beautiful clear blue article.

Miss Margaret A. Baker of the W. J. Wheeler & Co. insurance agency has purchased a Lauter playerpiano, which was put in last week.

Fred F. Bean of Bethel and Clarence Shaw of Buckfield are two deputy sheriffs recently commissioned by Sheriff Hubbard in addition to those previously named.

Mrs. Ella Pray, who has been visiting here and at Norway for several weeks, has gone to Kittery to make a visit before returning to her home in Providence, R. I.

Washington H. Lovejoy and family have moved from Hiram Pulsifer's rent on Pleasant Street to the Leander Swan farm in the Elm Hill district, which the Lovejoys will carry on for the coming year.

Don't forget the Good Cheer Pergola at New Hall Wednesday and Thursday of next week. If you have anything to donate don't wait for a special invitation but give it to any member of the Good Cheer and it will be gratefully accepted.

Rev. A. K. Baldwin and family are with the family of Mrs. Baldwin's father, A. E. Marshall, at West Paris, where they will probably remain for some weeks on account of the condition of Mr. Baldwin's health, which makes a rest imperative.

The funeral of Charles H. Muzzy Tuesday afternoon was attended by Rev. A. K. Baldwin of the Congregational church. The high school, in which the deceased was a member of the junior class, suspended its session, and the students attended in a body.

Herbert M. Tucker, formerly of this town, who has for the past few years been manager of Morey Farm near Mechanic Falls, will go on April 1st to Chili Station, N. Y., about ten miles from Rochester, where he is to be manager of a large Jersey stock farm.

Mrs. Sarah, wife of John Stevens, died Friday night, the 8th, at the home of Fred H. DeCoster on Elm Hill, where Mr. and Mrs. Stevens made their home. The funeral last Monday afternoon was attended by Rev. J. H. Little. Mrs. Stevens, whose maiden name was Sarah Buck, was 82 years of age. Mr. Stevens, who survives her, is 89. Their only child died when a girl.

The Euterpean Club meets this Monday afternoon with Mrs. Burnham. Grieg and Hanscom are the composers to be studied, with the following programme:

Roll Call—Items about Hanscom.
Piano Quartette, Mrs. Brickett, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Briggs.
Essay—Grieg, Mrs. Clifford.
Song, Mrs. Smiley.
Obligato, Miss Swett.
Piano Quartette, Mrs. Penfold, Miss Thayer, Mrs. Gray, Miss Jackson.
Song, Mrs. Wilson.
Round Table.

The last of a series of suppers of the Fan-Tan Club was given at the club room Thursday evening, and was to a considerable extent in the form of a valentine party. The hostesses for the evening were Mrs. McArdle, Mrs. Park, Mrs. Penfold, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Littlefield, Mrs. Howe and Miss Douglass. Seventeen members of the club found their seats at the table by heart-shaped place cards, each inscribed with an appropriate original sentiment. An appetizing menu included hot potato and cold meats, hot rolls, pastry in variety, ice cream, with numerous other staples and accessories. After supper a social time was enjoyed. Several original games were played, and the party "sang a little and talked a good deal."

The following is the cast for the comedy drama "Bar Haven," which will be played Thursday and Friday evenings of next week, in connection with the Good Cheer Pergola:

Capt. Hiram Hopper, an old fisherman, A. L. Holmes.
Hardy Stone, his helper—with an ambition to be Kate's, Harold T. Thayer.
Leo Bradley, in search of an heir, Harold C. Fletcher.
Gibleon Graham, a wealthy rascal, Merton R. Sumner.
Rev. John Wesley Wiggins, parson at Bar Haven, Arthur E. Forbes.
Cy Brackett, who is fishing for fish and Arabella, George H. Soper.
Mrs. Wardell, of "The Manor," Mrs. J. J. Emeley.
Florence Wardell, her daughter, Miss Rose Murphy.
Kate Wardell, who comes into her own, Miss Iva L. McArdle.
Spray Hopper, the Captain's daughter, who laughs at love, Mrs. I. E. Andrews.
Arabella Wortendyke, between the devil and the deep sea, Mrs. J. F. McArdle.

Elisha M. Stevens, Esq., of Lynn, Mass., was last week appointed by Governor Guild associate justice of the Lynn Police Court. Mr. Stevens is a native of South Paris, son of the late Rufus S. Stevens, has relatives here and is a frequent visitor in town. He is 43 years of age. He graduated at Amherst College and Harvard Law School, with honors at both places. He was admitted to the bar in Massachusetts, but soon after went to his former home at Minneapolis, where he practiced law until 1896. In that year he removed to Lynn and entered a law partnership there, where he has since remained. Mr. Stevens did not seek the position to which he has been appointed, but there being a sharp contest for it, and the one best qualified of those who were candidates being of the wrong political affiliations, Governor Guild went outside of the list and gave the appointment to Mr. Stevens.

Henry Gary, who has been in feeble health all winter, is reported worse.

G. Dana Farnum, after being housed for a while with the grippe, is out again.

Miss Ida Sweetair is visited by her sister, Miss Helen Sweetair, of Pownal.

The Methodist social announced for Tuesday evening is postponed until next week.

The store of N. Dayton Bolster & Co. will be closed all day Tuesday to take stock.

Miss Ruth Farrar is visiting the family of her uncle, Frank Young, at West Sumner.

Mrs. Harriet R. Bird of Western Avenue, who has been ill for some time, is reported very low.

Mrs. W. G. Hammond of Paris Hill is spending some time with the family of her brother, T. F. Hathaway.

The Ladies of the G. A. R. will serve dinner in G. A. R. Hall as usual on town meeting day at 25 cents a plate.

Mrs. James H. Blake of Gothic Street, who has been ill for some weeks, is very low, and little hope is entertained of her recovery.

The Pythian Sisterhood will meet Thursday, Feb. 21st, at 1:30 P. M., to reorganize and receive instruction in the new work.

Miss Leona D. Stuart gave a colonial party Saturday evening, at which eight were present, appropriately attired in colonial costume.

Wait! What for? A supper to be served by the Berean Class of men at the M. E. church, March 7th. Watch for further announcement.

Another eight or ten inches of snow Sunday and Sunday night, and the breaking teams are out again. If the wind blows, won't it fly!

Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Three nice, comfortable days in succession last week. *Mirabile dictu*, which is, being translated, Who'd 'a' thunk it?

Ernest King and A. B. Hammond have purchased the power wood saw run by J. E. Murch for some years, and will run it during the coming season.

Advertised letter in South Paris post office Feb. 18, 1907:

Woodbury Cummings.

S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

The W. F. M. society will meet at the Methodist church parlor Thursday, at 3 P. M. The leader is Mrs. George Farnum and the subject is "Hawaiian Islands."

Rev. D. L. Joslin of Norway will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday. Rev. H. A. Clifford plans to visit Richmond and Augusta for a few days.

The Seneca Club enjoyed a very delightful evening with Mrs. Wilson last Monday. The club programme was carried out followed by music and refreshments.

As the officers of Paris Grange are to meet at Grange Hall Saturday forenoon, the chorister would like to have all those that sing be present also, to practice pieces in the new singing books. Don't forget your lunch.

