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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Seeing Farms from the Train.

A GOOD WAY TO LEARN REAL CONDITIONS AND TO REFLECT ON CAUSES —SOME FARMERS SOMEWHAT INDEPENDENT OF THE WEATHER.

It seems to me there is no more accurate method of estimating general farm conditions throughout any section of country than through keeping one's eyes and thoughts well occupied while traveling by train, for in the final summing up we will ordinarily be more certain of right conclusions than if we trust to reports from those most directly interested—the farmers themselves.

There is perhaps much truth in the oft repeated charge that the farmer is a chronic grumbler, while in the case of some we must always reckon with their habit of boasting over what they claim to be doing. But when we see the growing crops, the orchard, the dairy cows and other livestock on the farm we have the truth concerning the whole matter.

It must be admitted by all that the present season is an unusual one, the mild winter being followed by a cold, backward spring, in which the climax was reached in a June snowstorm; but, unfavorable as weather conditions have been the present season, they are no worse than we have experienced in other years, and still good crops were grown. When I began business on my own account I commenced keeping a daily record of transactions and events, including weather, and in late years when things occasionally seemed to me to be going to the bad I have often found encouragement in reading over records of other seasons where conditions were found to be still more unfavorable and yet we were rewarded by abundant harvests. Weather conditions seem to be one of the cases where "distance lends enchantment" and we are too prone to think the present is more unfavorable than any other season we have ever experienced.

Under present unfavorable conditions there are still many farms where the outlook is good for maximum crops of most kinds, and, as a rule, the results of the year in growth of crops will be just what the man in charge is capable of making them; and his ability in overcoming adverse conditions will be the gauge by which the year's income will be measured. So I like to study on the train, to look over farm after farm as we ride along, until we hear that pleasantest of all sounds as the trainman calls out the name of our own home town.

The "squire" came over after tea, and as I was talking of our own individual responsibility in making crops grow under unfavorable conditions, he said he thought that I was unfair, and that a fellow ought not to be blamed because corn was yellow and sickly when he was obliged to plant the second or third time and when the ground was so wet that cultivation was impossible. When I asked him where he found his seed corn this spring he put on his hat without any reply and went down to the store to find more sympathetic company. He knew I understood all about his having picked his seed corn from a neighbor's crib the day before he planted it. "As ye sow so shall ye reap."

On the train recently I saw corn ten inches high, a good even stand and well cultivated, while in fields adjoining corn was small, sickly and there was not enough standing to justify the use of the land or the expense of cultivation, and I saw a score of such varieties. What made the difference? Figuratively, it was the difference in calibre of two different men. One took things as they came and cursed the weather; the other made things as he wanted them, and grew corn.

The man who carefully selects seed corn at husking time and hangs the braided ears in the attic or other dry place of even temperature through the winter is rarely obliged to plant a second time. Our latter day habit of depending on the hardware merchant or the miller for our seed corn is a tremendous handicap. Another thing is impressed upon me more and more, and that is the need of tile draining if we are to get best results from our farms.

Those best crops I saw from the car windows recently had not suffered from excessive moisture. The land had been in a condition to insure a healthy growth, while other fields were flooded. The tile drained fields had been in a condition in which cultivation of the growing crops could be carried on and weeds could be eradicated, and in this way such conditions as would tend to hasten growth and early maturity could be secured. Not only is the tile drain of untold benefit in wet seasons, but in time of extreme drouth the benefit to the growing crops from a thorough system of drainage is greater than is ordinarily believed, frequently great enough to repay many times over the interest on the original investment. Too many of us own more land than we can properly care for, and I believe that in future the class of farms that will pay most satisfactory returns will be the smaller farms that are cared for in a better manner.

All I have said in regard to the corn crop will hold as true in the case of wheat. Some fields promise an abundant harvest, and certain portions of other fields make a good showing for a thirty-bushel-an-acre yield, while in other parts of the same field the amount harvested will not exceed that of the seed sown. The expense of cultivation, fertilizing, seed, interest and other items of expense in growing the crop were the same in one case as in the other, while the difference in income from the various parts of the field would go far in paying all expense of a thorough system of tile drainage, which should be in perfect working condition for generations to come, and during all this time be one of the most potent factors in insuring profitable crops of every kind.

Western New York has always been recognized as one of the great bean growing sections of the country, and this corp is one of the most profitable grown here. From present indications it will be more uniformly good than any other farm crop this season. Ordinarily, planting has been done a few weeks later than usual, but favorable weather for the last two weeks has enabled farmers to get their fields into good condition for planting, and the growing crop, although planted late, is uniformly healthy and of vigorous growth.

The condition of old meadows is a strong argument in favor of a short rotation of crops, as the only fields that now give promise of even a fair crop are those newly seeded, and the last week of June is altogether too late in the growing season to justify the hope of any marked improvement in conditions of old meadows. In these fields the weeds have made an excellent growth, in many cases the weeds constituting the greater part of the whole, with the white daisy entirely in the lead, some fields looking as if this vile weed were the only thing growing in them. When I was a boy I spent many a long, weary day in pulling yellow daisies in the growing meadows, being told that it was a dangerous weed, and while I pulled all the yellow ones in sight I passed the innocent (?) white daisy by. I rarely see yellow daisies now, while the white ones are everywhere present. Was my early training defective?

The most economical, as well as the certain method of eradicating this, as well as other weeds, is by the keeping of a fair sized flock of sheep on every farm. With wool around the 30-cents-a-pound mark, and fat lambs selling at over $9 a hundred weight in carload lots, there should be no need of argument to show the benefits of keeping a flock of sheep, and thus cleaning a farm by turning objectionable weeds into high priced wool and mutton.

I am surprised that people are so slow to appreciate the value of alsike clover. In several fields I saw from the train there were low places where the medium clover had winter killed, and every such spot is not only a cause of loss in the meadow, but also encourages the growth of weeds whose seeds are scattered over other portions of the field to the injury of future crops. In some fields there had been sown a mixture of medium clover and alsike, and with this mixture there were no waste places, as the alsike is naturally at home under conditions in which medium clover will not thrive; and with the combination a much more certain growth may be secured. Not only this, but I think experience in feeding the two varieties, mixed, will convince any observing feeder of the greater value of the mixed clovers.

