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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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The Management of Manures.

There is no duty of the farmer that is more apparent than a careful consideration of the subject of this Bulletin. A knowledge of how to increase, preserve and apply the manures of the farm, so as to obtain the most possible benefit from them, is of fundamental importance in our farming operations. In the construction of his stables, the farmer should consider not only that the animals have comfortable, sanitary quarters, so as to keep them in the best of health, but that there is an adequate provision for the preservation of the manure. Care should be exercised that all of the liquids, as well as the solid excrements, are carefully saved, as it has been estimated that the value of the liquid manure is double that of the solid material, weight for weight. On too many of our farms there is much loss from leaching and fermentation. It has been proven by direct experiment that from one-half to two-thirds of the value of loosely piled manure has been lost by six months leaching. This can be prevented if the farmer will exercise proper care. Fermentation must go on to a greater or less extent, but too much will usually mean the escape of ammonia and nitrogen and the loss of valuable fertilizing material. For the generality of farm uses the unfermented manures are to be preferred, and so the fermentation should be checked as much as possible. For sandy soils, well rotted manures are better, but for clayey soils the reverse is true. There is always danger of loss by leaching when rotted manures are used on sandy soils, so they should be applied shortly before the plants are to make use of them. Fresh manure will impair the quality of certain crops, among which are potatoes, and when used for such it is better to apply the previous fall. For prompt returns when used alone, use rotted manure; for the most lasting benefit and maximum returns, use fresh manure.

While the purchase of commercial fertilizers to a certain extent is necessary for most farmers, and while these are undoubtedly economical plant food when judiciously applied, we believe many farmers fail to realize the advantages of the farm manures over commercial fertilizers. The farm manures contain a large amount of humus, which is especially beneficial to the soil. They have a double value; first, as plant food, and second, for their mechanical effect upon the soil. They lighten the soil so that the sun and air can work into it; and thus act as a sponge, holding the water near the surface so that the plants can avail themselves of it, and affording a measure of protection in drought. Farm manures are also valuable as a means of seeding the soil with nitrifying bacteria.

The barnyard manure should be thoroughly and finely spread, so that it will mix well with the soil and the crops will have more ready access to it than when it is dropped in larger portions. Many of our farmers have recently adopted the method of hauling their manure and spreading it with a manure spreader, and they have said that 12 loads thoroughly spread in this way would be worth as much as 15 placed in a coarser and more bulky form. Whether the manure should be plowed under or spread on the furrow, in our experience depends largely upon the nature and condition of the soil.

The farmer who gives careful attention to the matter can largely increase the amount of his manure by converting straw and other waste products into fertilizing material. This not only adds to the quantity but it impoves the quality, as it helps to absorb and retain the liquids. Swine can be utilized in converting some of the roughage into manure and working over the manure to prevent fermentation. It is a settled fact that pork raising is a profitable business in Maine for the farmer who gives it proper attention, and while producing the pork, knows how to make the most manure.

The farm manures and commercial fertilizers do their best when used in conjunction. The chemicals are of a quick acting nature and will start the plant and give it its early growth, and the farm manure will carry the crop to maturity. Every plant, to derive the most from it, should have the best of care and the best of feeding. Economy does not consist in the use of a limited amount. Economy consists in the use of both the stable and commercial manure in a judicious way, applying them to the extent that the growth of the plant needs. The important question is, how much can I make out of my manures? The farmer who utilizes these to the best advantage derives the most benefit from them.

In the application of manures more good is derived from a small application yearly than from dressing a piece of land very heavily (as was the old idea) and then seeding it down for a long time. The best results are obtained from frequently plowing the land and applying a light coat of fertilizer. Prof. J. W. Sanborn, in addressing the farmers of Maine at the farmers' institutes a few years ago said that he fed every acre of his land every year, both the tillage and the meadows. The fields should be plowed often, and when they are in good heart the roots and stubble will be worth much toward feeding the coming crop. Clover roots and stubble are especially valuable for this purpose, as they contain large amounts of nitrogen.

The quality of our farm manures is influenced somewhat by the character of the food which the animal consumes. In the buying of commercial feeding stuffs it should be remembered that these have two values, one what the animal receives and the other the manurial value after having been consumed by the stock. The farmer should remember that "the fertilizing value of a feed is substantially determined by its percentage of protein." The concentrated feeds rich in protein are much more valuable for manurial purposes than those with a lower protein content. —Maine Bulletin.

King Alfonso of Spain is about to start cattle farming on a big scale. He is negotiating for the purchase of an island situated in one of the beautiful bays of northern Spain. Here he proposes to build a summer residence, lay out a farm according to the most modern ideas and breed purebred cattle. It is understood that he was moved to this by the example of King Edward and many English noblemen, who raise prize beasts. The queen is delighted with the plan, in which she is taking a keen interest.

Experiments were made at the Tennessee station in 1902-3 to determine the fertilizing value of manure from hogs during the feeding season. It was estimated that the value was from $1.20 to $5.23 per animal. The higher estimates were made for those fed highly nitrogenous foods such as skim-milk, soy bean meal, etc., and the lower estimates for the carbonaceous, such as corn when fed alone. Thus both experience and investigation show conclusively that the excrements of swine are valuable for increasing the land fertility.

The state of Iowa has recently completed what is said to be the very finest dairy building in the world at its state agricultural college at Ames. A herd of a hundred cows will be used in connection with this building, and laboratory and experimental work will be carried on which will be of the greatest benefit to the dairy interests of the country at large.

Restoring Lost Fertility.

To most New England farmers the matter of fertilization is of supreme importance. It would be interesting to know how many thousands of Maine farmers have worked nearly all their lives in an effort to build up the fertility of a run-out farm by keeping stock alone. This method is at best a slow and discouraging one, and while we probably never will get anything that will quite take the place of barn manure we have no longer got to depend upon it alone to build up the run-out farms of our state. There are thousands of farmers who have many more acres than they can possibly fertilize with the amount of barn dressing which they can make or obtain, and many acres are mowed over year after year for a paltry five to eight hundred pounds of second grade hay, when they should be producing at least two tons each. I have in the last dozen years built up the fertility on two run-out farms, the first by never selling any hay and keeping all the stock I could carry on the farm, and getting such other fertilizing material as I could with hard work without paying out money, and the last by growing potatoes on commercial fertilizer and using what barn dressing I had on those portions of the farm which were not adapted to the growing of potatoes. By this method it does not make any difference how large a farm a man has nor how badly run out it is, he can, in a few short years, have it producing immense crops of hay, and then if he wishes to drop the growing of potatoes he has his farm where he can keep the maximum amount of stock in many years less time than it could be done in any other manner. Let any man who has several acres of well drained soil which are producing but a few hundred pounds of hay per acre plow as many acres as he may wish and plant to potatoes, using one ton of high grade fertilizer per acre, one-half in the drill at time of planting and the other broadcast or along the rows a few weeks later; give these potatoes clean, thorough culture, plowing the land in the fall again after digging the potatoes, and sowing to oats and seeding to grass as early the next spring as it is possible to work the ground, and not only will he get a crop of oats of from 30 to 80 bushels per acre, according to the season, but he will get the year following a very heavy crop of hay which on my land often runs as high as three or more tons per acre. Now, after taking off this first crop of hay, if he has any which he can spare give the field a top-dressing of barn manure, but do not apply any barn manure to the ground previous to sowing the oats for there is plenty of fertilizer left in the soil from the ton used for the potato crop to grow the oats and they will stand up and fill out much better. Barn manure will grow a rank growth of oat straw which is almost sure to lodge badly, killing out the young grass plants, resulting in a much smaller crop of grain, and also of hay following.

This method makes a simple and easy way to bring up a run down farm with a good profit on both potatoes and oats, and if the hay thus raised is fed on the farm and the manure properly saved and returned to the fields, we will have brought much nearer the day when a farmer will be ashamed to own that his grass lands do not average him two tons of hay per acre.—E. A. Rogers in Maine Bulletin.

Condition of Crops in Oxford County.

Condition of grass fields, 103 per cent. Amount of young stock turned to pasture: Colts, 107 per cent; young cattle, 92 per cent; sheep, 103 per cent. The high price of horses will induce the farmers to breed quite generally. Seven per cent of the fruit trees winterkilled. The largest per cent of loss in most instances was with the Baldwin. Acreage of corn, 93 per cent. No material increase in small fruit culture is reported. The acreage of potatoes will be increased in most parts. Farmers are generally giving more attention to the sheep industry than formerly.

FRYEBURG.

We have found dry sawdust the best possible absorbent for use in barn and stable. Have raised potatoes on farm manures, that were used to top the cars in shipping. The last load drawn was pronounced perfectly free from any indications of roughness or rot. Barn and stable manure mixed and tramped will not ferment. Such manure stored in barn cellars will not leach. Manure for hoed crops is always plowed under the green sward, then the land is again plowed for oats, so manure is again thorougly mixed with the soil. The home mixing of chemicals seems much to be desired, but there is a vast amount of education necessary before it will be generally practiced. He who inaugurates a system of purchasing chemicals for cash and teaches the farmers the benefits thereof, will be a great benefactor. Plowing under green crops is not a success here. The crops should be stored and fed to farm animals. The following is a good rotation of crops, for five years: Corn, oats, land seeded to grass and clover, three years in grass.
B. WALKER MCKEEN.

GENERAL AVERAGE FOR THE STATE.

Condition of grass fields, as compared with last year, 97 per cent. Amount of young stock turned to pasture, as compared with last year:—Colts, 96 per cent; young cattle, 92 per cent; sheep, 96 per cent. In the majority of counties the high price that horses are bringing will stimulate the horse breeding industry to some extent. About 8 per cent of the fruit trees have died during the past winter. In most sections the greatest loss was noticeable with the Baldwin. Acreage of corn as compared with last year, 95 per cent. Small fruit culture is receiving a little more attention than formerly in some localities. A slight increase in the acreage of potatoes is reported from most parts of the state. Farmers are not generally giving more attention to the sheep industry than formerly though a slight increase is reported from some sections.—Maine Bulletin.

Horse Notes.

Feed the young colts grain regularly.

It is not all wear that uses up the harness. Lack of care will do it faster than actual service. It pays to keep the leather well cleaned and oiled.

Be generous in the use of the brushes, but sparing in the use of the comb.

Good grooming should be done every day to keep the pores open, the skin healthy and the hair silky. Soft hair is very warm and is a nonconductor of heat.

Never leave a reeking mess of wet straw and manure under the horses. It ruins the health and eyes and is a disgrace to any horse owner.

Scrub breeding gets scrub progeny and brings scrub prices.

Too much at a meal and too much between meals are alike bad for the horse.

A little salt every day will keep the colts free from worms. Barrel salt is better than rock.

The poorer qualities of hay should be cut and fed with molasses.

All hay should be well shaken up and moistened by sprinkling a little water on it before feeding.

Successor of Town Meeting.

The grange is the logical successor of the old New England town meetings, where the citizens met to discuss the business of the community, just as stockholders meet to discuss the business of a concern. A community is a joint stock company. If its business was as wisely administered as are successful business enterprises, the money we pay for current public expenses would place fine roads, schools and all manner of advantages at the command of every resident. It's your fault if you don't secure them.—Farm and Fireside.

Feed is more important than breed; and sometimes the way the feed is fed is more important than the feed.

The Stove.

By STEPHEN CRANE,
Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," Etc.

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"THEY'LL bring her," said Mrs. Trescott dubiously. Her cousin, the painter, the bewildered father of the angel child, had written to say that if they were asked he and his wife would come to the Trescotts for the Christmas holidays. But he had not officially stated that the angel child would form part of the expedition. "But of course they'll bring her," said Mrs. Trescott to her husband.

The doctor assented. "Yes; they'll have to bring her. They wouldn't dare leave New York at her mercy."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Trescott after a pause, "the neighbors will be pleased. When they see her they'll immediately lock up their children for safety."

"Anyhow," said Trescott, "the devastation of the Margate twins was complete. She can't do that particular thing again. I shall be interested to note what particular form her energy will take this time."

"Oh, yes; that's it!" cried the wife. "You'll be interested. You've hit it exactly. You'll be interested to note what form her energy will take this time. And then, when the real crisis comes, you'll put on your hat and walk out of the house and leave me to straighten things out. This is not a scientific question; this is a practical matter."

"Well, as a practical man I advocate chaining her out in the stable," answered the doctor.

When Jimmie Trescott was told that his old flame was again to appear he remained calm. In fact, time had so mended his youthful heart that it was a regular apple of oblivion and peace. Her image in his thought was as the track of a bird on deep snow—it was an impression, but it did not concern the depths. However, he did what befitted his state. He went out and bragged in the street: "My cousin in comin' next week f'om New York. My cousin is comin' next week f'om New York."

"Girl or boy?" said the populace bluntly, but when enlightened they speedily cried, "Oh, we remember her!" They were charmed, for they thought of her as an outlaw, and they surmised that she could lead them into a very ecstasy of sin. They thought of her as a brave bandit, because they had been whipped for various pranks into which she had led them. When Jimmie made his declaration they fell into a state of pleased and shuddering expectancy.

Mrs. Trescott pronounced her point of view: "The child is a nice child if only Caroline had some sense. But she hasn't. And Willis is like a wax figure. I don't see what can be done unless—unless you simply go to Willis and put the whole thing right at him." Then, for the purposes of indication, she improvised a speech: "Look here, Willis; you've got a little daughter, haven't you? But, confound it, man, she is not the only girl child ever brought into the sunlight. There are a lot of children. Children are an ordinary phenomenon. In China they drown girl babies. If you wish to submit to this frightful impostor and tyrant, that is all very well, but why in the name of humanity do you make us submit to it?"

Dr. Trescott laughed. "I wouldn't dare say it to him."

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Trescott determinedly, "that is what you should say to him."

"It wouldn't do the slightest good. It would only make him very angry, and I would lay myself perfectly open to a suggestion that I had better attend to my own affairs with more rigor."

"Well, I suppose you are right," Mrs. Trescott again said.

"Why don't you speak to Caroline?" asked the doctor humorously.

"Speak to Caroline! Why, I wouldn't for the world! She'd fly through the roof. She'd snap my head off! Speak to Caroline! You must be mad!"

One afternoon the doctor went to await his visitors on the platform of the railway station. He was thoughtfully smiling. For some quaint reason he was convinced that he was to be treated to a quick manifestation of little Cora's peculiar and interesting powers. And yet when the train paused at the station there appeared to him only a pretty little girl in a fur lined hood and with her nose reddening from the sudden cold and—attended respectfully by her parents. He smiled again, reflecting that he had comically exaggerated the dangers of dear little Cora. It amused his philosophy to note that he had really been perturbed.

As the big sleigh sped homeward there was a sudden shrill outcry from the angel child: "Oh, mamma, mamma! They've forgotten my stove!"

"Hush, dear; hush!" said the mother. "It's all right."

"Oh, but, mamma, they've forgotten my stove!"

The doctor thrust his chin suddenly out of his top coat collar. "Stove?" he said. "Stove? What stove?"

"Oh, just a toy of the child's," explained the mother. "She's grown so fond of it, she loves it so, that if we didn't take it everywhere with her she'd suffer dreadfully. So we always bring it."

"Oh!" said the doctor. He pictured a little tin trinket. But when the stove was really unmasked it turned out to be an affair of cast iron as big as a portmanteau and, as the stage people say, practicable. There was some trouble that evening when came the hour of children's bedtime. Little Cora burst into a wild declaration that she could not retire for the night unless the stove was carried upstairs and placed at her bedside. While the mother was trying to dissuade the child the Trescotts held their peace and gazed with awe. The incident closed when the lamb eyed father gathered the stove in his arms and preceded the angel child to her chamber.

In the morning Trescott was standing with his back to the dining room fire, awaiting breakfast, when he heard a noise of descending guests. Presently the door opened, and the party entered in regular order. First came the angel child, then the cooing mother and last the great painter with his arm full of the stove. He deposited it gently in a corner and sighed. Trescott wore a wide grin.

"What are you carting that thing all over the house for?" he said brutally. "Why don't you put it some place where she can play with it and leave it there?"

The mother rebuked him with a look. "Well, if it gives her pleasure, Ned," she expostulated softly—"if it makes the child happy to have the stove with her, why shouldn't she have it?"

"Just so," said the doctor, with calmness.