Rev. C. A. Brooks of the Norway Methodist church preached at the Congregational church Sunday, in exchange with Rev. Mr. Baldwin. Although Mr. Baldwin may be absent for a few weeks, the pulpit will be supplied regularly.

Everyone is invited to Grand Army Hall, Friday evening, February 22, to celebrate Washington's birthday. Under the auspices of the Ladies of the G. A. R. there will be a special programme of appropriate music and recitations. The entertainment will be followed by a social. Ice cream and cake for sale.

The postal card craze is responsible for the issue by the post office department of one-cent stamp books, similar to the two-cent books which have been issued for some years. The one-cent books are issued in only one size, containing twenty-four stamps, sold for twenty-five cents. The South Paris office has a supply of these.

It was not exactly a pair of McAllister twin boys which came as valentines last Thursday, for one of them was born to the wife of Herbert S. McAllister of Myrtle Street, and the other to the wife of Fordyce I. McAllister of Park Street; but they were about the next thing to twins, for their fathers are brothers, and each is the fourth child in the family.

Master Guy Culbert was given a surprise party Tuesday evening by the Home Guards, and a number of young lady friends who were invited made a party of twenty-three. Guy was somewhat surprised, but reports a very pleasant time, and says they were a jolly crowd. He tried to give them a good time, and they all said they had had it at their departure.

A dozen of the young friends of Miss Helen Barnes gave her a surprise party Thursday evening—and it was a real surprise party, too, as when she answered the door bell she supposed it was a call for her to go out for the evening. Games were played, in which Saint Valentine took more or less part, refreshments were served, and everybody enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Don't forget the patriotic tea given by the ladies of the Congregational Circle on Thursday evening, Feb. 21st. One of the best suppers of the season will be served. The entertainment will consist of music and readings and the bright, lively little farce, Rubber Boots, with the following cast:

Pauline, Helen Barnes.
Lou, Ethel Bennett.
Sophie, Ruby Clark.
Tramp, W. P. Maxim.

Supper at 6:45. Admission to supper and entertainment, 25 cents. Entertainment, 10 cents.

The Congregational church was well filled Sunday evening, in spite of the storm, for the service given under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. The evening services at the other churches were omitted. Mrs. E. E. Chapman, president of the local union, presided at the service. Scripture reading and prayer by Rev. J. W. Chesbro opened the meeting, after which there was a patriotic song by a chorus of children, and Mrs. George R. Morton read Governor Hanly's "Why should a young man be a Christian?" The principal part of the programme was a temperance story, "The Saving of Father," read by Mrs. H. A. Clifford, in which were interspersed a number of songs appropriate to the story, given by a chorus choir made up from the choirs of the several churches.

About the State.

The new steamer Machigonne which is to be used on the line of the Harpswell Steamboat Company was launched this week in Philadelphia.

Lincoln Chadbourne of Norton, Piscataquis County, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while on a hunting and fishing trip.

Judge Putnam of Portland will be the principal speaker at the annual banquet of the Natives of Maine Club of Worcester, Mass., which will be held Feb. 28.

Perley Whitehouse, an employe of the Sanford Mills, committed suicide by drinking poison. He declared he was only following the example of his father set some time ago.

In the Androscoggin County Supreme Judicial Court on the 9th, the somewhat noted "Dr." Paul Castor was sentenced to sixteen months in state prison for abortion. The prisoner, who had defaulted his bail in Androscoggin County, was taken from jail in Cumberland County, where he was held to await trial for complicity in a jewel robbery. At the conclusion of his term at Thomaston, he will at once be taken to Portland to answer the charge there.

Man Killed at Mechanic Falls.

Edmund Merrill, age about 45 and unmarried, was killed Saturday in the basement of the beater room at the mill of the Poland Paper Co. at Mechanic Falls. While attempting to pull out a broken belt one end of it caught in a rapidly revolving belt and as it was snatched along he was caught by it and thrown over the shafting. His skull was fractured and he died in 30 minutes. He was foreman of the beater room and one of the oldest employes of the company. An aged mother survives him.

More Brown-Tail Moth Nests.

THE PEST SEEMS TO BE WELL DISTRIBUTED IN TOWN.

F. N. Wright on Friday brought into the Democrat office a brown-tail moth nest picked from an apple tree in his orchard in the Hardy field, a mile or two south of the village. The nest was not submitted to the opinion of an expert, but was shown to several who have seen the genuine nests, and was pulled open and the caterpillars inside were examined with a microscope. There is no doubt about its being the real thing. The only cheerful feature about the find is that he went over the whole orchard and found only this one.

The only nests previously identified without doubt as brown-tails in Paris of which the Democrat has been informed were some that were found by Fred S. Jackson on High Street. The one found by Mr. Wright is some four miles from Mr. Jackson's, and indicates that the pest is not by any means confined to one section of the town, and must be looked after sharply if it is not to do damage beyond repair.

In the warrant for the annual town meeting will be an article regarding the matter of guarding against this and other pests, and it is one on which some action should be taken. A bill passed last week in the legislature makes quite a large state appropriation for the fight against the pests, but it puts the duty and the expense of beginning the contest on the towns, no town getting any help from the state until after it has spent one-twentieth of one per cent of its valuation. In the town of Paris it would be necessary to expend $680 before any help would be given by the state. Above that amount a certain portion of the expenditure would be reimbursed by the state.

John's Letter.

O, Miss Jennie! Don't let us leave that little matter out to a third party when it can be so easily and so amicably settled between us. I suppose that the average woman is more merciful than the average man. Now you and I average up fairly well with the world at large, we will assume, what others may assume or say. So that is logically settled, and the editor has gained no fee.

"O, woman's heart is like the rose
That glows beneath the tropic's flame,
That blooms as fresh 'mid northern snows
Forever lovely and the same.
Whate'er her rank, whate'er her lot,
Where'er her gentle influence ranges,
The art to bless is ne'er forgot,
The will to comfort never changes."

Still when duty calls she can and will harden her heart for a moment, and, with tears in her eyes, will wring a neck, drown a pup or brain a cat, but would gladly shift that duty on to some one of the flinty sex who is not squeamish and is not disturbed by the bulging eyes of a cat that he has beaten into eternal insensibility against the rocks. A well-seasoned man seems to be a necessity along about hog-killing time and when blood is to be shed.

And what of my venture? Seven half-grown, red-winged, white-bodied birds, that are the peers of any spring born or summer hatched of the same age. No. 8 is just ordinary. No. 9 walks with a cane, but not for long, I trust. No. 10, 11 and 12, not with tears but with thumb and finger, and with a dextrous turn of the wrist, went spinning into the land of forgetfulness, and before they had known over-much, but just enough of sorrow, a thing which oftentimes come to pass in a larger field where the law of the universe is enforced—or do kindred events just happen so, with no intelligence and no kindness beyond the screen? Intelligence and kindness, yes. And yet we have heard of instances that make the tear drops start when chickens and children die.

Some time when you are passing by if you will call and fry me a batch of doughnuts you shall have your pick of the flock. I have not yet arrived at the doughnut stage in my cooking experience. Do your doughnuts, twisted or otherwise, usually "soak fat"? Very well, then frosted cake makes a fairly good second. Not half bad to top off on, if the top layer doesn't run too deep. What?

There seems to be an epidemic among the cows. The cream test has fallen off about four points as far as heard from. Wonder if the Babcock is as reliable as the shifty weather cock or a set of creamery scales. I have to wonder but never shall know.

