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About Going West.

A WARNING TO EASTERN FARMERS BY A WESTERN MAN WHO IS PROUD OF THE WEST.

A good deal is said about the opportunities offered to a young man by the west. There are opportunities here—splendid ones, too—but I believe it would be well for the young farmer of the east to look around him carefully for neglected ones at home before going fifteen hundred miles away from home into a new and different environment. Success comes here, as elsewhere, to the man who knows the conditions of soil, climate and seed. These are so different here from what they are in the humid east, the methods of farming are so different, that some valuable time must needs be lost learning the new conditions.

The fact of the case is that the public lands suitable to anything like eastern conditions of farming are about exhausted. A cycle of wet years has caused a boom in lands that properly belong to the sub-arid region, and a return of the dry seasons will not be impossible. The speculators' land in the better sections of the west is usually of inferior quality and is sold upon the strength of adjoining good lands. These statements hold true in the main, and the land seeker should be very cautious before tying up his money and his time in land of which he knows nothing. A season spent in some chosen section of the west, preferably as a farm laborer, would be time well spent by the homeseeker. He would come to know the soil and climatic conditions from the farmer's standpoint, and so would be far less liable to make a mistake when selecting land of his own.

But it seems to me that conditions favor the man in the east who is willing to farm scientifically. I am credibly informed that excellent land may be had in the eastern states for $60 an acre and upward. Good land here, equally close to good markets, is worth $40 to $50 an acre. When one considers the advantage of the eastern farmer as to location, rainfall and the environments of an older civilization, it seems to me very doubtful if a change would be, on the average, beneficial. We have about reached the limit of profitable wheat growing, and our best farmers are now changing to a mixed farming basis The dairying phase will come later. So, you see, we are gradually approximating the methods and the lines of farming of the east. The man who comes to the west thinking to devote his time exclusively to grain farming will find himself among the losers.

I am an eastern man who lives in and believes in the west. It is a land of marvellous achievements and wonderful possibility. But for this very reason I wish to carry this warning that all the west is not alike; that the land speculator has lands to sell, and does not always use legitimate means to accomplish his end, and that the man from the east must adapt himself to western methods before he can hope to succeed in western farming.

And then you remember the old story of the rainbow and the pots of gold; how the boy saw that its end where the pots of gold were dropped down into his father's garden, so he sought it and the rainbow receded; and all through the years he followed it, to come at last, when an old man, to the home of his boyhood; and again the rainbow flung its arch between the hills and dropped its shining bow into the tangle of ancient trees. So he went and digged there, and lo! the pots of gold!—Cor. in Tribune Farmer.

Timely Observations on Pruning.

It is often urged that pruning should be commenced when the tree is planted and continued annually throughout the life of the tree. It may be a question, however, if a proportionate amount of time is really saved or a better growth of trees secured by such early pruning. The Maine experiment station is conducting an investigation which throws light on this subject. In its most recent bulletin on orchard work that station brings out several interesting facts.

Attention is called to the fact that owing to the natural balance between the foraging capacity of the plant and its superficial growth the top will be large if the root system of the tree is active and effective. If a large part of the top is removed there is at once an endeavor to restore the balance by an unusually rapid growth. This results in the development of a large number of dormant buds in the form of water sprouts. Pruned trees are almost always more vigorous than unpruned ones, because the food taken up by the roots is concentrated into a smaller number of branches. Considered in this light pruning must in a measure have the same effect as manuring.

A common, though erroneous notion, is that the removal of large limbs from a tree is necessarily injurious. In the practicable operations of orcharding the removal of large limbs is frequently a necessity. Other things being equal so far as injurious effect upon tree is concerned, it makes little difference whether a large limb or numerous individual small limbs are removed in the process of pruning. It is always advisable to paint such wounds and thus exclude the spore of parasitic diseases.

HANDLING THE WATER SPROUTS.

One of the notable facts of severe pruning and consequent disturbed equilibrium of plants is the formation of water sprouts. The appearance of these seems to be influenced more by the vigor of the plant and the amount of pruning than by the season of the year in which the work is done. It is probable, however, that fewer water sprouts will appear if pruning is done about midsummer. In any case, however, water sprouts may be regarded as weeds in the tree top and should usually be treated as such. In some cases with old trees having long, bare limbs a few of the sprouts may well be left as a protection to the limbs and as an aid in harvesting. In a few years these sprouts will usually develop into bearing branches, notwithstanding the common notion that water sprouts never bear fruit.

It is doubtful if any amount of thinning by pruning can produce an annual bearing habit in fruits unless the trees receive other necessary good care. Probably a better course to pursue in attempting to get fruit every year is to change bearing year of entire plants throughout the orchard and allow these to bear one year and others the next. Winter pruning tends to produce wood while summer pruning does not. More work can be accomplished in the warmer, longer days of April and May, but many prefer to go through the orchard on the crust of the deep snow. The wound made by removing of limbs is less if the cut is made close to the trunk or branch. Wounds of any considerable size should be given a coating of paint or some other suitable substance. For general purposes a pure white lead paint is satisfactory.—New England Homestead.

Do not be in a hurry to get the cows out to pasture, for what might prove desirable for the cows would be disastrous to the pasture. Give the grass a chance to get a good start.

On the other hand, do not keep the cows too closely confined in the stable,—they need all the fresh air and sunshine which they can have at this season.

Early Potato Culture.

The farmer who brings in the first early potatoes is sure to receive a good price in the markets.

With a little care and patience potatoes can be matured for market by the last week in July, ordinary seasons, and perhaps before, if the conditions of the weather are favorable. Of course in the northern part of the state the season is a little later.

The soil should be thoroughly pulverized. I prefer ploughing in the spring. It is more apt to dry out quicker than land that is ploughed in the fall. A light sandy or red loam is the most suitable for early potatoes. A good plan to start potatoes early is to have your seed in a warm place by the tenth of April, and if they have plenty of light the sprouts will start strong and green.

My early potatoes were planted May 6 in 1905, and May 12 in 1906. They were as early last season as the season before. Most of the early sorts were ready for market the 25th of July.

I make it a rule to plant my potatoes with the sprouts up. I think they are earlier and will come up evener that way. Do not be afraid of planting too early. If the ground is a little cold, and the green sprout may not break ground at once, it will be sending out roots all the while, which will give it a good start when the weather gets favorable.

I think potatoes mature earlier on fertilizer than any other manures. I use about 12 per cent of potash (about one ton to the acre), 15 per cent of phosphoric acid, 3 per cent of nitrogen. Half is dropped with the potatoes, the remainder when they are hoed the first time. The more potash you use the larger the crop you will harvest. While phosphoric acid hastens their maturity. They should be sprayed soon as the tops are six inches high. Spraying will prevent the little flea which eats little pin holes in the foliage which is apt to cause blight, also it will prevent the beetle from depositing its eggs. Bordeaux mixture is the best poison to use. Broxal in the dust form is good. It is a Bordeaux in a dust form, and can be applied with a duster when the leaves are damp.

In regard to the seed to use, I will say there are a good many early sorts. I planted eighteen early sorts last year. I will give a list of a few of my most favorable early and late sorts.

The Clarke's Pride is a white potato, oblong in shape and a fair yielder, and very early. The Eureka is a white potato, roundish in shape, a fair yielder and very early. Early Pink is an early potato, pinkish in color, flattish in shape.

The Bovee is oblong, flesh colored potato, about a week later than the Clarke's Pride and Eureka. But it is a great yielder for an early potato. The Puritan or Uncle Gideon, Quick Lunch is very early but a light yielder. Any of these sorts will mature in July.

You who saw my exhibit at the fair at Waterville perhaps saw the Wonderful. I consider it a great yielder and besides it is earlier than the Green Mountain.

The Gold Coin and Carmons are heavy yielders but very late. I wish to say you cannot expect as large a crop from the early sorts as the late. I sold potatoes last season for three dollars and twenty-five cents per barrel in the field; ten days later they dropped one half in value. Plant one large piece—plant them early and you can dispose of them while the market is high.—Will N. Savage in Turf, Farm and Home.

Dr. Twitchell's Letter.

HEALTHY COWS AND BARNS.

Meeting Mr. Geo. H. Ellis of Boston, the well-known business man of the city and big farmer outside, conversation naturally drifted to cows, their care and treatment, and the best means for preventing disease. For years Mr. Ellis has been milking three hundred and his experience is worth considering. "The trouble with many systems of ventilation," said he, "is that suitable provision is not made for constant change of the air in our cow stables. We provide for ingress and egress, but not in sufficient quantity. This to my mind is of greater importance than more room in the tie-up. Then, too, we fail to provide opportunity for constant exercise. I like the individual pen plan, making the pens about 8x9 or 10, and if I were to change it would be to provide feed racks between every two pens." As I have heard Mr. Ellis' pen system criticised by some who have since lost their herds by disease, while his is healthy, I was glad to get his positive declaration in its favor as the result of experience. Within the past few months a number of our dairymen have told me that they proposed hereafter to buy their cows and stop raising calves, stating that certain officials advised this policy, yet Mr. Ellis declared "that the only way to maintain your herd is to grow your own stock," and this he does under conditions far more expensive than the Maine farmer would meet. The fact is, the successful man to-day is forced to produce as much raw material as possible, and then convert into the most attractive and finished form. This applies to calves as well as lumber or cotton cloth.—Maine Farmer.

The Value of an Apple Tree.

What is an apple tree worth? was a question discussed at a subordinate Grange meeting recently by a fruit grower of long experience and wide observation. The speaker did not name a value in the treatment of his subject, his purpose being, rather, to call attention to the value of an individual tree, a problem which every one who has grown apples can easily comprehend, and from it show the increase in the value of land from the planting of fruit trees and the profits of the business when a knowledge of the work is intelligently applied.

The course taken by the speaker referred to was approaching this important matter of planting fruit trees and the value of bearing orchards from a starting point rarely taken under consideration by our Maine fruit growers. It puts the tree and the orchard on a business basis from which our fruit growing, mixed up with our general farming and a part of it, as it generally is, is rarely viewed. We ask our readers interested in fruit growing to give this matter a measure of study from the basis indicated above, and see if they do not find a business promise in the planting and care of orchards and the growing of fruit more inviting than before seen.

We read with gaping wonder of the extensive planting in the states of the middle west, and of the extreme prices for which the Oregon boxes of Spitzenburgs and Jonathans sell in the eastern markets close to our doors. A fruit journal reports a recent sale of a six-acre Washington State orchard for $2000 an acre, and the purchase made on the calculation of realizing twenty per cent income on the investment. Truly the value of an apple tree is a question well worth consideration.—Maine Farmer.

In the entomological collection of Mrs. V. P. DeCoster of Buckfield is a specimen of the Searcher, a green beetle captured by her near Portland, which just now possesses much interest for the general public, the specimen having been pronounced by State Entomologist E. F. Hitchings, to be one of a species imported into this country a few years ago as a parasite of the dreaded gypsy moth, against which state legislation has been enacted. That the Searcher has already spread to Portland woods shows that it possesses territory-covering qualities far superior to those of the gypsy.—Maine Farmer.

Do not let the chicks out upon the ground in the morning when the ground is damp, and be particularly careful that they are not allowed to run through the wet grass.

The

Angel Child.

By STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," Etc.

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ALTHOUGH Whilomville was in no sense a summer resort, the advent of the warm season meant much to it, for then came visitors from the city—people of considerable confidence—alighting upon their country cousins. Moreover, many citizens who could afford to do so escaped at this time to the seaside. The town, with the commercial life quite taken out of it, drawled and drowsed through long months, during which nothing was worse than the white dust which arose behind every vehicle at blinding noon, and nothing was finer than the cool sheen of the hose sprays over the cropped lawns under the many maples in the twilight.

One summer the Trescotts had a visitation. Mrs. Trescott owned a cousin who was a painter of high degree. I had almost said that he was of national reputation, but, come to think of it, it is better to say that almost everybody in the United States who knew about art and its travail knew about him. He had picked out a wife, and naturally, looking at him, one wondered how he had done it. She was quick, beautiful, imperious, while he was quiet, slow and misty. She was a veritable queen of health, while he, apparently, was of a most brittle constitution. When he played tennis particularly he looked every minute as if he were going to break.

They lived in New York, in awesome apartments wherein Japan and Persia, and indeed all the world, confounded the observer. At the end was a cathedral-like studio. They had one child. Perhaps it would be better to say that they had one CHILD. It was a girl.

The queen herself took the chair.

When she came to Whilomville with her parents it was patent that she had an inexhaustive store of white frocks and that her voice was high and commanding. These things the town knew quickly. Other things it was doomed to discover by a process.

Her effect upon the children of the Trescott neighborhood was singular. They at first feared, then admired, then embraced. In two days she was a Begum. All day long her voice could be heard directing, drilling and compelling those free born children. And to say that they felt oppression would be wrong, for they really fought for records of loyal obedience.

All went well until one day was her birthday.

On the morning of this day she walked out into the Trescott garden and said to her father confidently, "Papa, give me some money, because this is my birthday."

He looked dreamily up from his easel. "Your birthday?" he murmured. Her envisioned father was never energetic enough to be irritable unless some one broke through into that place where he lived with the desires of his life, but neither wife nor child ever heeded or even understood the temperamental values, and so some part of him had grown hardened to their inroads. "Money?" he said. "Here." He handed her a five dollar bill. It was that he did not at all understand the nature of a five dollar bill. He was deaf to it. He had it; he gave it; that was all.

She sallied forth to a waiting people—Jimmie Trescott, Dan Earl, Ella Earl, the Margate twins, the three Phelps children and others. "I've got some pennies now," she cried, waving the bill, "and I am going to buy some candy." They were deeply stirred by this announcement. Most children are penniless 300 days in the year, and to another possessing five pennies they pay deference. To little Cora waving a bright green note these children paid heathenish homage. In some disorder they thronged after her to a small shop on Bridge street hill. First of all came ice cream. Seated in the comic little back parlor, they clamored shrilly over plates of various flavors, and the shopkeeper marveled that cream could vanish so quickly down throats that seemed wide open always for the making of excited screams.

These children represented the families of most excellent people. They were all born in whatever purple there was to be had in the vicinity of Whilomville. The Margate twins, for example, were out and out prize winners. With their long golden curls and their countenances of similar vacuity, they shone upon the front bench of all Sunday school functions, hand in hand, while their uplifted mother felt about her the envy of a hundred other parents and less heavenly children scoffed from near the door.

Then there was little Dan Earl, probably the nicest boy in the world, gentle, fine grained, obedient to the point where he obeyed anybody. Jimmie Trescott himself was, indeed, the only child who was at all versed in villainy, but in these particular days he was on his very good behavior. As a matter of fact, he was in love. The beauty of his regal little cousin had stolen his manly heart.

Yes, they were all most excellent children; but, loosened upon this candy shop with $5, they resembled in a tiny way drunken reveling soldiers within the walls of a stormed city. Upon the heels of ice cream and cake came chocolate mice, butterscotch, "everlastings," chocolate cigars, taffy on a stick, taffy on a slate pencil and many semitransparent devices resembling lions, tigers, elephants, horses, cats, dogs, cows, sheep, tables, chairs, engines (both railway and for the fighting of fire), soldiers, fine ladies, odd looking men, clocks, watches, revolvers, rabbits and bedsteads. A cent was the price of a single wonder.

Some of the children, going quite daft, soon had thought to make fight over the spoils, but their queen ruled with an iron grip. Her first inspiration was to satisfy her own fancies, but as soon as that was done she mingled prodigality with a fine justice, dividing, balancing, bestowing and sometimes taking away from somebody even that which he had.

It was an orgy. In thirty-five minutes those respectable children looked as if they had been dragged at the tail of a chariot. The sacred Margate twins, blinking and grunting, wished to take seat upon the floor, and even the most durable Jimmie Trescott found occasion to lean against the counter, wearing at the time a solemn and abstracted air, as if he expected something to happen to him shortly.