Evidently our experiment station bulletins do not find a place in every farmhouse, or else they are not read as they should be, for I never saw a better showing for a full crop of wild mustard than on this trip. It almost makes my back ache now when I think of the days I spent as a boy in pulling mustard growing in grain crops. With a single exception, I believe it is the worst weed we have on the farms; but, thanks to our station investigators, backs need not ache now in ridding our fields of this troublesome weed, for a good spraying machine drawn by a horse, and a solution of copper sulphate, will entirely destroy the mustard, while it does not injure the growing grain.

The "Squire" was going to town this morning, and drove in to finish up the argument we were having last evening when he lost his temper. He said it was impossible to get the help he needs to work his farm now, and wanted me to tell him how he could do the extra work of laying tile drains, spraying potatoes for blight, his growing grain crops to kill the mustard, and a lot of other newfangled notions farmers are getting into. He is one of the best neighbors I've got, and I like to argue with him; but it's a case of a one hundred acre man on a two hundred acre farm, and this combination never works well. It's always safe to be a little bigger than your business.—Frank D. Ward in Tribune Farmer.

Sheep Versus Dogs.

CONTROL DOGS AT NIGHT.

In connection with the present agitation of the dog and sheep question, the accompanying ideas from R. S. Hinman of Connecticut are interesting. At one time Mr. Hinman was a large sheep owner, but dogs cleaned out his flock and he has never re-stocked his farm with them. He is also ex-president of the Connecticut sheep breeders' association. His ideas follow:

The only practical solution of the dog question is that every dog owner, unless the dog be a foxhound or coon dog out on legitimate business, be required to care for his dog from sunset to sunrise. I know it is a lot to ask of a man that he shall spend two minutes every night chaining or shutting up a dog that isn't worth the price of a chain. The dog that kills sheep or poultry almost invariably does his work at night. If occasionally some fool dog started out on a daylight raid there would be a chance of getting him or finding his owner.

The advantage that would result from the keeping of sheep on Connecticut farms can hardly be overestimated and the benefit would be universal. There are thousands of acres growing up to brush and valueless for taxation that if they could be sheep pastures would add to the grand list and correspondingly reduce the rates, while the flock master was more directly benefitted.

The dairyman that wants to market his products in our cities, manufacturing towns and villages would benefit by less competition, as there are hundreds of farmers forced into dairying that would gladly keep sheep if they were let alone. The competition of this class of dairymen, that make milk and butter because they must, is disastrous in two ways. Directly, and because the man that makes butter only because he must is apt to make an inferior article, sell it for what he can get and give consumers a bad opinion of "dairy butter."

There is still another class, by no means small, to be benefited. Connecticut's pastures will grow as fine mutton and lamb as any connoisseur in these wholesome meats need ask for, and our markets might sell such meat if dogs could be cared for during the night season. A sensible bill containing such a provision would be indorsed by all owners of valuable dogs. A majority of the doctors in the general assembly, knowing that they are powerless in a case of rabies, would vote for it. Every lawyer, realizing that one farmer has as good a right to keep sheep on his farm in Connecticut as his neighbor has to keep a dog, and that it is up to the dog owner not to allow his dog to worry the sheep, would vote for it. The city merchants, manufacturers and professional men, with an appetite for good mutton, would vote for it. It would be opposed by men keeping dogs too worthless to be cared for, and unfortunately there are a lot of them.—New England Homestead.

Corn Conditions.

The forthcoming government report on corn will show acreage planted and condition. The area promises to be large, the condition quite irregular and on the whole backward. There has been excellent growing weather in the last week, but farmers' sales have dropped off freely enough to indicate that the grower is by no means assured of his crop prospect.

There has been a very marked broadening of speculation in corn and it appears to be fast becoming a public favorite. The unseasonable spring and the replanting necessary have impaired the stand very materially in some important sections, notably Iowa.

Recently there has been a little decline from the large daily total of shipping sales to the east and for export, but the supplies east are low and the demand is likely to start at any time. Meanwhile the supply here is not burdensome and its quality is good. Corn prices made a net gain recently of 1 7-8 at 2 1-4 cents.—Chicago Live Stock World.

If you want to get a bountiful second crop of clover on that field from which the first cutting has been taken, apply as soon as the hay is out of the way two hundred pounds of nitrate of soda to the acre, and watch out to see the clover grow. Take much pains to make the application even on every part of the ground so that every square foot shall get its share.—Maine Farmer.

While half blood horses may do well enough to work, they should never be used for breeding purposes.

The good qualities of a horse do not all come from the sire.

The Fight.

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

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THE child life of the neighborhood was sometimes moved in its deeps at the sight of wagon loads of furniture arriving in front of some house which, with closed blinds and barred doors, had been for a time a mystery or even a fear. The boys often expressed this fear by stamping bravely and noisily on the porch of the house and then suddenly darting away, with screams of nervous laughter, as if they expected to be pursued by something uncanny. There was a group who held that the cellar of a vacant house was certainly the abode of robbers, smugglers, assassins, mysterious masked men in council about the dim rays of a candle and possessing skulls, emblematic bloody daggers and owls. Then, near the 1st

Stamping bravely and noisily on the porch.

of April, would come along a wagon load of furniture, and children would assemble on the walk by the gate and make serious examination of everything that passed into the house and taking no thought whatever of masked men.

One day it was announced in the neighborhood that a family was actually moving into the Hannigan house, next door to Dr. Trescott's. Jimmie was one of the first to be informed, and by the time some of his friends came dashing up he was versed in much.

"Any boys?" they demanded eagerly.

"Yes," answered Jimmie proudly. "One's a little feller, and one's most as big as me. I saw 'em, I did."

"Where are they?" asked Willie Dalzel as if under the circumstances he could not take Jimmie's word, but must have the evidence of his senses.

"Oh, they're in there," said Jimmie carelessly. It was evident he owned these new boys.

Willie Dalzel resented Jimmie's proprietary way.

"Ho!" he cried scornfully. "Why don't they come out, then? Why don't they come out?"

"How d' I know?" said Jimmie.

"Well," retorted Willie Dalzel, "you seemed to know so thundering much about 'em."