An invitation to visit East Hebron Grange on the 9th was extended to Mountain Grange and also to Buckfield Grange and was accepted by fifty or more. The news and the dinner were stone cold before we caught a sound thereof. I must stand at the corner oft with ear alert or get left. No doubt they received a warm welcome and had a good time, which is no new experience at such gatherings. JOHN.

Blaze at Rumford Falls.

SULPHITE DEPARTMENT OF OXFORD MILL DAMAGED SOME THOUSANDS.

Fire on the top floor of the sulphite department of the Oxford paper mill at Rumford Falls last Tuesday morning did damage estimated at about $30,000. The roof was burned off the building, which is six stories high, about 120 cords of chips were burned, and the motor and chip conveyor were damaged. There was a cement floor in the story where the fire was, which kept the fire from getting into the other parts of the building.

The first alarm was given at 5 A. M., and it was 9 o'clock before the fire was considered under control. Every available man was called out to fight the fire. It was very cold, and a high wind made the danger of the blaze spreading great. It was called by Chief Carroll of the fire department the worst blaze to fight that he ever had in town, and it was not until the next morning that it was all out.

Work was begun repairing as soon as possible. None of the workmen will lose any time, and it is thought the mill will not be obliged to suspend operations at all.

Resolutions

Of Buckfield Grange, No. 438:

Death the white winged messenger has again visited our grange and removed from our midst Bro. Gilbert Tilton. Therefore be it

Resolved, That by the close of his life the grange has sustained the loss of one of its most praiseworthy members. That we regret the loss to the grange and the community, and feel most deeply the sundering of the pleasant relations that have always existed between us.

Resolved, That we, the members of Buckfield Grange, extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy. We fully realize the irreparable loss they have met with in the removal of their loved one, and we pray that the dear Father, who alone is able, will fill their hearts with peace and trust.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family; that they be spread upon our records, and published in the Oxford Democrat and Lewiston Sun.

MISS MARY ROBINSON, MRS. HERBERT IRISH, MRS. SARA A. MORRILL, } Committee on Resolutions.

Here and There.

Some of the Portland papers announce that last week's zero wave is the last one for this winter. Awfully glad to hear it, doncher know.

The janitor of a Lewiston school house, who allowed his boiler to get empty and red-hot, with 150 children in the building, has lost his job, strange as it may seem.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the kind friends of Rumford for their assistance and sympathy in the sickness and death of my little daughter Aurilla. Also to the kind friends of Bryant's Pond and Greenwood and to those who furnished flowers. Also to those who kindly assisted at the funeral services.

MRS. ARVILDA F. BISBEE AND FAMILY.

Feb. 12, 1907.

No fancy prices for glasses when you buy them of your old townsman, S. Richards.

A Fragment of My Late Visit.

FROM BEAR MOUNTAIN TO BRETTUN'S MILLS.

(Chapter 4.)

Arising on the morning of Nov. 2d, bright and early—or early at least if not very bright—I felt well prepared for the following day's visit and travel, however long or short they might prove to be; but on looking out of the window and seeing several inches of snow on the ground, as if it meant the beginning of winter and still coming, I must confess my courage waned just a point or two for the time being. But if it was somewhat unfavorable for me it was still more so for the deer, although directly the opposite for the hunters, as the sequel proved.

The storm, however, proved of short duration and by the time I was ready to bid my hosts good-by and leave for my next objective point, the storm had practically subsided. The place was Brettun's Mills in Livermore, a mile farther on; and although the snow had very much impaired the traveling I arrived there in due time all the same.

My principal object in going so far out of my way was to see two people, son and daughter of the late Capt. Thomas and Louisa Stickney, and also the place I knew so well in the years gone by.

I had not seen Viola Stickney since working for her father in 1848, when she was a pretty little three-year-old, black eyed tot, nor her brother Thomas, with one exception, who is five years younger, since he was an infant.

My visit with these people continued until the next day, and was a very pleasant one on my part to say the least; as indeed they all had been thus far in the past. I did not take a ramble through the village as it was my intention at first, since the warm weather had made the traveling bad by turning the snow into slush about ankle deep.

The people there informed me however, that the place had declined in business and wealth in recent years and would not compare with the time when such men as the Stricklands and Wm. H. Brettun lived there.

Away back in my boyhood we youngsters thought no more of going over Bear Mountain to Brettun's Mills, a distance of five miles, to a muster or menagerie, than a squirrel does of climbing a tree for nuts and acorns, and a good time we were always sure to have.

But my visits to that place were not all of the festive kind. I attended several funerals there, one being that of W. H. Brettun, former president of Grocer's Bank, Bangor, and one of the most prominent and wealthy men of the county, and it was he for whom the village was named.

I have attended a good many funerals in the past, but one of the most solemn and pathetic was that of a young lady residing there, who met her death in a most mysterious and tragic manner. Her name was Ellen Kilbrith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Kilbrith, Jr. The parents went away for a while leaving her alone, and during their absence the buildings burned to the ground and she fell a victim to the flames. The fatal event occurred in the day time or evening, and why she failed to make her escape and thus save her life has always been a mystery. The divine services were conducted by Rev. A. K. P. Small, who tried to speak words of consolation to the bereaved parents and other mourning friends.

Brettun's Mills is situated several miles from a railroad, and in case an electric railroad is ever built from Turner to that place it will give it new life and prosperity. And it is said a finer route of the same length cannot be found in the state.

L. D.

(To be continued.)

The Passing of the Veterans.

ELIAS M. NOBLE.

Mr. Elias Merritt Noble died in Hiram Jan. 21st, of tuberculosis, aged 67 years, 2 days. He was a son of Eleazer Noble of Baldwin, where he was born, and resided many years, serving the public officially and otherwise in various capacities. He has also served in Hiram as superintendent of schools, and in other important offices. He was a fine scholar, a veteran teacher, a deep thinker, a reader of wide range, possessed a large fund of useful and general information, hence his thought and words were instructive, and well chosen, and much above the grade of current gossip. He was a diligent and thrifty farmer, a skillful mason, and an excellent citizen. He was an eloquent and forceful speaker, and was ever active and alert in the front of toilers and thinkers. A leader of leaders, always ready to champion the cause of the common schools, and the common people, and set for the greatest good of all. His last public effort was last autumn, when he attended a flag raising at the district school house, and gave an able and impressive address on the Origin and History of the Flag. He was a gentleman of stainless morals, and correct habits, and in recent years his religious sentiments seemed to crystallize around the 23d Psalm, and he died humbly trusting in its precepts. He leaves two sons, three daughters and numerous other relatives. Although his funeral was held on the coldest day ever recorded in Hiram, a large number of persons assembled to offer their tribute of respect to his long and useful life.

WILLIAM H. SPENCER.

The citizens of Hiram were saddened on Sunday morning, Jan. 20th, by the sudden death of Mr. William H. Spencer. He came in from his barn apparently in good health, sat down to read his paper and died instantly. He was born in Baldwin, June 12th, 1835, to William and Mary J. Spencer. He leaves a widow, two sons, and a large circle of friends and kindred. He was an intelligent gentleman, quiet and retiring in his habits, genial and peaceable in his disposition, perfect in morals, honorable in his business, faithful in the duties of domestic, social and civic life, and held in high esteem of our entire community.