Of course their belief had been in an unlimited apacity, but they found there was an end. The shopkeeper handed the queen her change.

"Two seventy-three from five leaves two twenty-seven, Miss Cora," he said, looking upon her with admiration.

She turned swiftly to her clan. "O-oh," she cried in amazement, "look how much I have left!" They gazed at the coins in her palm. They knew then that it was not their capacities which were endless. It was the $5.

The queen led the way to the street. "We must think up some way of spending more money," she said, frowning. They stood in silence, awaiting he further speech.

Suddenly she clapped her hands and screamed with delight. "Come on!" she cried. "I know what let's do!" Now behold, she had discovered the red and white pole in front of the shop of one William Neeltje, a barber by trade.

It becomes necessary to say a few words concerning Neeltje. He was new to the town. He had come and opened a dusty little shop on dusty Bridge street hill, and, although the neighborhood knew from the courier winds that his diet was mainly cabbage, they were satisfied with that meager data. Of course Riefsnyder came to investigate him for the local barbers' union, but he found in him only sweetness and light, with a willingness to charge any price at all for a shave or a hair cut. In fact, the advent of Neeltje would have made barely a ripple upon the placid bosom of Whilomville if it were not his name was Neeltje.

At first the people looked at his signboard out of the eye corner and wondered lazily why any one should bear the name of Neeltje, but as time went on men spoke to other men, saying, "How do you pronounce the name of that barber up there on Bridge street hill?" And then, before any could prevent it, the best minds of the town were splintering their lances against William Neeltje's signboard. If a man had a mental superior, he guided him seductively to this name and watched with glee his wrecking. The clergy of the town even entered the lists. There was one among them who had taken a collegiate prize in Syriac as well as in several less opaque languages, and the other clergymen at one of their weekly meetings sought to betray him into this ambush. He pronounced the name correctly, but that mattered little, since none of them knew whether he did or did not, and so they took triumph according to their ignorance. Under these arduous circumstances it was certain that the town should look for a nick name, and at this time the nickname was in process of formation. So William Neeltje lived on with his secret, smiling foolishly toward the world.

"Look!" she declaimed.

"Come on," cried little Cora. "Let's all get our hair cut. That's what let's do. Let's all get our hair cut! Come on! Come on! Come on!" The others were carried off their feet by the fury of this assault. To get their hair cut! What joy! Little did they know if this were fun; they only knew that their small leader said it was fun. Chocolate stained, but confident, the band marched into William Neeltje's barber shop.

"We wish to get our hair cut," said little Cora haughtily.

Neeltje, in his shirt sleeves, stood looking at them with his half idiot smile.

"Hurry, now!" commanded the queen. A dray horse toiled step by step, step by step, up Bridge street hill; a far woman's voice arose; there could be heard the ceaseless hammers of shingling carpenters; all was summer peace. "Come on, now. Who's goin' first? Come on, Ella; you go first Gettin' our hair cut! Oh, what fun!"

Little Ella Earl would not, however, be first in the chair. She was drawn toward it by a singular fascination but at the same time she was afraid of it, and so she hung back, saying: "No! You go first! No! You go first!" The question was precipitated by the twins and one of the Phelps children. They made simultaneous rush for the chair and screamed and kicked, each pair preventing the third child. The queen entered this melee and decided in favor of the Phelps boy. He ascended the chair. Thereat an awed silence fell upon the band. And always William Neeltje smiled fatuously.

He tucked a cloth in the neck of the Phelps boy and, taking scissors, began to cut his hair. The group of children came closer and closer. Even the queen was deeply moved. "Does it hurt any?" she asked in a wee voice.

"Naw," said the Phelps boy, with dignity. "Anyhow, I've had m' hair cut afore."

When he appeared to them looking very soldierly with his cropped little head, there was a tumult over the chair. The Margate twins howled; Jimmie Trescott was kicking them on the shins. It was a fight.

But the twins could not prevail, being the smallest of all the children. The queen herself took the chair and ordered Neeltje as if he were a lady's maid. To the floor there fell proud ringlets, blazing even there in their humiliation with a full fine bronze light. Then Jimmie Trescott, then Ella Earl (two long ash colored plaits), then a Phelps girl, then another Phelps girl, and so on from head to head. The ceremony received unexpected check when the turn came to Dan Earl. This lad, usually docile to any rein, had suddenly grown mulishly obstinate. No; he would not, he would not. He himself did not seem to know why he refused to have his hair cut, but, despite the shrill derision of the company, he remained obdurate. Anyhow, the twins, long held in check and now feverishly eager, were already struggling for the chair.

Around the corner of the house came the twins.

And so to the floor at last came the golden Margate curls, the heart treasure and glory of a mother, three aunts and some feminine cousins.

All having been finished, the children, highly elate, thronged out into the street. They crowed and cackled with pride and joy, anon turning to scorn the cowardly Dan Earl.

Ella Earl was an exception. She had been pensive for some time, and now the shorn little maiden began vaguely to weep. In the door of his shop William Neeltje stood watching them, upon his face a grin of almost inhuman idiocy.

* * * * * * *

It now becomes the duty of the unfortunate writer to exhibit these children to their fond parents. "Come on, Jimmie," cried little Cora, "let's go show mamma!" And they hurried off, these happy children, to show mamma.

The Trescotts and their guests were assembled indolently awaiting the luncheon bell. Jimmie and the angel child burst in upon them. "Oh, mamma," shrieked little Cora, "see how fine I am! I've had my hair cut! Isn't it splendid? And Jimmie too!"

The wretched mother took one sight, emitted one yell and fell into a chair Mrs. Trescott dropped a large lady's Journal and made a nerveless mechanical clutch at it. The painter gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward, staring until his eyes were like two little clock faces. Dr. Trescott did not move or speak.

To the children the next moments were chaotic. There was a loudly wailing mother and a pale faced, aghast mother, a stammering father and a grim and terrible father. The angel child did not understand anything of it save the voice of calamity, and in a moment all her little imperialism went to the winds. She ran sobbing to her mother. "Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma!"

The desolate Jimmie heard out of this inexplicable situation a voice which he knew well, a sort of colonel's voice, and he obeyed like any good soldier. "Jimmie!"

He stepped three paces to the front. "Yes, sir!"

"How did this—how did this happen?" said Trescott.

Now, Jimmie could have explained how had happened anything which had happened, but he did not know what had happened, so he said, "I—I—nothin'."

"And, oh, look at her frock!" said Mrs. Trescott brokenly.

The words turned the mind of the mother of the angel child. She looked up, her eyes blazing. "Frock!" she repeated. "Frock! What do I care for her frock! Frock!" she choked out again from the depths of her bitterness. Then she arose suddenly and whirled tragically upon her husband. "Look!" she declaimed. "All—her lovely—hair—all her lovely hair—gone—gone!" The painter was apparently in a fit. His jaw was set, his eyes were glazed, his body was stiff and straight. "All gone—all—her lovely hair—all gone—my poor little darlin'—my—poor—little—darlin'!" And the angel child added her heartbroken voice to her mother's wail as they fled into each other's arms.

In the meantime Trescott was patiently unraveling some skeins of Jimmie's tangled intellect. "And then you went to this barber's on the hill. Yes. And where did you get the money? Yes; I see. And who besides you and Cora had their hair cut? The Margate twi— Oh, Lord!"

Over at the Margate place old Eldridge Margate, the grandfather of the twins, was in the back garden picking peas and smoking ruminatively to himself. Suddenly he heard from the house great noises. Doors slammed, women rushed upstairs and downstairs, calling to each other in voices of agony. And then full and mellow upon the still air arose the roar of the twins in pain.

Old Eldridge stepped out of the pea patch and moved toward the house, puzzled, staring, not yet having decided that it was his duty to rush forward. Then around the corner of the house shot his daughter Mollie, her face pale with horror.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"Oh, father," she gasped, "the children! They"—

Then around the corner of the house came the twins, howling at the top of their power, their faces flowing with tears. They were still hand in hand, the ruling passion being strong even in this suffering. At sight of them old Eldridge took his pipe hastily out of his mouth. "Good God!" he said.

And now what befell one William Neeltje, a barber by trade? And what was said by angry parents of the mother of such an angel child? And what was the fate of the angel child herself?

There was surely a tempest. With the exception of the Margate twins the boys could well be eliminated from the affair. Of course it didn't matter if their hair was cut. Also the two little Phelps girls had had very short hair anyhow, and their parents were not too greatly incensed. In the case of Ella Earl it was mainly the pathos of the little girl's own grieving, but her mother played a most generous part and called upon Mrs. Trescott and condoled with the mother of the angel child over their equivalent losses. But the Margate contingent! They simply screeched.

Trescott, composed and cool blooded, was in the middle of a giddy whirl. He was not going to allow the mobbing of his wife's cousins, nor was he going to pretend that the spoliation of the Margate twins was a virtuous and beautiful act. He was elected gratuitously to the position of a buffer.

But, curiously, the one who achieved the bulk of the misery was old Eldridge Margate, who had been picking peas at the time. The feminine Margates stormed his position as individuals, in pairs, in teams and en masse. In two days they may have aged him seven years. He must destroy the utter Neeltje. He must midnightly massacre the angel child and her mother. He must dip his arms in blood to the elbows.

Trescott took the first opportunity to express to him his concern over the affair, but when the subject of the disaster was mentioned old Eldridge, to the doctor's great surprise, actually chuckled long and deeply. "Oh, well, look a-here," he said. "I never was so much in love with them there d— curls. The curls was purty, yes, but then I'd a darn sight rather see boys

At the railway station.

look more like boys than like two little wax figgers. An', ye know, the little cusses like it themselves. They never took no stock in all this washin' an' combin' an' fixin' an' goin' to church an' paradin' an' showin' off. They stood it because they were told to; that's all. Of course this here Neeltegee, er whatever his name is, is a plumb dumb ijit, but I don't see what's to be done now that the kids is full well cropped. I might go and burn his shop over his head, but that wouldn't bring no hair back on to the kids. They're even kickin' on sashes now, an' that's all right, 'cause what fer does a boy want a sash?"

Whereupon Trescott perceived that the old man wore his brains above his shoulders, and Trescott departed from him rejoicing greatly that it was only women who could not know that there was finality to most disasters and that when a thing was fully done no amount of door slammings, rushing upstairs and downstairs, calls, lamentations, tears, could bring back a single hair to the heads of twins.

But the rains came and the winds blew in the most biblical way when a certain fact came to light in the Trescott household. Little Cora, corroborated by Jimmie, innocently remarked that $5 had been given her by her father on her birthday, and with this money the evil had been wrought. Trescott had known it, but he, thoughtful man, had said nothing. For her part, the mother of the angel child had up to that moment never reflected that the consummation of the wickedness must have cost a small sum of money. But now it was all clear to her. He was the guilty one—he! "My angel child!"

The scene which ensued was inspiriting. A few days later loungers at the railway station saw a lady leading a shorn and still undaunted lamb. Attached to them was a husband and father, who was plainly bewildered, but still more plainly vexed, as if he would be saying: "D— 'em! Why can't they leave me alone?"

Your Blood

Needs purifying and your whole system renovating in the spring, as pimples, boils, eruptions, loss of appetite and that tired feeling annually prove.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most effective medicine ever devised for the complete purification of the blood and the complete renovation of the whole system.

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Usual form, liquid, or in tablet form, called Sarsatabs, 100 Doses $1.

GUARANTEED under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. No. 324.

Advertisement.

"Why do you allow yourself to be posted at your club?"

"Well," answered the easy going youth, "it's a large club and a swell one, and no one would know I was a member of it unless I got posted now and then."—Washington Star.

Where there is emulation there will be vanity; where there is vanity there will be folly.—Johnson.

The Little Pilgrimage.

By STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," Etc.

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ONE November it became clear to childish minds in certain parts of Whilomville that the Sunday school of the Presbyterian church would not have for the children the usual tree on Christmas eve. The funds free for that ancient festival would be used for the relief of suffering among the victims of the Charleston earthquake.

The plan had been born in the generous head of the superintendent of the Sunday school, and during one session he had made a strong plea that the children should forego the vain pleasures of a tree and, in glorious application of the golden rule, refuse a local use of the fund and will that it be sent where dire pain might be alleviated. At the end of a tearfully eloquent speech the question was put fairly to a vote, and the children in a burst of virtuous abandon carried the question for Charleston. Many of the teachers had been careful to preserve a finely neutral attitude, but even if they had cautioned the children against being too impetuous they could not have checked the wild impulses.

But this was a long time before Christmas.

Very early boys held important speech together. "Huh! You ain't goin' to have no Christmas tree at the Presbyterian Sunday school."

Sullenly the victim answered, "No, we ain't."

"Huh!" scoffed the other denomination. "We are goin' to have the all firedest biggest tree that you ever saw in the world."

The little Presbyterians were greatly downcast.

It happened that Jimmie Trescott had regularly attended the Presbyterian Sunday school. The Trescotts were consistently undenominational, but they had sent their lad on Sundays to one of the places where they thought he would receive benefits. However, on one day in December Jimmie appeared before his father and made a strong spiritual appeal to be forthwith attached to the Sunday school of the Big Progressive church. Dr. Trescott mused this question considerably. "Well, Jim," he said, "why do you conclude that the Big Progressive Sunday school is better for you than the Presbyterian Sunday school?"

"Now—it's nicer," answered Jimmie, looking at his father with an anxious eye.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, now—some of the boys what go to the Presbyterian place, they ain't very nice," explained the flagrant Jimmie.

Trescott mused the question considerably once more. In the end he said: "Well, you may change if you wish this one time, but you must not be changing to and fro. You decide now, and then you must abide by your decision."

"Yessir," said Jimmie brightly. "Big Progressive."

"All right," said the father. "But remember what I've told you."

On the following Sunday morning Jimmie presented himself at the door of the basement of the Big Progressive church. He was conspicuously washed, notably raimented, prominently polished. And incidentally he was very uncomfortable because of all these virtues.

A number of acquaintances greeted him contemptuously. "Hello, Jimmie! What you doin' here? Thought you was a Presbyterian!"

Jimmie cast down his eyes and made no reply. He was too cowed by the change. However, Homer Phelps, who was a regular patron of the Big Progressive Sunday school, suddenly appeared and said, "Hello, Jim!" Jimmie seized upon him. Homer Phelps was amenable to Trescott laws, tribal if you like, but iron bound, almost compulsory.

"Hello, Homer!" said Jimmie, and his manner was so good that Homer felt a great thrill in being able to show his superior a new condition of life.

"You ain't never come here afore, have you?" he demanded, with a new arrogance.

"No, I ain't," said Jimmie. Then they stared at each other and maneuvered.

"You don't know my teacher," said Homer.

"No; I don't know her," admitted Jimmie, but in a way which contended modestly that he knew countless other Sunday school teachers.

"Better join our class," said Homer sagely. "She wears spectacles; don't see very well. Sometimes we do almost what we like."

"All right," said Jimmie, glad to place himself in the hands of his friends. In due time they entered the Sunday school room, where a man with benevolent whiskers stood on a platform and said, "We will now sing No. 33—'Pull For the Shore, Sailor; Pull For the Shore.'" And as the obedient throng burst into melody the man on the platform indicated the time with a fat, white and graceful hand. He was an ideal Sunday school superintendent, one who had never felt hunger or thirst or the wound of the challenge of dishonor; a man, indeed, with beautiful fat hands who waved them in greasy victorious beneficence over a crowd of children.

Jimmie, walking carefully on his toes, followed Homer Phelps. He felt that the kingly superintendent might cry out and blast him to ashes before he could reach a chair. It was a desperate journey, but at last he heard Homer muttering to a young lady, who looked at him through glasses which greatly magnified her eyes. "A new boy," she said in an oily and deeply religious voice.