At the moment a boy came strolling down the gravel walk which led from the front door to the gate. He was about the height and age of Jimmie Trescott, but he was thick through the chest and had fat legs. His face was round and rosy and plump, but his hair was curly black, and his brows were naturally darkling, so that he resembled both a pudding and a young bull.

He approached slowly the group of older inhabitants, and they had grown profoundly silent. They looked him over; he looked them over. They might have been savages observing the first white man or white men observing the first savage. The silence held steady.

As he neared the gate the strange boy wandered off to the left in a definite way, which proved his instinct to make a circular voyage when in doubt. The motionless group stared at him. In time this unsmiling scrutiny worked upon him somewhat, and he leaned against the fence and fastidiously examined one shoe.

In the end Willie Dalzel authoritatively broke the stillness. "What's your name?" said he gruffly.

"Johnnie Hedge 'tis," answered the new boy. Then came another great silence while Whilomville pondered this intelligence.

Again came the voice of authority—"Where'd you live b'fore?"

"Jersey City."

These two sentences completed the first section of the formal code. The second section concerned itself with the establishment of the new comer's exact position in the neighborhood.

"I kin lick you," announced Willie Dalzel and awaited the answer.

The Hedge boy had stared at Willie Dalzel, but he stared at him again. After a pause he said, "I know you kin."

"Well," demanded Willie, "kin he lick you?" And he indicated Jimmie Trescott with a sweep which announced plainly that Jimmie was the next in prowess.

Whereupon the new boy looked at Jimmie respectfully but carefully and at length said, "I dunno."

This was the signal for an outburst of shrill screaming, and everybody pushed Jimmie forward. He knew what he had to say, and, as befitted the occasion, he said it fiercely: "Kin you lick me?"

The new boy also understood what he had to say, and, despite his unhappy and lonely state, he said it bravely: "Yes."

"Well," retorted Jimmie bluntly, "come out and do it then! Jest come out and do it!" And these words were greeted with cheers. These little rascals yelled that there should be a fight at once. They were in bliss over the prospect. "Go on, Jim! Make 'im come out. He said he could lick you. Aw-aw-aw! He said he could lick you!" There probably never was a fight among this class in Whilomville which was not the result of the goading and guying of two proud lads by a populace of urchins who simply wished to see a show.

Willie Dalzel was very busy. He turned first to the one and then to the other. "You said you could lick him. Well, why don't you come out and do it, then? You said you could lick him, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered the new boy, dogged and dubious.

Willie tried to drag Jimmie by the arm. "Aw, go on, Jimmie! You ain't afraid, are you?"

"No," said Jimmie.

The two victims opened wide eyes at each other. The fence separated them, and so it was impossible for them to immediately engage, but they seemed to understand that they were ultimately to be sacrificed to the ferocious aspirations of the other boys, and each scanned the other to learn something of his spirit. They were not angry at all. They were merely two little gladiators who were being clamorously told to hurt each other. Each displayed hesitation and doubt without displaying fear. They did not exactly understand what were their feelings, and they moodily kicked the ground and made low and sullen answers to Willie Dalzel, who worked like a circus manager.

"Aw, go on, Jim! What's the matter with you? You ain't afraid, are you? Well, then, say something." This sentiment received more cheering from the abandoned little wretches who wished to be entertained, and in this cheering there could be heard notes of derision of Jimmie Trescott. The latter had a position to sustain. He was well known. He often bragged of his willingness and ability to thrash other boys. Well, then, here was a boy of his size who said that he could not thrash him. What was he going to do about it? The crowd made these arguments very clear and repeated them again and again.

Finally Jimmie, driven to aggression, walked close to the fence and said to the new boy. "The first time I catch you out of your own yard I'll lam the head off'n you!" This was received with wild plaudits by the Whilomville urchins.

But the new boy stepped back from the fence. He was awed by Jimmie's formidable mien. But he managed to get out a semidefiant sentence. "Maybe you will, and maybe you won't," said he.

However, his short retreat was taken as a practical victory for Jimmie, and the boys hooted him bitterly. He remained inside the fence, swinging one foot and scowling, while Jimmie was escorted off down the street amid acclamations. The new boy turned and walked back toward the house, his face gloomy, lined deep with discouragement, as if he felt that the new environment's antagonism and palpable cruelty were sure to prove too much for him.

* * * * * * *

The mother of Johnnie Hedge was a widow, and the chief theory of her life was that her boy should be in school on the greatest possible number of days. He himself had no sympathy with this ambition, but she detected the truth of his diseases with an unerring eye, and he was required to be really ill before he could win the right to disregard the first bell morning and noon. The chicken pox and the mumps had given him vacations—vacations of misery, wherein he nearly died between pain and nursing. But bad colds in the head did nothing for him, and he was not able to invent a satisfactory hacking cough. His mother was not consistently a tartar. In most things he swayed her to his will. He was allowed to have more jam, pickles and pie than most boys. She respected his profound loathing of Sunday school. On summer evenings he could remain out of doors until 8:30, but in this matter of school she was inexorable. This single point in her character was of steel.

"The first time I catch you I'll lam the head off'n you!"

The Hedges arrived in Whilomville on a Saturday, and on the following Monday Johnnie wended his way to school with a note to the principal and his Jersey City schoolbooks. He knew perfectly well that he would be told to buy new and different books, but in those days mothers always had an idea that old books would "do," and they invariably sent boys off to a new school with books which would not meet the selected and unchangeable views of the new administration. The old books never would "do." Then the boys brought them home to annoyed mothers and asked for 90 cents or 60 cents or 85 cents or some number of cents for another outfit. In the garret of every house holding a large family there was a collection of effete schoolbooks, with mother rebellious because James could not inherit his books from Paul, who should properly be Peter's heir, while Peter should be a beneficiary under Henry's will.