Jimmie's idea was the roaring fireplace in the cabin of the lone mountaineer. At first he was not able to admire a girl's stove built on well known domestic lines. He eyed it and thought it was very pretty, but it did not move him immediately. But a certain respect grew to an interest, and he became the angel child's accomplice. And even if he had not had an interest grow upon him he was certain to have been implicated sooner or later because of the imperious way of little Cora, who made a serf of him in a few swift sentences. Together they carried the stove out into the desolate garden and squatted it in the snow. Jimmie's snug little muscles had been pitted against the sheer nervous vigor of this little golden haired girl, and he had not won great honors. When the mind blazed inside the small body, the angel child was pure force. She began to speak: "Now, Jim, get some paper. Get some wood—little sticks at first. Now we want a match. You got a match? Well, go get a match. Get some more wood. Hurry up now! No, no! I'll light it my own self. You get some more wood. There! Isn't that splendid? You get a whole lot of wood an' pile it up here by the stove. An' now what'll we cook? We must have somethin' to cook, you know, else it ain't like the real."

"Potatoes," said Jimmie at once.

The day was clear, cold, bright. An icy wind sped from over the waters of

The lamb eyed father preceded the angel child to her chamber.

the lake. A grown person would hardly have been abroad save on compulsion of a kind, and yet when they were called to luncheon the two little simpletons protested with great cries.

* * * * * * *

The ladies of Whilomville were somewhat given to the pagan habit of tea parties. When a tea party was to befall a certain house, one could read it in the manner of the prospective hostess, who for some previous days would go about twitching this and twisting that and dusting here and polishing there. The ordinary habits of the household began then to disagree with her, and her unfortunate husband and children fled to the lengths of their tethers. Then there was a hush. Then there was a tea party. On the fatal afternoon a small picked company of latent enemies would meet. There would be a fanfare of affectionate greetings, during which everybody would measure to an inch the importance of what everybody else was wearing. Those who wore old dresses would wish then that they had not come, and those who saw that in the company they were well clad would be pleased or exalted or filled with the joys of cruelty. Then they had tea, which was a habit and a delight with none of them, their usual beverage being coffee with milk.

Usually the party jerked horribly in the beginning, while the hostess strove and pulled and pushed to make its progress smooth. Then suddenly it would be off like the wind, eight, fifteen or twenty-five tongues clattering, with a noise like a cotton mill combined with the noise of a few penny whistles. Then the hostess had nothing to do but to look glad and see that everybody had enough tea and cake. When the door was closed behind the last guest, the hostess would usually drop into a chair and say, "Thank heaven, they're gone!" There would be no malice in this expression. It simply would be that, womanlike, she had flung herself headlong at the accomplishment of a pleasure which she could not even define and at the end she felt only weariness.

The value and beauty or oddity of the teacups was another element which entered largely into the spirit of these terrible enterprises. The quality of the tea was an element which did not enter at all. Uniformly it was rather bad. But the cups! Some of the more ambitious people aspired to have cups each of a different pattern, possessing, in fact, the sole similarity that with their odd curves and dips of form they each resembled anything but a teacup. Others of the more ambitious aspired to a quite severe and godly "set," which when viewed appalled one with its austere and rigid family resemblances and made one desire to ask the hostess if the teapot was not the father of all the little cups and at the same time protesting gallantly that such a young and charming cream jug surely could not be their mother.

But of course the serious part is that these collections so differed in style and the obvious amount paid for them that nobody could be happy. The poorer ones envied; the richer ones feared, the poorer ones continually striving to overtake the leaders, the leaders always with their heads turned back to hear overtaking footsteps. And none of these things here written did they know. Instead of seeing that they were very stupid, they thought they were very fine. And they gave and took heart bruises—fierce, deep heart bruises—under the clear impression that of such kind of rubbish was the kingdom of nice people. The characteristics of outsiders of course emerged in shreds from these tea parties, and it is doubtful if the characteristics of insiders escaped entirely. In fact, these tea parties were in the large way the result of a conspiracy of certain unenlightened people to make life still more uncomfortable.

Mrs. Trescott was in the circle of tea fighters largely through a sort of artificial necessity—a necessity, in short, which she had herself created in a spirit of femininity.

When the painter and his family came for the holidays Mrs. Trescott had for some time been feeling that it was her turn to give a tea party, and she was resolved upon it, now that she was re-enforced by the beautiful wife of the painter, whose charms would make all the other women feel badly. And Mrs. Trescott further resolved that the affair should be notable in more than one way. The painter's wife suggested that, as an innovation, they give the people good tea. But Mrs. Trescott shook her head. She was quite sure they would not like it.

It was an impressive gathering. A few came to see if they could not find out the faults of the painter's wife, and these, added to those who would have attended even without that attractive prospect, swelled the company to a number quite large for Whilomville. There were the usual preliminary jolts, and then suddenly the tea party was in full swing and looked like an unprecedented success.

Mrs. Trescott exchanged a glance with the painter's wife. They felt proud and superior. This tea party was almost perfection.

* * * * * * *

Jimmie and the angel child, after being oppressed by innumerable admonitions to behave correctly during the afternoon, succeeded in reaching the garden, where the stove awaited them. They were enjoying themselves grandly when snow began to fall so heavily that it gradually dampened their ardor as well as extinguished the fire in the stove. They stood ruefully until the angel child devised the plan of carrying the stove into the stable and there, safe from the storm, to continue the festivities. But they were met at the door of the stable by Peter Washington.

"What you 'bout, Jim?"

"Now—it's snowin' so hard, we thought we'd take the stove into the stable."

"An' have er fiah in it? No, seh! G'w'on 'way f'm heh!—g'w'on! Don' 'low no sech foolishin' round yere. No, seh!"

"Well, we ain't goin' to hurt your old stable, are we?" asked Jimmie ironically.

"Dat you ain't, Jim! Not so long's I keep my two eyes right plumb squaah pinted at ol' Jim. No, seh!" Peter began to chuckle in derision.

The two vagabonds stood before him while he informed them of their iniquities as well as their absurdities and further made clear his own masterly grasp of the spirit of their devices. Nothing affects children so much as rhetoric. It may not involve any definite presentation of common sense, but if it is picturesque they surrender decently to its influence. Peter was by all means a rhetorician, and it was not long before the two children had dismally succumbed to him. They went away.

Depositing the stove in the snow, they straightened to look at each other. It did not enter either head to relinquish the idea of continuing the game. But the situation seemed invulnerable.

The angel child went on a scouting tour. Presently she returned. Presently she returned flying. "I know! Let's have it in the cellar! In the cellar! Oh, it'll be lovely!"

The outer door of the cellar was open, and they proceeded down some steps with their treasure. There was plenty of light. The cellar was high walled, warm and dry. They named it an ideal place. Two huge cylindrical furnaces were humming away, one at either end. Overhead the beams detonated with the different emotions which agitated the tea party.

Jimmie worked like a stoker, and soon there was a fine bright fire in the stove. The fuel was of small brittle sticks which did not make a great deal of smoke.

"Now, what 'll we cook?" cried little Cora. "What 'll we cook, Jim? We

He slid the shovel in upon the red coals

must have something to cook, you know."

"Potatoes," said Jimmie.

But the angel child made a scornful gesture. "No. I've cooked 'bout a million potatoes, I guess. Potatoes aren't nice any more."

Jimmie's mind was all said and done when the question of potatoes had been passed, and he looked weakly at his companion.

"Haven't you got any turnips in your house?" she inquired contemptuously. "In my house we have turnips."

"Oh, turnips!" exclaimed Jimmie, immensely relieved to find that the honor of his family was safe. "Turnips! Oh, bushels an' bushels an' bushels! Out in the shed!"

"Well, go an' get a whole lot," commanded the angel child. "Go an' get a whole lot. Grea' big ones. We always have grea' big ones."

Jimmie went to the shed and kicked gently at a company of turnips which the frost had amalgamated. He made three journeys to and from the cellar, carrying always the very largest types from his father's store. Four of them filled the oven of little Cora's stove. This fact did not please her, so they placed three rows of turnips on the hot top. Then the angel child, profoundly moved by an inspiration, suddenly cried out:

"Oh, Jimmie, let's play we're keepin' a hotel an' have got to cook for 'bout a thousand people, an' those two furnaces will be the ovens, an' I'll be the chief cook"—

"No; I want to be chief cook some of the time," interrupted Jimmie.

"No; I'll be chief cook my own self. You must be my 'sistant. Now I'll prepare 'em. See? An' then you put 'em in the ovens. Get the shovel. We'll play that's the pan. I'll fix 'em an' then you put 'em in the oven. Hold it still now."

Jim held the coal shovel while little Cora, with a frown of importance, arranged turnips in rows upon it. She patted each one daintily and then backed away to view it, with her head critically sideways.

"There!" she shouted at last. "That'll do, I guess. Put 'em in the oven."

Jimmie marched with his shovelful of turnips to one of the furnaces. The door was already open, and he slid the shovel in upon the red coals.

"Come on," cried little Cora. "I've got another batch nearly ready."

"But what am I goin' to do with these?" asked Jimmie. "There ain't only one shovel."

"Leave 'em in there," retorted the girl passionately. "Leave 'em in there an' then play you're comin' with another pan. 'Tain't right to stand there an' hold the pan, you goose."

So Jimmie expelled all the turnips from his shovel out upon the furnace fire and returned obediently for another batch.

"These are puddings!" yelled the angel child gleefully. "Dozens an' dozens of puddings for the thousand people at our grea' big hotel."

* * * * * * *

At the first alarm the painter had fled to the doctor's office, where he hid his face behind a book and pretended that he did not hear the noise of feminine reveling. When the doctor came from a round of calls he, too, retreated upon the office, and the men consoled each other as well as they were able. Once Mrs. Trescott dashed in to say delightedly that her tea party was not only the success of the season, but it was probably the very nicest tea party that had ever been held in Whilomville. After vainly beseeching them to return with her she dashed away again, her face bright with happiness.

The doctor and the painter remained for a long time in silence, Trescott tapping reflectively upon the window pane. Finally he turned to the painter and, sniffing, said: "What is that, Willis? Don't you smell something?"

The painter also sniffed. "Why, yes! It's like—it's like turnips."

"Turnips? No; it can't be."

"Well, it's very much like it."

The puzzled doctor opened the door into the hall, and at first it appeared that he was going to give back two paces. A result of frizzling turnips, which was almost as tangible as mist, had blown in upon his face and made him gasp. "Good God! Willis, what can this be?" he cried.

"Whee!" said the painter. "It's awful, isn't it?"

The doctor made his way hurriedly to his wife, but before he could speak with her he had to endure the business of greeting a score of women. Then he whispered, "Out in the hall there's an awful"—

But at that moment it came to them on the wings of a sudden draft. The solemn odor of burning turnips rolled in like a sea fog and fell upon that dainty perfumed tea party. It was almost a personality. If some unbidden and extremely odious guest had entered the room the effect would have been much the same. The sprightly talk stopped with a jolt, and people looked at each other. Then a few brave and considerate persons made the usual attempt to talk away as if nothing had happened. They all looked at their hostess, who wore an air of stupefaction.

The odor of burning turnips grew and grew. To Trescott it seemed to make a noise. He thought he could

The solemn odor of burning turnips rolled in like a sea fog.

hear the dull roar of this outrage. Under some circumstances he might have been able to take the situation from a point of view of comedy, but the agony of his wife was too acute and, for him, too visible. She was saying: "Yes; we saw the play the last time we were in New York. I liked it very much. The scene in the second act—the gloomy church, you know, and all that, and the organ playing, and then when the four singing little girls came in"— But Trescott comprehended that she did not know if she was talking of a play or a parachute.

He had not been in the room twenty seconds before his brow suddenly flushed with an angry inspiration. He left the room hastily, leaving behind him an incoherent phrase of apology, and charged upon his office, where he found the painter somnolent.

"Willis," he cried sternly, "come with me! It's that d——n kid of yours!"

The painter was immediately agitated. He always seemed to feel more than any one else in the world the peculiar ability of his child to create resounding excitement, but he seemed always to exhibit his feelings very late. He arose hastily and hurried after Trescott to the top of the inside cellar stairway. Trescott motioned him to pause, and for an instant they listened.

"Hurry up, Jim!" cried the busy little Cora. "Here's another whole batch of lovely puddings. Hurry up, now, an' put 'em in the oven."

Trescott looked at the painter; the painter groaned. Then they appeared violently in the middle of the great kitchen of the hotel with a thousand people in it. "Jimmie, go upstairs!" said Trescott, and then he turned to watch the painter deal with the angel child.

With some imitation of wrath the painter stalked to his daughter's side and grasped her by the arm.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she screamed. "You're pinching me! You're pinching me! You're pinching me, papa!"

At first the painter had seemed resolved to keep his grip, but suddenly he let go her arm in a panic. "I've hurt her," he said, turning to Trescott.

Trescott had swiftly done much toward the obliteration of the hotel kitchen, but he looked up now and spoke, after a short period of reflection. "You've hurt her, have you? Well, hurt her again. Spank her!" he cried enthusiastically. "Spank her, confound you, man! She needs it. Here's your chance. Spank her, and spank her good. Spank her!"

The painter naturally wavered over this incendiary proposition, but at last, in one supreme burst of daring, he shut his eyes and again grabbed his precious offspring.

The spanking was lamentably the work of a perfect bungler. It couldn't have hurt at all, but the angel child raised to heaven a loud, clear soprano howl that expressed the last word in even mediaeval anguish. Soon the painter was aghast. "Stop it, darling! I didn't mean—I didn't mean to—to hurt you so much, you know." He danced nervously. Trescott sat on a box and devilishly smiled.

But the pasture call of suffering motherhood came down to them, and a moment later a splendid apparition appeared on the cellar stairs. She understood the scene at a glance. "Willis! What have you been doing?"

Trescott sat on his box, the painter guiltily moved from foot to foot, and the angel child advanced to her mother with arms outstretched, making a piteous wail of amazed and pained pride that would have moved Peter the Great. Regardless of her frock, the panting mother knelt on the stone floor and took her child to her bosom and looked then, bitterly, scornfully, at the cowering father and husband.

The painter, for his part, at once looked reproachfully at Trescott, as if to say: "There! You see?"

Trescott arose and extended his hands in a quiet but magnificent gesture of despair and weariness. He seemed about to say something classic, and, quite instinctively, they waited. The stillness was deep, and the wait was longer than a moment. "Well," he said, "we can't live in the cellar. Let's go upstairs."

Thanks to the Weather.

By JOANNA SINGLE.

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It was the weather in the first place, thought Edith very drearily as she watched the rain beat against the window. If she and Richard had not been caught in a sudden shower to the utter ruin of her very prettiest dress, she would never have been irritable and quarreled with him about nothing at all, and she would not have expected him to take the fault upon himself when she alone—after the weather—was to blame. And now it had rained for nearly a week, and the inaction was driving her wild. She could only think, think and vainly try to overcome her pride and send for him.

For the thousandth time she drew from her dress his last letter and reread it:

Dearest—We have been friends and neighbors and sweethearts all our lives and should not let anything come between us. I love you, and if you will just send one word saying you want me I will come at your call and forget the nothing we quarreled about. Should we let anything so childish part us? I look for a word from you. If it does not come, I shall know that you really meant to break our engagement and shall of course not trouble you. But you couldn't have meant it, Edith? Fraternally yours,
RICHARD COPELAND.

That was all, but she had sent him no word, thinking that in time he would come anyhow, and then she would let him coax her out of her anger. But he had not come, and she could not fail to respect him for refusing to be played with.

So she was very wretched and blamed her own pride and the weather. The rain beat down warmly and intermittently, and all nature expanded and throve under its moist influence. Edith looked across the fields to the south to Richard's home, which one day was to have been also hers, and saw him out in the rain on his horse, coming from the town a few miles away. How often they two had ridden about the country together! And now it was all over. He would never come back to her—unless she sent for him. Could she do it? It was early in the afternoon, and she might send her little brother over with a note. She hesitated; then she went to her room and sat down to her desk. It would be a relief to write to him, even if she could not bring herself to send it to him.

Dear Richard—Will you come to see me tonight? I was horrid, and I am very sorry. If I had not been wet and cross I should not have thought of caring because you rode to town with Fay. Of course you could not help her overtaking you. She always was forward. Forgive me and come back. You know that—I love you—always. EDITH.

She sat looking at it. Then her heart misgave her. It had been two long months since they parted, and he might no longer care for her. He might care for Fay. The neighbors had said he had been to see her. The letter was altogether too unguarded. She could not tell him she loved him. So she carelessly thrust it into her dress with the letter from him.

She tried to busy herself about the house, but somehow she could not work. She was restless and felt as if her mother and sister saw it and would know that she fretted for Richard. She tried to read in her own room, but it seemed like a prison.