"Yes'm," said Jimmie, trembling. The five other boys of the class scanned him keenly and derided his condition.

"We will proceed to the lesson," said the young lady. Then she cried sternly, like a sergeant, "The seventh chapter of Jeremiah!"

There was a swift fluttering of leaflets. Then the name of Jeremiah, a wise man, towered over the feelings of these boys. Homer Phelps was doomed to read the fourth verse. He took a deep breath, he puffed out his lips, he gathered his strength for a great effort. His beginning was childishly explosive. He hurriedly said:

"'Trust ye not in lying words, saying the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these.'"

"Now," said the teacher, "Johnnie Scanlan, tell us what these words mean." The Scanlan boy shamefacedly muttered that he did not know. The teacher's countenance saddened. Her heart was in her work. She wanted to make a success of this Sunday school class. "Perhaps Homer Phelps can tell us," she remarked.

Homer gulped. He looked at Jimmie. Through the great room hummed a steady hum. A little circle very near was being told about Daniel in the lion's den. They were deeply moved. At the moment they liked Sunday school.

"Why—now—it means," said Homer, with a grand pomposity born of a sense of hopeless ignorance—"it means—why, it means that they were in the wrong place."

"No," said the teacher profoundly; "it means that we should be good—very good indeed. That is what it means. It means that we should love the Lord and be good. Love the Lord and be good. That is what it means."

The little boys suddenly had a sense of black wickedness as their teacher looked austerely upon them. They gazed at her with the wide open eyes of simplicity. They were stirred anew. This thing of being good—this business of life—apparently it was always successful. They knew from the fairy tales. But it was difficult, wasn't it? It was said to be the most heart-breaking task to be generous, wasn't it? One had to pay the price of one's eyes in order to be pacific, didn't one? As for patience, it

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, APR. 23, 1907.

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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

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SINGLE COPIES.

Single Copies of the Democrat are four cents each. They will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers or for the convenience of patrons single copies of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris,	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway,	Noyes' Drug Store.
	Stone's Drug Store.
Buckfield,	Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Paris Hill,	Mrs. Harlow, Post Office.
West Paris,	Samuel T. White.
	F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Coming Events.

May 7.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Bethel.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dont's.
Revere Chocolates.
Chuck the Oil Can.
Rumford, Me., Bonds.
Annual Lace Curtain and Rug Sale.
Women's Oxfords and Pumps.
Sale.
Pasturage.
Probate Notices.
9 Notices of Appointment.
850 Apple Trees.
For Sale.

Law Court Decision.

The following rescript in an Oxford County case has been handed down by the law court:

In equity. Fannie B. Childs et als vs. Byron C. Waite, administrator with will annexed, et als.

Rescript by Spear, J. It is a well established general rule of law that a trust shall not fail for want of a trustee.

Trusts conferring discretionary powers are not to be defeated because the trustee fails to exercise the discretion imposed upon him, either from his inability, legal disability, or refusal to act.

A testator by the fourth item of his will provided as follows: "I give, bequeath and devise all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, real, personal and mixed, wherever found and however situated unto School District No. 3 in the town of Canton, known as the Canton Point District, the same to be used and appropriated for the purpose of building a Universalist church at Canton Point between my residence and that of Granville Child at Canton Point, (so-called) in said School District, the balance if any remains after building such a church is to be used in supporting and maintaining preaching in the same, as said school district may designate by a majority vote, said district to use as much money in building the church as a majority of the same may desire."

Held: (1) that while it was intended by the testator that the school district should act as trustee in executing this provision of his will, yet the school district was legally incompetent to act as such trustee; (2) that the school district did not succeed to the title of the trust fund; (3) that a trustee can be appointed to execute this provision of the will.

Bill sustained with costs to both parties to be paid from the estate. Case remanded to the probate court for the appointment of a trustee under clause four of the will.

The foregoing rescript settles the controversy over the will of the late Albion Bradbury, familiarly known around Canton as "Lawyer Bradbury." The will was made many years before his death and gave the bulk of his property to School District No. 3 of Canton, known as Canton Point District, for the purpose of building a Universalist church in that district. Upon the death of the testator his heirs contended that the bequest must fail inasmuch as School District No. 3 had been abolished by the legislature. As appears in the rescript the will is sustained, and the court orders the case remanded to the probate court for the appointment of a trustee to act in place of the School District No. 3 and to carry out the provisions of the will.

John P. Swasey for the heirs; Wright & Wheeler for the administrator with will annexed.

John's Letter.

I never thoroughly sympathized with the women folks till I plunged into the mazes of house cleaning. Have shoveled out the coarsest of it, daubed on a gallon of paint and set the slop bucket in a new place; am planning other desirable changes and hope to get settled and ready to muss up again before the Fourth.

Well, L. D., you found it printed "axhandle." With my experience in that direction it would not have been a surprise to have found it printed tomahawk factory.

Wish some one who knows all about cows would tell me what's the matter with Roena. She is due to calve in August. Naturally she would not increase the flow of milk with the same feed now, and she hasn't; but if the last half of April is like the first half, she will give her owner 50 pounds of cream, or right around 50, more than in any other month since the new year came in. On the first of April I was one with others to change from the T. C. to the Turner factory. Quite likely Roena has heard about it and wishes to make a favorable impression on the new man. It sometimes happens in this strenuous life that the fingers that finger the teats fail to finger an equitable portion of the proceeds, which cramps the fingers and ties knots in the feelings.

Have a napkin-ring that was made from the first apple tree that grew in Paris. So said Elder Hannaford, who gave it to me in Rumford twenty years ago. It is carved and polished to the point of attractiveness.

Had a letter from Percival J. Parris of Philadelphia. He wishes a sketch, or better still, a photo of the school house on South Hill, where an aunt of his taught—before my day—and where she was stricken with fatal typhoid. His letter was directed to John Bicknell. Alfred, the P. M., knew of no such person and he called my attention to this little "emblem" in the corner: "John," and on that slight evidence we ventured to break the seal of silence.

In reply quoted Kirke White:

"What is glory! What is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name."

Informed him that I never garnered an iota of fame under or over the name of John Bicknell, and but a precious little local, right-around-home notoriety, and that only as a clown in the circus, which is rather depressing when you reflect that that is all.

What says Dr. Holmes?

"Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

* * * * * *

"And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
When this was Bill and that was Joe?

"No matter; while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at last our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say!
Read on the hearts that love us still
Hic jacet John. Hic jacet Bill."

IRISH OR BICKNELL as you will.
Breezy Point, Buckfield.

State Superintendent of Schools W. W. Stetson has resigned his office, under date of April 17. In response to his letter of resignation, Governor Cobb accepts the resignation, to take effect June 30, 1907, and expresses his gratitude for what Mr. Stetson has done for the cause of education in Maine. He also states that in his opinion the investigation of the conduct of the office by the legislature last winter failed to convince him that Mr. Stetson had been guilty of any moral or legal wrong doing.

Madame Emma Calve, who commands the highest price in the musical world, will be the great attraction at the Maine music festivals next October.

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.

W. D. Gates has sold his farm some two miles north of the Hill to Frank E. Russell of Paterson, N. J., who will take possession at once. Mr. Gates has gone to Mount Vernon to take charge of a farm belonging to a Washington man.

The Democrat learns, both from the Portland papers and from private information, that the talk on tourmalines given by Loren B. Merrill before the Portland Society of Natural History Monday evening of last week proved as interesting as was anticipated. This was shown in various ways, but perhaps most strongly by the throng of men and women who surrounded him and his specimens at the close of his talk. He fully maintained his reputation for knowledge of the tourmaline, and was urbanity itself in meeting the demands of his audience.

Luther Kimball Stone died at his home early Wednesday morning, aged 53. He had been ill for a number of weeks, and though for a while he was a little more comfortable, nothing other than a fatal termination of his illness had been anticipated for some time. He was the son of Luther Stone, and lived on the old homestead farm. In addition to carrying on the farm, he was a collector and dealer in minerals and gems, and was for a number of years associated with Loren B. Merrill in mining at Mt. Mica and in other places. An upright man and a good citizen, held in respect by all. He leaves a wife but no children. The funeral was held at 2 P. M. Friday.

Miss Mabel Page, of Gorham, N. H., was a guest at Joseph B. Cole's over Sunday.

Dr. Charlotte F. Hammond, who has been in Philadelphia and New York for several weeks, returned to Paris Friday and has engaged contractor Charles H. Adams of Norway to make various improvements at "The Beeches," including the addition of a wing to the present buildings.

Bishop Alexander Mann, D. D., of Trinity Church, Boston, has engaged for the season Mrs. Snow's new house, "Seven Gables," and will occupy it with his family. Doctor and Mrs. Mann were here last week and, after having looked over several houses at various summer resorts in Maine and New Hampshire, decided upon Paris Hill; a marked compliment to Paris Hill, coming as it does, from so high a source. Dr. Mann is the successor of the late Dr. Phillips Brooks as pastor of Trinity Church.

Miss Ella Clark has returned from Rumford Falls, where she has spent the most of the winter, and opened her home here.

Miss Louisa Chase has gone to Arlington, Mass., where she has a position in the store of her aunt, Mrs. Giles.

Sheriff and Mrs. Hiram R. Hubbard, who have been boarding at Hotel Andrews, South Paris, since Mrs. Hubbard's return from the hospital, have returned to their home here.

Bryant's Pond.

One of the proprietors of the Cosmopolitan magazine will arrive here the first of May with his family and will occupy Camp Echo during the summer.

George G. Judkins, Jr., left for Boston this week where he has employment in the Carter ink works.

Miss Frances E. Jose of Newport has charge of the village primary school.

C. L. Heath returned Wednesday to Woodland, where he has charge of the St. Croix Land Co.

Fred Lurvey and family have moved to Milton Plantation.

The burial of Ex-Gov. Perham took place here Monday at Lakeside cemetery. A service was held at the Universalist church conducted by the Rev. John Van Schaick, who spoke at some length of his acquaintance with Gov. Perham in his Washington home and delivered a just tribute to his life and character. Members of the Masonic Lodge acted as bearers and the Knights of Pythias attended in a body. Sidney Perham was an honored son of our old town, one in whom her people all had confidence as being an honest, conscientious man. He was a man too who was always loyal to the place of his birth, and ever took a deep interest in the town's welfare and progress. In his speech here at the teachers' reunion Oct. 9, 1890, he said: "I never visit this town without having emotions stirred within me such as are not moved by a visit to any other place. Here my father and mother, my grandfathers and grandmothers, and many other relatives and dear friends lived and are buried. Here I was born and lived until I was forty years of age. Here I labored, as I shall never be able to do again, with other congenial spirits, the most of whom have long since gone to their reward, to promote the financial, intellectual, moral and religious interests of the people. And here I formed associations and friendships that death only can sever. Even now, in my dreams, I often visit the old familiar places, meet the old friends and renew the associations of long ago."

West Sumner.

Mrs. F. J. Brown, who has been ill with the grippe for some time, was taken suddenly worse Wednesday and has since been confined to her bed. Drs. Marston and Heald have been called in consultation. Mrs. Helen Chandler is caring for her. It is feared she has typhoid fever.

Lillian Hobbs of Turner spent the week's end with friends here.

Fairfield Farrar is reported as slowly recovering.

Mrs. Hattie Young, who has been boarding with Mrs. Geo. Packard, has returned to her home and gone to housekeeping.

Wm. Ellis of Canton is painting several rooms for Mrs. M. P. Heald.

N. C. Ford has bought a yoke of oxen of Mr. Porter of Paris.

The Pleasant Pond Cemetery Society held its annual meeting the 13th and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows:

President—Geo. E. Pulsifer.
Secretary—Geo. A. Chandler.
Treasurer—Oscar Chandler.
Trustees—Geo. Clark, H. G. Heath, Warren Lothrop.
Sexton—E. G. Doble.

The S. B. R. Club was entertained by Mrs. Hiram Howe Thursday afternoon. Henry Ward Beecher was the author studied. Current events, Mrs. H. S. Robertson. Readings by Mrs. George Clark and Mrs. R. H. Ryerson. The next meeting will be May 2d.

An entertainment will be given at the Universalist vestry May 1st by the West Sumner Library Association to raise funds to purchase books.

East Waterford.

Skinner Brothers have bought the Baker farm. Their brother, Fred, is to move his family from Albany on to the farm next week.

Mrs. J. B. Haskell gave a private party Saturday evening.

Melvina Green, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Herbert Walker, is teaching at Norway Lake.

Justin McIntire is visiting in Boston.

Chauncey Ames is at home from Virginia.

Leroy M. Sanderson is in the place for a few days.

Mrs. Ella Ames has begun work for the summer at W. H. Chadbourne's.

Waldo T. Brown is in very poor health.

Mrs. Arthur Swift and children of Union, N. H., have been in the place this week.

North Stoneham.

Freeland Adams went to Connecticut to see about a job last week.

W. W. Durgin went to Stow last Monday to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Martha Barrows.

John Adams' sugar camp burned Thursday morning about four o'clock. They had been boiling sap all night and had just gone to the house. Dennis Adams discovered it in time to save most of the honey.

West Paris.

Oh come, John! Drop it! Those of us who are trying to raise chickens don't want "Breezy Point" all summer.

We heartily agree with John and Mr. Maxim regarding the birds. Why indeed, should boys think it either necessary for sport or praiseworthy, to wantonly take the life of such beautiful, innocent and useful creatures. We believe it a duty to educate boys and girls to regard all life as sacred, and when necessary, to kill mercifully.

Mr. Charles Swift, chief of our local weather bureau, predicts another storm. At Swift's bureau by a somewhat unique method, the approach of all the heavy snow storms has been foretold three days in advance, and so far the prophecy has proven correct. We are told that the authorities at Washington are agitating the question of introducing this system of weather forecasting in all the bureaus of the country.

Chester H. Lane, Jr., is wearing a very broad smile, and a number of thoughtful neighbors have some extra hoops on hand to use in case expansion should endanger public safety. It's a fine girl, weighing over 8 pounds, and born on Thursday afternoon of last week. Both mother and child are doing finely under the care of the family physician, Dr. O. K. Yates. Mrs. Inez A. Cummings of South Paris is nurse for Mrs. Lane, and Alice Dunham is doing the housework.

Dr. F. E. Wheeler will build a fine two-story residence this summer on a lot of land next to Henry M. Tuell's, purchased of L. C. Bates. Mr. Bates will superintend the arrangements for the house, and work was begun on the foundation last week.

Onward Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, initiated several new members at their regular meeting Tuesday evening of last week. Their degree team received many compliments for their excellent ritual and floor work. At the close of the lodge fruit and cake were served.

Miss Marjorie M. McKenney has gone to Turner to work in a central office as telephone girl.

J. F. Reed has improved his house with a new coat of paint.

Miss Jennie L. Bradbury is again teaching the school at North Paris and boards at home at Trap Corner.

Mrs. Mary G. Bradbury intends to make some improvements and additions to her buildings this spring and expects to have a man from Lewiston to do the carpenter work.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cole are moving this week from the upstairs rent in the Shurtleff drug store to the rent over the post office, where they expect to remain until their new house is completed.

West Paris Lodge, No. 15, I. O. O. F., and Onward Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, will celebrate the 88th anniversary of Odd Fellowship by uniting in a social evening on Friday evening of this week, April 26, at Centennial Hall. There will be an entertainment and refreshments, and all Rebekahs and Odd Fellows with their families are invited to attend.

The temperance lecture at the Free Baptist church Sunday evening, April 14, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., given by their state organizer, Rev. L. Alfreda Brewster, was all that could be expected and a goodly number were out to hear her. She was assisted by the three pastors of the place and the Baptist choir furnished good music. Nine new members were added to the local Union, seven of whom were honorary. Miss Brewster gave a temperance talk to the scholars at the school house the next Monday afternoon.