MARSHALL W. SPRING.

Mr. Marshall W. Spring died in Hiram of pneumonia Feb. 1st, aged 81 years, 5 months, 17 days. He leaves a widow and one son, Mr. Ormond Spring, with whom he resided. He was a son of the late John and Joanna Spring and traced his ancestry by Capt. Thomas Spring, Jedediah, and others to Henry and Ellinor Spring who came to Massachusetts from England in 1635. Mr. Spring was one of twenty-two men of Hiram, who went to California in the autumn of 1853. He remained there several years. He also lived some years in Chicago. He was one of our best citizens, just and honorable in all his business. He was a kind husband and father, a good neighbor, and won and retained many friends by his pure and peaceable life.

On the 29th of last June Edward J. Nagle, a messenger for the Maine Steamship Co. in Portland, was held up on the street in daylight by two men and robbed of over $1000 in money which he was bringing from the bank for the company's payroll. The two men were thought to be Eddie Owens and Joe Quinn, and a thorough search was made for them, but no trace was found. Last week the two men were arrested in Chicago, and a Portland officer was sent after them.

HUNTING FOR TROUBLE.

"I've lived in California 20 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Bucklen's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure," writes Charles Walters of Alleghany, Sierra Co. No use hunting, Mr. Walters; it cures every case. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co. 25 cents.

The word comes from Shiloh that the community is having a prosperous winter, with plenty of food and little sickness. It is a great relief to hear something besides unpleasant reports from the place.

A VALUABLE LESSON.

"Six years ago I learned a valuable lesson, writes John Pleasant of Magnolia, Ind. "I then began taking Dr. King's New Life Pills, and the longer I take them the better I find them." They please everybody. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co. 25 cents.

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.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Friday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Royal Arch Chapter, No. 20, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, after full moon. Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, Wednesday evening after full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Norway Lodge.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Widley Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 86, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block every Thursday Evening. U. R., A. O. Noyes Division, No. 15, meets third Friday of each month. Lake Assembly, No. 33, P. S., second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

K. G. E.—Oxford Castle, No. 2, meets in Ryerson hall, every Thursday evening, September to May, first and third Thursday evenings, May to September.

M. L. Kimball's friends are all smoking. It's a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Bangs attended the governor's reception at Augusta this week.

Charles E. Freeman lost a pair of horses this week while they were at work on the Mills timber lot. The teamster Charles Bennett drove into the woods and a large tree was felled on to the horses killing them almost instantly. The team was valued at seven hundred dollars. Mr. Freeman has refused an offer of about that amount.

V. W. Hills was at Augusta this week in the interests of the bill on optometry now under consideration by the legislative committee.

Miss Lizzie M. Johnson has resumed her duties at the public library as librarian.

Mrs. Alice A. Rolfe is still confined to her home. She is suffering from a severe cold.

W. M. Russell intends to go to California in a few months. He recently sold his North Norway farm and moved to the village.

Friday evening the Y. P. C. U. of the Universalist church elected officers as follows:

President—Abner Mann.
Vice-President—Alice Schnuer.
Treasurer—Hattie Merrill.
Chairmen of Committees:
Devotional—Susie Walker.
Lookout—Gladys Buck.
Two cents a week—Leah Wetherbee.
Social—Elsie Favor.
Relief—Rosamond Dunham.
Music—Carrie Tucker.
Onward agent—Sarah Danforth.

Lena Shank will fill the vacancy in the ninth grade caused by the resignation of Edith S. Harlow, and Harriet Abbott will have charge of the eighth grade when the spring term of the village schools opens.

Eveline Bartlett, born in Dover in 1825, died at her home with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Paige in this village Thursday, the 7th of February. She was the daughter of Rev. Flavel Bartlett; a sister of the late Smith Bartlett. She is survived by three nephews, Allen, Eugene and Warren Bartlett. She was a graduate of Foxcroft Academy and Lasselle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. She was one of the most successful teachers. For many years she was first assistant in the Lewiston High School. She traveled extensively for some years. After her active work she made her home with Osgood Perry, W. O. Perry and others at Norway Lake. She was a member of Main Street Free Baptist church, Lewiston, of the Round Table, Lewiston, and the Castilian Club of Boston, Mass. Funeral from the Methodist church, Rev. C. A. Brooks. Interment Pine Grove Cemetery.

Mrs. Lilla M. Lunt, formerly in trade at South Paris and Norway and for some time with B. Peck Co., has gone into business at Lewiston under the firm name of Lunt & Way, 27 Lisbon Street, dry and fancy goods.

Owen P. Brooks has a new electric motor in the basement of his residence on Pleasant Street. It will used in connection with his store business.

Mrs. Irving Frost is visiting in Boston and Lynn, Mass.

Dr. E. C. Walker has taken a tenement of Dennis Pike in the Bradbury place at Norway Lake.

W. A. Bicknell, deputy sheriff has taken the office of inspector of brown-tail moths, that is, he has been selected to look over the trees and notify the owners if he discovers any nests that they may be destroyed at once.

Charles F. Ridlon and wife are enjoying a vacation of two weeks with relatives and friends in and about Boston.

There is some talk of selling the town farm and purchasing the Mills farm for town purposes. The present farm is some six or seven miles from the village. The Mills place would make a most excellent farm for the town.

Frank A. Danforth, after being confined to his home for some months, walked down town Wednesday.

Mrs. George E. Cullinan *nee* Cummings went to the Lewiston hospital this week for treatment.

A baked bean and salad supper will be given at G. A. R. Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 28, by the men of the Methodist church. An entertainment, musical and literary, will follow the supper.

The calico ball was given at the Opera House Thursday evening, Feb. 14. This is an annual good time.

Rev. S. G. Davis of the Universalist church sent the sum of fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents to the Chinese sufferers.

G. G. Bennett has charge of the Norway and Paris Street Railway during the sickness of Supt. H. B. Young. His management is very successful.

Born.

In South Paris, Feb. 14, to the wife of Herbert S. McAllister, a son.

In South Paris, Feb. 14, to the wife of Fordyce I. McAllister, a son (Archie W. F.).

In Hebron, Feb. 13, to the wife of Fred Gurney, a son.

In Oxford, Feb. 4, to the wife of Walter Millett, a son.

In Norway, Feb. 11, to the wife of Merton L. Kimball, a son, Houghton.

In Norway, Feb. 9, to the wife of LeForest W. McAllister, twin daughters.

In North Waterford, Feb. 5, to the wife of Charles A. Hervey, a daughter.

In East Denmark, Jan. 28, to the wife of Herbert Evans, a son.

In Norway, Feb. 8, to the wife of David S. Thompson, a daughter.

In Mexico, Feb. 11, to the wife of C. A. Clifford, a son.

In Mexico, Feb. 10, to the wife of Dick Phinney, a daughter.

Married.

In Hartford, Feb. 9, by W. H. Eastman, Esq., Mr. Robert I. Wood of Norway and Miss Myrtle F. Rowe of Hartford.

In West Paris, Feb. 9, by Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, Mr. Reguall Stanford Dinsmore of Norway and Miss Cora Marion Dexter of West Paris.