Along about 3 o'clock she felt as if the day had been years long. She could bear it no longer. She put on some heavy shoes and an old waterproof riding habit, wound her fair hair closely under a little cap and stood before the glass thinking what a fright she looked and rather rejoicing in the fact. What was the use of being beautiful when Richard no longer loved her?

She slipped out to the barn and saddled Ginger, her little mare, mounted and rode quickly out of the gate and northward, as she did not want to pass Richard's house. Her mother saw her ride off in the storm and wondered if the girl was going crazy, but was too late to call after her. At first Ginger wheeled and refused to believe that she was expected to splash her dainty hoofs through such pools of mud and water, but after a few snorts of protest Edith convinced her with the quirt that this wind and rain were really to be faced, and the little beast settled into a spiteful trot.

Edith rather rejoiced in buffeting the storm. The rain and wind cooled her hot cheeks, and the open air relieved the unbearable tension of her nervousness. For the first time since the trouble with Richard she allowed herself the unrestrained luxury of tears. Here out in the open, with the sting of raindrops in her face, she was free from prying eyes. She did not need to keep up her pride, and she could be as wretched as she really felt. She did not look about her, but rode mile after mile, letting the mare take her own course.

After riding an hour or so she noticed that the storm abated and, looking up, saw that the clouds

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The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JULY 9, 1907.

ATWOOD & FORBES,
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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.
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"More Things in Heaven and Earth."

"Even in pronounced Christian countries the watchful care of angels who, when on earth were related to us, is made the frequent theme of song and story which attracts our attention when considering the different civilizations."

We confess to the belief that the departed have a greater knowledge of us than we have of them. We have been accused of being a spiritualist. If it is meant one of the table-tipping stripe, it is as far from the truth as it can possibly be. You know there are spaces wider than lands can measure or the seas can fill—spaces between a truth and a lie, for instance.

We are simply a Scriptual spiritualist. If the unseen world around us is not peopled with the invisible ones coming and going, if the suburbs of the city that hath foundations do not reach from the sunrise side of the grave away and away, God knows where, then the Bible is as unreliable as the weather department or a medical almanac in its prognostications. If ministering spirits were not and are not sent forth to minister, strike the statement out of your mother's Bible.

Are the shadowy shapes that appear and disappear, that go and come again, all through the divine recordings, disordered fancies! And is the story of the resurrection a mere ghost story with no foundation in fact! Accept or reject, but our acceptance or rejection changes nothing. Do coming events never cast their shadows before? Are not there more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy—as Hamlet is made to say? An incredulous smile spreading wide as the size of the face will admit is not explanatory.

Here is a bit of unwritten history that awaits your explanation or your smile: A few years before our memory got into working order, an uncle of ours was foully murdered in Louisiana—shot and died instantly. Sitting in her room here in the village Grandmother heard the report of the pistol, and she turned to grandfather saying that Henry had been shot and was dead. The message came to the mother. The father heard no sound. This was before the days of wireless telegraphy and long distance telephones. No wires had been stretched from Louisiana to Maine, except invisible wires stretched by invisible hands. After your smile has subsided perhaps you will admit that that is not the usual way by which news is transmitted—out of the ordinary—not natural—sort of supernatural as it were, if you will excuse me.

Try this one. There is living in Auburn to-day a cousin who was in the army. A battle was going on. His regiment was not engaged, and he was up a tree in pursuit of knowledge, when he heard the command short and sharp, to "Fall in!" He was quick to obey the command, and none too quick to escape the shell that struck the perch in his tree. But—no command had been given at least by mortal tongue. If there really are guardian spirits, it was lucky for the boy that his guardian was on guard about that time of day; and still, had he not been so prompt to obey the call that never came he would have escaped the hell of Andersonville. The next time, my boy, the guard may be off duty, and out you go to join a mightier army than the Army of the Potomac.

I wonder if it be a fact as divinely recorded that, "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." And I wonder if there has been any noticeable change in the structure and general make-up of young men and old men since man was moulded. Do we build a theory on dreams and visions? Not on doughnut dreams and old cheese visions.

Here is a dream for you to play with and smile over. Uncle B. P. moved to Kentucky with his family, leaving behind an aged mother, and the days and the nights went on. One night uncle woke crying and was asked the reason. He said his mother was dead. He had seen her in a dream passing up the sky. That night she died. O, I guess there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of, Horatio, in your philosophy all right.

I was teaching at the East in 1872. There was a sick girl in the neighborhood, and among the scholars was a loved girl friend of hers. One early morning this friend dreamed that the sick one came to her bedside clad all in white, smiled upon her, pointed upward and vanished. Soon after they came in to tell her that Lottie was dead.

You are at liberty to call these things trivial—straws—but they all point one way. A few of the many "things" in heaven and earth not dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio, when strengthened and buttressed by the divine Word, make a solid background for the thought that man is not a bubble tossed up on the tide of time to be whirled for a moment and then vanish into nothingness—that the invisible world around us is not an unillumined, lifeless, empty void, and that there is a thoroughfare from the back door of every cemetery, from every grave—known and unknown, cared for or uncared for by human hands—in all God's universe.

"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave." Knowledge ends here. "Legions of angels can't confine me there." Belief enters here. But we are not anxious to exchange belief for knowledge, not while we are able to chore round some. JOHN.

Resolutions.

Whereas, The angel of death has again rapped at our portal and summoned from our midst a worthy and loved member of the order, it is but just and right that in recognition of her many virtues and exemplary life, a tribute be offered to her memory. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Roxanna Elder, Paris Grange recognizes and mourns the loss of a true and loved sister, one who practiced its precepts, and was ever ready when health would permit to help in its work; one whose gems of thought were of a high order, and were listened to with pleasure and admiration by its members.

Resolved, That while we as a fraternity mourn the loss of our sister, we realize the keener grief of those who were nearer and dearer, and extend a heartfelt sympathy to those who mourn the loss of mother, sister and friend.

O, we miss her, sadly miss her;
From our sight she is laid away;
But again we hope to meet her
In bright realms of endless day.
When we wear the crown immortal,
When we gather round the trone,
Where the angels sing triumphant
In our Father's home.

Resolved, That our altar be draped for the space of thirty days, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our grange and a copy be sent to the Oxford Democrat for publication.

S. E. JACKSON,
W. S. STARBIRD,
ABBIE A. SWAN, } Committee on Resolutions.

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, Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 11:45.

Work on the state road between South Paris and Paris Hill is progressing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Case, who have been spending the summer in Europe, sailed from London July 3d, and are due in New York July 10. Immediately upon their arrival they will come to Paris Hill.

Prof. E. A. Daniels of New York has arrived here with his daughter, Miss Mary, and son, Orland. Mrs. Daniels has gone to Canton to visit her mother but will join the family here in a few weeks. Miss Mary Daniels has as guests Miss Edna Layton, Miss Georgie Sweetzer and Miss Frieda Brown, all students of Barnard College, New York.

Guests at White Mountain View Farm this week are Dr. Chauncey B. Fowler and Dr. Robert Scrimgeour of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. Stickney of Franklin, Mass.

In an exciting and interesting base ball game July 4th, the single men of the village defeated the married men 6 to 5.

The usual good time was enjoyed at the Universalist Circle held at Academy Hall Friday evening. Music was furnished by three pieces of Stearns' orchestra and ice cream was sold during the dance.

A party of Paris Hill young people had a picnic at Hooper's Ledge Thursday evening.

A remarkably quiet Fourth on the whole; especially is this true of the "night before." The boys seemed to realize that the summer guests are worth more to Paris Hill than a night of sleepless disturbance and they are entitled to great praise for this.

Mr. Albert E. Davies of New York has joined his family here.

Prof. C. C. Wright of Harvard University has opened his house here for the summer.

Charles E. Case of Rochester, N. Y., joined his family who occupy the Forbes house, on July 4th.

Miss Alice Buel of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of Charles E. Case and family.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Thompson are guests at Elmhurst this week.

Mrs. William Wise of St. Louis is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Francis C. Case, at Lyonsden.

Mrs. Jarvis C. Carter of Montclair, N. J., has joined the family here. Misses Julia and Dorothea will come later in the summer to spend a short time.

William G. Harlow of Dixfield spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. George M. Atwood.

Miss Frances Carter of Bethel is spending a few days this week at the Carter house.

The circulation of books and magazines from Hamlin Memorial Hall for the month of June was as follows: Fiction, 57 volumes; natural science, 7; literatnre, 3; travels, 2; biography, 1; making a total of 70 books and 19 magazines.

Mr. E. T. Garland of the Maine Bible Society, Portland, supplied the pulpit at the Baptist church Sunday.

It has been moving week with several. Daniel Winslow has moved to the north tent in the Garland house; Mr. and Mrs. James Gibbs have moved to the south rent in the Union House; Reginald Cummings has moved into the court house rent and Alonzo Pomeroy, has moved into Benjamin Maxim's house.

Francis C. Case, Esq., who has been with his family at Lyonsden for some time, returns to New York Tuesday, and will come to Paris Hill again later in the season.

Among the arrivals of the past week is Mr. Waddles of New York. While it may seem in bad taste to comment thus publicly upon the personal appearance of any of our summer guests, we are willing to be forgiven for remarking that, judged from the sausage standard, Waddles maintains a pretty fair average, as what he lacks in length of legs he makes up in length of body, and best of all, he's dear to the heart of childhood.

When our good friend Olban A. Maxim gets out his fishing tackle and goes down the brook its awfully dangerous for innocent and unsuspecting trout to try flirting with his bait. A practical illustration was brought to the writer on a plate, thank you.

Mrs. J. B. Cole and son Howard went Monday morning to Guildhall, Vt., where they will spend two weeks.

The challenge cup for women is being played for at the golf links this afternoon. Miss Gertrude Brown now holds the cup and is challenged by Miss Helen Cole.

Mr. J. Murray Quimby has gone to Boston for a few days this week.

Miss Marie Morris of Fort Williams, Portland, is the guest of Miss Gertrude Brown this week.

This week's arrivals at The Beeches are Miss Grace Wright of Philadelphia, Miss Packard of Providence, R. I., Miss Diman of Providence, R. I., Miss Nellie Nichols of Boston, Miss Z. Smith of Boston, and Miss Ogden of Portland.

Oxford.

Miss M. I. Corning and her uncle, Mr. Gardiner Spring of Hartford, Conn., and Miss Nellie Hayes came here last week to spend the summer at "Highfields."

The pupils and friends of Prof. E. H. Pratt presented him with a chair and extension book case. Mr. Pratt's resignation as principal of the High School is much regretted by his many friends.

Miss Lena Perkins is attending the summer school at Orono.

Rev. Mr. Newport officiated at Mechanic Falls at the funeral of the son of Mr. Norman Snell of Massachusetts, formerly a resident of this town.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dawes of Auburn are visiting Mrs. Mary Dawes.

Miss Bertha Hazen of Portland is at home for a few weeks.

Mr. Horatio Smith of Welchville died June 30, after a long and painful illness. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

Miss H. E. Hersey sailed for Europe, June 27th. She is somewhat improved in health.

Prof. Caldwell and students came on Saturday to the summer school at camp Oxford.

Mr. Harry Hayes and wife of Baltimore are expected to come as a guest to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank visited in Lewiston at Mr. Miles Sturtevant's.

Mr. Alonzo Chadbourne of Worcester, Mass., a former resident, is visiting his relatives here.

Born July 1st, to the wife of Elmer Twitchell, a daughter.

Lovell.

A heavy storm of thunder, lightning and rain passed over here about one o'clock Saturday morning. No damage that we know.

The meeting of Suncook Grange on Friday evening was largely attended. Six were elected to membership and four admitted by initiation.

W. B. Hurd and wife are visiting for a week at Milan, N. H.

The Fourth was very quiet here. Some went to the celebration at Chatham and some to North Lovell.

At North Lovell there was a celebration during the day and evening, with dancing in Grange Hall.

Denmark.

Mr. Fred Sanborn has closed his saw mill at the Bartlett timber and has begun sawing shingle at his lower mill.

Mr. Augustine Ingalls is sawing shingle at his mill.

Base ball Saturday, last, Hiram vs. Denmark, resulted in favor of Denmark, 12 to 9.

A very quiet Fourth was passed in this town.

Mrs. Emma Warren of Portland is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Perkins.

Mrs. Fred Dyer and son of Roxbury, Mass., are guests at the Maplewood for the summer.

Mrs. Hannah Chase of Portland is also a guest at the Maplewood.

Mrs. Julia Shorey is nursing in Sebago at the home of Mr. Ross.

Bethel.

Miss Cleo Russell has finished her school at Hurricane Island and returned to her home.

Mr. A. M. Edwards and family have arrived in Bethel and opened their summer home.

Mr. L. B. Hopkins is at home for his summer vacation.

Wednesday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon Rowe was the scene of a very pretty home wedding when their only child, Herbert C. Rowe, and Miss Alice Russell were united in marriage by Rev. Israel Jordan. Only the immediate families and a few invited friends were present. The couple were the recipients of many beautiful presents. They left on the evening express for a wedding trip and will upon their return, reside on Park Street. Mr. Rowe has long been in dry goods business with his father, and Mrs. Rowe has been assistant in the post office for several years. They have many friends who extend hearty congratulations.

Last Sunday morning, (June 30) the community was shocked as the news of the death of little Gertie Lowe was made known. Although she had been suffering from an attack of tonsilitis, she had so far recovered as to be dressed and came down stairs, when Saturday morning she was taken suddenly ill and died early Sunday morning. She was a very bright little girl and will be much missed by her playmates. Much sympathy is expressed for the family.

The Fourth of July was ushered in with the usual noise. The day proved to be fine. In the morning the "Horriblies" appeared, and at 10:30 a game of base ball was played at Riverside Park between the married and single men. The former won the game 7 to 2. It was a well played game.

In the afternoon, horse racing called the lovers of that sport to the park.

There were a few private parties, and the fire works upon the lawn of Mr. Seth Walker were enjoyed by the little guests of Miss Therese Metcalf, who is visiting her grandfather and uncle.

The reports from W. F. Woodbury of Pottsville, Pa., are encouraging, and his brother, Rev. Webster Woodbury, who was with him until the crisis of the fever passed, has returned to his home in South Framingham, Mass.

Bowdoin College conferred the honorary degree of A. M., upon Principal F. E. Hanscom.

Mr. E. C. Bowler and son, Ernest, have returned from the Jamestown Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Rowe of Boston have opened their summer home on Broad Street.

Mr. Tom F. Hastings has so far recovered as to be seen upon the street.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

A letter from Mrs. R. J. Coffin, an Oxford County lady, now in Denver, Col., says: "Our winters here are fine. A few snow storms, but snow does not stay here but a few hours—have not seen a sleigh since being here, three years. The climate here is nearly perfect, and eastern people really have no idea what our Colorado sunshine is like, until they have been here. The prairies stretch away to the mountains, and there are no woods." She says when she thinks of our New England hills, rivers and forests, she hopes to see them again, and the home of our childhood, the place which memory will retain when all else is forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, *nee* Packard, and son Frank, left Brooklyn, N. Y., for her health three years ago. Her son Frank has enlisted in the National Guard for three years, and is now a member of Troop C Cavalry, and is now in target practice. His great-great-grandfather, Daniel Packard, was a character in "The Spy," Hollister by name there, and the incidents took place in New York, as J. Fenimore Cooper relates it. Mrs. Coffin was compelled through ill health to leave her home and go to Colorado, "The land of wealth and health." All roads lead to Denver, population 175,000. The above is from a letter recently sent to her sister in Bethel.

Bryant's Pond.

Rev. Henry R. Rose of Newark, N. J., will preach at the Universalist church July 7. Services at 10:30 A. M.

No celebration July 4th.

Samuel Frost of Togus is boarding at E. Crooker's.

H. E. Cole and wife of Lynn, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. E. J. Thompson is visiting her daughter in Davis, West Virginia, and will also make a trip to the Jamestown Exposition.

Mary P. Bartlett of Woodfords and Mrs. Etta Bartlett Day of Lewiston were in town Monday.

Mr. I. A. Hall and party of Paterson, N. J., arrived here July 3, and are occupying their cottage at the foot of the lake. Mr. Hall entertained the people with a fine display of fire works July 4th.

Guy Cole, who left here last week for Wilson's Mills where he is station agent, was badly hurt July 4th, by the accidental discharge of a revolver. He is now in the Central Maine Hospital.

Arthur Peverley of Boston is stopping at Dexter Peverley's.

Mrs. Matoria Billings is very low. The hope for her recovery is very slight.