The stereopticon lecture last Thursday evening by E. H. Emery of Sanford, under the auspices of the Civic League of Maine, was most interesting and instructive, and was appreciated by a large and attentive audience.

Mrs. Joseph Perry is visiting here at her former home, the Methodist parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ricker of Falmouth recently visited Mr. Ricker's parents here.

O. D. Stinchfield of Auburn was in this town last week tuning pianos and organs.

Brownfield.

Rev. I. Luce preached Sunday morning at the Congregational church and in the evening lectured in behalf of the Civic League.

Mr. Morrison, son-in-law of Mrs. David Seavey, from Pennsylvania, visited at Mrs. Seavey's.

Mr. W. Leavitt, who has been visiting at Mr. A. Johnson's, has returned to his home in Massachusetts.

Tuesday E. L. Frink of Portland made a flying visit to his old home, J. L. Frink's.

The mud is slowly drying up in some places; still there is quite a lot of snow on the ground.

George Rowe continues very feeble.

First Congregational church, Rev. Dr. James J. G. Tarr, pastor. Sunday, April 28, morning worship at 10:45, with sermon by the pastor, "The Strength of a Church." Sunday School at 12 M. Evening worship at 7:00, when the pastor will preach on "God's opinion of the individual." All are invited to these services.

East Bethel.

Plenty of the beautiful snow yet and lovely cool weather with snow squalls.

Ice left the river April 16.

The roads are kept passable with the aid of shovels and road machine.

School begins April 22d, Miss Margaret Whidden, teacher. This is Miss Whidden's fourth term here and all gladly welcome her back.

Mr. James Goodwin will move his family to Norway, where he has work for the coming year.

Mr. Eugene Bean entertained a party of thirty neighbors and friends the 16th. Maple wax was served on snow, with music on the violin and organ.

Mr. H. E. Bartlett is working on the bottling house of Howard's Pond mineral spring, Hanover.

In spite of the bad roads a crowd of over one hundred attended the maple sugar party and dance at Grange Hall the 19th, coming from Bethel, Hanover, Rumford, and Locke's Mills, and declared it the best time of the season. All enjoyed the maple wax served on snow, good music, dancing, etc.

Lovell.

Dr. Hubbard is still very ill, but hopes are had of his recovery.

Mr. Volk and family are here for the season. At present boarding at J. E. Farnham's, and having work done on their summer home "Heronoaks."

An all day Grange meeting was held Friday at Suncook Grange. There was a good number in attendance and two were admitted and the third and fourth degrees conferred on twelve candidates.

Fryeburg scholars came home Thursday night, Friday being a holiday.

The logs on Kezar River are being driven, but there is some lack of water, the snow going slowly and no rains.

There have been, and are now some cases of old fashioned measles about town. Mrs. Sidney McAllister has been very sick with them, but is better.

Mrs. J. H. Walker and daughter Nellie are in Portland for a few days.

B. E. Brown, wife and son, were in Portland Wednesday, and Walter H. Davis spent a few days there the first of the week.

Born in Lovell, April 13, to the wife of Walter B. Stone, a son.

Born in Lovell, April 16, to the wife of Guy Morse, a daughter.

Hebron.

The athletic exhibition at the gymnasium Friday evening was a success and well attended.

At the prize speaking Monday evening the first prize for boys was won by Mr. Crane, second by Mr. Packard; first girls' prize by Miss Fernald, second Miss Gale.

Hebron Grange held an all day meeting Wednesday. After dinner the exercises were opened by reading of various poems followed by the discussion of the question, How can we best elevate the educational interest of our country? The discussion was opened by Prof. Ed Bean, followed by others. The poem "Over the Hill to the Poor House" was finely rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marshall, Mrs. Marshall taking the first part and Mr. Marshall the last. After the close of the exercises came a sugaring off, which finished the day.

After the snow of last week birds in our dooryard found plenty of fine cracked corn and bread crumbs, while chickadees and woodpeckers came for their beef suet as they have all winter.

Buckfield.

Rev. A. W. Pottle and wife left home Tuesday afternoon for Auburn, the seat of the Methodist annual conference, which commences its session Wednesday morning and continues over the following Sabbath, Bishop Goodsell of Boston presiding. The appointments of the pastors constituting the conference are made during the session by the bishop on the advice of his cabinet consisting of the three presiding elders of the conference, Rev. B. C. Wentworth of the Portland District, Rev. C. F. Parsons of the Central District, and Rev. G. D. Holmes of the Augusta District. The conference as a body has nothing to do or say with reference to the pastoral assignment to charges or churches, nor has the conference any legislative function, which belongs to the general conference which meets quadrennially. The work of the conference is to pass upon the character and conduct of its members, hear reports and to pass resolutions, receive fraternal delegates from sister churches and to receive the representatives of missionary and other organizations.

Quite an exciting though not a very destructive fire occurred Sabbath morning in the building occupied by Mr. A. Damon as a machine shop. The fire occurred in a room in the second story of the building occupied by two young men as a lodging room. The fire took in the bed clothing. The occupants had left the room half an hour before the fire was discovered. The bed was destroyed but the room and building were not injured. It is not known how the bed took fire. No doubt that sweet luxury, the pipe, had some part in the affair.

On Saturday morning near the residence of Augustus Cloutier, by some misdeal, Mr. George Record with horse and wagon was unexpectedly capsized, spilling the supply of family groceries, eggs and other purchases into the street. No further damage was done than the mixing up of the food supply in this unceremonious manner.

Miss Flora E. Whitman, daughter of Ellis Whitman, took her examination Monday preparatory to teaching the school in her home district. Miss Whitman is a good scholar and well equipped for her chosen calling.

Arthur E. Cole, dentist, and dealer in dry goods, is also agent for the Hersey heater. He is having one placed in his house on High Street.

Nezinscot Hall is being cleaned and put in complete repair. The committee who have the matter in hand consist of C. C. Withington, Benjamin Gerrish and Mr. C. S. Childs. The building is owned by the Odd Fellows.

Mr. Edward H. Cole of Turner, son of E. G. Cole, of this village, has had the unusual distinction of having at one time nine grand and greater grandparents.

Buckfield has been well represented at the Methodist conference during its session. Among those visiting are Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Atwood, Mrs. Asa Atwood, Nellie Dudley.

Rev. W. D. Athearn supplied the Baptist church at Canton April 14, the Rev. E. A. Davis, state missionary for the western district, supplying the Baptist church in this village. Mr. Davis is a very earnest and interesting speaker.

The schools of the village and town commenced Monday. Miss Cora Young of Bowdoinham returned Saturday and assumed her duties Monday as teacher of the intermediate grade.

Miss Abby Pratt, who has been housekeeper for W. L. Morrill, left Wednesday for Brockton, Mass., where she will spend some weeks with her sister.

E. M. Atwood made a business trip to Boston Wednesday, returning in time to take in the Maine conference at Auburn.

The "Oxford Club" consisting of the pastors and their wives who were pastors in Paris, Norway, Buckfield and Mechanic Falls during the years 1900-1905, with invited guests dined together Saturday noon at Long's restaurant on Lisbon Street. About twenty sat down to the tables and a social, fraternal hour was enjoyed.

Greenwood.

The sap season is now practically ended, and while some report it as hardly up to the average there has been no such a run here in this small corner since the spring of 1894. The last week in February of that year was cold and windy enough to do justice to northern Siberia; and why the time is remembered so distinctly is the fact that our mother-in-law, the then Mrs. Tabitha Coffin, died and her remains were conveyed to Mason, and during the same week Dr. Lapham died and was buried at Bryant's Pond.

About the first of March it changed to first class sap weather and so continued for two or three weeks, and some who tapped extensively lost hundreds of gallons, expecting no such a run and therefore lacked the facilities for saving it, and we have heard of some who have met with a similar loss this spring from the same cause. So much then for the sap season as it has been here and not somewhere else.

It was only a day or two before hearing of the death of Mr. Perham that we were thinking of him, and whether we should have another privilege of leading him down the slope to the speakers' stand at the next grove meeting at the Pond, similar to the two last meetings. The answer came suddenly and in the negative. He has passed over to that better country and requires no more assistance from earthly friends.

Mrs. Huldah R. Fuller, whose death was announced in last week's paper, was our half niece, being the oldest daughter of our half sister, Annie (Bryant) Glover, only daughter of our mother by a former marriage. We never saw Mr. Fuller nor any of his family after leaving Hartford 43 years ago, and had no idea where they were living if still alive until informed while in Buckfield last fail, that they were living not far from South Paris. Could we have known of the fact while there, they would have had a visitor. That is the third death that has been added to our vital record within a week or two of persons formerly known, and it is almost startling to see how rapidly the number increases. The intention is to report the names at the end of the year, the same as before, the number then being 28, if our memory is correct.

Norway is to be congratulated on having so many women in public business. The Saturday Globe noticed the fact recently and should have had their photographs for the purpose of giving it greater emphasis. It may be only a question of time when the leading nations will be governed by women, and then we may expect better governments. When did Great Britian ever prosper better than under the reign of Queen Victoria? See?

A little three-year-old girl belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cole fell down stairs recently injuring her so as to be unconscious for some time. On examination the doctor decided that no bones were broken, but she was badly shaken up. The child is now doing well.

East Sumner.

C. B. Harlow of South Woodstock was in the vicinity last week canvassing for and selling books. Mr. Harlow has taught 64 terms of school in his day several of which were in Sumner. We learn from him of the death in December last of his brother, Freeland Harlow, who has been engaged for several years in the hotel business in the state of Minnesota, and who formerly lived in Buckfield. He was a member of Co. C, 23d Maine, in the civil war, and was a favorite and beloved soldier.

The Royal Novelty Co. came here on Thursday and gave several entertainments in their lines and drew fair audiences.

Rev. Mr. Muttart's family moved from the place on Monday to Woolwich, where they are to reside at the Congregational parsonage. We regret to lose so agreeable a family from among us.

North Paris.

James Ripley has gone to New Hampshire to work at his trade of blacksmithing for a lumber company. The blacksmith shop which is owned by H. W. Dunham is now vacant, and this is a first-class place for a good workman, and it is hoped some one will soon rent it.

Seth Benson has hired a man with a family who will soon move into his rent.

A. B. Abbott has a Finn girl working for them.

A. J. Abbott was at Bethel last week on business for Adriance, Platt & Co.

Bethel.

Sunday evening a union service was held in the Congregational church, addressed by Mr. Emery of Sanford, secretary of the Civic League. The lecture was illustrated with the stereopticon and was an interesting and candid statement of the conditions in Maine.

Monday evening, Rev. Alfreda Brewster gave a temperance address in Garland Chapel, in which Rev. C. N. Gleason and Rev. Mr. Colson assisted. Miss Brewster is a very pleasant speaker and wins the closest attention of the young people especially. A large number of Academy students were present. We hope to hear Miss Brewster again under more favorable local conditions. Many were detained by the special meeting of one of our lodges.

News has been received of the death of Mr. Ethan Etheridge in Augusta.

Miss Maud Jacobs, stenographer at the News and Citizen office, is spending her vacation at her home in Readfield.

Thursday evening, Rev. Mr. Tandberg of Berlin, N. H., gave an illustrated lecture upon "Norway, the Land of the Midnight Sun." The lecture was both entertaining and instructive.

Mr. Warren Emery has sold his house to Mr. Edwin Smith and purchased the farm of Prof. W. R. Chapman, which is situated on the east side of Mayville road and will erect a house this summer.

The academy students went home Thursday night for a recess of a few days.

Patriots' Day passed quietly in Bethel. The banks and post office observed the usual holiday hours, but the stores were open as usual. Mr. Ira Jordan and Mr. J. H. Barrows flung Old Glory to the breeze. As we become accustomed to our new holiday it is hoped it will be observed in a way worthy of its name.

Mr. Fritz Tyler and family, formerly of Bethel but who have made their home in Auburn the past year, have returned to Bethel on account of Mr. Tyler's health. Mr. Tyler has been engaged in the corn packing business.

The deepest sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Emery in the death of their only son. He was a very bright, lovable little fellow and has left a deeply bereaved household. Funeral services were held Tuesday at the home of his parents, Rev. C. N. Gleason officiating. The floral tributes were beautiful and many, expressive of the deepest sympathy of many friends.

The town schools open Monday.

Oxford.

T. A. Roberts W. R. C., with invited guests, celebrated Children's Day Saturday at Temperance Hall. There were recitations, vocal and instrumental music and a flag drill by twenty-five girls, who were dressed in white. This drill was considered very fine, perfect in every respect. Refreshments of cocoa and cake served.

It was with regret that the news was received of the death of Ex-Governor Perham. Mr. Perham at one time taught the school in this place and the warm personal friendships then formed lasted through a life time. The simple nobility of character, the sincerity and honest purpose, the whole-souled manner in which his whole life was devoted to good, were lessons that sank deep and remained, and always in meeting in after years those whom he had known when here they received the warm welcome and handclasp of friendship.

Mrs. N. T. Fisher has received news from her son, Geo. R. Hersey, in Rhode Island, of the death of his wife, Mrs. Cora Lena Hersey, on Sunday, after a short and severe sickness. They had been married only a few months. Mrs. Hersey was an estimable girl and leaves besides her husband a mother and two sisters. Her loss will be deeply felt by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roeben have returned from their wedding journey and Mrs. Roeben (Evie Parrott) will remain with her family here for a short time before going to the islands for the summer.

Mrs. Herbert Denning has a trained nurse for her little boy.

Miss Hunt, the teacher of the intermediate school, has arrived and is now in charge of the school.

The Klark-Urban Co. played here three nights.

Harry Goodyear has had a new upper part put on his motor boat and a new three horse power motor put in.

Joseph Jacques has had his motor boat put in thorough repair for the coming season.

West Bethel.

Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens and things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'thout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves an' birds;
Thet's Northern natur', slow, an' apt to doubt.
But when it *does* git stirred, there's no gin out!
J. R. LOWELL.

"So Spring's been playin' peek-a-boo
Behind old Winter's skirt,
A-peepin' out, then drawin' back,
Jest like a little flirt.

"Till when we got discouraged-like
An' settled down to wait,
A-playing like we didn't care
That winter stayed so late;
Spring jumps out with a sunny laugh,
While we in wonderin' maze,
Find all the earth and all our hearts
Warmed with her winsome ways."

Cool April winds.

W. H. Griffin is night watchman in the mill of Merrill, Springer & Co.

E. Payson Philbrook has returned to Maine, and is in the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston.

Patriots' Day does not seem to fill the place of the old style Fast Day.

The Democrat is now the only paper in the county having a West Bethel correspondent.

L. E. Allen and wife recently visited his sister, Mrs. Eunice R Roberts, in North Bethel.

H. W. Dennison & Co. received another car of corn last week.

Elwin Gerry Davis, formerly of this village, is now in Centerdale, R. I.

Mrs. Mary Lowell and son Ira have been very ill of the prevailing epidemic.

George Luxton and family have moved back to this village, and occupy the tenement recently vacated by Fred Wheeler.

M. Myles O'Reilly was forced by illness to leave the railway station, and a relieving agent is filling his place until he is again able to work.

Sleds and sleighs were used in this town from Nov. 12th to April 16th, and with six months of winter weather the other three seasons must be cut short.

A crew of river drivers have been camping in Mason two weeks, waiting for rain, and the snow is gradually wasting away without causing a rise of water.

Denmark.

Mr. Henry Harnden, after a short illness, died at his home of pneumonia Saturday. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon in Odd Fellows' Hall. Mr. Harnden was a member of Denmark Lodge, No. 33, I. O. O. F., and was 73 years, 10 days old, and was buried under the auspices of that order.