But the matter of the books was not the measure of Johnnie Hedge's unhappiness. This whole business of changing schools was a complete torture. Alone he had to go among a new people, a new tribe, and he apprehended his serious time. There were only two fates for him. One meant victory. One meant a kind of serfdom in which he would subscribe to every word of some superior boy and support his every word. It was not anything like an English system of fagging, because boys invariably drifted into the figurative service of other boys whom they devotedly admired, and if they were obliged to subscribe to everything it is true that they would have done so freely in any case. One means to suggest that Johnnie Hedge had to find his place. Willie Dalzel was a type of the little chieftain, and Willie was a master, but he was not a bully in a special physical sense. He did not drag little boys by the ears until they cried or make them tearfully fetch and carry for him. They fetched and carried, but it was because of their worship of his prowess and genius. And so all through the strata of boy life were chieftains and subchieftains and assistant subchieftains. There was no question of little Hedge being towed about by the nose. It was, as one has said, that he had to find his place in a new school. And this in itself was a problem which awed his boyish heart. He was a stranger cast away upon the moon. None knew him, understood him, felt for him. He would be surrounded for this initiative time by a horde of jackal creatures who might turn out in the end to be little boys like himself, but this last point his philosophy could not understand in its fullness.

He came to a white meeting house sort of a place, in the squat tower of which a great bell was clanging impressively. He passed through an iron gate into a playground worn bare as the bed of a mountain brook by the endless runnings and scuffings of little children. There was still half an hour before the final clangor in the squat tower, but the playground held a number of frolicsome imps. A loitering boy espied Johnnie Hedge, and he howled: "Oh! Oh! Here's a new feller! Here's a new feller!" He advanced upon the strange arrival. "What's your name?" he demanded belligerently, like a particularly offensive custom house officer.

"Johnnie Hedge," responded the newcomer shyly.

This name struck the other boy as being very comic. All new names strike boys as being comic. He laughed noisily.

"Oh, fellers, he says his name is Johnnie Hedge! Haw, haw, haw!"

The new boy felt that his name was the most disgraceful thing which had ever been attached to a human being.

"Johnnie Hedge! Haw, haw! What room you in?" said the other lad.

"I dunno," said Johnnie. In the meantime a small flock of interested vultures had gathered about him. The main thing was his absolute strangeness. He even would have welcomed the sight of his tormentors of Saturday; he had seen them before at least. These creatures were only so many incomprehensible problems. He diffidently began to make his way toward the main door of the school, and the other boys followed him. They demanded information.

"Are you through subtraction yet? We study jogerfre—did you ever? You live here now? You goin' to school here now?"

To many questions he made answer as well as the clamor would permit, and at length he reached the main door and went quaking unto his new kings. As befitted them, the rabble stopped at the door. A teacher strolling along a corridor found a small boy holding in his hand a note. The boy palpably did not know what to do with the note, but the teacher knew and took it. Thereafter this little boy was in harness.

A splendid lady in gorgeous robes gave him a seat at a double desk, at the end of which sat a hoodlum with grimy finger nails who eyed the inauguration with an extreme and personal curiosity. The other desks were gradually occupied by children, who first were told of the new boy and then turned upon him a speculative and somewhat derisive eye. The school opened. Little classes went forward to a position in front of the teacher's platform and tried to explain that they knew something. The new boy was not requisitioned a great deal; he was allowed to lie dormant until he became used to the scenes and until the teacher found approximately his mental position. In the meantime he suffered a shower of stares and whispers and giggles, as if he were a man ape, whereas he was precisely like other children. From time to time he made funny and pathetic little overtures to other boys, but these overtures could not yet be received; he was not known; he was a foreigner. The village school was like a nation. It was tight. Its amiability or friendship must be won in certain ways.

At recess he hovered in the schoolroom around the weak lights of society and around the teacher in the hope that somebody might be good to him, but none considered him save as some sort of a specimen. The teacher, of course, had a secondary interest in the fact that he was an additional one to a class of sixty-three.

At 12 o'clock, when the ordered files of boys and girls marched toward the door, he exhibited—to no eye—the tremblings of a coward in a charge. He exaggerated the lawlessness of the playground and the street.

But the reality was hard enough. A shout greeted him:

"Oh, here's the new feller! Here's the new feller!"

Small and utterly obscure boys teased him. He had a hard time of it to get to the gate. There never was any actual hurt, but everything was competent to smite the lad with shame. It was a curious, groundless shame, but nevertheless it was shame. He was a newcomer, and he definitely felt the disgrace of the fact. In the street he was seen and recognized by some lads who had formed part of the group of Saturday. They shouted:

"Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie! Here he is! Here's that new feller!"

Jimmie Trescott was going virtuously toward his luncheon when he heard these cries behind him. He pretended not to hear, and in this deception he was assisted by the fact that he was engaged at the time in a furious argument with a friend over the relative merits of two "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies. It appeared that one company had only two bloodhounds, while the other had ten. On the other hand, the first company had two Topsys and two Uncle Toms, while the second had only one Topsy and one Uncle Tom.

But the shouting little boys were hard after him. Finally they were even pulling at his arms.

"Jimmie"—

"What?" he demanded, turning, with a snarl. "What d'you want? Leggo my arm!"

"Here he is! Here's the new feller. Here's the new feller! Now!"

"I don't care if he is," said Jimmie, with grand impatience. He tilted his chin. "I don't care if he is."

Then they reviled him. "Thought you was goin' to lick him first time you caught him? Yah! You're a 'fraid cat!" They began to sing: "'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!" He expostulated hotly, turning from one to the other, but they would not listen. In the meantime the Hedge boy slunk on his way, looking with deep anxiety upon this attempt to send Jimmie against him. But Jimmie would have none of the plan.

* * * * * * *

When the children met again on the playground, Jimmie was openly challenged with cowardice. He had made a big threat in the hearing of comrades, and when invited by them to take advantage of an opportunity he had refused. They had been fairly sure of their amusement, and they were indignant. Jimmie was finally driven to declare that as soon as school was out for the day he would thrash the Hedge boy.

When finally the children came rushing out of the iron gate filled with the delights of freedom a hundred boys surrounded Jimmie in high spirits, for he had said that he was determined. They waited for the lone lad from Jersey City. When he appeared Jimmie wasted no time. He walked straight to him and said, "Did you say you kin lick me?"

Johnnie Hedge was cowed, shrinking, affrighted, and the roars of a hundred boys thundered in his ears, but again he knew what he had to say, "Yes," he gasped in anguish.

"Then," said Jimmie resolutely "you've got to fight." There was a joyous clamor by the mob. The beleaguered lad looked this way and that way for succor as Willie Dalzel and other officious youngsters policed an irregular circle in the crowd. He saw Jimmie facing him. There was no help for it. He dropped his books—the old books which would not "do."