A few farmers have begun haying. On most farms, grass is not grown yet.

There was a large crowd in town Wednesday to attend the auction of the Thompson livery stock. A. D. Park was auctioneer. The stock was nearly all sold by 3 P. M. The V. I. S. furnished dinner for the crowd at the Grange dining hall.

Frank Bartlett and wife of Long Island are boarding at A. C. Ricker's.

Stephen Rowe celebrated his ninty-second birthday July 4th. He was born in Hebron, now a part of Oxford in 1815. Augustus L. Rowe and wife and Lee M. Rowe and wife passed the day with him.

Hebron.

Mrs. J. L. Bumpus and two daughters have been visiting in Berwick, Me.

Mrs. Rowe of Poland visited Miss Grace Bumpus last week.

Mrs. J. C. Dunham and Miss Hazel Donham are at home from Lakemont, N. Y., where Miss Donham has been teaching in Palmer Institute the past two years.

Mrs. Judge Wing and her son, Mr. Nahum Wing, with his wife and child of Auburn, are spending a few days with Mrs. H. K. Stearns.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Butterfield and child are visiting his sister, Mrs. Ralph Glover.

Mrs. Strout and two little daughters of Portland are at Fred Sturtevant's.

Mrs. J. D. Sturtevant and Miss Etta Sturtevant have been at the old home for a week.

Miss Eva Barrows is at home for the summer vacation.

Mrs. H. A. Cushman and Miss Daisy Cushman are at A. M. Richardson's.

Miss Nina Glover went to Vermont Monday for the summer.

East Waterford.

L. M. Sanderson went to Limerick Wednesday to attend the wedding of his son, Burton W., who at noon of that day was united to Miss Minnie Halford of Limerick. We wish them all possible happiness.

The Fourth passed very quietly.

The McIntire's had their usual picnic at Pappoose Pond on the Fourth.

The Kemp family gave an entertainment in Haskell's Hall Tuesday evening.

Ansel Bean is at home from Togus to stay until after haying.

At an entertainment in Temple Hill School House at the close of the term a small admission fee was asked and ice cream sold. Enough was realized to pay for a second-hand organ for use in the meetings.

Wilson's Mills.

A party of Parmacheenee Club members came down the river Tuesday in the steamer Bobcat, through five miles of logs. The logs in the river will keep a good many club members from making their annual trip to Parmacheenee Lake.

Wednesday evening a lawn party was held at D. C. Bennett's in the interest of Aziscoos Grange with ice cream and cake for sale, proceeds $13; pretty good in spite of the showers. About 40 present.

H. G. Bennett, who has had a crew working on the road, finished Wednesday night.

H. B. Pennock and Sam McKenney have got done on the A. L. Co.'s drive.

The extremely hot weather has given place to some a few degrees cooler since the showers of Wednesday.

Greenwood.

The 4th of July has come and gone, and still the world is rolling on, as it has rolled long years before, and will till time shall be no more. Those who attended the celebration at the city reported a good time for a small fry, and the day was all that could be desired.

The schools all closed last Wednesday, and we understand they were a success. Ours closed with declamations and singing by the scholars, followed by a fine treat on confectionery, including the company, consisting of six persons with the writer, all of whom got a generous share. Miss Richardson is a first class teacher and has engaged the fall term.

Miss Annie Kimball, who taught at the City, is here on a visit and has also engaged the fall term at that place. She has taught thirteen terms of school, ten of which were in this town and needs no further commendation.

The last paper reported the deaths of two persons with whom we used to be acquainted, Nathan Mills and Bradford Bisbee, the latter of whom was our first cousin. These two carry our death record up to twenty during the first half of the year. This, although not a very pleasant record to keep, shows us, at least, how rapidly "we are going down the valley one by one"

Last year Herbert Ring put in a silo, which worked so well that his brother Wesley is now at work on one for himself.

The population still continues, this time it is a girl and belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maxfield.

One of the plays on the 4th was a base ball game between the City and Patch Mountain, the latter leading in the game by 13 to 8.

Lying before us is a piece of money, milled on the edge, and containing a bust on one side, around which are these words: Edward VII Dei Gratia Rex Imperator. In a circle on the opposite side is the word Newfoundland, and in the center 50 cents, 1904, all the lettering being in capitals.

Hoeing is now on, in every sense of the word, while haying, so to speak, is knocking at the door.

West Bethel.

The brave red clover dances in the mowing,
In upland fields the daisies white are blowing,
The west wind brings sweet sounds of life to me,
"Work," says the wind, "all things do work with thee."

The air is heavy with the scent of roses;
The twilight lingers, and each morn discloses
A fresh, new world to my delightful eyes,
In which I work, yet dream of Paradise.

Wild roses are blooming, the whole air perfuming,
Each morn with their fragrance sweet;
If you wander in highways, or 'long country byways,
The breezes betray their retreat.

The Fourth passed quietly, and without accidents.

John Stiles attended the auction sale of horses in Bryant's Pond village Wednesday.

Elbert R. Briggs, who has been in South Paris three weeks, is expected to return this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus A. Skillings have their three daughters with them for the summer.

Big watermelons are now displayed in shop windows, and prices are correspondingly big.

A. C. Hobbs made a short visit to his home in Conway, N. H., last week.

Edwin R. Briggs will go to Auburn next Tuesday to attend the Probate Court of Androscoggin County.

W. D. Mills has returned home from Dummer, N. H., and is working in his blacksmith shop and on his farm.

Our village school closed June 28th with a picnic, and Miss Gwendolyn Stearns has given good satisfaction as teacher.

G. L. Allen and wife of Kennebunk have come to West Bethel to spend the summer with his brother, L. E. Allen, and family.

Nature wears a smiling face since the rain of last week, but insects of all kinds are trying to check the growth of vegetation.

W. H. Hobbs and Alanson Tyler are employed by L. G. Whitten of this village as agents for the sale of pictures and frames, and have met with good success in the towns visited.

Ward Lary of this village died on the morning of July 4th of consumption. He leaves a wife, but no children. His parents and his wife's parents reside here.

North Paris.

Mrs. Arthur Bessey and Marion of Bryant's Pond, with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Dow of West Sumner, were at B. K. Dow's July 1st.

Walter Littlehale is visiting his brother, Albert Littlehale, at Durham, N. H., for a few days.

Mrs. Mary Denham, Mrs. Evie Lappin and two children and Mr. Bicknell spent the 4th at M. S. Bubier's.

The Prentiss family have paid over the library fund held by them so many years to the directors of the Prentiss Library Association.

Marcellus Littlehale is at Falmouth.

Sadie, Gertrude and Grace Howard of Norway are visiting their cousin, Mrs. Francis Littlehale.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Andrews and family of Portland are at his father's, America Andrews' for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are at A. T. Hollis'.

East Sumner.

The "Glorious Fourth" passed off very quietly. With the exception of a few explosions of fire crackers one would hardly realize that we were celebrating the nation's birthday. Very few went away on the trains and the day was void of any special features. A few went to the picnic at Anasaguntocook Lake and a few went away with their teams to celebrate the day elsewhere. The boys cut up a few antics with old carriages, loose boards, etc., but no damage or trouble resulted.

The funeral services of D. Blake Keene, an aged citizen of Sumner, occured Friday, July 5th.

We have just returned from Kineo, at Moosehead Lake, where we attended the meeting of the Fish and Game Association, of which we may refer later.

Our school closed on Wednesday and was very successful under the charge of Miss Palmer of Hollis, who, we learn is to teach at the next term.

Rev. J. S. Richards of North Yarmouth is expected to supply the pulpit here on July 14th.

The Congregational Society have been putting their buildings in repair, and when the job is completed they will be in good shape for occupancy.

The meetings of the Oxford Baptist quarterly meeting held here recently were said to be quite well attended and interesting. Many were prevented from attending the evening services on account of a thunder shower.

Arthur Heald and family of South Weymouth, Mass., are stopping for a time at the Heald homestead on Sumner Hill.

Summer guests are arriving on nearly every train along the line, indicating a heavy travel this season.

Mexico.

The visitors of last week were many, among them Geo. I. Virgin, who has a brother, Leavitt O., and many other relatives here; Wm. W. Bolster, who was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Abbie L. Reed, both from Auburn. Rev. Mr. Fisher had as guest Hon. Josiah Croby, Jr., from Dexter.

Dennis M. Davenport and wife, having made a three weeks' visit with relatives in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, returned Wednesday.

Miss Emma Gleason is making an extended visit in Franklin, visiting relatives, schoolmates and former neighbors.

Mell Doyen's camp at Garland Pond, Roxbury, was visited the 4th by Will L. Noble and wife, Arthur Kidder, Peter Burns, Harry Kinnear and Henry W. Park, Jr., accompanied by ladies.

Mason.

Perry Bean from Albany and lady friend from Orono visited friends in town a few days the past week.

Fred Mundt cut his foot quite badly while at work for Eli A. Grover.

Will Chadbourne was in town one day this week.

Dr. Coolidge from North Waterford was in town with his auto Tuesday.

Mrs. Solomon Westleigh has gone on a visit to her former home in Nova Scotia.

West Paris.

A quiet Fourth here! Many were out of town and a few fire crackers and some fire works in the evening were about all of importance. The night before some of the boys had a little fun at the expense of others but no damage was done. In the evening there was a ball at Dunham's Hall, with about forty couples in attendance. There was good music by members of the Norway orchestra and at intermission ice cream was furnished. The whole affair was under the auspices of the W. P. A. C.

There were some visitors in town, among them being Mr. E. S. Berry and two grand-children of Mechanic Falls. They returned home the next day.

S. B. Ellingwood and Allan Cole are in Upton and vicinity where Mr. Ellingwood is prospecting for his fur trapping this fall.

Mrs. Susan H. Edwards is supplying the pulpit at the Free Baptist church during July and August.

West Paris first ball team seems rather "down on luck." At a game last Saturday on Whitman's field they played with Norway and were beaten. Score 6 to 1. It was quite an interesting game as in the first few innings it was "neck and neck" between the teams. Norway has a good team and played a good game. There are good players in the West Paris team and we hope they will make a big effort to capture some of the honors soon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dunham are at Five Islands, where they will spend two or three weeks with their son, H. R. Dunham, of Waterville, who is having a vacation there at his summer cottage.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Bryant of South Paris is making a visit here.

Buckfield.

Rev. A. W. Pottle was called Thursday forenoon to conduct the funeral services of Blake Keene of Sumner, who passed away Tuesday afternoon, July 2. He was seventy-eight years of age and leaves a widow and one son, Lauren A., who resides in Hartford, and two daughters, Mrs. Anna Gouchier of Buckfield and Mrs. Ella Bradeen of Sumner.

The Buckfield W. C. T. U. and the members of the Nezinscot History Club were the guests of the Turner W. C. T. U. last Wednesday at the home of Capt. Henry Irish. About fifty ladies and gentlemen were present, among the number being the local clergymen and their wives. The address of welcome was made by Mrs. Quimby, the president of the Turner Union, and reponded to by Mrs. Pottle, president of the Buckfield Union. A fine programme of entertainment was given, after which all sat down to a picnic supper. A very enjoyable occasion is reported.

The "Glorious Fourth" passed off very quietly and pleasantly, very much to the gratification of the conservative element in the community. We hear of no drunks or accident and are inclined to think that we are fast becoming a model community.

Miss Amy Shaw, teacher in the Sherwin School, Boston, is at home for her summer vacation with her mother, Mrs. I. W. Shaw.

Mr. Luther Irish and family of West Paris are spending the week with friends in town. Their little daughter Elizabeth is fast developing into a most interesting member of the family, especially in the estimation of her doting grandparents.

Mrs. Thurza Crockett and Mrs. A. W. Horton of Sumner have been calling on friends in town the past week.

Mr. Leander Kilbrith and son, Edward E., of Canton, have been the guests of his sister, Mrs. Gilbert Tilton. Master Edward is a bright boy of four years and is all right any way.

J. M. Millet and family and Harry Dudley attended the Sunday School excursion and picnic Thursday, at Anasaguntocook Lake.

Mrs. Melissa Cressey, who has been stopping for some weeks with Mrs. Stanley Benson, is visiting at North Buckfield.

Miss Julia A. Gile is visiting in Boston, intending to be away from home two or three weeks.

Mr. Kimball Prince had his summer house put in a reversible order on Wednesday night. We are not informed that Mr. Prince superintended the job himself. However, it seemed to be well done.

West Sumner.

The glorious Fourth has come and gone. It was ushered in very quietly, but before the day passed a gay and festive throng gathered, and things became lively. The ladies of the Baptist Circle served dinner to two hundred persons. A short entertainment was given, consisting of music and readings. There were twenty babies present, namely: Vernon Redding, Ida Bisbee, Gerald Hammond, Rita and Myrtle Ryerson, Kenneth Pulsifer, Odell Heath, Marion Ames, Linnie Dyer, Ava and Amy Gerry, Annie Chandler, Edna Thomas, Mildred and Rachel Small, Lawrence Marston, Rachel Dyer and Clifford Abbott, who took the first prize, a crib quilt. Velma Bonney took the second prize, a baby jacket, and Lawrence Andrews the third, a pad. All pronounced it a very enjoyable occassion. About $22.00 was realized from the dinner and the sale of votes. Among those from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Noyes of South Paris, the Misses Louise and Lelia Chase and E. E. Field and family of North Paris, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Beck of Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Robbins and son, Rupert, are taking an outing. They will spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Andrews at their camp at Shapp Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Heath of Boston are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Heath.

At a meeting held Monday evening, Al Hadley was hired to gather the cream in place of Warren French, who has resigned.

West Lovell.

John Wellman with his wife and friend, all of Lynn, are stopping for a ten days' trip at V. H. McAllister's.

Miss Evelyn Lord is at home from North Bridgton, where she went to work.

W. S. Fox had a severe attack with his head from the effects of working with dynamite.

L. E. Fox of Bangor, wife and child, are visiting his relatives here.

Rosenbloom, the peddler from North Conway, was through the place Wednesday.

School closed July 2d.

East Brownfield.

Last Friday afternoon and evening Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Fessenden of Fryeburg Road celebrated their forty-fifth wedding anniversary. There was a large attendance, including many out-of-town guests.

Marion Johnson has been visiting in Cornish.

The Congregational Circle was entertained by Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney and daughter Isabel at their cottage on Mill Road.

It seems that on the night before the 4th the janitor said, "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night," for it is claimed that the tongue was removed from the bell so that the "boys" could not ring it.

The W. C. T. U. fair held June 28th was very successful, about twenty dollars being received. The L. T. L. had a table of fancy articles, which sold quite readily. The entertainment was furnished by the Legion.

Mrs. Gertrude Stevens Leavitt has been entertaining her mother, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens and Miss Anna Gordon of Portland.

Several received slight injuries while celebrating the Fourth.

Leon Mincher is at L. R. Giles'.

There was a display of fire-works and ballon ascensions in this village Thursday evening.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

is the popular cry throughout European countries: while in America, the cry of the present day is "Long live Dr. King's New Discovery, King of Throat and Lung Remedies!" of which Mrs. Julia Ryder Paine, Truro, Mass., says: "It never fails to give immediate relief and to quickly cure a cough or cold." Mrs. Paine's opinion is shared by a majority of the inhabitants of this country. New Discovery cures weak lungs and sore throats after all other remedies have failed; and for coughs and colds it's the only sure cure. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., druggists. 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Saturday's Ball Games.

SOUTH PARIS 7; WATERFORD 6.

South Paris defeated Waterford at the fair grounds Saturday afternoon in a fine game in which every one present got their money's worth of ball playing and excitement. Neither team was sure of the game until the last man was out, one team leading in one inning and the other in the next, and never through the game were they more than two scores apart.

Cole, although not fully recovered from the injury he received the Fourth, was in the box for Paris, and while not as effective as in the previous game, he pitched good ball and deserved to win. Sanderson also pitched well for Waterford; he had excellent control and his two passes to first were both given to Cole when there were men on bases, and it was evident he did not intend to put the ball over the plate where Cole could hit it.

In the first inning Waterford went out in order, but Paris made a good try for runs, but with men on second and third and only one out, they could not score. Neither team did anything in the second. In the third, Knight's single, C. Brown's sacrifice, N. Brown's single, and Spring's error gave Waterford two runs. Paris got these back and one more in her half on singles by Clark and Hebbard, a base on balls to Cole, and Spaulding's error on Spring's hit. Waterford got a run in the fourth on Clark's error and Stuart's two-base hit, tying the score. They took the lead in the fifth, when a base on balls, Clark's error, Munroe's hit and a fielder's choice gave them two scores. They could not score in the next three innings, but got a man to first in each.