In Rumford Falls, Feb. 10, by Rev. Fr. J. A. LaFlamme, Mr. Arthur Nadeau and Miss Laura Gauthier.

Died.

In Rumford, Feb. 8, Aurilla, daughter of Mrs. Walter E. Bisbee, aged 9 years, 5 months.

In North Waterford, Feb. 6, Eliza A. Farmer, aged 82 years.

In North Woodstock, Feb. 11, Bert Whitman.

In Hebron, Feb. 11, George B. Perkins, aged 73 years.

In Norway, Feb. 7, Eveline Bartlett, aged 82 years.

In Waterford, Feb. 6, Mrs. Matilda D. Mosher, aged 72 years, 3 months.

In Paris, Feb. 3, Mrs. Sarah Stevens, aged 82 years, 1 month, 20 days.

In Bryant's Pond, Feb. 12, Mary P. (Felt), wife of C. F. Farrar, aged 68 years, 1 month, 22 days.

In Mexico, Jan. 31, Mrs. Adeline N. Young of Livermore, aged 69 years.

In Mexico, Feb. 14, Perley Johnson, aged 39 years.

In Rumford Falls, Feb. 14, Mrs. Edith, wife of John Harlow.

Send Your Cattle and Horse Hides to the CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., and have them converted into coats, robes, rugs, gloves and mittens; better and cheaper goods than you can buy. Never mind the distance, "Crosby pays the freight." See our new illustrated catalog, page 18. If interested send for it.

Keep Your Horses Warm.

I have a good line of

Stable Blankets, $1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50.

Street Blankets, large size, $1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50.

Robes and Horse Furnishings,

— ALSO —

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases.

W. O. Frothingham,

South Paris.

Let Us Saw Your Wood.

We have purchased the power saw formerly run by J. E. Murch, and will saw at the old prices.

KING & HAMMOND.

South Paris, Feb. 15, 1907.

TRY CUR-X-ZEMA TO-DAY.

If you have **Eczema**, hard, dry skin, **Itching Piles**, or any disease of the skin and want a positive cure, try **CUR-X-ZEMA**. It immediately stops that awful itching and permanently cures all skin diseases. Don't let the children suffer, try this wonderful remedy. No bandages needed. **CUR-X-ZEMA** gives instant relief to **Chapped Hands**, cold or fever sores, burns, etc. Endorsed by physicians. At all druggists or by mail 50c. Sample sent **FREE**. Address, Cur-X-Zema Co., Watervliet, N. Y.

NOTICE.

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

In the matter of NORMAN C. McINNIS, of Mexico, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Norman C. McInnis, in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of Feb., A. D. 1907, the said Norman C. McInnis was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 2 Market Square, South Paris, on the 6th day of Mar., A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, Feb. 18, 1907.

WALTER L. GRAY, Referee in Bankruptcy.

B

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.

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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.

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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.

Paroid Roofing—

The Roofing With a Money-back Guaranty

Paroid Lasts Longest

BUY one lot of Paroid; open it; inspect it; apply it to your roof, and if then you are not satisfied that you have the *best* ready roofing made, send us your name and address, and we will send you a check for the full cost of the roofing including the cost of applying it.

Because it is made of the *best felt*—made in our own mills (established in 1817); other manufacturers buy their felt outside and simply saturate and coat it.

Because it is *soaked* (not dipped) in a saturating compound which makes it *water proof in every fibre.*

Because it is coated on both sides with the *strongest, thickest, smoothest, toughest, most flexible* coating used on any ready roofing. Don't take our word alone for it. Compare Paroid with *any other.* You can see and feel the difference. Paroid does not break or crack in the coldest weather or run in hot weather.

Because it is applied with our patented square, rust-proof caps—water proofed on *both* sides—the *only* caps that will not rust, work loose and cause leaks.

These are some of the reasons why we can give Paroid so strong a guaranty—why it lasts so long—why it is so largely used by the U. S. Gov't., railways, factories and farmers everywhere.

All we ask is that you *try it*, on our money-back guaranty.

If your dealer cannot supply you, don't take a substitute but send for samples and prices.

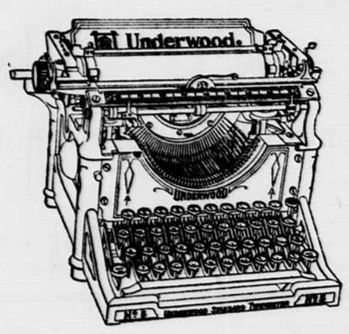
BUILDING PLANS FREE Enclose 4c in stamps and we will send you by return mail our 48-page book of plans for Practical Farm Buildings. Better do it at once.

S. P. MAXIM & SON, Agents, South Paris, Me.

We wouldn't say so if we couldn't prove it!

THE

Underwood



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is the one real visible writer which has been unquestionably proven to be dependable under all conditions, adapted to all classes of work, and free from experimental defects.

Underwood Typewriter Co.,

76 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

Ice, Coal, Wood, Lime and Cement.

All Kind of Masons' Supplies.

A. W. WALKER & SON,

SOUTH PARIS.

A LOW PRICE

— ON —

Wool Carpets

to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

Chas. F. Ridlon,

Corner Main and Danforth Sts.,

NORWAY, - MAINE.

THE PUZZLER

No. 427.—Transpositions.

(Names of rivers.)

1. It was sad to see ***** *** the peace of a whole community near the *******.

2. I watched the woodcutter as he plodded **** ***** ** unfrequented path on the shore of the **********.

3. He sounded the **** with lead and ****.

4. Wild fruit ******* on the banks of the *******.

5. She looked from her ***** window upon the beautiful banks of the *****.

6. * **** *** pleasant walks on the wild shore of the ********.

No. 428.—Reversal.

I was glad to get to my warm —— after the walk on the ——.

No. 429.—Metagram.

Whole I am to strike a blow;
Behead once, a coach I go.
Change my new head, and I pass
For an ensign or an ass.
Alter head, and I'm a need,
And again, a load indeed.
Once more change, and I'm a frame;
Still again, I'm a surname.
Head anew, and I'm to hold;
Yet again (if you're so bold),
Make of me a bag or wine
Or a garment neat and fine.
Head anew, and I'm behind;
Still again, a nickname find.
Off my head and give me two,
I'll look wise and wear a cue.
Give others two instead of these,
And I'm as dexterous as you please.

No. 440.—Word Syncopations.

Take one word from out another without changing the order of the letters and find a complete word remaining.

1. From a bird take a system of rules and leave mankind.

2. From brilliant take an inclosed place in cities and leave a throw.

3. From a charge imposed by law take a tool and leave an index.

No. 441.—Two Popular Novels.

Two novels by popular writers are suggested in the picture.—Farm and Fireside.

No. 442.—Connected Word Squares.

I.

o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o

II.

o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o

III.

o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o

I.—1. Ardent. 2. A dwelling place. 3. A kind of chisel. 4. Bordered. 5. Coarse grasses.

II.—1. A kind of wood. 2. To evade. 3. Hills of drifting sand. 4. Skilled. 5. Stops in music.

III.—1. To purloin. 2. Flavor. 3. To stop by process of law. 4. To expiate. 5. One afflicted with leprosy.

No. 443.—When the Wind Blows.