The spring term of school will begin Monday, 29th inst.

May ball May night at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mr. Fred Sanborn has started his saw mill on the Bartlett timber at Buck Bridge.

The state tax on this town has been received and is the largest for years, it being over one thousand dollars.

The selectmen are busy assessing taxes for the coming year, 1907.

Mrs. C. K. Belcher has returned from her visit to Barre, Vt.

Searsport is preparing to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the launching of its first vessel. The first vessel built in Searsport was the schooner Friendship, launched in 1807. Of the 202 vessels built in Searsport 33 were brigs, a rig now nearly obsolete in American registry. Searsport has built 15 ships, but the favorite rig of the old-time shipmasters was the bark, of which Searsport contributed 43. The first ship was the B. Aymar, of 516 tons built in 1840; the first of more than 1,000 tons was the Oneida, of 1,180 tons, built in 1866, while the last and largest was the William H. Connor, 1,496 tons, built in 1877.

James Ewing of Boston, a diver, 45 years of age, was fatally injured by a dynamite explosion at Portland Thursday. He was employed in the building of the new Vaughan's bridge. A pile was to be cut off, and instead of sawing it he decided to blow it with dynamite. He went down and fixed the cartridge, but it caught in the gear and was carried back to the surface with him. Not knowing it, he gave the signal for the explosion, with effects fatal to him.

Spring Footwear

— FOR —

Ladies and Gents

In Bluchers, Bals and Oxfords in all leathers.

— ALSO —

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases.

W. O. Frothingham,

South Paris.

850 Apple Trees.

Young, beginning to bear, will soon be earning $1,000 a year; 70 acres, borders lake; keep 10 cows, wood, timber, 8-room house, stable, barn, poultry house for 150 hens. To settle estate, six cows included if taken at once, for $1600, part cash, easy terms. For travelling instructions see No. 10373, page 6 of "Strout's List No. 18". (500 other farms described in ten states.) Copy mailed FREE. E. A. STROUT CO., 235 Water St., Augusta, Me. 17

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seven. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1907, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

ANN J. SHURTLEFF, late of Paris, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Walter L. Gray as administrator with the will annexed presented by Willie K. Shurtleff, son and heir.

HIRAM O. HUXFORD, late of Norway, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Adelaide M. Huxford, the executrix therein named.

STEPHEN CABOT, late of Brookline, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased; copy of will and petition for probate thereof presented by Philip Cabot, one of the executors therein named.

MARY W. SESSIONS of Rumford; petition that her name be changed to Mary W. Abbott, presented by said Mary W. Sessions.

WASHINGTON DEAN, late of Oxford, deceased; first account presented for allowance by George L. Wilder, administrator.

SANFORD H. WALCOTT, late of Norway, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by John C. Pillsbury, administrator.

AMELIA J. MONK, late of Hebron, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Sylvanus M. Bean, administrator.

NELLIE I. SPOFFORD of Paris, ward; first account presented for allowance by Edwin I. Spofford, guardian.

ZENAS W. HALL, late of Mexico, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Linnie M. Hall, administratrix.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.
A true copy—Attest:
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

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

SAMUEL V. ABBOTT, late of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

April 16th, 1907. JAMES S. WRIGHT.

NOTICE.

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

HIRAM D. MERRILL, late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

April 16th, 1907. ANNA S. MERRILL.

NOTICE.

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

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

April 16th, 1907. EMILY M. COOK.

WOMEN PAY MORE.

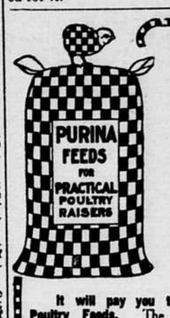
WHY INSURANCE COMPANIES DISCRIMINATE AGAINST THE GENTLE SEX.

If one is to believe the medical examiners the reason a woman pays more for the privilege of life insurance is that she is much more commonly a victim of indigestion and stomach troubles and the fatal ailments that spring from these causes.

It is not the acute attacks of disease that influence the insurance examiners alone, but the constant feelings of weakness, headache, indigestion and stomach trouble. These things, physicians say, kill more people than many of the serious diseases.

For curative power in all stomach troubles nothing else is as safe yet effective, nothing else can be so thoroughly relied upon to relieve all troubles of indigestion, as Mi-o-na. It is unlike any remedy heretofore known; it is not a mere digestive tablet; it strengthens and restores to natural action the stomach and bowels and makes a complete cure in even the worse form of stomach troubles.

F. A. Shurtleff & Co. sell Mi-ona in 50-cent boxes under a guarantee to refund the money unless it does all that is claimed for it.



IT PAYS TO BUY GOOD FEED

It will pay you to try Purina Poultry Feeds. The small difference in cost between a poor feed and a good one is made up in that first extra dozen

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)—5:36 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. 6:00 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 10:00 A. M.; preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting 6:00 P. M.; evening prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; prayer meeting Wednesday 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.

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

Harry P. King of Portland was the guest of relatives in town on Patriots' Day.

Mrs. Alice P. Thayer is making a visit in Lowell and other places in Massachusetts.

The Seneca Club holds its annual meeting this Monday evening with Mrs. Barnes.

Mrs. C. M. Titcomb was called to Stow last week by the death of her mother, Mrs. Barrows.

Velma Twitchell is boarding with her grandmother, Mrs. E. M. Curtis, and attending school.

Miss Marie Dolliver of Baltimore, Md., is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. George F. Eastman.

Will Austin is making active preparations to move his barn, which will be put nearer the house.

Luther M. Winslow and family have gone to live on the farm with Rev. Seth Benson at North Paris.

The first open car was run on the street railway last Thursday. Why it was run we don't know.

Mrs. L. A. Shaw, proprietress of Hotel Andrews, started Saturday for a week's trip to Boston and New York.

Miss Helen M. King, who teaches in Portland, has been at home during the Patriots' Day recess of the schools.

Rev. J. H. Little will deliver the Memorial Day address this year for T. A. Roberts Post at Oxford. He will speak in the afternoon of Memorial Sunday at Bryant's Pond.

Osmon Chase, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Chase, who has been telegraph operator at Bagley, Minn., for some time, is now station agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Whitemouth, Manitoba.

Rev. A. K. Baldwin has been in New Haven, Ct., during the past week, making arrangements for the work he is to do in that city. Mrs. Baldwin and Marshall have meantime been with her parents at West Paris.

J. F. King made the first full trip on wheels over his rural mail route on Patriots' Day, April 19. And even then there were in places snow banks beside the road fully a foot higher than the tops of his wagon wheels.

Alton C. Maxim has bought the grain mill at West Paris formerly run by L. E. Locke & Co., and will run it. It is understood that in addition to dealing in grain there, he will do his grinding at West Paris for his South Paris business.

Miss Doris Culbert observed her tenth birthday by entertaining twenty of her young friends at her home Tuesday evening. Refreshments of ice cream and cake, candy and oranges were served, and the guests enjoyed the evening very much. Numerous gifts were received by Miss Doris.

Work on the new index at the registry of deeds is completed, and the index is now in the hands of the binder. This index covers the records of the past four years, and is larger than any previous index covering the same period. It is made on the book typewriter now used in the registry, and is a very neat job.

Mrs. T. S. Barnes entertained a party of seven friends at her home Tuesday evening, those present being Mrs. W. A. Porter, Mrs. J. D. Haynes, Mrs. C. W. Bowker, Miss Hattie Burnell, Miss Carrie Hall, Miss Grace Thayer and Miss Susie M. Wheeler. Welsh rarebit was served and the evening was spent socially.

A. W. Walker & Son will have a special sale on agricultural implements and tools next Saturday, and will offer a variety of implements at special low prices. Hot coffee and crackers and cheese will be served at noon. At 3 P. M., if they have not disposed of the walking plows they have on hand, those and other implements will be sold at auction. The sale is being well advertised.

The Euterpean Club met last Monday with Mrs. Brickett on Church Street, and the following programme was carried out:

Reading of the records.
Roll call, Items about Nevin.
Piano Solo, Idylls Op. 28, No. 5, MacDowell.
Mrs. Brickett.
Essay, "MacDowell." (Read by Mrs. Brickett,) Miss Tolman.
Piano Solo,
a. Barcarolle, from "Days in Venice," Suite.
b. Good Night, Nevin.
Miss Jackson.

A car load who went over from here to the theatre at Norway Thursday evening got the exercise of walking part or all of the way home. On its last regular trip over from here the car went off at the fair grounds switch, and fetched up diagonally across the main track. In due time another car was taken out of the barn and run over to the fair grounds, but as it didn't go up street in Norway, some of those who were waiting near the opera house failed to catch it.

Patriots' Day had few special events of any sort here. The chill April wind was not particularly tempting for outdoor business or pleasure, but the base ball season opened at the fair grounds with an afternoon game between Hebron Academy and Norway, won by Hebron, 5 to 3. The factory of the Mason Manufacturing Co. ran all day, and that of the Paris Manufacturing Co. ran in the forenoon, but the crew was so small that it was shut down at noon. Some took advantage of the opportunity to take off outside windows and do lawn work, etc., but the season was too backward for general spring work.

An exchange has this paragraph, which discloses a large fund of misinformation: "Everybody will hope that the theory is correct that the cold weather and snow which followed upon the hatching out of millions of brown-tail moths in this state will destroy them." The hatching of the brown-tails, my dear friend, occurred last summer, and the little varmints, after growing to a length of about three-sixteenths of an inch, went into winter quarters in the nests which are now being so industriously hunted. When the warm weather comes which starts the leaves on the trees, it will also bring out from their nests the brown-tail caterpillars to feed upon the aforesaid leaves. We haven't had any of that kind of weather yet, my boy, and our little enemies are still sensibly sleeping within their silken tents. Any theory of a frosty death, however desirable, can not be applied until later in the season.

"Fair and continued cool."

The K. O. K. A. meet Friday at 4 P. M.

Charles R. Elder, Esq., of Boston, was in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Haynes spent Sunday with relatives at Danville.

Ladies' Aid of M. E. church meeting to-night at Mrs. W. W. Payne's.

Mrs. E. P. Parlin of Wilton is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake.

Miss Charlotte Giles is learning the millinery business in the store of Mrs. Howe.

Miss Mary Rideout of Auburn has been a guest at E. N. Haskell's for a few days.

Mrs. A. C. Jones is on a visit of several weeks to her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Walker, in Portland.

It is unofficially reported that Dr. J. G. Littlefield will be appointed on the local pension examining board, to succeed Dr. F. H. Packard, resigned.

The writer of this paragraph can personally vouch for ice an inch and a half thick which formed in a dish out doors Saturday night. How's that for the 20th of April?

The annual Odd Fellows' sermon will be given at the Universalist church, by Rev. J. H. Little, next Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Odd Fellows and Rebekahs will meet at the hall at 2 o'clock.

The Junior Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will hold a "Penny Social" in the church vestry on Saturday afternoon from 3:30 to 5:30. Admission one penny. Bring several pennies with you for you may need them. All are welcome.

Mrs. Ella M. Keith of Worcester, Mass., superintendent of the W. C. T. U. railroad work, will speak in the Universalist church next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock P. M., on "Who is My Neighbor?" Mission work among railroad men. A general invitation is extended to everybody to attend and hear her interesting address.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office April 22d:

Mrs. Herman Wardwell.
Mrs. Ida Rand.
Mrs. Archie Cole.
Miss May Bonney.
Mr. Roscoe Lessandro.
Mr. L. C. Joseph.
Mr. James F. Hammers.
Mr. Walter Whitney.
W. J. Louge.
W. A. Walker.

No services were held at the Methodist church on Sunday, it being conference Sunday, and the pastor, Rev. H. A. Clifford, being in attendance on the conference in Auburn. Mr. Clifford, who has been pastor of the South Paris church for the past three years, will be succeeded by Rev. Thomas N. Kewley, who has been pastor of the church in Winthrop for the past five years.

The Universalist Woman's Missionary Society of Maine will hold a public meeting in Congress Square church, Portland, Friday of this week opening at 10:45 A. M., Mrs. Henry Bernard Smith, president. There will be addresses by Rev. Hannah J. Powell, Miss Emma F. Foster and Rev. Dr. J. F. Albion. Box luncheon at noon, the Portland ladies will serve tea and coffee. Every woman who can is invited to attend.

Mrs. Alice M., wife of Melvin F. Lovejoy, died at her home in South Paris Sunday evening, at the age of 22 years. Mrs. Lovejoy was the youngest daughter of the late Levi D. Stearns and Mrs. Helen L. Stearns, now of Bethel. She married Mr. Lovejoy last June. Her mother and her sister, Mrs. Willey, of Bethel, and another sister, Mrs. Bryant, of Buckfield, were summoned so as to reach here before the end. Of an unusually sweet and amiable disposition, she will be much mourned, not only by her family but by all who knew her. The funeral will be held at the home on Main Street at 1 P. M. Tuesday.

Rev. H. A. Clifford is well pleased with his appointment to Strong and Phillips where he will receive a substantial increase over his present position as pastor. He will reside in the beautiful village of Strong and a new parsonage is expected to be built at once. Mr. Clifford and his family have not only done good work in the church at South Paris, but have been valuable members of society here, and their departure will cause much regret. Mr. Clifford is now on his second year as superintendent of schools for Paris, being unanimously elected each year, and in that position he has labored zealously in the interest of the schools, and his work has been most satisfactory.

Penley-Murphy.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murphy, in South Paris, Wednesday noon, Walter E. Penley of Greenwood and Miss Lisbeth B. Murphy were quietly married, Rev. J. H. Little officiating. Only the members of the bride's immediate family were present. Miss Grace Murphy, sister of the bride, was not present at the ceremony, as she is with her cousins, Capt. and Mrs. E. E. Ross, on the schooner Addie M. Lawrence, at Philadelphia. The bride wore her traveling dress, of champagne Panama.

About the middle of the afternoon the happy couple drove out of town, but did not thus escape observation or the attentions of their devoted friends. Three of the young ladies took the train for Oxford, and as they stepped off the train found their victims just getting aboard, whereupon they marked them so that they would be known to the passengers.

Mr. and Mrs. Penley are on a trip of about a week, and on their return will reside in Greenwood, where Mr. Penley carries on the old farm formerly occupied by his father, E. W. Penley, now of West Paris. The bride for the past few years has been engaged in teaching in Greenwood and other towns. She is a popular young lady, and both have many friends to wish them much happiness.

New Century Pomona Grange.

Regular meeting with Union Grange, East Sumner, on Wednesday, May 8, 1907, opening at 10 A. M.

PROGRAMME.

Opening in fifth degree.
Routine business.
Conferring fifth degree.
Recess for dinner.
Unfinished business.
Question: What measures should be adopted to better the moral influence of society? Opened by Sister Nettie K. Dunton.
Miscellany as time permits.
(Choir singing by Union Grange.)

Free entertainment will be furnished Patrons wishing to stop over night.

LEWIS H. BISBEE, Lecturer.

George F. Hall, in the musical comedy show, "The Gibson Girl," will be at the Norway Opera House, Saturday, April 27. Mr. Hall is well known to local theatre goers and may be depended on to give a pleasing performance and one abounding in laughs. He is assisted by a coterie of clever people, all singers, dancers and specialty performers. The piece is of the laugh making order, an entanglement of complications with but one end in view—to amuse. There is a "pony" chorus of attractive girls who add largely to the fun by their efforts to please. Seats on sale at usual place.

New Postmasters.

Postmasters in Oxford County have been appointed as follows:

Andover, Walter M. Barnes, vice B. L. Akers, resigned.
Meadowview, Charles S. Reed, vice C. F. Strout, resigned.