Now, it was the fashion among tiny Whilomville belligerents to fight much in the manner of little bear cubs. The boys would rush upon each other, immediately grapple, and—the best boy having probably succeeded in getting the coveted "under hold"—there would presently be a crash to the earth of the inferior boy, and he would probably be mopped around in the dust or the mud or the snow or whatever the material happened to be until the engagement was over. Whatever havoc was dealt out to him was ordinarily the result of his wild endeavors to throw off his opponent and arise. Both infants wept during the fight as a common thing, and if they wept very hard the fight was a harder fight. The result was never very bloody, but the complete dishevelment of both victor and vanquished was extraordinary. As for the spectacle, it more resembled a collision of boys in a fog than it did the manly art of hammering another human being into speechless inability.

This was no time for academics—he ran.

The fight began when Jimmie made a mad bear cub rush at the new boy, amid savage cries of encouragement. Willie Dalzel, for instance, almost howled his head off. Very timid boys on the outskirts of the throng felt their hearts leap to their throats. It was a time when certain natures were impressed that only man is vile.

But it appeared that bear cub rushing was no part of the instruction received by boys in Jersey City. Boys in Jersey City were apparently schooled curiously. Upon the onslaught of Jimmie the stranger had gone wild with rage—boylike. Some spark had touched his fighting blood, and in a moment he was a cornered, desperate, fire eyed little man. He began to swing his arms, to revolve them so swiftly that one might have considered him a small working model of an extra fine patented windmill which was caught in a gale. For a moment this defense surprised Jimmie more than it damaged him, but two moments later a small, knotty fist caught him squarely in the eye, and with a shriek he went down in defeat. He lay on the ground so stunned that he could not even cry, but if he had been able to cry he would have cried over his prestige—or something—not over his eye.

There was a dreadful tumult. The boys cast glances of amazement and terror upon the victor and thronged upon the beaten Jimmie Trescott. It was a moment of excitement so intense that one cannot say what happened. Never before had Whilomville seen such a thing—not the little tots. They were aghast, dumfounded, and they glanced often over their shoulders at the new boy, who stood alone, his clinched fists at his side, his face crimson, his lips still working with the fury of battle.

But there was another surprise for Whilomville. It might have been seen that the little victor was silently debating against an impulse.

But the impulse won, for the lone lad from Jersey City suddenly wheeled, sprang like a demon and struck another boy.

A curtain should be drawn before this deed. A knowledge of it is really too much for the heart to bear. The other boy was Willie Dalzel. The lone lad from Jersey City had smitten him full sore.

There is little to say of it. It must have been that a feeling worked gradually to the top of the little stranger's wrath that Jimmie Trescott had been a mere tool, that the front and center of his persecutors had been Willie Dalzel, and, being rendered temporarily lawless by his fighting blood, he raised his hand and smote for revenge.

Willie Dalzel had been in the middle of a vandal's cry, which screeched out over the voices of everybody. The new boy's fist cut it in half, so to say. And then arose the howl of an amazed and terrorized walrus.

One wishes to draw a second curtain. Without discussion or inquiry or brief retort, Willie Dalzel ran away. He ran like a hare straight for home, this redoubtable chieftain. Following him at a heavy and slow pace ran the impassioned new boy. The scene was long remembered.

Willie Dalzel was no coward; he had been panic stricken into running away from a new thing. He ran as a man might run from the sudden appearance of a vampire or a ghoul or a gorilla. This was no time for academics—he ran.

Jimmie slowly gathered himself and came to his feet. "Where's Willie?" said he, first of all. The crowd snigger ed. "Where's Willie?" said Jimmie again.

"Why, he licked him too!" answered a boy suddenly.

"He did?" said Jimmie. He sat weakly down on the roadway. "He did?" After allowing a moment for the fact to sink into him, he looked up at the crowd with his one good eye and his one bunged eye and smiled cheerfully.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

Blood Humors
Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption; but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.
Hood's Sarsaparilla expels them, renovates, strengthens and tones the whole system. This is the testimony of thousands annually.
Accept no substitute, but insist on having
Hood's Sarsaparilla
In usual liquid form or in chocolated tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses $1.

AN UNPROTESTED CHECK.

By Edith M. Doane.

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When all the legal formalities were ended and the fortune that had been Robert Maxwell's was finally handed over to his "beloved daughter Elizabeth," that young lady regarded her new found responsibilities in dismay and promptly proceeded to shift them to other and broader shoulders. James Gordon had been her father's secretary and his shoulders were presumably better fitted for the burden.

"But you cannot hand me over your fortune to carry, as if it were a book or a parcel," said Gordon distractedly, though inexpressibly cheered by this profession of confidence. "You do not understand"—

"Oh, yes, I do," returned Miss Maxwell serenely. "I understand perfectly. I shall appoint you"—

"Chairman of the finance committee," suggested Gordon.

"Yes," said Miss Maxwell. "I will be the committee."

"Well, I shall do my best," said Gordon, laughing. "But the committee will please remember that it has certain active duties."

"I don't see why it should have any," she retorted. "Practically, you have already managed the estate for the past five years. You were invaluable to father."

"Perhaps I was," Gordon returned, "though I don't remember it, and he never mentioned it. However, I appreciate your confidence and will serve you faithfully; but (gravely) what if I should make mistakes? Is it wise to intrust the handling of so much money to one man?"

"I should think it might depend a good deal upon the man," said Miss Maxwell softly.

So Gordon fitted up an office in a downtown skyscraper, where he sat at a table strewn with papers and pink-taped, legal looking documents, figuring and writing late into the nights, and Miss Maxwell, having arranged her financial affairs to her liking, annexed a meek, elderly relative as chaperon and turned her attention to other difficulties.

Her first, chiefest and most immediate difficulty was her cousin Tom Cornish.

"It isn't that I do not like you," she painstakingly explained for the hundredth time. "You know I do. As a sister, now, I"—

"Oh, drop it!" retorted Tom inelegantly.

"And anyhow I shall never marry."

"So it's all up?"

"I think I have been telling you that for the past five minutes," said Miss Maxwell impatiently.