1. This wind brings an unexpected benefit.
2. This wind raises water.
3. This wind is used in breathing.
4. This wind is a line of hay.
5. This wind raises weights.
6. This wind admits light.
7. This wind is toward the wind.
8. This wind is an air gun.
9. This wind is a protection.

A Slight Difference.

"He used to be in the newspaper business, but he's studying for the ministry now. He says he decided he couldn't be a reporter and save his soul."

"Huh! His old city editor says he couldn't be a reporter to save his soul!"

Time Tells.

He carved initials on a tree
Eternal love to swear,
And now he cuts a switch from it
To lick his youthful heir.
—New York Sun.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 429. — Word Puzzle: Level, Cleveland.

No. 430.—Illustrated Acrostic: Third row, Marathon. 1. Hammock. 2. Sparrow. 3. Coronet. 4. Dragons. 5. Lattice. 6. Athlete. 7. Flowers. 8. Monster.

No. 431.—Baby's Bed: 1. Crib. 2. Quilt.

No. 432.—Riddlemeree: Evergreen.

No. 433. — Dropped Ends: F-ee-t, n-ee-d, s-ee-d, d-ee-m, b-ee-s, w-ee-k, s-ee-k, f-ee-l, p-ee-p, p-ee-r.

No. 434.—Apocopes: 1. Stock-ade. 2. Dog-ma.

No. 435.—Letter Change: Bold, cold.

No. 436.—Concealed Musical Instruments: 1. Drum. 2. Lyre.

LA GRIPPE AND PNEUMONIA.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures la grippe coughs and prevents pneumonia. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Mrs. Coyne (Before life-sized portrait of a girl)—I wish I knew who painted this.

Artist—I did it, madam.

Mrs. Coyne—Ah! Then, no doubt, you can tell me the dressmaker who made the girl's gown.

It's the highest standard of quality, a natural tonic, cleanses your system, reddens the cheeks, brightens the eyes, gives flavor to all you eat. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do this for you. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

Newspaper man—What made you scowl at that fellow who has just gone out?

Bank official—He's one of those who are always telling me how to run my bank. A man that thinks he knows how to manage another fellow's business better than the other fellow knows how to do it himself is always a nuisance. You ought to jump on such men. If I was running that paper of yours, by George, I'd—er—er— Curious kind of weather we're having, isn't it?

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate coughs and expels the cold from the system as it is mildly laxative. It is guaranteed. The genuine is in the yellow package. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

She—So you think women should propose?

He—I do, decidedly; then if a woman is not satisfied with the man of her choice she can blame no one but herself.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Seasonable Dishes.

BAKED EGGS.

Butter the bottom of a shallow earthenware or enamel dish. Put in a layer of bread crumbs and break into this carefully as many fresh eggs as the dish will hold. Give each egg plenty of room and do not let them run together if possible. Cover these thickly with a layer of grated cheese, season with salt and pepper and pour over them a small cupful of cream and add two or three tiny bits of butter. Bake in a moderate oven until the surface is browned over. Serve at once. This is a breakfast or luncheon dish.

EGGS AND MUSHROOMS.

Take the whites of six hard-boiled eggs and chop them rather fine with six mushrooms. Into a frying-pan put a tablespoonful of butter, and when melted add a tablespoonful of flour and mix until smooth. Pour in half a pint of cream and stir the mixture until it boils. Add a dash of pepper, a little salt, and a good pinch of curry powder, if curry is liked, then add the eggs and mushrooms and cook for about three minutes. Serve hot. This dish is suited to either dinner, luncheon or supper.

APPLE SOUFFLÉ.

Stew some apples with some sugar and a little cinnamon or a few cloves. Line the sides and bottom of a pie-dish with the stewed apples to about the thickness of an inch. Make a boiled custard with a pint of milk and two eggs. Pour this into the empty space in the dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and spread over the top of all. Bake for a few minutes till the whites are just a delicate brown.

BUTTERED APPLES.

Take six large apples, core and cut in halves. Place them in a buttered pie dish, and sprinkle over them sugar and a little cinnamon. Place a piece of butter the size of a walnut on each apple. Bake till the apples are tender.

APPLE SNOWBALL.

Take some buttered apples, cooked in the manner just described. Pile in the center of a dish. Beat up the whites of three eggs, adding gradually some powdered sugar. Cover the apples with this snow. Sprinkle over first chopped almonds and then white sugar. Bake until the meringue is colored pale brown.

APPLE MERINGUE.

Two cupfuls of strained apple sauce, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar for the sauce, one for the meringue; a tablespoonful of butter, stirred in the sauce while hot; some good pie crust; grated lemon peel for seasoning. Beat four yolks and two whites light with the sugar and whip with the sauce. Have ready a pie-plate lined with nice crust, baked; fill with the mixture; spread with a meringue made of the remaining whites and sugar; brown lightly and quickly in a hot oven. Serve cold.

DEVILED EGGS.

Carefully remove the shells of six hard-boiled eggs. Take a sharp knife and cut them in half. Collect in a bowl, and add to them a tablespoonful of olive oil, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper and a scant saltspoonful of dry mustard. With a silver fork beat this well together until it is thoroughly blended. If too thick add a little more oil. If liked add a teaspoonful of grated onion. Cut a tiny slice from bottom of each half of the white of the egg so that they will stand up, and fill them with the mixture just prepared. Serve on lettuce leaves. This dish is suitable for luncheon or supper.

SNOW EGGS.

This is an entirely new sort of breakfast dish that is greatly appreciated by most people, and that can be especially recommended to invalids or those whose digestion is not strong. Butter thoroughly the inside of as many custard cups as the eggs you wish to use, which are best prepared separately. Separate the white from the yolk of the egg and beat the white to a very stiff froth. Pour this into the buttered cup, making a hole in the middle in which to put the yolk, which is not beaten but left unbroken as it comes from the egg. Squeeze on top of this about three drops of lemon juice. Three or four other eggs can be quickly prepared in the same way, and when all are ready the cups should be set in saucepans of boiling water, letting the water come about half way up the cup, and cook thus until the white is set firm. The heat will make the froth rise so as to nearly fill the cup. Invert a warm plate over each cup and turn out each egg. Sprinkle chopped parsley on top and serve at once.

SCALLOPED EGGS.

Butter the bottom of a baking dish and sprinkle over it a layer of stale bread crumbs and pour in enough sweet milk to moisten them thoroughly. Slice a dozen or so—according to the size of your dish—hard-boiled eggs across and put in a layer of these. Season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle over with tiny pieces of butter, and continue to alternate layers of eggs and bread crumbs until the dish is full, putting a layer of crumbs on last. Place tiny bits of butter here and there on top and set in the oven to bake.

Spring Waists and Such.

The spring shirt waists are prettier than ever. In the styles being presented this season the use of heavy patterns in embroideries is apparent. Contrasts in trimming have been the feature of the fashions this winter, and this idea is being very strongly introduced in spring lines of waists. This contrast is a question of weight and not color.

Very sheer cotton and linen materials are heavily embroidered. Again, the heavier textures are inserted with light laces and have embroidered motifs on net foundations introduced in contrast. These two features are the keynote of trimming styles in lingerie waists.

The embroideries being used for waists are, if anything, handsomer than ever. The allovers are particularly attractive, in that they show to best advantage the new combinations, several varieties of work being combined in one design.