In court at Houlton Saturday the trial of Juan Robens for the murder of Edgar Dickinson at Smyrna Mills last October, was completed with the exception of the judge's charge. Mrs. Dickinson, widow of the murdered man, who had been indicted jointly with Robens, was discharged after the state's evidence was heard, nothing appearing to connect her with the crime.

Bates College debaters won the debate with Clark University of Worcester, which was held at Lewiston Friday evening. The question was, "Resolved, That it is for the interest of the United States to establish a general system of shipping subsidies," and Bates had the affirmative. There were three debaters from each college. Senator Frye presided.

The annual meeting of the Maine Dental Society will be held in Rockland July 16, 17 and 18. It is expected that about 100 members of the profession will be present.

Tribute to Governor Perham.

A PORTION OF REV. MR. VAN SCHAICK'S FUNERAL ADDRESS.

Below are given some extracts from the address given at the funeral of Ex-Governor Perham by Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., of Washington. Lack of space forbids giving in full this feeling testimonial to the worth of the man who has gone. Those portions of it have been selected which have the most personal interest for Governor Perham's friends.

Back to the old home we have come with an honored form. To the state which gave him birth, we bring the body of a worthy son. From Washington to Paris Hill, from Paris Hill to Bryant's Pond we make a sacred pilgrimage with our dead.

Another page in the history of this state is written. Another volume full of inspiration and power is completed. Another life worthy of this great state has been lived out.

The other day to me in Washington came a newspaper from the far west, Arizona I think. A friend had caught the headlines and sent it to me. It said "Forty Years Ago Perham was a Power." It referred to the 88th anniversary of his birth in Washington. I said when I saw it, "I have no doubt he was, but he has been a greater power the last ten years of his life."

"Oh, how comely," says the good book, "is the wisdom of old men and understanding and counsel to men of honor." "Much experience is the crown of old men, and the fear of God is their glory."

We have all felt that his life was a living illustration of that text. Erect in spite of 88 years, with presence dignified and gracious, countenance open and cheerful, manners unostentatious and unassuming, he has been a familiar figure about Washington, and he has filled a large place in Washington life. At the capitol he kept the run of legislation. He was often seen on the floor of the House. He kept the friendship of a younger generation of public men. He was honored and trusted by all.

In old age, not very far from the century mark, his mind was absolutely clear, his body could take him about with a reasonab'e degree of ease, his heart was as young as that of a boy, and although the time for active work was past, he made our busy world feel: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Hundreds passed the casket Thursday night and looked at the silent form. Many spoke to me on Friday of what they saw. All agreed that never had they seen one more calm or beautiful or majestic. Through all these last years that has been the feeling inspired in those who saw him. It was a beautiful old age. It was an honorable old age. It was a cheerful and happy and useful old age. It shows us how to grow old. It teaches us the part old age is to play in our social life if our society is to be complete.

In the old town where he lived so many years, and in the old home he loved so much, we gather to-day to discharge a sacred responsibility. It is not the time for mirth and rejoicing. It is not the time for sorrow and tears. It is the coronation hour of a noble life, and a sense of victory ought to fill this house and permeate every heart. All day the sunshine has streamed in. All day the cheerful fire has radiated its light and cheer. Instead of the darkened shutters and the sable plumes, instead of the dread and fear of death, all has been as he would have it.

And all has been symbolical. To him death was not pictured by the skull and cross bones, death was not a grim reaper with a scythe and hourglass, come to cut man down, death was a radiant presence, a majestic form, a loving angel who took tired children in his arms and said "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I want to speak to you for a little while very simply, about one whom we all admired and whom most of us loved. Seven years ago last November on the first Sunday that I was in Washington, I was introduced to Governor Perham on the street near the entrance to the church that I serve. He was then past 80, I was a young man of 25. He was entering the church to take his accustomed place. I was entering the church a total stranger to preach as a supply.

I remember most distinctly the impression made upon me by his greeting on the sidewalk, and by his cordial hand clasp when the service came to a close. At that first meeting I felt that he was a true type of an American gentleman, an example of honorable old age, with a kind and gracious soul, and I have never changed my mind.

In all these years that have passed so swiftly away I have come to know him well. I have seen him often in his home in Washington. I have visited him in his home in Maine. I have had him nearly every Sunday before me in the church. I have gone with him to public gatherings in our city. I have dined with him, driven with him, been with him in sorrow and in joy, seen him in a long and dangerous sickness and seen him upon a platform facing hundreds of people, and I think that I know the man.

I want to say to-day quietly and calmly without any pretence at eulogy, or oratory or preaching, that one of my greatest joys in Washington has been his friendship—one of the greatest inspirations in my ministry has been his life.

The interest was awakened first by a love of history, by his personal knowledge of public men and events stretching over nearly a century, by his deep and keen interest in public affairs. I liked to hear him talk about campaigns in Maine, 40, 50 and 60 years ago. I liked to ask him about war times, his experiences in Congress, his knowledge of men like Neal Dow, Hannibal Hamlin, Jas. G. Blaine, Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Chief Justice Fuller, and a score of others, and above all else of Lincoln, that lovely, lofty life, that sad and patient figure, that majestic and triumphant soul, that man whose arms he helped hold up through the Civil War.

Then as I came to know him better my interest grew from history to biography—from the great events with which he was connected to the relation that those events bore to his life.

The papers have told us the story. I need not repeat it here. Born and bred on the farm, trained in the schools and academies of Maine, a farmer and a teacher himself, he was early drawn into public life, forced into the discussion of public questions, drafted to serve in public office. Three times he was sent by Maine to Congress. Three times he was made Governor of the old Pine Tree State. To other positions of honor and trust, political, educational, reformatory, all his life he was called. He was the first moderator of our Universalist society in Washington. It was his to serve in Congress in the days of the Civil War. It was his to back up the men who fought for a "Union, one and inseparable, now and forever." It was his to help with the work of reconstruction, "to bind up the wounds, care for him who bore the heat and burden of battle, his widow and orphan, and do all that he could in Congress and out, to achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

In these later years, it has been more than history, more than biography, more than parish relations that have bound me to him. It has been admiration and love. It has been a deeper and keener sense of the personality of the man. I speak now not of any achievements but of the man back of the achievements—the hardest thing in all the world to describe, the most precious thing in all the world to sense and appreciate. One comes to admire a statesman. One comes to appreciate a true servant of the church, but one comes to love a man.

It is something more than a body that has been a faithful servant and is worn out. It is something more even than a mind, clear, vigorous, interested, active at 88.

It is the self, the man, the soul, call it what you will, inhabiting the body and using the mind, and yet infinitely more than either. And it's that self, that personality, that man that I glory in to-day, for whom I feel a sense of victory, to whom I am still bound by unbroken ties.

He was one of the most gentle and kindly men. He was one of the most considerate of others, of everybody about him, that I ever saw. He was one of the most cheerful and sunny. He had a sense of humor. It was not beneath his dignity to joke. Dying and knowing he was dying, repeatedly he laughed and brought out the funny side of things. He bore his suffering with a smile. He faced the end with composure and faith, and that is to say he was at the last as he had been all his life, calm, collected, considerate, patient and courageous.

I want to say just a few words about those last days. This is not an oration. It is a simple talk by a friend to other friends. I have written it down contrary to my custom, that my own deep sorrow may not prevent my giving to you, the thing it is an inspiration and a joy to know.

On Easter Sunday he attended church. The week following he was unusually well. Friday, the 5th of April, he went out, took a car ride, descended a long flight of stairs at Georgetown, went out upon the Aqueduct Bridge to see the majestic river and the bluffs. He came home alone, tired but well, although at supper, as if with a premonition, for he never said a thing like that, he said "It's the last time." That night in the night he was stricken. A skillful and able doctor whom we all love came at once. Other specialists were called in but it was a difficulty hard to reach. His suffering was intense. When I saw him Saturday we felt the worst was over—relief had come, although he was gray and exhausted from the pain.

Sunday was a cheerful day for all. The danger was over. But Sunday night again came the attack. The doctors and another surgeon were with him for hours and conditions were discovered that made us realize that the dear old friend, the grand and noble man had lived out his days. That Monday afternoon he talked with me calmly and frankly about the end. He had said all that he needed to say. He had done all that he needed to do.

I seldom talk with those going about the change. It's my part as all others' to keep up their hope and courage to the last. But deceit and pretense seemed so useless and trivial in the presence of such a life. He knew what he faced. He said, "It has come very suddenly but it is all right." I offered a prayer and he made an earnest response. We talked of the dear wife who went five years before, whose picture looked down upon us from the wall. And I said, "I don't believe either you or she will be very far away," and he answered, "No, we will not."

Up in the night with him Monday again, the doctors worked to save his life. Surgery brought its relief. Tuesday I came with the doctor in a driving snow storm. From then on until the end I saw him almost constantly. I can not speak, I can not begin to put into words, the wealth of tenderness and kindliness he exhibited to all about him.

And so Tuesday afternoon passed into Tuesday night. Patiently he fought out the good fight. It did not seem to us a matter yet of hours but of days. Every half hour his medicine was given and he knew all about it. I asked him once if he were comfortable and he said "Comparatively." Enunciation grew difficult. We could not make out one remark. He repeated it again and again. I finally said, "It does not matter much, Governor, does it?" and he said no. The last word I caught that I could understand was "Better," comforting and suggestive, expressing what he believed and what we all believe of him and of all our beloved dead.

At five minutes of 12 surrounded by all his children he fell asleep quietly and peacefully as a child. The end was worthy of the beginning. The sunset as beautiful as the sunrise. Through his day ran a marvelous unity and that unity was not broken when the body failed.

I respect the convictions of the church. I honor the faith men build on the Old Book. I rejoice in the service we have year after year on Easter, but when all is said and done, more is taught by a noble life than by all the doctrine of the Universe.

Talk to me about such a man dying! Talk to me about such a man gone, annihilated, blotted out! It's not belief that's hard and doubt that's easy, it's doubt that is the hardest thing in the world.

In the presence of such a life, how small seems the bickering and the squabbling of the world, how petty our hate and our jealousy, how ignoble our strife, how faithless our care and anxiety, our tears and our fears.

There is just one verse that they ought to carve on his tomb. Not "His warfare is accomplished"—not the record of honor and office—but the highest and deepest proposition that ever fell from human lips: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Fryeburg and Bridgton Academy's Debate at Bridgton.

On Friday evening, April 12, the debating teams of Fryeburg and Bridgton Academies met at Bridgton for their first debate. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States government should own and operate the railroads." The affirmative was maintained by Leslie Francis Jordan, Arthur Lowell Deering, Ralph Gordon Charles of Bridgton Academy; the negative by Ernest Gibson Fifield, Clinton Perham Rowe, Abraham Jacob Somes, of Fryeburg Academy. The debate was sustained throughout at a high grade. The two teams were very evenly matched in the general delivery of their arguments, but in a knowledge of the subject, logical deduction, and convincing statement, the odds were decidedly in favor of the negative.

The judges for the evening were Rev. S. T. Livingston, Rev. William Wood, and Principal Thomas C. Tooker of the Bridgton High School. Music was furnished by the Bridgton Academy orchestra under the direction of Mrs. Sadie Scribner. The presiding officer was J. Bennett Pike, Esq., of Harrison.

The decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of the negative.

Among the unique teams to be found in Maine is one which can be seen on Foxcroft's streets almost any day. It is the big ox owned by Gus Harmon of Foxcroft and which is being used for driving purposes being attached to a pung or common road wagon. The ox has been carefully trained and is as steady and gentle as if he had always been used without the companionship of a mate. He is a big black and white fellow and can get over the road at a fast walk. A common back saddle such as is used on horses fits on his back and a common collar and hames are used to draw the load. No bridle or reins are used but the animal is guided with the usual ox goad helped on occasionally with the usual expressions used in managing oxen. This ox is one of the several used by Mr. Harmon. He makes use of them almost exclusively for farming and lumbering and finds he can do a big amount of work easier and cheaper than by using horses.

"PNEUMONIA'S DEADLY WORK had so seriously affected my right lung," writes Mrs. Fannie Connor, of Rural Route 1, Georgetown, Tenn., "that I coughed continuously night and day and the neighbors' prediction—consumption—seemed inevitable, until my husband brought home a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, which in my case proved to be the only real cough cure and restorer of weak, sore lungs." When all other remedies utterly fail, you may still win in the battle against lung and throat troubles with New Discovery, the real cure. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., druggists. 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

Mrs. Walter Ballard of Hampden, 32 years of age, killed her infant child and then herself by administering carbolic acid on Wednesday. A note was left for the bereaved husband and father, but its contents were not made public. No motive for the act was known and it was believed to have been due to a temporary fit of insanity.

THE PRICE OF HEALTH.

"The price of health in a malarious district is just 25 cents; the cost of a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Ella Slayton, of Noland, Ark. New Life Pills cleanse gently and impart new life and vigor to the system. 25 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s, druggists.

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. 29, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, after full moon. Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, Wednesday evening after full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Norway Lodge.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wildey Encampment, No. 31, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 58, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block every Thursday Evening. U. R., A. O. Noyes Division, No. 12, meets third Friday of each month. Lake Assembly, No. 31, 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 Hunt 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.

Llewellyn H. Cushman, after a sickness of several weeks, was on the street Thursday for the first time.

The Elm House was closed Saturday, the 20th. Col. W. W. Whitmarsh and family have moved into their new home on Bridge Street. Tim Smith runs the stable however, and is ready to care for teams as heretofore.

Citizens were surprised to see a swing sign over the sidewalk at the Advertiser office the first of the week after all the editor has said relative to swing signs, etc. It is hinted that friends of the editor did the work the night before.

George A. Kenerson has returned from Bemis for a time and is rushing business at the store. He will probably return after a few weeks when the lake opens and C. B. Cummings & Sons have completed repairs and improvements on their mill.

James L. Partridge, of the firm of Partridge Bros., is improving rapidly. He has been confined to his home for a long time.

Charles Partridge of Rochester, N. Y., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Partridge, one day this week.

Horace E. Mixer is building a piazza for Geo. Cullinan at the C. B. Cummings homestead place. It is on the second story and in style is an exact reproduction of the one below. It greatly improves the place.

Adelbert D. Kilgore, Rufus K. Morrill and Bernard Potter of Norway Lake went to the Lewiston hospital Saturday for surgical operation. They were operated upon Monday, very successfully.

April 23, 24 and 25 will be given the Veranda-Band fair at the Opera House. On the first two evenings there will be concerts and stage attractions. On the evening of the 25th will be given a ball, music under direction of W. S. Stearns.

The farmers in this section find in McIntire & Weston a firm of much profit to their industries. This week the firm shipped nearly two carloads of first class hogs to Brighton market.

Improvements and repairs are soon to be made in the Norway National Bank rooms. A desk will be put in for the use of the public. Other changes will be made to render more convenient the business place.

The well known livery stable proprietor, John M. Cummings, shot himself Tuesday morning while preparations were being made for surgical operation on him for rupture. It is supposed he so dreaded the ordeal that it unbalanced his mind. Mrs. Cummings and the trained nurse, Miss Blanche McQuinn, left the room for a moment offering Mr. Cummings the opportunity desired. Dr. Oakes of Lewiston was the surgeon engaged. Mr. Cummings was the son of Frances and Stephen Cummings, born in Norway, Oct. 15, 1840. For years Mr. Cummings did nearly all the livery stable business in Norway and South Paris where he had in use nearly two hundred horses. He was a of a family of seven, two of whom survive him, Stephen B. Cummings of Norway and Mrs. C. H. Tebbetts of Fryeburg. He married Mrs. Elvira Caldwell, who survives him. Norway's business interests will greatly miss him. Services were held at the late residence by Rev. B. S. Rideout. Interment at West Baldwin, Thursday. All Norway's business places were closed Thursday morning until 9:30 o'clock as a mark of respect.