"You know what I meant all along," he said sullenly. "Some one has been giving you a resume of my vices."

"Your vices are nothing to me nor your virtues either. If you"— The words died on her lips. For the first time in all their lives his arm closed around her. Convulsively he held her to him, bending his head till his lips met her soft brown hair.

"Betty, I—I've got to—tell you—I'm in no end of trouble. I need you—I need your help—I"—

By a single vehement effort Betty released herself.

"How dare you? How dare you?" she raged, then came to a dead stop. Her eyes grew wide with dismay and fixed upon the doorway at the end of the room.

"Mr. Gordon," she said in a constrained voice.

It was Gordon indeed. He was quite at the other end of the long room, but not so far that the late tableau could be unseen by him, and the distress of her face was intensified in his as he bowed hurriedly and the yellow portiere fell behind him.

Betty blushed furiously. A person looking on and not understanding might, of course—she turned suddenly to Tom, who stood staring at her uneasily.

"Now go!" she cried desperately. "Go!"

Meanwhile Gordon had found his hat and the sidewalk and walked blindly down the avenue, forgetting the papers he had gone for—forgetting everything except a girl's flushed, dismayed face. It was scandalous that she should be allowed to drift into complications with that fellow. It was all very well that Cornish was her cousin, but what of the fellow's character—a gambler, a fortune hunter? Yet what could he do? All day he had looked forward to seeing Betty. Well, he had seen her. And she must have been in earnest. She wasn't the kind of girl to let a man—and as memory gripped him he plunged gloomily on.

It was several days later that Miss Maxwell, blue gowned and demure, turned into the entrance of a bank on lower Broadway and walked calmly to the paying teller's window.

"I suppose you know that this overdraws your account, Miss Maxwell," said that gentleman, handing out a packet of fresh bank notes.

The girl stared at him in astonishment. "No, I did not know. I had not thought," she said nervously.

"That last check was rather large—ten thousand"—

"Ten thousand!" repeated Betty weakly.

"Yes. We did not question it, of course, because Mr. Gordon so often draws large amounts." He looked at her keenly. "It was all right, I suppose?"

"Yes; oh, yes," said Betty unsteadily. "It was all right. I—I suppose Mr. Gordon cashed it?"

"He sent a messenger, as he usually does."

Betty nodded. The bank swam and for an instant her brain reeled as she turned away, perplexed and vaguely conscious of impending evil.

Ten thousand dollars!

Even to Betty's vague business reasoning $10,000 seemed a good deal to lose track of. But there must be some good reason why Gordon had filled in the check for so much, for Miss Maxwell's methods of dealing with the management of her estate had not changed, and, though she still signed all her checks, she serenely washed her hands of further responsibility, and Gordon usually filled them in.

Once at home, she hurried to her desk. She had a prejudice against keeping her check book in order, and an appalling number of hastily scrawled stubs confronted her. She worked busily, covering a pad with figures and counting up totals on her fingers. But it was slow work, and near the end one stub stared out from the rest provokingly.

It was blank

She leaned her elbows on the desk and, resting her chin in her hands, stared hard into space. There was the check unaccounted for, and he had filled it out for $10,000. No one knew how many others he had used. He was welcome to the money. She would not fight it if she could. But he had seemed so different, and she had trusted him. Slowly her head sank on the desk, and the heiress of the Maxwell millions cried her eyes out like any ordinary lovesick girl.

It was ten hours later—ten dreary, interminable hours—that the clock on Betty's dressing table chimed 1.

Betty shivered. No sleep had come to her eyes. Getting out of bed, she slipped into a dressing gown. She would read. An

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JUL. 23, 1907.

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

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

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

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

Coming Events.

Aug. 6—Oxford Pomona Grange, South Waterford.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Eye Symptoms.
Hebron Academy.
Ideal Laundry.
Probate Notices.
7 Notices of Appointment.
Lost.
Wanted.
July Clearance Sale.
Lost.
Notice of Foreclosure.
For Sale.
Have You Tried Cur-X-Zema?
Parker's Hair Balsam.
Wanted.

Here and There.

There is serious trouble in the little Hermit Kingdom of Korea, and while the causes and course of events may not be easily and fully comprehended by us, one thing is evident, that there can be only one outcome. When the affair is settled, Korea will be more firmly under the control of Japan than ever. Such is the course of civilization. The more advanced people may use some of the methods of barbarism in dealing with the less advanced, but in the end the cause of civilization is forwarded.

Denatured alcohol, which was to accomplish such a revolution in the arts and industries, seems to have gone into innocuous desuetude. Very little of it, so it is said, is being made.

Jesse D. Grant, youngest son of Gen. Grant, is mentioned as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president. While nothing is said against him by any one, it is reported that he calls himself a scientific loafer, and that one of his favorite occupations is to smoke a good cigar and look at a blank wall for some hours on a stretch. The contrast between that and the life of our present strenuous chief executive would be something startling, and it is doubtful if the serenity of mind indicated by the above statement would constitute a desirable qualification for the nominee of any party.

The Argus recently had an editorial paragraph on Bangor and the water question, in which the prohibitory law and the Sturgis commission were not even mentioned.

Popular Judgment.

Governor Hughes in his recent speech at Buffalo made a statement which is worthy of note. "Whether you have confidence or not in popular judgment," he said, "let me assure you that in this country it is idle to inveigh against it." He further adds "Let these questions be upon your conscience and upon your heart, but not upon your nerves." The Governor is quite right. We have got to put up with things as they are but at the same time we must do all we can to see that things are done as they should be. Popular judgment may be and often is wrong, but in the long run everything will come out right. Governor Hughes is also right when he says: "The prevailing sentiment in this country is wholesome and just; it is idealistic; it rejoices in the extension of commerce and the development of industry; it takes pride in the ability that invents, in the talent that can organize effort and make co-operation productive; it honors honest toil of hand or brain; it prizes sagacity and thrift; it extols prudence; it reverences achievement. But it also demands honesty. It also exacts fidelity, both to private and public obligation. It believes in freedom of opportunity, not that a few may exploit the many, but that each, working according to his talent, may receive a just return and that the rights of all in their community relations shall be paramount to the selfish interests of any one."—Boston Banker and Tradesman.