Paris could not score in the fourth and fifth, but got a run in the sixth. Titcomb singled, Parlin laid down a nice bunt and beat the throw, Titcomb going to third, scoring on Clark's out to center field. Cole started the seventh with a single, Hebbard flied out to the pitcher and spring sacrificed; with two out, the crowd begged Lowell to get a hit and score Cole, he responded with a clean drive over second, the return to the plate to catch Cole was high, and Lowell got around to third. Bolster poped a fly to third but the sun bothered the third baseman and Lowell scored. Titcomb singled, putting Bolster or third, but Parlin closed the inning by hitting to the pitcher. In the eighth, with one out, Shaw doubled, Sanderson refused to take a chance on Cole and passed him; Hebbard flied out but Spring singled, scoring Shaw. Waterford made a great try to even up the score in the ninth. Knight sent a slow one to Bolster and beat the throw; he then stole second. C. Brown sent a grounder to first and was out, Knight taking third; N. Brown singled, Knight scoring. Munroe flied out to Spring, but Spaulding hit safely. With men on second and third and two out, Sanderson made a good try for a hit but Spring pulled in his fly after a short, hard run, and the supporters of the Paris team sent up a howl of delight, for the game was theirs.

The features of the game was the work of Stuart, the Waterford catcher, and the batting of the Paris team; every man on the team got at least one hit. The score:

SOUTH PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaw, l.f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Cole, p.	3	2	0	0	0	0
Hebbard, 1-b.	5	1	1	9	0	0
Spring, c.f.	4	0	2	4	0	1
Lowell, 3-b.	5	1	1	2	1	0
Bolster, s.s.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Titcomb, 2-b.	4	1	2	3	0	0
Parlin, r.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Clark, c.	4	1	2	6	1	2
Totals,	37	7	13	27	9	3

WATERFORD.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Munroe, 2-b.	5	1	2	1	1	1
Spaulding, s.s.	5	0	1	0	1	1
Sanderson, p.	5	0	0	1	5	0
Manning, 1-b.	4	1	0	15	0	1
Stuart, c.	4	0	1	4	2	0
W. Brown, 3-b.	4	0	1	1	3	0
Knight, r.f.	4	2	2	0	0	0
C. Brown, c.f.	2	1	0	1	0	0
N. Brown, l.f.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Totals,	37	6	9	24	12

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.
Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing June 16, 1907,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—4:51 A. M., daily; 9:34 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:04 P. M., daily; 6:00 P. M., Sunday only.

Going up (west)—9:57 A. M., daily; 3:26 P. M., daily except Sunday; 10:15 P. M., daily; 10:22 P. M., Sunday only.

Eunice Caswell is confined to the house.

Miss Vida Jenne is in the hospital at Lewiston for treatment.

Mrs. Arthur S. Hall of Buckfield called on friends in town the 4th.

Mrs. Grinfill Stuart is spending a vacation with relatives at Peak's Island.

Miss Grace Bennett is at home for the vacation from her teaching in Amesbury, Mass.

Mrs. L. S. Strickland is in the Maine General Hospital, Portland, for surgical treatment.

Miss Grace Penley has gone to Kennebunkport where she will be employed this summer.

Miss Mabel G. Hathaway is at home for the vacation from her teaching in Rockport, Mass.

Mrs. Cuvier Colby and two children of Berlin, N. H., visited at F. A. Taylor's a few days last week.

Miss Edith M. Maxwell, who is a teacher in Melrose, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Stewart.

A. L. & E. F. Goss Co. have just finished putting in a furnace at the residence of C. E. Brett.

Oscar Mason went on a combined business and pleasure trip to his old home in Bethel and Mason last week.

William P. Morton and George F. Eastman spent a few days at Camp Concord in Woodstock last week, on a fishing trip.

Howard G. Wheeler, who is on the road in telephone work, with headquarters at Burlington, Vt., was at home for the Fourth.

Mrs. W. W. Walker and son Harold of Woodfords have been with relatives here for a few days. Mr. Walker was here over the Fourth.

Leon Taylor and wife of West Bethel, who spent a few days last week visiting relatives in Norway, called on friends in South Paris July 4th.

Mrs. Jacob Nichols has recently returned from a visit of a few weeks in Boston, and was accompanied by her grandson, Gilbert Swett.

C. E. Weston, who has been working for the Paris Manufacturing Co., has left their employ and will go to Auburn where he will find employment.

Miss Maud Carter has gone to Locke's Mills to spend two weeks camping at South Pond with the family of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Packard of West Paris.

Twenty members of the Morton, Crockett and Forbes families ate a picnic dinner in Penley's Grove on the Fourth, and enjoyed the afternoon quietly.

Mrs. Agnes Penfold and son Raymond go this week for a three weeks' stay at Brookton, where Ralph Penfold and Don Briggs are running a sportsmen's hotel.

Mr. E. N. Haskell and family opened the camp at the Haskell farm on July 4th. They will live there during the remainder of the summer as in previous years.

Miss Eunice Fobes, who teaches in Wakefield, Mass., arrived home for the vacation last Tuesday. Miss Eva Swett, who had been visiting in Massachusetts for two weeks, returned with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton C. Wheeler, Harry M. Wheeler, and Miss Mabel A. Hayes of Auburn, went Wednesday to Washburn Pond in Woodstock, where they will spend some two weeks in camp.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Plummer made a trip to Britton's Mills the Fourth, to visit Mrs. Plummer's sister, Mrs. Fred Adkins. They made the trip in M. W. Maxim's Orient motor wagon and had excellent trip.

Gothic Street continues to shine up. The cement walk has been extended past the houses of George Wise and E. M. Dunham on the north side of the street. The residents on the street say it is the Commonwealth Avenue of the town.

Wednesday morning a deer came into the village near the Park Street bridge, came up Park Street in front of the house of J. E. Murch, and after looking around a while, swam across the river and was off. He was seen by several people.

Two bath rooms for the two tenements are being fitted up in the addition built on the house of Arthur E. Clark. The Maxim building, store and tenement, will be occupied by Aldrich's meat market, and it is understood that George A. Briggs will occupy the market where Mr. Aldrich now is, which belongs to him.

Miss Olive Swett, who is studying to be a trained nurse at the Newton Hospital, Newton Lower Falls, Mass., is at home for a vacation. She is visited by Miss Eva Taylor who is studying a the same hospital. Other guests at Benj. Swett's are Mr. A. Abbott and son Gordon of Lynn, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Heald, Mr. and Mrs. James Heald, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Robinson and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Russell and little daughter, Beryl, of East Sumner, and Sammie Heald were the Fourth of July guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Park at their farm on the Hebron road. A jolly party it was and a fine time was had.

A party which was at Camp Owsley, Harrison, from Wednesday to Saturday, was composed of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Barnes, Mrs. J. P. Sprague of Chicago, Mrs. Nathan A. Chase of Ilion, N. Y., Miss Eva E. Walker, Miss Alta C. Walker, Miss Florence M. Jewett of Denmark, Miss Helen Barnes, and Miss Olive Barnes of Portland.

If you want to know how it was here the night before the Fourth, it depends some upon whom you ask. One will tell you that there wasn't a great deal of racket, and another will say that it was awful noisy. In fact it was probably about like the usual racket. The rope of the Methodist bell was pulled up so it couldn't be rung, but the Congregational bell and the school bell were fairly well worked, and quite a lot of gunpowder was burned, so that there was a good deal of lying awake about the middle of the village. In the suburbs it was quiet. No big piece of mischief by the boys is reported, but most of the wooden door steps about the place were strewed around, and some of them were unnecessarily smashed up in the operation. A big bonfire was burned in the yard of the brick school house, and more or less good barrels and other movable property went up in that. The day was quiet, except for the ball games at the fair grounds there being no kind of public celebration in the two towns.

Harry Bonney, a half-brother of Fred W. Bonney, came to Fred's house Wednesday afternoon with his wife. For four years he was a motor-man in Boston, and under the strain of long and broken hours he went to pieces, and for about six months has been suffering with a brain trouble. The doctors gave him little encouragement, but sent him into the country in hopes that the quiet and rest might be beneficial. Wednesday afternoon he went for a bicycle ride and was directed towards Penley's Grove. He went down across the park, and since that time up to Thursday night no sign of him was seen. Wilbur Farrar was notified, and notified the officers in the vicinity to keep watch for him. Late Thursday night however, he returned, of his own accord, in an exhausted condition and with a broken bicycle. He was unable to tell where had been, but it seems most probable that he went in search of some pond lilies which he saw growing about two miles below Mechanic Falls a few days ago. He has talked of this pond of lilies ever since his arrival and declared constantly that it was only two miles down the road and that he was going to find it.

John Webber and wife are visiting in Lewiston this week.

Walter Richardson visited his parents at Mechanic Falls over the Fourth.

Guy Swett spent the Fourth at Biddeford as the guest of his uncle there.

Mrs. C. H. Howard is spending a few days this week with relatives at Oxford.

Charles Brett and Fred Lee are building a frame camp at Marshall Pond in Hebron.

A. B. Hammond, formerly clerk for W. L. Farrar, is driving the Norway Bakery team.

Arthur Clark and family spent July 4th with Mrs. Clark's brother, John Gerry, of Lewiston.

Dan Fraiser has left the toy factory to go to Berlin, N. H., where he will work as cook in a hotel.

Miss Blanche Barrows is visiting relatives in Dover, N. H. She is to spend several weeks from home.

Mrs. Walter Penley and Miss Alice Penley of Greenwood visited relatives in town a few days last week.

Misses Bertha and Rose Pulsifer, cousins, of Natick, Mass., are visiting their grandfather, Hiram Pulsifer.

Arthur E. Forbes, Mrs. A. T. Forbes and Miss Maud Douglass have gone on a two weeks' camping trip to Shagg Pond.

Miss Crooker, who teaches school at Minot Corner, has come to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Walter Bonney.

Harold Gammon and wife are spending Mr. Gammon's vacation from the store of N. D. Bolster & Co., camping at Stoneham.

Harry J. Fifield returned Saturday morning to Boston, where he will attend a summer session of Burdett Business College.

W. R. Fletcher and children of Fitchburgh, Mass., are guests for the summer at Almon Churchill's. Mrs. Churchill is Mr. Fletcher's aunt.

Mr. D. Casey, an old veteran of the civil war, is a welcome guest at Mrs. G. C. Pratt's home. He was a friend of her husband, Capt. G. C. Pratt, in the army.

Gus Lord and wife of Auburn spent the Fourth with Mrs. Lord's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blake. Mr. Lord is associated with the Goodyear Last Co. of Auburn.

Leslie L. Mason of the Mason Manufacturing Co. arrived in town Friday evening with his wife and two children. They came from Portland in Mr. Mason's touring car.

Selectman Bowker has a crew of men and teams at work on the road between here and Paris Hill. They will build state road this year from Eben Chapman's, where they left off last year, to the guide board below the watering trough.

From the crowd around the station when the down train went Saturday morning, one might have inferred that either President Roosevelt was coming through on the train or that it was the Berlin excursion. It was only circus day in Lewiston.

Harry T. Jordan of Philadelphia, manager of Keith's Philadelphia theatre, is here with his family, visiting Mr. Jordan's mother, Mrs. H. N. Boster. Mr. Jordan will return to Philadelphia next week but Mrs. Jordan and the two children will remain here all summer.

Wm. K. Kimball Post, G. A. R., and Ladies of the G. A. R. held a dinner in their hall Thursday. Immediately after dinner they marched to the grove on Pine Street, opposite the Methodist parsonage where short speeches were made by several of the comrades.

W. S. Wight of Bethel now has charge of the course ticket subscription list for the Maine Music Festival in Portland, Oct. 7-8-9, Madame Calve, prima donna. Any one wishing for a course ticket should get their name on the list now if they want a good seat. Give your name to Mrs. Cora Briggs or write Mr. Wight at Bethel, Me.

Harry W. Hunt of Dexter was the victim of an accident at the toy factory Friday afternoon which resulted in the loss of one of his little fingers. Hunt was working on a jointer and in some way the piece of lumber slipped back and Hunt's finger was caught in the machinery. Hunt has been employed here less than a week, coming here from Dexter only last Monday.

A jolly party of South Paris young people went Saturday to the Morton camp in Woodstock, where they will remain a week. In the party who went to Camp Concord are Misses Kittie and Isabel Morton, Leona Stuart, Flora Murch and Grace Penley. The party is made up of members of the B. U. M. S. and the We Are Seven Clubs. Mrs. Prentiss Crockett went as chaperone.

The Mermaids tried the new restaurant at Norway Friday night and found it very satisfactory. Five of them, Misses Addie and Lottie Giles, Miss Alice Penley, Mrs. Walter Penley, and Miss Jessica Curtis broke bread together, after which, they came back to J. J. Murphy's, where Miss Alice Bisbee joined the party, and Miss Jessica Curtis was presented with a rug, which she will use in house keeping in the near future.

Horace J. Morton and wife of Chicago are visiting Mrs. Morton's niece, Mrs. N. D. Bolster. Mr. Morton is at South Paris in the interest of the Morton Kiln Co. of Chicago of which he is the head, for the purpose of putting in a new dryer at the mill of the Paris Manufacturing Co. Mr. Morton last year put in a dryer at the West Paris mill which was so successful that the company felt the need of having one in the mill here. The dryer is one of Mr. Morton's own get up upon which he holds most of the patents.

A peculiar accident happened on the grand stand at the fair grounds Fourth of July day. Mrs. George Swift, who lives between here and Norway, was coming down from the grand stand, when in some manner she slipped and fell. When she was assisted to her feet it was found that one leg was broken just above the ankle. The peculiar part of the accident is that the fall was so very slight, that none on the grand stand suspected any injury whatever until it was reported after she had been helped from the grounds.

Superintendent Davis of the Oxford County Creamery reports business so far increased this summer that it has been found necessary to hire an extra hand. To meet this demand the services of Peter Kane have been procured. Two new cream routes from Norway have been taken from creamery at Turner Center and added to this creamery so that now the South Paris creamery is shipping to Portland an average of forty ten-gallon cans per day, making an increase of just about fifty per cent over the shipments of last year at this time.

J. W. Penney, a well known citizen of Mechanic Falls, was in town last week looking up the burial places of soldiers of the Revolution. Mr. Penney has been collecting data of this kind for a few years past which, later on, will be turned over to the society of the Sons of the Revolution and published in book form. He finds that some five hundred revolutionary soldiers settled in Oxford County, about four hundred of whom were on the pension rolls. Persons who are able to give information as to the burial places of any of these soldiers with date of death, etc., or desire information of this kind are requested to correspond with Mr. Penney at Mechanic Falls.

A very pleasant family reunion was held at the farm of F. E. Buck at Elm Hill on the Fourth. There were present F. E. Buck and wife, Guy Buck, Ava Leach, Win Young and family, Charles Young and family, Alton Maxim and family, Bert Clifford and family, Mrs. S. M. Glover, Ben Russell and family. Ed Dudley was also there to refreshments. All kinds of outdoor games and sports were enjoyed, including running races, in which Geneva Young took the prize for women and Alton Maxim for men. Pitching horse shoes and turning the ice cream freezer were popular games, especially the latter at which Charles Young took the cake. There were ni all twenty-seven members of the family present.

Edgar Barrett of Sumner visited Louis Clark over the Fourth.

Miss Florence Jewett of Denmark is a guest at A. W. Walker's this week.

Mr. Ed Knight of Auburn was here over Sunday with his sister, Miss Alice Knight.

Mrs. Helen M. Childs, who has been at South Boston for some time, recently returned home.

Miss Iva McArdle had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while getting off of the electric car Friday.

Miss Grace Murphy of Woodfords spent Sunday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Murphy.

Subject of the sermon at the Universalist church next Sunday "Being born again," "The new birth."

Mr. Charles Sessions of Hillside Avenue, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is quite comfortable at present.

Mrs. Louise J. Briggs, who has been spending some time with her sister in Portland, returned to her home here Friday.

Mrs. T. S. Barnes and Misses Helen and Olive Barnes will go Tuesday to Dudley Cottage, Locke's Mills for a two week's outing.

The members of Hamlin Lodge, K. of P., are requested to be present Friday evening, as business of importance will come before the lodge.

Harry M. Shaw, who has been employed in Boston for the past two years and now has an excellent position there, is at home for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. I. F. Evans and Mrs. Theodore Thayer spent Sunday with Mrs. Lettie Thayer at Bethel. Mrs. Evans will continue her trip to visit relatives in Upton and Errol.