Major W. O. Peterson of Portland inspected Co. D of the 1st Regiment, N. G. S. M., Tuesday evening. Major Peterson after the inspection spoke in the highest terms of Co. D and in a most pleasing manner presented the trophies and badges to the company and its members. Following the inspection and presentation was a dance in which some forty couples took part, led by the Major and Miss Carrie Tucker.

Prof. L. C. Bateman of Auburn will lecture on Comparative Physiognomy (illustrated) before Norway Grange at its next meeting, Saturday, April 27, 1907, afternoon.

No. 1, Vol. 1, of the Norway High School paper, The Caduceus, has been issued. It is a bright and interesting paper.

George W. Hunt, Esq., of Bath, was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. F. Jones, this week.

Rev. C. E. Angell of Freeport was with her Norway friends several days the past week.

Miss Brewster, state lecturer and organizer of the W. C. T. U., gave a lecture at the Baptist church Thursday evening. Miss Brewster is an interesting and pleasing speaker.

Eugene E. Andrews has gone West for more horses. Will be gone some two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James N. Favor entertained the Professional Whist Club Wednesday evening at their home on Deering Street.

Geo. F. Hathaway has been elected night watchman for the present year. He gives excellent satisfaction.

Nash of Maine has returned from Montreal where he had charge of the G. T. R. R.'s exhibit at the sportsman's and automobile show.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Don C. Seitz of New York were pained to hear of the death of their only son, Donald Blake Seitz. He was sick only a short time with meningitis. He had many friends in Norway where he had visited several times with his parents.

DOING BUSINESS AGAIN.

"When my friends thought I was about to take leave of this world, on account of indigestion, nervousness and general debility," writes A. A. Chisholm, Treadwell, N. Y., "and when it looked as if there was no hope left, I was persuaded to try Electric Bitters, and I rejoice to say that they are curing me. I am now doing business again as of old, and am still gaining daily." Best tonic medicine on earth. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., druggists. 50 cents.

Luigi Cardinalo has been arrested charged with the murder of Giovanni di Simoni at a lumber camp two miles from East Millinocket. It is hardly necessary to state that both men are Italians.

BITTEN BY A SPIDER.

Through blood poisoning caused by a spider bite, John Washington of Bosqueville, Texas, would have lost his leg, which became a mass of running sores, had he not been persuaded to try Bucklen's Arnica Salve. He writes: "The first application relieved, and four boxes healed all the sores." Heals every sore. 25 cents at the pharmacy of F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Base Ball.

HEBRON ACADEMY 5; NORWAY 3.

The first ball game of the season at the fair grounds was played Friday afternoon, and although the weather was cold and disagreeable it did not prevent a good crowd from coming out to witness the game. The grounds were in excellent condition considering the backwardness of the season, and if we had only been favored with a warm day the first Patriots' day to be observed in this vicinity would have been much enjoyed.

The game was more evenly contested than the first game usually is, and although Hebron held the lead all the time she was never far enough ahead to feel secure. There were no specially fast plays, but perhaps one of the catches of Pond, Hebron's left fielder, deserves mention, as he caught and held the ball while going at top speed.

Sawyer and McFarland, the Hebron pitchers, both did good work. Sawyer pitched the first five innings and McFarland the last three, the game being called at the end of the eighth inning on account of rain. Sawyer's best work was in the first inning, when with men on second and third and no one out he struck out the next three batters.

The Norway team was composed of Norway boys with the exceptions of Monk and Parlin of this village, Parlin doing the pitching. Regardless of the fact that he has had no practice this spring, he pitched a fine game, allowing Hebron only five hits and striking out ten men. He was considerably handicapped by being obliged to pitch to a young catcher, who had never caught him before, and he did not feel safe to use all his speed.

The team that represented Norway Friday, like a great many of the teams that have represented Norway in the past few years, was woefully weak in batting. While they could field very well, it takes good batsmen to win a ball game, and the team that has the best batters usually comes out on top. Following is the score of the game:

HEBRON.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keogh, 2-b	5	0	0	3	3	1
Upton, 3-b	2	1	0	1	1	0
Rogers, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Wilson, c.	4	0	0	7	3	1
Caldwell, c.f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Stoble, 1-b	3	1	0	6	0	3
Carey, 1 b	1	0	0	3	0	0
Pond, l.f.	4	1	1	3	1	1
Sweetser, s.s.	3	1	2	1	1	1
Sawyer, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
McFarland, p.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,	30	5	5	24	10	6

NORWAY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pike, s.s.	1	1	0	1	1	0
Gammon, 1-b	4	0	1	6	0	1
Jordan, 2-b	4	0	0	2	3	0
Lowell, 3-b	4	0	0	1	0	0
Moore, r.f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Monk, l.f.	3	1	0	2

WORMS

Unsuspected worms are the cause of numerous little things that go wrong with children. When a child is sick you rarely think that its sickness is caused by worms, yet worms, either directly or indirectly, are the cause of three quarters of all the ills of childhood. Children, and often-times adults feel out of sorts, are irritable, feel listless and unrefreshed in the morning; suffer with indigestion, have a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath; hard and full belly, with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; eyes heavy, and dull; itching of the nose; short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions—in the majority of cases the cause of all the trouble is **worms** though you may not suspect their presence.

DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR

a pure vegetable compound, has been the standard household remedy since 1831; it never fails to expel not only worms but all waste matter, leaving the blood rich and pure, the stomach sweet, the bowels regular and the whole system strong and healthy.

The mother who gives her children Dr. True's Elixir regularly is wise, because it not only increases the appetite, acts as a preventative of coughs, cold, fever and worms but gives rugged, robust health.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 35c, 50c and $1.00.

Write for free booklet, *"Children and their Diseases."*

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

We have no apologies to offer; no excuses to make.

We made the first real practical visible writing machines ever placed on the market, and we are making them yet.

We made them good to start with---we are making them better than ever to-day.

To-day we know how to and do make better **FRONT STROKE WHOLLY VISIBLE** writing machines than any competitors can ever hope to equal.

It takes time to prove quality---we've proved it.

Underwood Typewriter Co.,

76 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

Paroid Roofing

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.

The Roofing With a Money-back Guaranty

Paroid Lasts Longest

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—**only 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.

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.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

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.

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.

THE PUZZLER

No. 68.—Hidden Rivers.

1. Is Pettengil a smart fellow?
2. I say a zoology class will be nice.
3. He always could win a race.
4. Oh, yes; I sent Seth Ames to tell you.
5. How can you rally your forces?

No. 69.—Illustrated Numerical Enigma.

This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the nine objects, adapted from St. Nicholas, have been rightly guessed and the letters set down in the order given the forty-two letters will form a quotation from Owen Meredith.

No. 70.—Twisted Trees.

[Transposals.]

1. Children fresh and —— —— and sat beneath the —— tree.
2. Don't —— —— the —— tree in the conservatory.

No. 71.—Charade.

My FIRST is an animal faithful and true;
My SECOND a person most devoted to you;
My THIRD is a sound often heard on the wall;
My WHOLE is a trait which many would call
An objectionable one, a trait of the mind
Which in argumentative people you find.

No. 72.—Divisions.

1. Divide an Indian weapon and find a boy's nickname, an indefinite article and a bird.
2. Divide the palace of the pope and find a large vessel, a personal pronoun and to be able.

No. 73.—Concealed Word Square.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

1. Max owned, without a thought of shame,
   He'd not a thaler to his name.
2. The children searched the fields all over
   And failed to find a four leaved clover.
3. Eva declares she did not go.
   Where is the friend who told you so?
4. There Fred and Harry waiting sat.
   Beside them purred the yellow cat.
5. Be brave, my dear, and do not sigh.
   It rends my heart to say goodby.

No. 74.—Subtraction.

Subtract a circle from a fish and have a pronoun.

No. 75.—Geographical Anagrams.

1. Star mad me.—The capital of a country in Europe; it is built almost entirely on piles.
2. Rob one.—An island in the Indian archipelago; one of the largest in the world.
3. Ha tan man T.—An important island in America.
4. O pac Tom.—An important river in America.

None of His Business.

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported:

"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

A Fly and a Flea.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
Said the flee, "Let us fly!"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 58.—Riddlemeree: Booby.

No. 59.—Numerical Enigma: Philadelphia.

No. 60.—Decapitation: Cheat, heat, eat, at.

No. 61.—What Cities? 1. Omaha. 2. London. 3. Portland.

No. 62.—Charade: Snowball.

No. 63.—College Acrostic: Initials—Harvard. Finals—crimson. 1. Havoc. 2. Abbor. 3. Rabbi. 4. Venom. 5. Alias. 6. Rollo. 7. Demon.

No. 64.—A Famous General: Grant. Rowing, tailor, Nevada, button.

No. 65.—Polygon:

```
      1.     2.
      E A R L
    V     N   I E
  E         C G     A
G R I C H A R D 3.
  O         T A     A
    A E       N R
      N E A T
      5.     4.
```

No. 66.—Omissions: Harms, hams; deans, dens; freed, Fred; hotly, holy.

No. 67.—Reversals: 1. Laid, dial. 2. Part, trap.

THE NEW 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.

Mr. Youngbusband (reading from papers)—Married, Blanche de Smythe to Walter Wellington Beere. What old memories that name awakens.

Mrs. Y. (blushing)—I never imagined you knew of my engagement to Walter.

Mr. Y. (chillingly)—I was alluding to Blanche.

AN INSIDIOUS DANGER.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"How do you succeed in insuring so many people?"

"I look them over, and then I look doubtful and offer to bet them a dollar that in their present state their application for insurance would be rejected."

There are many tonics in the land,
As by the papers you can see;
But none of them can equal
Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.
F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall.

"It's only unwritten law that goes," he remarked airily.

Being fully up to date, he had no fear.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Suggestions for a Summer Kitchen.

The fly screens should cover the entire window and be divided into hinged sections the size of the sash, having a catch on each to hold it in place. They should open outward from the bottom, as it will then be an easy matter to push them back and whisk out the flies, which is much easier than darkening the whole room and chasing them to the door. A good idea for a summer kitchen is to make it a one-story ell to the main building, and have a veranda around the three sides. Much of the work may then be done in the open air. If possible, there should be two outside doors, not directly opposite each other. Each of these may have its upper panels removable, with fly screens over the outside, so that in warm weather there need be no bother with an extra screen door. The panels are easily adjusted, with buttons, when the extra air is not needed. Over the stove there should be a ventilator going up through the roof, to carry away the steam and the heat. There should be a screen over this, so that the flies will not come in when the evenings are cool. A hardwood floor painted with several well-dried coats is cooler and far more easily kept clean than one covered with linoleum or matting. If the floor is a double one—as all floors should be—the extra coolness will not count when the house is closed for the winter. It is convenient to have the range raised on a solid platform (painted to match the lower wall) to avoid the necessity of stooping while working over it. Where wood is used, the wood-box should have a hinged cover, which can be caught back to the wall when the fire is on, the box itself being fastened to the wall, on a level with the stove. In the new order of things we are told that there should be no closet beneath the sink, but I think if one is inclined to leave dirt, wet rags, etc., about, one will find it quite as convenient to do so somewhere else as here, so that the result is the same. The joints should all be solid so that there will be no leakage. There should be partitions in the utensil drawer to keep the different articles separate. As I do not believe in stooping, I should leave the lower part of the space under the sink to the will of the plumber. In one corner of the room there should be, if possible, a porcelain basin with marble top and back, with roller and rings for towels close at hand. The kitchen table—of oak—should be on castors and have a double slide or space beneath to hold the ironing and pastry boards. Over this table it is convenient to have a cabinet for flour, corn-meal, graham flour and the cereals. One more cupboard, also with paneled doors and shelves, on a level with the others, might be used for the pie, cake and bread tins, with the many sized lids. This may be a very shallow affair, with merely strips or grooves to hold the articles upright against the back. Between the dining-room and kitchen many people have a china closet opening into both rooms, to save steps in serving a meal. These cupboards, when properly placed, will do away with the reaching and stooping, which is the bane of the woman's life who has to use the regulation pantry or cupboard. Having everything behind closed doors keeps them free from dust, besides giving a better appearance to the room. A small table on castors is a convenience in taking the dishes and food back and forth. Clothes bars with drop extensions, fastened to the walls, one of them near the stove to hang the dish-towels on to dry, save space and trouble. A cupboard on the back porch, like those in the kitchen, for fruit, vegetables, empty jars, etc., and stationary tubs with hot and cold water faucets, in the same place, for the summer day's washing, are valuable. In my kitchen arrangements I am allowing for the use of a range only, because in the long run it is the most satisfactory, if the kitchen is well ventilated and shaded. But if at any time one chooses to use a gas or gasoline stove, there will be no material change to be made.—Ex.

When Cherries are Ripe.

CHERRY SALAD IN BANANA SKINS.

Select firm ripe bananas that are not too long, loosen a strip of the skin, carefully turn it back, with a spoon, take out the inside in small pieces and allow half a cupful to twice the amount of cherries, taking care to save the juice from the latter. The dressing is made by blending with the cherry juice pulverized sugar, lemon and orange juices. This is poured over the fruit, which is placed on ice. Just before serving, lightly stir the ingredients together, pile in the banana cases, stand on separate plates and garnish with cherry leaves and fruit.

CHERRY SOUP.

Add to one pint of cherry juice and three tablespoonfuls of strawberry juice enough sugar to make appetizing. Place on the range and when the liquid begins to boil, thicken with a tablespoonful of corn starch which has been first moistened in cold water. Take from the fire and add the juice of one lemon. Set on ice until thoroughly chilled and serve in little glasses with wafers for the first course at luncheon or dinner.

CHERRY SHORTCAKE.

Make a sponge cake of three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of hot water and one and a half of baking powder. Bake in two layer tins in a moderately hot oven. While hot, cover with a thin layer of soft butter, then with chopped cherries that have been sweetened. Put one layer on the other and top with whole pitted fruit sprinkled with sugar. Before serving cover with whipped cream heaped high, thus making a beautiful as well as a delicious dish.

CHERRY BETTY.

Butter a deep baking dish and put in layers of stoned cherries and bread crumbs, the fruit first liberally sprinkled with sugar, nutmeg and cocoanut; add cherry juice enough to moisten and crumbs until the dish is full, bread on top. Cover and steam in the oven one hour, uncover and brown quickly. Serve hot with sweetened cream.

CRYSTALLIZED CHERRIES.

Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, lay clusters of the cherries in the beaten egg, with the stems, of course, outside. Drain and cover part of them with white sugar and the others with red pulverized sugar. Set aside to harden on buttered paper. Keep in a cool, dry place.

CHERRY PUFF.

Cook a pint of pitted cherries with a little water and a cup of sugar to a rich preserve. Cover the bottom of three layer-cake tins with flaky piecrust rolled thin, prick with a fork and cover the layers with uncooked rice to keep in shape. When taken from the oven remove rice and spread the layers with the prepared cherries. Before serving slide on to a large platter, cover with whipped cream and dot with cherries.—Ex.

Many novelties have been introduced in neck wear this spring, the choker collar which appeared in the winter for the first time being now decidedly in the lead. These stiff turndown linen collars are embroidered in neat designs, and sometimes show open work or eyelet effects. With these collars the made bow or rosette of soft silk is worn, also the pleated lingerie frill with lace edging and French embroidery. A newer idea, however, is a simple little lawn tie with a lace medallion inserted at either end. This is just long enough to go around the neck under the collar and tie in front in a medium sized bow. Many simple wash waists are trimmed with detachable front pieces which extend from the collar to the waist line. These are made with a center of embroidery or lace and an edging. A stock is frequently attached to this piece. Windsor ties in plain silks, sometimes embroidered or hemstitched at the ends are worn as much with the stiff linen collars as with soft turnovers. In tailored neckwear there are many pretty stocks of wash material with tabs and for mannish effects the once-over in linen is very smart.