The heavy padded designs in embroideries are often combined with the English eyelet patterns, as are also the shadow patterns. The introduction of the filet net and other forms of net trimming is very marked in the new waists.

Nets and net laces will be shown in spring fashions more lavishly than ever.

Many of the new ribbons for spring are in broken checks, in unobtrusive patterns, and in both light and dark colorings on white grounds.

Popular also are flowered ribbons in pompadour and Dresden designs. Quantities of velvet ribbons are being used by fashionable dressmakers, especially in black, for trimming the sheer white materials that have been sold in enormous quantities for this season's wear.

One of the novelties of the season is the ribbon jumper. A handsome model of this sort is made of wine-colored velvet ribbon, the bands not only forming a bodice and sleeve arrangement, but also extending in loops and ends to form a postillion back. Another attractive novelty is a sort of jacket made of black velvet ribbon. The lattice or skeleton crossings of the velvet ribbon form almost a complete jacket outline. The garment closes invisibly at the back.

Novelty plaids in taffeta ribbons are also used for forming very pretty and attractive jumpers.

The variety in the styles adopted for the coats of the new tailored street costumes gives a woman every opportunity to consult her own figure and her own individuality in choosing her frock for street wear, and though the close-fitting coats are perhaps newer than the pony, bolero, Eton, and loose half or three-quarter length models, they are evidently not to be forced upon fashionable women. The pony coat, slightly lengthened, appears in many good models, and the bolero, slightly lengthened also, and worn with a girdle or with a corselet skirt.

Combination in trimmings is a feature of the season. Braiding is now used with embroidery, beading with both.

A Novel Examination.

HOW THE FITNESS OF MISSIONARY CANDIDATE WAS PROVEN.

Successful missionary work in heathen countries is done only by missionaries who possess a rare combination of personal traits. In too many cases the examination of the candidate fails to reveal the presence of this combination. But the following story shows how an unusual examination made known that a certain young man was just the sort of missionary needed.

It was winter. The examiner sent the candidate word to be at his home at 3 o'clock in the morning. When the appointed man arrived at the appointed time, he was shown into the study where he waited for five hours. At length the examiner appeared, and asked the candidate how early he had come.

"Three o'clock, sharp."

"All right; it's breakfast time now; come in and have some breakfast."

After breakfast they went back to the study.

"Well, sir," said the examiner, "I was appointed to examine you as to your fitness for the mission field. Can you spell, sir?"

The young man thought he could.

"Spell baker, then."

"B-a ba, k-e-r ker, baker."

"All right; that will do. Now, do you know anything about figures?"

"Yes, sir, something."

"How much is twice two?"

"Four."

"All right; that's splendid. You'll do first rate. I'll see the board."

When the board met the examiner reported. "Well, brethren," he said, "I have examined the candidate, and I recommend him for the appointment. He'll make a tip-top missionary—first-class. First, I examined the candidate on his self-denial. I told him to be at my place at 3 o'clock in the morning. He was there. That meant getting up at 2 o'clock or earlier, in the dark and cold. He got up, and never asked me why. Second, I examined him on promptness. I told him to be at my place at 3 o'clock sharp. He was there, not one minute behind time. Third, I examined him on patience. I let him wait five hours for me when he might just as well have been in his bed, and he waited and showed no signs of impatience. Fourth, I examined him on his temper. He didn't get excited; met me perfectly pleasant; didn't ask me why I kept him waiting on a cold morning from 3 to 8 o'clock. Fifth, I examined him on humility. I asked him to spell words a 5-year-old child could spell, and he didn't show any indignation; didn't ask me why I treated him like a child or a fool. Brethren, the candidate is self-denying, prompt, patient, obedient, good tempered, humble. He's just the man for a missionary, and I recommend him for your acceptance."—Kansas City Journal.

Wonders of Kansas.

(Kansas City Journal.)

Erie, Kan., has among other interesting things:

A man who lives with his wife's people and furnishes the breakfast food and salt and allows his mother-in-law to supply the balance.

A handsome young man who doesn't imagine that every girl who looks at him and smiles is just dying to marry him.

A man who dries the dishes for his wife night and morning and doesn't complain more than is absolutely necessary.

A man who tends the baby occasionally and appears to enjoy it.

A young woman who gets up at 3 o'clock on Monday morning, puts out the family washing, is down town ready to begin her work at the store promptly at 7 o'clock, and isn't engaged.

A family of five that pays house rent and lives on $6 a week.

A man who is past middle age and saw his first ball game a few days ago.

A woman who is so young in appearance that she is frequently mistaken for her daughter.

A man who spends more money for face powder than his wife and daughters.

A woman who is more careful of her cat's health than her own.

His Practical Idea.

A benevolent old man who lived on his farm in Iowa never refused shelter to any who might ask it of him. His many friends remonstrated with him about this characteristic, knowing that mang unscrupulous hoboes would avail themselves of the opportunity, and that there was great danger of the old man being robbed. To these remonstrances the old man replied that he believed in "practical Christianity."

"But," said one of his friends, "this seems very impractical. Suppose one of these men took it into his head to rob you one night?"

"My dear young friend," was the reply, "I bid all enter in the name of God, but I prove my belief in practical Christianity by locking up their pants during the night."—Tacoma Ledger.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION CURED

One who suffers from chronic constipation is in danger of many serious ailments. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation as it aids digestion and stimulates the liver and bowels, restoring the natural action of these organs. Commence taking it today and you will feel better at once. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is very pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Towner—How long did it take you to learn how to run an automobile?

Rownley—O, five or six.

Towner—Five or six what? Weeks?

Rownley—No; automobiles.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUG LAW.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Husband—Surely it wasn't necessary for you to buy two brand new dresses for our vacation trip?

Wife—Don't be penurious, Max. You know I bought the guidebook second hand.

The editor of the Memphis, Tenn., "Times" writes: "In my opinion Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and lung trouble, and to my own personal knowledge Foley's Honey and Tar has accomplished many permanent cures that have been little short of marvelous." Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"There's a man who could be one of the country's greatest poets if he wished."

"And he isn't?"

"No."

"Introduce me."

It's a good old world after all;
If you have no friends or money,
In the river you can fall;
Marriages are quite common and,
More people there would be,
Provided you take Rocky Mountain Tea.

F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

Patient—Doctor, do you think that people are occasionally buried alive?

Doctor (reassuringly)—It never happens to my patients.

THIS MAY INTEREST YOU.

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Do you believe that the good die young?"

"I guess they do, if all my wife tells me about her first husband is true."

A tissue builder, reconstructor, builds up waste force, makes strong nerves and muscle. You will realize after taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea what a wonderful benefit it will be to you. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Funny Duckling

There was once a funny little duckling who was always going about doing something curious that made everybody laugh at him. Somebody told him that if he did not want to get wet when it rained he had better buy himself an umbrella. So off Mr. Duckling went to the umbrella store and bought himself an umbrella. He stuck it under his arm and walked down the road just as proud as ever he could be.

HE CARRIED THAT UMBRELLA AROUND.

It made them all laugh louder than before, for none of them could see what use a duckling would ever have for an umbrella. But the duckling did not know any better. He carried that umbrella around under his arm day after day, hoping it would rain.