Poland Camp Meeting.

We would not have any of the readers of the Democrat, which should be every one in Oxford County, forget the camp-meeting which is to be held on Poland camp ground August 15-26. These grounds are so situated as to be easily reached by both Grand Trunk and Maine Central roads, being within a few minutes' walk of either station, and are admirably adapted for meetings of this kind, well supplied with pure water and ample accommodations for board and lodging. The following circular makes announcement of the meeting.

Empire Grove Camp Meeting at East Poland, Maine, commences Thursday evening, August 15th, and closes Monday, August 26th, 1907.

Rev. C. F. Parsons, Presiding Elder, will have charge of the services, with Rev. C. A. Brooks as Assistant Superintendent.

Rev. G. F. Durgin, of Boston, will serve as Evangelistic Assistant throughout the meetings.

Miss Edith Rankin, Deaconess, will conduct children's meetings each day, and in other ways assist in the meetings.

Friday evening, August 16th, "The Issues and Forces of Social Reform," an illustrated address by Rev. H. N. Pringle, Secretary of the Civic League of Maine.

The W. F. M. S. and the W. H. M. S. will have speakers some day to represent them.

Reduced rates will be given on the Maine Central R. R. and on the Grand Trunk. Buy tickets to Elmwood Farm station on the Maine Central, and to Empire Road station on the Grand Trunk.

For board and lodging, and for cottages, write to W. R. Swan, East Poland.

Epworth League Day will be observed Saturday, August 24th.

The District Stewards' Meeting will be held Thursday, Aug. 22d, at 1:00 P. M.

"Songs of Faith and Hope," the singing-book used last year, will be used this year also.

It is thought that two members of the class of 1908 in Bowdoin College lost their lives by drowning on Tuesday, July 9. They are Richard A. Lee, son of Professor Leslie A. Lee of Bowdoin, and Franklin Morrison of Melrose, Mass. Each was about 21 years of age, and both were fine young men. On the day named they left Mere Point in a sloop, their destination being Christmas Cove, and since that time no trace of them has been found. There was a sharp squall that afternoon at about the time they would have been off Seguin, and neither of the young men was much experienced in handling a boat. The sloop was heavily ballasted, and would probably have sunk if capsized. A thorough search of the coast has been made without any result. The only faint hope remaining is that they have been blown to sea and picked up by some passing vessel, but there is little chance of that.

At North Chesterville Sunday, the 14th, Harvey A. Searles, a farm hand whose home is in Rangeley, shot and killed his wife, and then shot his brother, Jesse Searles. The latter was only slightly injured. Later Harvey Searles shot himself with the same revolver, inflicting an injury which is serious but may not be fatal. Jealousy was the cause of the act. All the parties have borne good reputations.

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.

Mrs. E. H. Cummings went to Turner Tuesday, and visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith. On her return trip home Thursday, she called at the Lake Auburn fish hatchery to see Mr. and Mrs. John F. Stanley.

The Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle has this paragraph, which will be of interest: "Miss Grace Doe, of 20 Langdon Street, sails on the Ivernia Tuesday, July 23, with her sister, Mrs. B. L. Hudson and family, of Watertown, for a two months' vacation in England and other places."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Harmon of Portland were at the White Mountain View House last week. Mr. Harmon is president of the corporation of Loring, Short & Harmon.

The challenge cups have both been played for the past week at the golf links. On Tuesday Orland Daniels won the men's cup from Arthur Shaw, and on Saturday Miss Josephine Cole, who holds the woman's cup, successfully defended it against several contestants. The tea at the links was given Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Frank C. Case.

Several of the young men have engaged Academy Hall for next Friday evening for a dance. The price of admission is to be one dollar per couple, including dancing and refreshments. Music by Stearns' Orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Josselyn of Portland were here last week calling on friends. They were on an automobile trip through Cumberland and Oxford Counties. The party have all been guests at the Hubbard House in the past and are hoping that the house will soon be open again in order that they may return.

Miss Fannie Perham, Mrs. William L. Perham and Miss Wilma Perham arrived from Washington last week and opened the Governor Perham house for the summer. It is expected that W. L. Perham will spend a vacation here later.

Augustus Tolman, a leading attorney of Lynn, Mass., is a guest at the Perham home.

Miss Nellie Marshall, who has for some time been a hospital nurse at the Government Reservation at Crow Creek, North Dakota, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jarvis M. Thayer, last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Aldrich and Miss Mary I. Mellen were at the Aldrich cottage at Norway Lake a few days last week.

Miss Effie Morris of Portland is expected here this week as the guest of Mrs. Caroline P. Harlow.

The fine picture of The Lion Cubs, the gift of Prof. G. L. Vose to the library association, has been framed and placed in Hamlin Memorial Hall. This is one of Prof. C. C. Hutchins' photographic reproductions of Rosa Bonheur's painting in The Walker Art Building at Bowdoin College.

If you discover upon the genial face of Loren B. Merrill "the smile that won't come off," it is explained by the arrival of a very young gentleman at the home of Mrs. Minnie Garland Sanders in Boston last Friday, and the fact that the new arrival has been christened Loren Garland Sanders. It's safe guessing that the infant gets a tourmaline and a good one, too.

The social event of the week at Paris Hill was the surprise party and house warming given Mr. Daniel Winslow on Tuesday evening, at his new apartments in the Garland house. During Mr. Winslow's six seasons at Paris Hill he has made very many friends, about one hundred of whom, including both permanent residents and summer guests, gathered "by our own invite" at his rooms, bearing gifts of a wide range of variety and usefulness and spent a most pleasant evening. The affair had an added charm from the fact of being a surprise to the host and an opportunity to work off more or less practical jokes in the making of gifts. The promoters exhibited worldly wisdom in providing light refreshments, while to Mrs. Frank C. Case belongs the credit of having provided, at her own expense, music by Macaroni's Orchestra of Greater Boston. Perhaps the most interesting part of the programme was the opening of the many carefully wrapped and mysterious packages which the host was compelled to do "under fire" of the spectators. Everything from valuable paintings to mouse traps, can openers and cork screws was disclosed and some of the gifts were found to be several times duplicated. The opening of a package containing a miniature camel revealed the following production from the pen of the donor:

This is the camel, who used to lament;
Now, he's all smiles.
He is simply rejoicing to you to be sent
Since it palls—his Arabian life in a tent—
And because he is anxious to live in a rent,
All alone with a neat, pleasant, bachelor gent,
Where all of his time will be usefully spent,
With eating and thinking harmoniously blent,
(Omitting those journeys from Aix unto Ghent
Which too much excitement to life would have lent.)
* * * * * *
Now, at peace, in a state quite in line with his bent
In a smooth-surfaced life without ever a dent,
To the cheerful emotions he'll dare to give vent,
(Up to date, to their brink is as far as he went)
Since for joy and contentment he's sure he was meant
And lots of the same in his bosom are pent!
So,
Now, he's all smiles
And sweet camel-eon wiles.