South Paris friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burnham of Boston will be interested to know that they have opened their cottage at Norway Lake for the summer.

Mrs. Charles Sessions of Providence, R. I., who has been spending several weeks' with Mr. and Mrs. Sessions on Hillside Avenue, returned to her home last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Needham and daughter, Miss Clara Mae, of Portland, spent sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Anderson. Miss Needham will remain for a week or more.

The Epworth League will have a food sale at the M. E. church Saturday, July 13. Sale of food to begin at 3 P. M. Any special orders for food may be left at Dr. Buck's office, not later than Wednesday.

Mrs. W. R. Henry and son Lester, Mrs. W. W. Payne and two children, and Mrs. C. A. Hemmingway and daughter Ruth, went to Rumford Falls Wednesday, where Mr. Henry and Mr. Payne are at work.

At the Epworth League service Sunday evening excellent and very interesting reports of the State League Convention were given by Myrtle Buck and Sara Swett, who, as delegates, attended the convention which was recently held at Dover and Foxcroft, Me.

Remember the Universalist picnic Wednesday in Penley's Grove. Games and a good time forenoon and afternoon. Assemble at 10 A. M. Basket picnic dinner at 12. If stormy Wednesday the picnic will be Thursday. All the parents and friends of the members of the Sunday School are invited. Let all come who will and enjoy the day.

Walter L. Gray is working with an engineer in the employ of the Norway Water Company to establish the level for a new reservoir to make the water supply of the village more efficient than it has been in the past. At present it seems likely that if the Norway company put in a reservoir here it will be on the hill back of Walter Swett's.

A runaway in the square Monday morning, but no damage done. Howard Shaw had driven the hotel team down into the cemetery to his boat landing and hitched there. The horse objected to being quartered in the cemetery and pulling off his bridle made good his escape through Maple Street and to the hotel stable. Fortunately every post from the cemetery to the stable is still standing.

A party of South Paris young people will start Tuesday on a two or three days tenting trip to Shagg Pond. At the time of going to press the entire party had not been made up, but up to the present time the following have signified their intention of joining the party. Misses Olive and Sarah Swett, Miss Eva Taylor, Miss Florence Richardson, Barry Locke and Gordon Abbott. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morton will go as chaperones.

KING DISTRICT.

Wild strawberries are plenty.

Grass is looking fine around here.

Carrol King has bought a new hay fork.

Eva Allen has gone to Leon Brooks' to work.

Crops look well around here considering the late spring we had.

Grace Allen has finished her work at Amos Barnett's of Oxford and returned home.

Miss Bertha Twitchell from Ashland, Mass., has been visiting her uncle, Amos Canwell and family, this week.

The Special Corporation Meeting.

Not a large attendance at the special meeting of the South Paris Village Corporation Tuesday evening, though a good interest was manifested in the matter for which the meeting was particularly called.

The meeting was called to order by Clerk E. N. Haskell at 7:45, and Walter L. Gray was chosen moderator.

The resignation of E. H. Dorr as one of the assessors of the corporation was accepted, and on a small vote W. L. Libby was elected to succeed him.

The resignation of W. H. Jenne as an assessor was also accepted, and on another small vote James S. Wright was elected his successor.

The next article on the warrant was to hear the report of the water committee. This report was made by Chairman George H. Davis of the board of corporation assessors, and consisted mainly in reading the proposition submitted by the Norway Water Co. just before the first of April. The price named in this, as is generally known, is $42.50 per hydrant for fire service, and ten cents per thousand gallons for park and street sprinkling, for a twenty-year contract.

After some informal discussion, mostly relating to the increase in rates and the unsatisfactory service, the report was laid on the table.

The last article in the warrant, relative to the matter of taking water from Hall Pond, was taken up, and George R. Morton, who was chairman of a recent committee of the board of trade on this matter, was called upon to give such information as he could. Mr. Morton stated that in his opinion and in the opinion of others who had made investigation, there is plenty of water in the pond not only for Hebron which is now using it, but for South Paris as well, and he considered it very important, in consideration of the present rates and service of the Norway Water Co., that it should be secured if possible. The Trustees of Hebron Academy control the Hebron Water Company, and the committee of the board of trade had a conference with these trustees at commencement time. It was the request of the trustees that the matter in all its bearings should be fully investigated and reported on by a competent engineer and a committee of the trustees has been appointed to consider such a report when made.

There was a little discussion following Mr. Morton's statement, and a motion was then made and carried that a committee of seven be appointed to employ an engineer and make full investigation of the matter. The moderator appointed as this committee, George R. Morton, John A. Scott, A. E. Shurtleff, John J. Emeley, W. B. Young, Charles W. Bowker, and Arthur E. Forbes.

The unexpended balance of the appropriation for light and water investigation, amounting to about $160, was placed at the disposal of the committee by vote, and the meeting adjourned.

Base Ball Tournament.

NORWAY WINS BOTH HER GAMES AND TAKES FIRST MONEY.

With one of the finest days of the year and a large crowd of enthusiastic supporters of the various teams present, the base ball tournament at the fair grounds July 4th was the most successful of any tournament held there in recent years.

The first two games were interesting and although a trifle loosely played at times, there were other times when there was fast playing and fine work by the pitchers, who pulled their respective teams out of some very tight holes.

The last game proved to be a farce as far as South Paris was concerned, however, there was some excuse for their poor showing and this will be spoken of later.

One of the pleasing features of the day was the work of Record, who umpired all three games. His work was absolutely fair and very gratifying to all four of the contending teams.

The large crowd brought the gate receipts up to a high figure and added a substantial sum to the treasury of each team, which was, in most cases, badly needed.

There was a slight delay in starting the first game, caused by the late arrival of Waterford and West Paris teams. As soon as they appeared, lots were drawn and West Paris and Norway met for the first game and South Paris and Waterford for the second. The first game was then called.

NORWAY 7; WEST PARIS 3.

Norway won the toss and took the field, they were evidently a little nervous and found themselves in a bad place almost immediately; West Paris filling the bases with one man out. Rich, however, steadied down and struck out two men, West Paris getting only one run. When Norwry came to the bat West Paris played loosely and allowed them to score three runs on two hits, two errors and a sacrifice hit. After the opening inning both teams played better and althought West Paris worked hard, she was not able to overcome Norway's lead. The feature of the game was a catch of a pop fly by Pike; he was obliged to make a dive for the ball, and caught it, stretching at full length on the ground. The score:

NORWAY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Price, 3-b	5	1	1	0	4	0
Libby, l.f	4	1	1	2	0	0
Hayes, c.f	3	1	1	2	0	1
Gammon, 1-b	4	0	1	9	0	1
Jordan, 2-b	3	0	1	4	3	2
Pike, s.s	4	2	1	5	1	0
Anderson, r.f	4	1	2	0	0	0
Perkins, c	3	0	0	5	2	1
Rich, p	4	1	1	0	1	2
Totals	34	7	9	27	8	7

WEST PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Billings, c.f	4	0	1	1	0	0
J. Farnum, p	4	1	2	0	1	1
F. Farnum, 2-b	5	0	1	7	1	1
Emery, r.f	5	0	2	1	0	0
N. Rowe, s.s., l.f	5	0	2	1	1	3
Shaw, 1-b	5	0	0	6	0	1
Bowker, 3-b	4	1	0	1	1	0
Ridlon, l.f., s.s	4	1	1	1	2	0
L. Rowe, c	2	0	0	5	7	0
Totals	38	3	9	*23	13	6

*Libby out, bunted on third strike.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Norway,	3	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	x—7
West Paris,	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—3

Earned runs, Norway 2. Two-base-hits, Libby, Anderson. First base on balls, off Rich 4, off Farnum 1. Struck out, by Rich 6, by Farnum 4. Left on bases, Norway 4, West Paris 12. First base on errors, Norway 5, West Paris 4. Umpire, Record. Scorer, Thayer.

SOUTH PARIS 7; WATERFORD 0.

The second game was called at 1:30 in the afternoon and was much more interesting than the score would seem to indicate. Paris commenced scoring in the first inning, three singles and a sacrifice hit earning them two runs. In the third inning, two singles, a base on balls and a double gave them three more runs. In the seventh inning Waterford made five of her six errors and these with a two-base-hit gave Paris her last two runs.

The nearest Waterford came to scoring was in the fifth inning. With two men out, Thomes reached first on an error and stole second; Manning, the next batter beat a throw to first but Thomes was out at the plate when he tried to score. The feature of the game was the batting of Wheeler and Cole, each making three hits, one of Wheeler's being good for two bases. His batting was responsible for five of Paris' scores, his hits coming just when they needed them—with two men out.

Four men were injured during the game; Hebbard was hit in the face by a batted ball; Fifield was hit on the arm by a pitched ball; Cole was hit by a pitched ball in the 8th inning and obliged to retire from the game after winning it by his excellent pitching, and Thomes turned his ankle badly in running to first and was unable to continue playing. The score:

SOUTH PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaw, 1.f	5	0	0	0	0	0
Cole, p	4	3	3	1	1	0
Parlin, p	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hebbard, 1-b	5	1	1	12	1	2
Spring, c.f	3	2	2	1	0	0
Wheeler, r.f	5	1	3	0	1	0
Fifield, s.s	4	0	2	3	2	0
Titcomb, 2-b	4	0	1	4	2	0
Clark, c	3	0	0	5	2	0
Briggs, 3-b	4	0	0	4	0	0
Totals	37	7	12	27	13	2

WATERFORD.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Munroe, p	3	0	0	2	4	0
Spaulding, s.s	4	0	0	2	0	1
Sanderson, r.f., 2-b	3	0	0	2	1	1
N. Brown, r.f	1	0	1	0	0	0
Thomes, 2-b	3	0	2	5	2	0
Manning, 1-b	4	0	0	7	1	1
Wilson, 1-b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Stuart, c	3	0	1	8	2	1
W. Brown, l.f	3	0	0	0	1	2
C. Brown, c.f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	31	0	4	27	13	6

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
South Paris,	2	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	0—7
Waterford,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs, South Paris 4. Two-base-hits, Wheeler, Fifield. First base on balls, off Cole 1, off Munroe 1. Struck out, by Cole 5, by Munroe 8. Left on bases, South Paris 7, Waterford 7. Double plays, Cole to Titcomb to Hebbard. First base on errors, South Paris 4, Waterford 2. Hit by pitched ball, by Cole 1, by Munroe 2. Umpire, Record. Scorer, Thayer.

NORWAY 18; SOUTH PARIS 2.

As already said, this game was a base ball comedy in nine innings. The injuries that Paris received in the first game weakened the team materially. The team would never have been recognized as the same one, and most of them seemed unable to play anything like good ball. Parlin started to pitch, and good hitting and loose fielding allowed Norway to score seven runs in three innings. This was too much for Capt. Cole, and although suffering considerable pain and against the advice of a doctor, he went back into the box to pitch. He held Norway well for three innings, but the strain was too much for him and he was again obliged to retire. Parlin went back into the box and simply lobbed the ball up to the Norway batters who fattened their batting averages accordingly. Fifield's arm also troubled him so badly that he too was obliged to stop playing. The score:

NORWAY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Price, 3-b	7	2	4	3	1	0
Libby, l.f	6	1	3	0	0	0
Hayes, c.f	6	3	3	1	0	0
Gammon, 1-b	7	3	2	10	1	0
Jordan, 2-b	5	4	1	2	1	0
Pike, s.s	6	2	1	1	0	0
Anderson, r.f	6	1	2	0	0	0
Perkins, c	6	1	0	10	1	0
Rich, p	5	1	1	0	4	0
Totals	54	18	17	27	8	0

SOUTH PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaw, l.f	2	1	0	0	0	1
Parlin, p., 3-b	4	1	2	0	1	2
Hebbard, c	3	0	0	10	0	0
Spring, c.f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Wheeler, r.f	4	0	0	1	0	1
Fifield, s.s	3	0	0	2	3	4
Titcomb, 2-b	4	0	1	1	4	0
Monk, 1-b	4	0	1	8	0	2
Briggs, 3-b	1	0	0	2	0	2
Cole, p	0	0	0	1	1	0
Bolster, 3-b	2	0	1	1	0	0
Rawson, s.s	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	2	5	27	9	12

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Norway,	2	0	5	1	0	2	0	2	6—18
South Paris,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

Earned runs, Norway 6, South Paris 2. Two-base-hits, Parlin, Hayes, Rich. Hits, off Parlin 14 in six innings, off Cole 3 in three innings. First base on balls, off Rich 1, off Parlin 3. Struck out, by Rich 10; by Parlin 8, by Cole 3. Left on bases, Norway 15, South Paris 7. Double plays, Fifield to Titcomb; Pike to Gammon. First base on errors, Norway 12. Hit by pitched ball, by Rich 2. Umpire, Record. Scorer, Thayer.

BOLSTER'S MILLS 7; TOY SHOP 5.

Bolster's Mills defeated the toy shop team at that place the Fourth in a very interesting and evenly played contest.

NORWAY.

Ed C. Winslow has sold his grocery business to Joseph N. Tubbs who will continue the same at the C. N. Tubbs store. L. J. Brooks and George Lafrance will clerk for the new firm. It is generally understood that Mr. Winslow will again engage in trade as soon as he can secure a suitable store.

Sunday, July 7th, was observed as memorial Sunday by Norway Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., at which time annually it is customary to decorate the graves of deceased members of the order and for this purpose the members of the lodge visited Rustfield and Pine Grove Cemeteries.

The July term of the Norway Municipal Court was held on Tuesday the second day of the month.

W. C. Stiles of New York is visiting in town for a time.

The annual picnic outing by the members of the M. E. church Sabbath School at Gibson's Grove was held on Thursday, the 4th. The attendance was excellent and the day was greatly enjoyed by both old and young.

F. E. Tower, superintendent of B. F. Spinney & Co.'s factory, and family enjoyed the Fourth with their friends and people in Lynn, Mass.

Rev. C. A. Brooks was in Portland the first of the week and attended the dedication of the Deaconess' Home.

C. N. Tubbs was in Berlin, N. H., the first of the week on business.

The band concerts at Witherel Park are much appreciated by the village and town's people.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Soule of Boston are the guests of Mr. John Hazen on Pleasant Street.

Ed C. Thompson has his new house on Tucker Street up and ready for the masons. He has his stable well along. Mr. Thompson will have one of the most attractive places in the village.

The usual social dance at the Opera House July 3d. Music by Stearns' orchestra. Good attendance.

George T. Tubbs and wife enjoyed the week at Leavitt's cottage at the lake.

The post office, banks, offices, library and R. F. D. messengers enjoyed a holiday Thursday.

Capt. M. P. Stiles had peas from his garden on the 4th. Rev. C. A. Brooks had a mess from his field on July 3d. They know how to grow them.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hills of Union were the guests of their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Vivian W. Hills during the week.

Frank Kimball, of the Noyes Drug Store sails from Boston the 9th, for England. He will return about the last of August.

The W. C. T. U. held their July meeting with Mrs. C. N. Tubbs, Main Street, Tuesday, July 9th. Literary programme, refreshments.

D. M. French and party enjoyed a fishing trip at Mountain Pond, Chatham, N. H., recently.

Lieut. M. P. Stiles, for five years inspector of rifle practice for Co. D, 1st N. G. S. M., has resigned that position and Guy F. Stevens, Corporal, has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Lieut. Stiles' duties as coach of the state rifle team demanded his entire time. His work in this line is of the highest order.

The semi-annual election of officers in Pennesseewassee Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., Thursday evening resulted as follows:

C. C.—Frank A. Mann.
V. C.—Walter E. Currier.
Prelate—Edwin Richardson.
M. at W.—Edwin H. Allen.
M. at A.—Harry H. Mann.
I. G.—C. V. Lindboon.
O. G.—J. F. Usher.

George R. Howe has extended an invitation to the Josslyn Botanical Society of Portland to visit Norway during their Oxford visit, for a day's field work.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burnham of Philadelphia have taken up their residence at their lake cottage, Restland.

W. M. Twombly is putting in the foundation for a new house opposite C. W. Horne's. He has some of his lumber on the lot.

Norway boys enjoyed the Fourth in the good old style, plenty of noise and lots of fun. There was nothing very bad, however, done by the lads, and no one became so angered over a joke but to recover immediately. The bells were rung with a will at twelve. The old cannon was found and made to do good service with all the rest. A few of the timid and those more sensitive to the joys of the Fourth, took up their residence for the time at their lake cottages, but arrived on hand to enjoy the good things in the evening. Some antics were cut up such as an old boiler found its way into the Prince sisters' store door; Dr. Parmenter's and V. W. Hills' signs were changed; Hills' large post sign was well established in front of Dr. Parmenter's store, while Parmenter's sign was suspended at Hills' store; W. L. Merrill's and Miss Libby's signs were exchanged, while Shorty Cook's barber pole was taken to Mr. Cook's residence on Pleasant Street and well established opposite the house. Other things of a harmless character were carried into effect by the boys but no injury done to any one's property.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Hayden of Haverhill, Mass., are at their lake cottage with their party for the summer.