Well, finally one day it did rain. It rained in sheets, and the wind blew as it had never blown before. Mr. Duckling went out into the road, and, of course, everybody was there to see.

Up went the umbrella, and up went Mr. Duckling with it, for a big gust of wind just lifted them both in the air and swept them over the heads of the spectators and into the top of a tree about a mile away.

It took the little duckling half a day to untangle himself from the limbs of the tree and get down to the ground.

Moral.—Do not hamper yourself with things that are unnecessary.—Chicago Tribune.

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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.

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.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**

FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS — Price 50c & $1.00 Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

Eastern Steamship Company.

Portland Division.

REDUCED RATES:

Fare Portland to Boston $1.00
Stateroom - - - $1.00

Commencing Monday, Sept. 17, steamers alternately leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, and India Wharf, Boston, daily, except Sunday, at 7 P. M.

Freight rates always as low as other lines.

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.

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.

Dr. Austin Tenney, Oculist, will be at Elm House, Norway, Thursday, Jan. 17th. Hours, 10:30 A. M. to 4 P. M. Eyes examined free.

The Only Medicine WE USE FOR COLDS AND... Stomach Troubles

Dear Sirs:—Readfield Corner, Me., Mar. 25, '04

We have used your "L. F." Bitters in our family for over 20 years. It is all the medicine we use for colds or stomach troubles. It is a great remedy for dyspepsia. I feel I can't say enough in its praise.

Yours truly, MRS. CLARA A. LOCKE.

Don't let sickness get the best of you. Take the True "L. F." Atwood's Medicine *to-day* and you'll soon begin to gain, so you can eat and enjoy your food. It will then build you in strength and flesh.

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

A. W. Walker & Son's,

South Paris, Maine.

PIANOS.

The Mehlin, Poole, Merrill, Prescott and The Lauter Player Piano, are all first class, high grade instruments, and are sold for just as low money as they can be sold for the quality of the instrument. Also I have several medium grade pianos. A large stock always on hand. Prices low, terms easy. Send for catalogue and we will try and interest you in the best pianos that are on the market.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,
Billings Block.
South Paris, - - Maine.

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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.

A new Lot

of Plumbing Goods. The best of oak woodwork for closets. No old goods. Call and see this line. Jobbing promptly attended to. No charge for team.

L. M. Longley,
Norway, - - Maine.

London Assurance Corporation.

ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1906.

Stocks and Bonds,	$2,246,690 78
Cash in Office and Bank,	472,971 82
Agents' Balances,	439,996 72
Interest and Rents,	25,142 09
All other Assets,	2,875 35
Gross Assets,	$3,187,496 76
Deduct items not admitted,	140,966 35
Admitted Assets,	$3,046,836 41

LIABILITIES, DEC. 31, 1906.

Net Unpaid Losses,	$ 285,203 00
Unearned Premiums,	1,660,563 25
All other Liabilities,	57,819 77
Cash Capital,	615,000 00
Surplus over all Liabilities,	428,310 39
Total Liabilities and Surplus,	$3,046,836 41

W. J. WHEELER & CO., Agents, South Paris, Maine.

We Do all Kinds of....

JOB PRINTING.

Atwood & Forbes, South Paris.

To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures"

During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines.

That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it.

Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated, and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue.

To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures."

Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses.

As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price.

We sell hundreds—yes, thousands of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know, and we have no means of finding out.

Naturally, we would rather sell a remedy that we know is right—that we can back up with all our reputation for honesty and square-dealing.

And wouldn't you rather buy that kind of a remedy? Wouldn't you rather hold us responsible than to hold no one responsible? We are right here, right where you can get at us every day in the week, right where one false move on our part will bring upon us your condemnation, the loss of your friendship, your patronage, your influence. **Can we afford to tell you anything that you will learn later is not absolutely true?**

Are you not safer in taking our word for the merits of an article, than you are to rely on the printed statement of a patent medicine manufacturer, whom you never even saw and probably never will?

Common sense most emphatically tells you that we cannot afford to depart one hair's breadth from the rigid truth.

None of us can deny that there is such a disease known as "catarrh." Those who have it, or who have had it, know that it is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Perhaps the worst thing about catarrh is its prevalence. Almost everyone—especially in a climate like ours—has catarrh in some form or another. That is what has made the "catarrh cure" business so profitable. There are so many thousands of cases of the disease and it is so hard to cure, that the patent medicine manufacturers have reaped a harvest in preparing remedies that appeal to this large class of sufferers.

One of the most serious things about catarrh is that it breaks down the system, so that the sufferer becomes a prey to other diseases. This fact has led the proprietors of so many "catarrh cures" to advertise their remedies as a specific for almost every disease under the sun.

We have ONE **catarrh cure** that we are willing to say to you; "We know this is all right. Take it home and use it with the full assurance that if it does not cure you, you can bring it back to us and we will promptly refund your money." That catarrh cure is

Rexall

MUCU-TONE

There is no guess work with us on Rexall Mucu-Tone. *We know what it is made of.*

Not only do we know, *but we will give you a copy of the formula.*

There is no secret about any Rexall remedy—we make them—one thousand of us leading druggists all over America—in our great co-operative laboratories at Boston, Mass. We own the laboratories, and everything in them, and we operate them just as skillfully as our combined brains and money will let us, and just as honestly as honest men know how.

The Ingredients of Mucu-Tone

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubebs, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla.

Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubebs have long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefits almost invariable. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubebs has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties.

The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Large trial bottle, 50c.

For Sale Only at This Store.

How can you know whether or not you have catarrh?

Well, here are the symptoms that usually indicate its presence. Check them over, and if you have any of them, try a bottle of Rexall Mucu-Tone.

CATARRH OF THE NOSE:—Chilliness—feverishness—passages obstructed—watery discharge and latter thick, yellow and tenacious discharge into the throat—headache—foul breath—weak and watery eyes—and sometimes loss of memory.

CATARRH OF THE THROAT:—Irritation—sensation of heat and dryness—constant hawking—sore throat—and difficult to breathe.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH:—Dizziness — emaciation — hollow cheeks — sleeplessness—bad dreams—despondent—dull, grinding or sharp, short pains in side and stomach—nausea after eating—shortness of breath—and bitter fluid rising in throat.

CATARRH OF THE INTESTINES:—Dull, grinding pain in bowels—diarrhœa—emaciation—nervousness—and sleeplessness.

CATARRH OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS:—Skin drawn and yellow—black specks floating on field of vision—weak and dizzy—dull pain in small of back—and constant desire to urinate.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER:—Sharp pains in the lower abdomen and a loss of control over urine—constant desire to urinate—burning sensation when urinating—face drawn and palid—eyes dull—palms of hands and feet damp and clammy.

PELVIC CATARRH:—Constant leucorrhœa—dragging pain in the back and hips, abdomen and thighs—stomach disturbances—skin eruptions—sick headache—female irregularities—and constipation.

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO., Druggists

The Rexall Store

Steam Engine and Boiler

For Sale Cheap.

Second hand, six horse power engine and eight horse power boiler. Call and see them at A. C. Jones' Machine Shop, South Paris, Me.

For Service

A right good Berkshire Boar, just the right size. Service fee $1.00.

A. K. JACKSON,
South Paris, Me.

WANTED.

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

J. A. KENNEY,
South Paris.