If the eyes be bathed in cold water every night just before retiring they will do better work the next day.

Novelist's Proposal.

"Capital," exclaimed the brilliant young novelist, laying down his pen. It was one of his boasts that he never hesitated to criticise his own work.

He had just been writing a proposal of marriage scene. It was dignified, earnest, eloquent on the man's part; tender, gentle, affecting on the part of the girl.

As he dressed for dinner the young novelist wondered why men made such an absurd fuss about a simple matter. If Doris was dining with the Russells that night, for example, and if a suitable opportunity occurred, he should certainly ask her to be his wife. Nervous? Not a bit. A man who could write a scene like that had little need to be nervous.

Fate was with him. Not only did he sit next to Doris at dinner, but, the family brougham being smaller after dinner than before, his suggestion that he and she should follow on to the Jowitts' in a hansom, was accepted with alacrity by Doris' mother. Now for it.

"D'you feel cold?" asked Doris.

"Not a bit. Why?"

"I thought you were shivering."

"O, no, thanks."

A bad start. They were on the wrong plane. He must begin by raising the tone of the conversation.

"What a wonderfully bright star!" he breathed gently.

"Which one?"

"The one over there. Don't you see it?"

"O, yes, straight between the horse's ears. By the way, whereabouts is the 'Great Bear?'"

"Don't know."

"You needn't get cross, anyway," said Doris; I didn't mean to worry you."

"You're not worrying me, only we're wasting time."

"How shockingly rude!"

"You don't understand. I want to ask you something."

"I'm not a bit of good at riddles."

"O, it isn't a riddle." The Jowitts' door was in sight. They drew into the line of creeping vehicles. "It's—look here! Will you marry me?"

"Will I what?"

"Only marry me—that's all."

"Of course, you old duffer. I always meant to. You knew that."

From Fancy to Fact.

"O, thank you!" exclaims the delighted wife, as her husband hands her a large bunch of money and tells her to go right down town and buy everything she likes.

"Don't mention it," replies the husband. "I want you to have everything your heart desires in the way of dresses this summer. I realize that I have not been as generous as I should have been, and I hope I may be able to make up for it now. Here, take this double handful of gold $20 pieces, too. Look out there! You're dropping them."

But the double handful of gold twenties fell to the floor and went jingling here and there and the husband laughed merrily until—

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

It was the alarm clock, and she heard the voice of her husband saying:

"I'll be late to work again to-day. Say, lend me half a dollar, won't you? I haven't got carfare and lunch money this morning."

It is such distressing occurrences as this that make women wish they had married the squint-eyed, freckled boy, who afterwards left home and became a plutocrat.

No Relative of His.

Duncan, aged 2 1-2, had been naughty; to punish him his mother tied him in his high chair and kept him there for one hour by the clock.

His father got home before the hour was quite up, and asked the youngster why he was tied up.

"Father," replied Duncan, pointing an accusing finger at his mother, "I'm completely surprised at that lady."

No false pretense has marked the career of Ely's Cream Balm. No idle promises of rewards for cases it will not cure. Being entirely harmless, it is not responsible like the catarrh snuffs and powders, for minds shattered by cocaine. The great positive virtue of Ely's Cream Balm is that it speedily and completely cures nasal catarrh and hay fever. Back of this statement is the testimony of thousands and a reputation of many years' success. All druggists, 50 cents, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Mrs. Finicky—Norah, I just read that a celebrated German doctor says a broom is full of bacteria, so hereafter you'll have to give your broom an antiseptic bath each day.

The Maid—I'll do nawthin' av the kind! It'll likely git worse soon, an' thin raquire alkyhol rubs, massage thratemints, hippydermic injictions, an' hot-water bottles at night, an' I'll have ye understhand right now that I'm no thrained nurse!

A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures la grippe coughs, and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Speaking with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. "For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incandescent electric light is produced." "Oh, it's very simple," said the lady. "You just press a button, and the light appears at once."

HOW TO AVOID APPENDICITIS.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Her Mother—Does your husband take you into his confidence regarding his business affairs?

Young Wife—Oh, yes; he did so only this morning. When I asked him to let me have $50 for a new gown he said he was very sorry, but business was so bad just now he couldn't possibly do it.

Thousands have pronounced Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea the greatest healing power on earth. When medical science fails, it succeeds. Makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

The new member—I suppose you never thought I'd be elected to the Legislature, did you, 'Rastus?

The waiter—No, sah; but de Lawd's will be done.

Mr. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did I could not stand straight. I took Foley's Kidney Cure. One dollar bottle and part of the second cured me entirely." Foley's Kidney Cure works wonders where others are total failures. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"I'm very sorry, but I can't pay that bill to-day. You see the butcher has just been here, and—"

"Yes," said the grocer, "I just met him, and he said you put him off because you had to pay me. Here's the bill."

Every one appreciates a beautiful complexion, so much desired by men. Such complexions come to all who use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

Miss Skreecher—What sort of songs do you like best, Mr. Suphrer?

Mr. Suphrer—The songs of the seventeenth century.

Miss S.—How odd! Why do you prefer them?

Mr. S.—Because nobody ever sings 'em nowadays.

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.

As Animal Story For Little Folks

The Lazy Lion

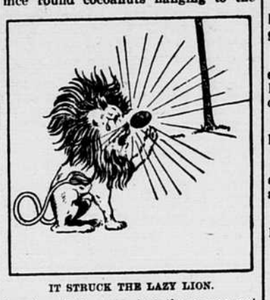
There was once upon a time a young lion who often went out in the fields and watched the larger lions play baseball, and he often thought how happy he would be if he was only big enough to take part in their games.

Well, he grew and grew, and after while it seemed to him that he was of baseball size, and he decided to begin to play. Now, it happened that this young lion's principal fault was that he was lazy, and when he got to thinking about how much running around he would have to do as a baseball player he almost became discouraged.

After some time spent in thinking this over he determined, however, to try the game anyway.

"I'll go off to the cocoanut tree now and get a ball," said he to himself, and off he went to where the tall trees rose from the sandy soil of the plain.

Away up above his head he saw the nice round cocoanuts hanging to the



IT STRUCK THE LAZY LION.

boughs of the tree, but there was not a single one of them on the ground.

"Now, it is entirely too warm for me to spring up there and knock one of those cocoanuts down," he said. "I'll just sit here and wait until one of them drops to the ground."

And then the lazy fellow sat down on the sand and closed his lazy little eyes and went sound to sleep. He slept and he snored, and he snored so hard that he jarred a cocoanut off the tree, and it came tumbling down like a rifle ball.

I wonder if you can guess where it fell. Why, it struck the lazy lion square upon his lazy nose.

"Mercy!" cried he. "I'll never again wait for anything that I can get quicker and with less pain by going for it."

And Mr. Lion was cured of his lazy habits.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HOW TO REPEL A DOG.

Letter Carrier Had a Remedy For Vicious Curs.

"No one comes in contact with all sorts of dogs more than the letter carrier," said the man in gray as the interviewer trudged along beside him. "Take it outside the business districts and every other family has a dog. Many of them I pay no attention to, but about one out of five aches to get his teeth into my legs at first sight. It is a part of my duty to teach such curs a lifelong lesson."

"Do you kick them?" was asked.

"That would be foolish. I carry here in my side pocket about a quarter of a pound of dry fine cut tobacco. You see it is almost as fine as snuff. The dog that means to bite you won't come charging down with a roar. He sneaks up behind and gives a jump in. I am ready for it. Without seeming to be watching, I know where he is, and at the right moment he gets the tobacco dust in his eyes. Then there is a circus. That dog goes through such a performance as you never witnessed, and his owner, man or woman, indulges in all sorts of threats. I deliver the mail and say nothing and go on. The dog's eyes are sore for a fortnight, and if he afterward meets me on the street he will drop his tail and make a bolt for home. It's a lesson he never forgets, and I believe it also increases his owner's respect for Uncle Sam's uniform."—Chicago News.

Indians With Blue Eyes.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the new world, but this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folklore tale current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

An Ancient Prayer.

Old John Ward, who was pilloried by Pope in the "Dunciad" and who actually stood in the pillory in the year 1727, when he was said to have been worth £200,000, was nevertheless a pious man. He had large estates in London and Essex and did not omit to pray for their welfare in the following manner: "O Lord, I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake, and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and, for the rest of the counties, deal with them as thou pleaseth."

The Vulgar One.

Cornhill Magazine tells of an Englishwoman of high station who bewailed to a friend the loss by death of a somewhat ill bred but extremely wealthy neighbor who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities. "Mr. X. is dead," said she. "He was so good and kind and helpful to me in all sorts of ways. He was so vulgar, poor, dear fellow, we could not know him in London, but we shall meet in heaven."

Odd Coincidence.

Not many years since a pastor in New York state read in his pulpit this portion of a hymn:

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord shall take me home,
And I shall see his face—

Just then he was stricken with paralysis and died in a few moments. Thirty-three years before in the same pulpit another pastor was reading the very same stanza when he, too, was stricken and died.—Scrap Book.

Doesn't Know It All.

"What do you study at school, my little man?"

"I am studying the history of France, sir."

"Indeed. What can you tell me about Charlemagne?"

"Oh, sir, we have only got as far as Adam and Eve."—Paris Journal.

Philosophy.

All philosophers are poor men, but it would be better for all poor men to be philosophers. As to the rich, they do not need philosophy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fidelity purchased with money, money can destroy.—Seneca.

Headache Remedy AND FAMILY MEDICINE

South Brewer, Me., 1906.

"I have been troubled with a severe headache for the past year, and have found relief by using the 'L. F.' medicine, and have kept it in the house as a regular medicine since."

Yours truly,
Nellie Vanadestine.

The cause of much sickness can usually be traced to liver and stomach. You can keep these organs in condition necessary to good health by taking "L. F." Atwood's Bitters. They remove existing evils and insure sound and lasting health. Begin to-day. 35c. at drug stores.

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.

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.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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

Scientific American.

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

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

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.

Whose Ad.?

Printers' Ink uses a great many advertising blotters—in fact, uses no other. They come in as fast as wanted, and very nice and handy they are.

Whose advertisements are on those blotters?

Ah, that is a thing the Little Schoolmaster never observed, or, if he did, he never remembered and does not now remember. But he likes the blotters.—Printers' Ink.

This criticism is never applicable to advertising in your local paper.

Foreign Exchange

... THE ...

Norway National Bank issues checks payable in nearly all parts of the world in the currency of the country on which drawn.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiates

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.

HILLS,

Jeweler and Graduate Optician.

Lowest Prices in Oxford County.

NORWAY, MAINE.

Every Rheumatic Invited To-day

TO TEST URIC-O FREE!

75-Cent Bottle Given Free To All Who Apply.

If there are still any sufferers from Rheumatism in this county or wherever this paper reaches, that have not yet tried the wonderful Rheumatic Remedy Uric-O, we want them to try it now at our expense. We firmly believe that there is not a case of Rheumatism in the world that will not yield to the wonderful effects of Uric-O, and we want to prove it to every doubter beyond all possibility. The best way to do this is to give a large trial bottle of this remedy outright to every sufferer and let him test and try it to his own satisfaction. If you or any of your family suffer from Rheumatism, no matter what form, just cut this notice out of the paper and send it together with your name and address, also the name of your druggist, to the Smith Drug Co., Syracuse, N. Y., and they will send you by return mail a liberal trial package free of all expense. There is no reservation to this offer. You take the remedy home and use it according to directions until thoroughly satisfied of its merit.

We could not afford to do this if we did not know that after you are freed from this dreaded disease that you will recommend it to all your friends who have rheumatism. We know from experience that personal recommendation from one person to another is the most valuable advertising, and that is the way we intend to acquaint the world with Uric-O. Don't put off writing because this offer will soon expire, and then it will be too late. Do it to-day and start yourself upon the highway to perfect health and happiness. Send for Uric-O no matter where you live. It is sold by Druggists all over this country, and we want you to have a bottle free. Uric-O is sold and personally recommended in South Paris by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris and West Paris, Me.

MICA Axle Grease

takes miles off the road, and weight from the load. Helps the team and pays the teamster. Practically destroys friction. Saves half the wear that comes from jolting over rough roads, and lengthens the life of a heavy vehicle more than any other one thing. Ask the dealer for Mica Axle Grease.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
Incorporated

The Aetna Indemnity Co.

of Hartford, Conn.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1906.

Real Estate,	$ 200 00
Mortgage Loans,	4,100 00
Stocks and Bonds,	719,624 19
Cash in Office and Bank,	309,450 89
Outstanding premiums less than 3 months due,	85,623 15
Interest and Rents,	3,182 46
All other Assets,	30,634 99
Gross Assets,	$1,152,847 68
Deduct items not admitted,	3,950 00
Admitted Assets,	$1,148,897 68

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1906.

Net Unpaid Losses,	$ 72,587 10
Unearned Premiums,	278,175 36
All other Liabilities,	30,083 91
Contingent fund voluntarily set aside by Co.,	100,000 00
Cash Capital,	500,000 00
Surplus over all Liabilities,	168,051 31
Total Liabilities and Surplus,	$1,148,897 68

WALTER L. GRAY, Agent,
South Paris, Maine.

For Service

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

A. K. JACKSON,
South Paris, Me.

FIXED EXPENSES

Every retail merchant must have a store as well as a stock and pay rent or its equivalent. He must buy heat, light, service, transportation, postage—in fact, a host of things. He cannot get along without them. They are sometimes called the "fixed charges" of the business. But having all those expenses does not bring business.

The one thing needed is publicity—that people should know him and that he has something which they need or want.

If the expenses are 10 per cent without advertising, make them 12 or 14 per cent with advertising and double or quadruple the business.—Men's Outfitter.

You are invited to let the public know what you have for sale through this paper.

Village and Farm Property For Sale

In Paris and vicinity. Inquire of W. O. FROTHINGHAM, South Paris, Maine.

Desirable Residence for Sale,

The Capt. H. N. Bolster homestead situated in South Paris village, thoroughly finished, hot water heat and all modern equipments attached, a two story house, ell and stable, centrally located. Apply to JAMES S. WRIGHT, Adm.

Farm for Sale.

I want a farm of about sixty acres of good soil, good buildings with modern improvements, with as large orchard as possible, and not over 2 1-2 miles from a railroad station. The house must have at least seven rooms.

LEON I. HARLOW,
124 Chandler St., Boston, Mass.

REMEMBER!

Morris Klain, Norway, Me.

Can afford to and will pay more for rags, rubbers, and metal than any stranger that calls to your house.

He pays from $5 to $9 per ton for iron delivered to him here.

He buys folded newspapers.

He is paying for mixed rags, 1 cent a pound. Rubbers according to market. Pays market price for bran sacks.

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.

Boar for Service.

Registered Bershire Boar, at my farm.

A. O. CORBETT,
April 15, 1907. South Paris.

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.

Eggs for Hatching.

Pure bred White Plymouth Rock. Setting of thirteen eggs, 50 cents.

RAYMOND L. ATWOOD,
Paris, Maine.

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.

DR. PARMENTER

Eye Specialist, Norway, Me. Tel. 184.

Gasoline Engines,

Gasoline Cylinder Oil.

Manure Spreaders,
Disk Harrows,
Sulky Plows.

General Line Farm Machinery.

A. W. WALKER & SON,

SOUTH PARIS.

O. K. Clifford,

South Paris, Me.

DEALER IN

SYRACUSE AND '76 FARM IMPLEMENTS, SULKY AND WALKING PLOWS. DISK AND SPRING TOOTH HARROWS, SCRAPERS, CULTIVATORS, ETC.

Also agent for Aspinwall Sprayer and potato planter and Hoover digger.

**DISTRICT AGENT AND SEV