Mrs. Charles L. Hathaway fell on the cellar stairs a few days since and is now suffering with a badly injured arm.

Frank Kimball left Sunday morning for his trip to England.

State Teachers' Examinations.

AUGUSTA, July 1, 1907.

The annual examination of candidates for state certificates will occur Friday, August, 30, 1907, beginning at 8 o'clock A. M.

Examinations will be held at such of the following named places as a sufficient number of candidates shall register for, namely, Alfred, Augusta, Belfast, Bethel, Biddeford, Bingham, Brownfield, Brunswick, Calais, Cherryfield, Ellsworth, Fort Fairfield, Guilford, Houlton, Kittery, Lincoln, Machias, Mechanic Falls, Milo, Newport, N. Berwick, Norway, Oakland, Old Town, Pembroke, Presque Isle, Rumford Falls, Skowhegan, Warren, Winterport, Wiscasset, Yarmouth.

If any ten candidates desire to take the examination at any place other than the above, arrangements will be made therefor. The final list of places will be announced about August 15, and notice thereof will be sent to all who have registered at that time by sending in preliminary examination reports, blanks for which will be furnished on application. Circulars of information, suggestion and advice will be sent to all desiring them.

PAYSON SMITH,
State Supt. of Public Schools.

Cerundola Discharged.

G. Cerundola, the Italian who was held at Rumford Falls for stabbing Ernest Brown, was discharged by Judge Stearns at the hearing in the Municipal Court last Tuesday, on the ground that the stabbing was done in self-defence.

A SUSTAINING DIET.

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

Penobscot salmon has reached the poor man's price. Best cuts now sell for 25 cents a pound and tail and head slices are sold for 15 cents a pound.

THE CHARMING WOMAN

is not necessarily one of perfect form and features. Many a plain woman who could never serve as an artist's model, possesses those rare qualities that all the world admires: neatness, clear eyes, clean smooth skin and that sprightliness of step and action that accompany good health. A physically weak woman is never attractive, not even to herself. Electric Bitters restore weak women, give strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, beauti

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and 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 July, A. D. 1907, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

SIMON R. ELLIS, late of Paris, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Charlotte E. Ellis, the executrix therein named.

SARAH A. SAMPSON, late of Hartford, deceased; will, codicil and petition for probate thereof presented by W. H. Eastman, the executor therein named.

ELIZA D. PENLEY, late of Rumford, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Henry Davis, the executor therein named.

FRANK R. BARRETT, late of Sumner, deceased; petition that Emma A. Barrett or some other suitable person be appointed administrator, presented by Emma A. Barrett, widow.

JAMES A. BARROWS of Sumner, ward; account presented for allowance by Hollis Turner, guardian.

ATKINS D. COOK, late of Paris, deceased; petition for distribution and final account presented by Walter L. Gray, administrator.

ZINA E. STONE, late of Lowell, Mass., deceased; first account of Luther K. Stone as trustee under the will of said deceased presented for allowance by Emily M. Stone, executrix of the will of Luther K. Stone.

EDMUND DECOSTER, late of Buckfield, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Fred S. DeCoster and Charles E. DeCoster, administrators.

MARY E. SHAW, late of Buckfield, deceased; final account presented for allowance by George W. Shaw, administrator.

JOHN D. DUNN, late of Sumner, deceased; petition for distribution filed by Charles H. Bonney, administrator.

ABBIE HUTCHINS, late of Hanover, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by George H. Hutchins and Charles F. Hutchins, executors.

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

NOTICE.

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

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

CHARLOTTE F. HAMMOND.
June 18th, 1907.

NOTICE.

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

EUGENE WADSWORTH, late of Hiram,
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.

WALTER B. TWITCHELL.
June 18th, 1907. James A. Warren, Agent.

NOTICE.

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

LUTHER K. STONE, 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.

EMILY M. STONE.
June 18th, 1907.

NOTICE.

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

LEVI P. YORK, 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.

A. K. P. KNOWLTON.
June 18th, 1907.

NOTICE.

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

REUBEN D. RAND, late of Greenwood,
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.

EBEN E. RAND.
June 18th, 1907.

NOTICE.

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

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

OSBORNE O. TRACY.
June 4th, 1907.

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.

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

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DAILY NEWS-PAPER.

The New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune

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

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

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

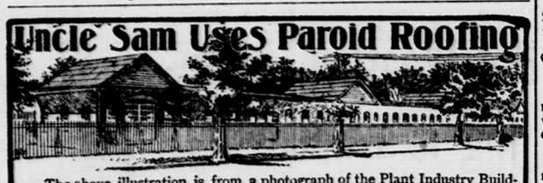
The regular price of **THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE** is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, **The Oxford Democrat,**

Both Papers One Year for $2.25.

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

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

Uncle Sam Uses Paroid Roofing



The above illustration is from a photograph of the Plant Industry Building, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. It is located in the heart of the city and is covered with Paroid Roofing. The Government also uses Paroid for stables, barracks, warehouses, etc. It uses Paroid because it finds nothing its equal.

Paroid is the ideal roofing for barns, stables, sheds, poultry houses, warehouses, outbuildings, etc. Equally valuable for roofing or siding. It is permanent in character, is easy to lay, is spark and cinder proof, light slate color, contains no tar, does not crack and does not run in summer.

What is good for the Government will be good for you. Write for free sample of Paroid and see what it is. Also ask for booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Send a 2 cent stamp for book of up-to-date poultry and farm building plans.

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

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.

THE CARE OF LIVESTOCK.

If the testimony of great numbers of the readers of The New-York Tribune Farmer is a fair basis for the formation of a correct opinion, then what is known as its Veterinary Department is everywhere esteemed highly. It is, however, more than a veterinary department. Dr. C. D. Smead, who has had charge of it for more than five years, every week answers very many questions in regard to every variety of livestock known on the American farm, not alone prescribing medicine and treatment, but telling how the diseases might have been prevented, and laying down specific rules for feed and care in health, in sickness and in convalescence. Every farmer keeps some livestock—good veterinarians are scarce.

Each inquirer is fully answered, but Dr. Smead goes far beyond this; he believes that any information which one intelligent farmer needs is also needed by hundreds and thousands of others, and he often so broadens his answer as to make it a complete essay on the subject discussed. A year or two ago Mr. B. Walker McKeen, of Fryeburg, Me., said in a meeting of farmers that a valuable horse had been attacked with a disease of which he had known nothing until he had recently read of it in The New-York Tribune Farmer; what Dr. Smead had taught him enabled him to save his horse. Another farmer arose and said he had had a similar experience. Five or six hundred dollars saved in one town by one copy of the paper! C. C. Waller, M. D., of North Troy, Vt., writes to Dr. Smead, under date of April 23: "I desire to express my gratitude to you through The New-York Tribune Farmer, and to say that I regard you as the most able, practical and thoroughly safe writer of the present age, and to express my hope that you may live to serve the farmer and our dumb friends for many years to come."

The regular price of the New-York Tribune Farmer is One Dollar a year, but we will send it with The Oxford Democrat, both papers one year for $2.00.

RHEUMATISM CANNOT BE CURED UNLESS URIC-O IS USED

Sudden Deaths, Heart Failure and Paralysis Are Caused by Poisonous Uric and Rheumatic Acids

The Rheumatic person is skeptical regarding the claims of almost any remedy advertised as a cure for Rheumatism and one can scarcely blame him for being so. All the plasters and liniments combined never actually cured a case of Rheumatism. They may relieve it in one quarter, but it is sure to break out somewhere else. The only true way to cure Rheumatism is to drive it from the system, for as long as the Uric and Rheumatic Acid remains in the blood, one is never entirely free from the trouble. This is where the value of Uric-O as a permanent cure for Rheumatism comes in. It seeks out the Rheumatic poison in the blood, muscles, and kidneys, renders it inert and harmless and drives it out of the system. That is why Uric-O is such an admirable and effective cure for Rheumatism.

The chief reason that Uric-O is such a wonderful cure for Rheumatism is, that it is designed and prepared to cure Rheumatism and Rheumatism only. It is composed of perfect antidotes for the rheumatic acid poison in the system. That is the secret of its wonderful success. Rheumatism simply cannot exist in a person's system if Uric-O is used.

Uric-O is sold by druggists at 75c. and $1.00 the bottle, but if you still feel skeptical about its efficacy you can test it free of charge by cutting out this advertisement and sending same, together with your name and address, also the name of your druggist, to The Smith Drug Company, Syracuse, N. Y., and they will send you a sample bottle free. To persons who write and say they have never used Uric-O, and want to test it thoroughly, and will agree to take it systematically according to directions, they frequently give a regular 75c. bottle free. Uric-O is sold and recommended by F. A. Shurtleff & Company, South Paris and West Paris, Maine.

Eastern Steamship Company.

Portland Division.

DAILY LINE, SUNDAYS INCLUDED

Portland and Boston.

Fare one way $1.25; Round trip $2.00.

Steamers leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, week days at 7 P. M., Sundays at 8 P. M., for Boston.

Through tickets via this Company's steamers are on sale at all principal railroad stations.

Freight rates are always as low as other lines.

All freight, except Live Stock, is insured against fire and marine risk.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Agent,
Portland, Me.

THE PUZZLER

No. 156.—Abbreviations.

1. Behead and curtail and change a lord into a melody. 2. A family into one of the bones of the body. 3. A country seat into misfortune. 4. A small creeping animal into a conjunction. 5. Something very precious into a part of the body. 6. A short dissertation into the border of a garment. 7. The chief division of a poem into an insect. 8. The broad part of an oar into a boy. 9. A fruit into a quick, sharp blow. 10. A small glass bottle into a bitter plant with a strong odor. 11. What holds the coals into a small animal. 12. To bind fast into a cord. 13. A color into a resinous substance.

No. 157.—A Recipe.

Take a single each f v l p;
Two each of n r i o c;
And then five a's and s's three;
Mix all together properly,
And when arranged in order, mind,
Two famous cities you will find.

No. 158.—Hidden Names.

Find the names of women hidden in the following sentences:

1. The best I could get were a berth and a cot.
2. The pictures are fine. The likeness is perfect.
3. The dog race was a comical sight.
4. A fine treat is to spend a day in the country.

No. 159.—Charade.

My FIRST and SECOND form a food,
So rich and yellow, sweet and good;
My THIRD, it gets no word of praise;
A bother 'tis through summer days.

My WHOLE, a creature fair to see,
It seems a living poesy;
It spends on earth its brief bright day,
And then it fades from earth away.

No. 160.—Letter Puzzle.

18 - 2 - 20 - 4 - * - 1
34 - 10 - 6 - 29 - 16 - 28
7 - 35 - * - 24 - 5 - 27
* - 13 - 31 - 21 - 30 - 15
36 - 9 - 32 - 22 - 12 - *
14 - 11 - 3 - 25 - 33 - 8
17 - 26 - 28 - 19 - * - *

Crosswords: 1. A continent. 2. Pertaining to Ionia. 3. To lessen the force of acuteness of. 4. To regard with wonder or astonishment. 5. A broad piece of defensive armor carried on the arm. 6. Explodes. 7. A groove.

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 36 will spell a quotation from Shakespeare.

No. 161.—An Old Favorite.

The name of a fictitious personage who is a great favorite with children is here represented.

No. 162.—Double Acrostic.

The primals and finals spell the names of two lovely flowers.

1. To mend. 2. A disturber. 3. An eastern country. 4. A North American Indian. 5. The head of the Jewish church. 6. A large body of water. 7. An odor. 8. the planet on which we live.

No. 163.—Reversible Words.

1. I cannot —— of my fine raiment when I wear this ——.
2. She gave an unmistakable —— as she reluctantly turned the ——.

Vulgar Fractions.

Everything that Bobby learned at school he endeavored to apply in his daily life and walk. When his mother asked him if one of his new friends was an only child Bobby looked wise and triumphant.

"He's got just one sister," said Bobby. "He tried to catch me when he told me he had two half sisters, but I guess I know enough fractions for that!"—Youth's Companion.

Something Excellent.

"At luncheon I had something which was excellent but not substantial."

"What was it?"

"An excellent appetite."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 149.—Familiar Flowers: 1. Sweetbriar. 2. Lilac (lie, lack). 3. May pink. 4. Fuchsia (few she a). 5. Salvia (sal via).

No. 150.—Geographical Puzzle: Montgomery. Pennsylvania.

No. 151.—Diamond: 1. C. 2. Fad. 3. Apple. 4. Capitol. 5. Satin. 6. Log. 7. L.

No. 152.—Charade: Leghorn.

No. 153.—Contracted Anagrams: Education; duet, I can; tune aid; daunt, I; aunt, I; it an; it a; at; a.

No. 154.—Numerical Enigma: Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

No. 155.—Transposals: 1. Flea, leaf. 2. Wear, ware. 3. Statement, testament.

QUICK RELIEF FOR ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

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

Mrs. Dashaway—Why have you never married?

Colonel Oldboy—By George, madam, you surely couldn't expect me to be such a fool as to marry a woman who would be fool enough to marry me!

Talk about your breakfast foods,
A thousand you can see;
I would not have them as a gift,
But would have Rocky Mountain Tea.
F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

Mr. Kurios—So Miss Marian is your eldest sister? Who comes after her?

Small Brother—Nobody now, but pa says the first feller comes after her can have her.

During the summer kidney irregularities are often caused by excessive drinking or being overheated. Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

First Tramp—After all, it pays to be polite, pardner.

Second Tramp—Not always. The other day I was actin' deaf an' dumb when a man gave me sixpence. I says "Thank you sir," and he had me arrested.

STIMULATION WITHOUT IRRITATION.

That is the watchword. That is what Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does. Cleanses and stimulates the bowels without irritation in any form. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

What to Put in the Picnic Basket.

CREAM CHICKEN SANDWICHES.

Finely chop the breast meat from a cold cooked fowl; there should be one cup. Add one-fourth cup finely cut celery and one cup rich milk. Heat to the boiling point, and add one boiled onion forced through a puree strainer, and two tablespoons butter, creamed and mixed with three tablespoons flour. Cook until mixture thickens. Remove from range and add the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water and let stand twelve hours. Remove from mold, cut in thin slices and put between thin slices of buttered white bread. Remove crusts and cut in finger-shaped pieces.

NOISETTE SANDWICHES.

Make an entire wheat bread mixture, using one-half cup, each, boiling water, and scalded milk for the wetting. After the first rising add one and one-half tablespoons molasses, and, while kneading, one-half cup, each, candied orange peel, finely cut, and pecan nut meats broken in pieces. Put into buttered one-pound baking powder tins, having pans only one-third full. Let rise and bake. Cool, cut in thin slices, spread with butter, and put together in pairs. Wrap in parafine paper or an old piece of linen wrung out in very hot water, for transportation.

HUNTINGTON SANDWICHES.

Spread any unsweetened wafer cracker with cream cheese worked with a wooden spoon until of the right consistency to spread easily, then season sparingly with salt. Cover with olives chopped and moistened with Mayonnaise dressing. Cover with crackers and press together. Pack in a tin box for transportation.

SWEET SANDWICHES.

Cover thin slices of white bread, spread sparingly with butter, with quince jelly which has been beaten with a fork until of the right consistency to spread evenly. Sprinkle with chopped English walnut meats and cover with slices of buttered white bread. Remove crusts and cut in triangles, squares, oblongs, diamonds, circles, or any fancy shape.

ORANGE CAKES.

Cream one-fourth cup butter and add gradually, while beating constantly, one-half cup sugar; then add the yolks of five eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored, and one teaspoon orange extract. Mix and sift seven-eighths cup flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking-powder, and add alternately with one-fourth cup milk to first mixture. Bake in a buttered and floured cake tin, and when cool cut in two-inch squares. Cover tops and sides with orange frosting, and roll sides in shredded cocoanut. Let stand until frosting is set, then pack in a box lined with paraffine paper.

ORANGE FROSTING.

Mix one tablespoon orange juice, one-half teaspoon lemon juice, and the grated rind of one orange. Cover, let stand thirty minutes and strain through a double thickness of cheese cloth. Add gradually to the yolk of one egg, slightly beaten, and when well blended, add confectioners' sugar until of the right consistency to spread.

CALIFORNIA JUMBLES.

Cream one-half cup butter, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one-half cup sugar; then add the yolks of two eggs and one and one-half cups pastry flour, once sifted. Make into balls the size of hickory nuts and place on a buttered tin sheet one inch apart. Garnish with a piece of citron, raisin, or nut meat, and bake in a moderate oven until yellow, but not brown.

GINGER SNAPS.

Heat one-half cup molasses to boiling point, add one-fourth cup clarified chicken fat, one-half tablespoon ginger, one-half tablespoon soda, dissolved in one tablespoon warm milk, one-half teaspoon salt, and one and one-fourth cups bread flour. Toss on a floured board and roll as thinly as possible; shape with a small round cutter, first dipped in flour. Place near together on a buttered tin sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

FRENCH STUFFED PRUNES.

Soak selected prunes over night. Drain, remove stones, and fill cavities with pieces of prune. Roll in granulated sugar, and pack in a box lined with paraffine paper.

SALTED MIXED NUTS.

Beat the white of one egg slightly, add one cup nut meats of many kinds, and stir until well coated with the egg. Put in a dripping-pan, sprinkle with salt, and bake until thoroughly heated through, stirring often and keeping the oven door open throughout the process. Cool and pack in a small glass jar.

QUINCE HONEY.

Pare and grate five large quinces. Put five pounds granulated sugar in a granite-ware kettle, add two cups boiling water and stir over the fire until sugar is dissolved, then add quinces. Cook eighteen minutes, turn into jelly glasses, cool, and cover. If cooked too long the mixture has a reddish color; if cooked just long enough, it has an amber color like honey. Use for bread or cracker sandwiches.

RASPBERRY SHRUB.

Pick over three quarts raspberries, put one-half in an earthen jar, add two cups cider vinegar, cover, and let stand twenty-four hours. Strain through a double thickness of cheese cloth. Pour liquor over remaining berries, cover, and let stand twenty-four hours. Again strain liquor through a double thickness of cheese cloth, and measure. To each cup of juice add one-half pound cut sugar, heat gradually to the boiling point (when sugar should be dissolved) and let boil twenty minutes. Bottle and cork. Dilute with iced water for serving, to suit individual tastes.—Ex.

Hints.

For potato croquettes to each cup of hot mashed potatoes allow one beaten egg. Whip the potatoes very light with the eggs, a little melted butter, enough milk to make the mass of the right consistency to handle, and salt and pepper to taste. Put all into a saucepan and stir until hot, then set aside to get very cold. When cold, form with floured hands into small croquettes, being careful to have these uniform in size and shape, and roll in flour, or, if preferred, in a beaten egg, then in cracker dust. Set in the ice box for an hour or two, and fry to a golden brown in deep, boiling fat. Drain in a heated colander to free the croquettes from every bit of grease. Serve very hot in a dish lined with a napkin.

For fudge, break a half-pound cake of unsweetened chocolate into bits, and add to it its weight in butter, one and one-half pounds of brown sugar, and a half pint of rich milk. Boil all together in an agate-lined saucepan, stirring every few minutes. When a little dropped into iced water is brittle, stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla, and take from the fire. Begin at once to beat the candy hard, and keep this up until it "sugars." Turn into buttered pans and mark off into squares.

For Lady Baltimore cake cream together one cup of butter and two cups of powdered sugar, and when very light and smooth work in a cup of fresh milk. Beat the whites of six eggs until stiff, then whip them gradually into the mixture, and, when all these ingredients are well blended add three large cups of flour that have been sifted twice, with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir just enough to mix well, add a teaspoonful of rose water, and pour into greased layer tins. Bake in an even oven. When cool turn out and put together with a filling made by boiling three cups of granulated sugar with a gill of water until it threads. Take from the fire and pour, beating steadily, upon the stiffened whites of three eggs. Beat until thick, adding as you do so one cup of seeded and chopped raisins, one cup of chopped nuts—English walnuts or pecan nuts—and six figs cut into thin strips or into dice. Beat hard to mix thoroughly before spreading on the cake layers.

A Modern "Liner."

Imagine a ship close on seven hundred feet in length and with a tonnage of sixteen thousand driving through the huge Atlantic waves at the rate of more than twenty-seven miles an hour! The Auguste Victoria displaces over forty thousand tons of water, and her length is over one hundred feet more than double the height of the dome of the Capitol at Washington. She has a music room and a library, a flower shop, a string band and a brass band, a candy shop, an information bureau, a manicure parlor, electric and salt water baths, a gymnasium, a nursery, a palm garden, an a la carte restaurant and a table d'hote restaurant—with seats for over six hundred diners,—two smoking rooms, and an elevator to carry passengers between the six decks on which they are berthed. She has a crew of nearly six hundred men not to speak of ladies' maids, trained nurses, gardeners and musicians. Her furniture is of rare and beautiful varieties of wood, upholstered in silks, damasks, tapestries and brocades.

Seen by a passing ship at night, her thousands of electric lights make her look like a brilliantly illuminated town on a hillside. Loitering now in the drawing-room and then in the palm-garden one has to see the surging billows to be convinced that one is not in some fashionable hotel ashore. She is steered by steam, and her rudder, weighing many tons, is controlled by a wheel not more than four feet in diameter; a child could turn it easily. An electric telegraph and telephones put the captain in communication with all parts of her.

High over the bridge one can see what seems like an empty kite frame, and that is the web that catches the wireless messages from other ships and the land, and keeps us in touch with both when nothing is visible of either. They give their news to us, and we give ours to them. It all appears in the little newspaper that is published on board every afternoon.

We are not likely to see this luxuriousness and substantial comfort surpassed in our time, although further novelties, such as a swimming tank and a tailors' and dressmakers' shop for pressing and repairing clothes are to be introduced in a slightly larger ship which the Hamburg-American line is now building.—The Youth's Companion.

Why She Was so Anxious.

Anthony Comstock was talking in New York about certain information that had been lodged with him.

"It is perhaps helpful information," he said, "but I confess that I mistrust its motive.

"It suggests to me an incident that occurred last month in Matawan.

"A young woman of Matawan said to her husband one night:

"'My dear, there is a gentleman in the parlor. He wants to speak to you.'

"'Who is it; do you know?' the husband asked.

"'Dear,' said his wife, 'you must forgive me—but that cough has bothered you so much of late—and, though winter is coming on, it still clings to you, and—O, if you only knew how worried I've been about you;' and she threw her arms around his neck. 'What would I do if I were to lose you?' she moaned.

"'Come, come,' said the young man, patting her shoulder tenderly, 'men don't die of a slight cold. So you've called in the doctor, eh? Well, I'll see him gladly if it will make you feel easier. Which one is it? Squills?'

"'It isn't the doctor,' was the answer, 'It's the life insurance agent.'"

Obeyed Orders Strictly.

Harry's mother had given him an apple and told him to peel it before he ate it. Returning to the room after a few moments' absence and seeing no peeling, she asked:

"Did you peel your apple, Harry?"

"Yes," answered Harry.

"What did you do with the peelings?" she asked.

"Ate them."

"Look at poor Mrs. Smith working that heavy lawn mower. Isn't it a shame?"

"Yes, perhaps it is! but listen to poor Mr. Smith putting the baby to sleep."

G. B. BURHANS TESTIFIES AFTER FOUR YEARS.

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick dust sediment, and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble." F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

The fair Vassar graduate stood at the corner looking at the threatening attitude of two angry urchins in the midst of an eager and expectant crowd.

"Are the intents of those boys bellicose?" she asked.

"No, 'm," replied the boy addressed. "Them's only going to scrap."

Do you use an atomizer in treating Nasal Catarrh? Then you will appreciate Ely's Liquid Cream Balm, the mildest, quickest, surest remedy for this disease. In all curative properties it is identical with the solid Cream Balm, which is so famous and so successful in overcoming Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the head. There is relief in the first dash of spray upon the heated sensitive air-passages. All druggists 75 cents, including spraying tube, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, N. Y.

"I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burglar disgustedly, "and the lawyer was there with a gun all ready for me. He advertised me ter git out."

"You got off easy," replied the other. "Not much, I didn't! He charged me $25 for de advice."

WAS IN POOR HEALTH FOR YEARS.

Ira W. Kelley, of Mansfield, Pa., writes: "I was in poor health for two years, suffering from kidney and bladder trouble, and spent considerable money consulting physicians without obtaining any marked benefit, but was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure, and I desire to add my testimony that it may be the cause of restoring the health of others." Refuse substitutes. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Did young Spurtleigh make a good record during his collegiate course?"

"No, the wind was against him."

"What's that?"

"I say he won the hundred and the two-twenty all right, but he had to do it against the wind and his time was poor."

Columbus just landed; meeting a big Indian chief with a package under his arm, he asked what it was. "Great medicine, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Injun. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

"Did you ever sell your vote?" asked the impertinent friend.

"Never," answered Senator Sorghum. "A single vote is of no consequence these days. You've got to contract to deliver them in bunches."

WAR AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

All nations are endeavoring to check the ravages of consumption, the "white plague" that claims so many victims each year. Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds perfectly and you are in no danger of consumption. Do not risk your health by taking some unknown preparation when Foley's Honey and Tar is safe and certain in results. The genuine is in a yellow package. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Really," remarked Miss Passay, "I don't see why any woman should try to conceal her age. Now I'm willing all the time to let people know I'm 25."

"But," replied Miss Knox, "does it do any good? You know Lincoln said: 'You can't fool all the people all the time.'"

Your brain goes on a strike when you overload your stomach; both need blood to do business. Nutrition is what you want, and it comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

The Force of Habit.

"Do I snore?" said the fat commercial drummer "I should say so. That's why I can't use an alarm clock. I can't hear 'em. My snore drowns the best of 'em. And, speaking of the force of habit—I put up once at a crowded country hotel where I had to double up with an acquaintance. I told him I snored a few, but he didn't mind, he said, because his wife was a star in that line, and he had a 'system' to beat it.

"'I'll just tap you on the shoulder every time you begin to snore,' he explained. 'That'll stop you without waking you, and after a little I'll drop off myself.'

"It worked like a charm. I felt his taps for a time, but finally off I went on a dream of $10,000 salary and 10 per cent commission. Well, sir, when I awoke in the morning there was that chap tapping away at my shoulder regular as clockwork, and he sound asleep been at it all night, don't you see? Force of habit."

And he beamed indulgently on the silent party.—New York Globe.

The Bachelor Maid's Keys.

"Do I enjoy the freedom of a latch-key?" exclaimed the bachelor maid bitterly. "Look at that bunch"—holding aloft a ring full of keys. "Fifteen, and I have to carry all of them all the time. This one is the key to the studio building, this to my own studio, this to my club, this to my hamper at the club, this to my desk, this to the secret drawer of the desk, this to a trunk, this to another, this to my letter box, this to my sewing machine—oh, yes, the woman who comes to clean my studio would do her annual sewing there if I didn't—this to my box in the safety deposit, this to the piano—to keep the woman from using it, of course—this—positively I forget what it is for, but I know I need it often. I'm simply worn out lugging around a wrist bag big enough to hold them all. I assure you, my dear, that if you ever hear I have committed matrimony you may tell all my friends I needed a man to carry my keys for me."—New York Sun.

Greater Than the Nation.

There is a certain congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment. Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington on their return Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?' she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Success.

The Mystery of Death.

Oh, death, how bitter is the thought of thee! How speedy thy approach! How stealthy thy steps! How uncertain thy hour! How universal thy sway! The powerful cannot escape thee; the wise know not how to avoid thee; the strong have no strength to oppose thee; the rich cannot bribe thee with their treasure. Thou art a hammer that always strikes, a sword that is never dull, a net into which all fall, a prison into which all must enter, a sea on which all must venture, a penalty which all must suffer, a tribute which all must pay. Oh, death, death! Implacable enemy to the human race! Why didst thou enter into the world?—Luis de Granada.

Made Sure It Was Used.

An old farmer and his wife, noted for their niggardliness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning.

One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one.

A whispered consultation was held between the two, then audibly the wife said:

"Will you risk her wi' anither ane, John?"

"I doot we'll hae tae risk her, Janet," replied John, "but be sure an' seek a sicht o' the ane she got last nicht."—Glasgow Times.

His Wife's Relatives.

Sydney Smith said that marriage resembles a pair of shears—often moving in opposite directions, but always punishing those who came between them. Certainly those who would come between husband and wife deserve to be punished. We ought to keep upon terms of intimacy with our relations-in-law, and the best way of doing so is not to see too much of them, especially during the first year.

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right! It is my wife's relations who are causing the trouble."

He Could Walk.

All are not soldiers who wear a uniform, as General Lew Wallace found out at Fort Donelson. He saw four soldiers carrying a fifth, who seemed to be wounded.

"Can't that man walk without assistance?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, no!" said the men. "He is dying."

Just then a shell exploded near by, and the four men dropped their burden and fled. The man who was supposed to be wounded leaped to his feet and ran even faster than the others.

He Liked the Family.

"Dick proposed to me last night."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said he had better ask mamma. And what do you think the wretch said?"

"Goodness knows."

"He said he had asked her already, and she wouldn't have him."

One Ring and Another.

"I wonder when 'the ring' first became connected with fighting?" said the follower of pugilism, "Oh," replied Henpeck, "I suppose it dates back to the beginning of the Christian religion." "What's that? What has pugilism to do with religion?" "Oh, I thought you were speaking of the wedding ring."—Philadelphia Press.

The Doctor's Aim.

Some frivolous person has remarked that illness was like a struggle between two people and that the doctor resembled the third man, who intervened to separate them with a club. Sometimes he hit the disease on the head and sometimes the patient.—Hospital.

Intermission.

He yelled at the top of his voice for two hours and then stopped.

"Well," said his mother, "are you going to be good? Have you finished crying?"

"No," said Tommy, "I have not finished; I'm only resting."

Forcing Business.

Coster (irritable through lack of trade)—Buy a box o' cough lozenges, 'ang yer! Bystander—I haven't got a cough. Coster—Wel', fight me an' buy some stuff for black eyes.—London Tit-Bits.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Lion at the Barber's

Once upon a time the lion decided that he should go to the barber's, and so he posted off to the shop kept by the monkeys.

"I'm in a big hurry," said the lion as he climbed into the barber's chair. "Get through with me as quick as you can, for I want to catch a train." He threw himself back in the chair and closed his eyes, and before the mon-

HE HAD FALLEN FAST ASLEEP AND WAS SNORING.

keys had half recovered from their scare he had fallen fast asleep and was snoring.

"What did he say he wanted—a hair cut or a shampoo?" asked the chief barber of his assistant.

"He didn't say," answered Jimmy.

"Well, I guess you had better wake him up and ask him."

"Well, I guess I'll resign my job," replied Jimmy. "If I wake him up he'll eat me up."

"Then I'll shave him," said the chief.

"Maybe that isn't what he wants, and he'll eat you up," said Jimmy.

"Then suppose I cut his hair?"

"He may not want his hair cut, and he'll eat you up for that."

"Then I guess I'll cut his hair and shave him both."

"He'll eat us both up then."

The chief scratched his head and the assistant scratched his head, but presently Jimmy says:

"Boss, I would like to get off today to go and see a sick friend."

"All right," answered the chief, as the happy idea flitted through his brain. "And I'll take a day off too."

So they took each other by the paw and tiptoed as easily as they could across the plain until they got out of earshot of the lion, and then they ran. And unless he went to another barber shop Mr. Lion hasn't had his shave or hair cut from that day to this.—Chicago Tribune.

A DISAPPOINTED SHAH.

Queer Story of a Prizefight in an English Royal Garden.

In his book of memories Major General Sir Owen Tudor Burns tells a story of the first visit of a shah to Great Britain:

The shah wanted to see a prizefight, with blood. After much anxious thought and consultation with Lord Queensberry an innocent glove fight was arranged in the Buckingham palace stables, to take place quietly half an hour before the shah was to receive Lord Shaftesbury and the archbishops and bishops with a memorial asking him to protect the interests of the Christians in Persia.

But the shah slept late. The prizefighters overlapped the prelates. A footman made a mistake in opening the door. Archbishops and bishops following the shah in a moment found themselves more or less in a ring round the two prizefighters. The bishops hustled back to the reception room, the fight was stopped, the shah was angry and disappointed, and Lord Shaftesbury was heard shouting: "A prizefight in the garden of the queen's palace forsooth! I will denounce you all over the kingdom!"