Another gift was accompanied with these verses which seem to sum up the cause of the trouble:

There is a man in our town;
He has a mansion of renown,
With several rooms, a garden spot,
Front door, with knocker and what not.

A staircase grand, that's famed afar,
Its cost has put it above par.
This man a genius is, 'tis known,
He's painted, papered, and there's grown

From crudeness and chaotic space
This most attractive homey place.
He's gold dust used and scrubbed and oiled,
He's cleaned and varnished, sure he's toiled.

And *con amore* his the will
We see results and praise his skill.
He's borrowed too, from many a friend—
Quite ready him their goods to lend.

From garret and from wood-shed, too,
Cast-off old things he's made like new,—
The auction and the cracker box,
The masterpiece genius unlocks.

We come to-night in friendly guise,
Good will, good cheer read in our eyes,
House warming is to us delight,
So here we are on our invite.

We thought it wise to bring a bite,
For breaking bread is friendly quite.
And if we leave some tokens here
Of odds and ends, don't think it queer.

The mansion sure must furnished be
For comfort and for many a tea.
The man, his mansion, here we toast,
Good luck, long life, t' our genial host.
C. F. H.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Winslow for the exceedingly artistic manner in which he has improved and decorated his rooms, and all went home with most sincere good wishes for the health and digestion of the host whom they had "held-up and sand-bagged" to their heart's content, and who is still understood to be eating angel cake and deviled ham three times a day, with assorted jam and canned soup between meals, and working nights to catch up.

North Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville Fe't of Woodstock visited her sister, Mrs. Twitchell.

Mrs. Charles Edwards and little daughter, Marjorie, visited at her father's, America Andrews', recently.

The directors of the Prentiss Library Association held a meeting at J. G. Crawford's. Voted to have new catalogues for the library which now consists of 1029 volumes.

Harrison Littlehale is at work for M. D. Dow of West Sumner.

Rev. Seth Benson has sold his farm to Arthur Abbott.

Mr. Tyler has sold his farm to Messrs. Beckler and Chamberlain of Woodstock.

Miss Florence Goodrich of Biddeford has been visiting Mrs. Fred Lowe.

The Graves family of Boston are at their cottage, Elm Rest.

West Paris.

It was an ideal evening last Thursday when the lawn party was held under the auspices of Onward Rebekah Lodge at the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. David Emmons. Their fine lawn was prettily decorated with strings of Japanese lanterns, and at the north side a long table was provided where ice cream, cake, and fruit punch were for sale. A musical entertainment was given consisting of two quartette selections by the evening choir at the Universalist church, and several songs by Mr. R. N. Stetson and Miss Alice E. Barden. Mrs. W. H. Lurvey gave a reading, and the remainder of the time selections were given by Josiah Moody's graphophone. About 125 were present and it was a pleasant occasion.

Good weather last week and the farmers have harvested some nice hay.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry of Lewiston and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and daughter Frances of Brookline, Mass., are boarding at J. R. Tucker's.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernal W. Bates of New Haven, Conn., and two maids, went last week to Mr. Bates' new camp at Little Concord Pond in Woodstock.

Madge L. Tuell recently visited Mrs. Geo. D. Robertson at South Paris.

Mildred Curtis of Norway has been making a visit with Mrs. C. H. Bates. Monday evening of last week Mrs. Bates invited a few of the young people, and had a pleasant little party in her honor.

Mrs. K. P. Bowker of West Sumner is making a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Elmer E. Tuell.

Mr. Jerry H. Cole was taken quite ill last week with nervous prostration. He is now unable to do any work on his new house, and much sympathy is expressed for him.

Marion W. Berry, the 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Berry of Mechanic Falls, came Sunday to make a visit of several weeks with her cousin, Miss Jennie M. Brown.

H. G. Brown got 10 bushels of strawberries off his strawberry bed of about one-eighth of an acre, making an income of about $40.

Laura Willis is making a short visit with Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Whiteside at Bolster's Mills.

Mrs. S. Clarence Curtis and little daughter of Boston came here last Wednesday to make a stay of several weeks.

Miss Bertha A. Emmons is at home for several weeks' vacation.

Mrs. I. C. Alley and grandson, Harold Alley, of Auburn, are spending the summer at Trap Corner.

There was a social dance at Dunham's Hall Friday evening.

Advertised letters in West Paris post office July 20:

Mi'nen Coksl.
J. B. Frost.
Mrs. Geo. H. Goodnow.
John McNeely.
Charles Thurston.

The heaviest electric shower of the season passed over this village last Saturday evening about 9 o'clock. For nearly an hour the lightning was incessant, the air seeming to be fairly alive with electricity. One very heavy bolt struck the water reservoir at the mills of the Paris Manufacturing Co., but did no very serious damage other than to give our village people quite a fright, some in the near vicinity receiving quite a shock. The tank was torn some on top but the iron framework diverted the electric current so it passed off. Word has been received of many fires caused by this shower, one near Patch Mountain, the light of which was plainly visible.

West Paris is rejoicing. They have won a league ball game for the second time. About one hundred and fifty were present Saturday afternoon to see the game South Paris vs. West Paris. The spectators pronounced it a good interesting game, and both teams played well. West Paris played a trifle loosely at first, and allowed South Paris to get the lead, but at the last of the game gained until they won by a score of 6 to 5.

Mr. G. M. D. Reed from Massachusetts arrived yesterday to spend a vacation at J. R. Tucker's. Friends remember with regret that Mrs. Reed, who was here last season, passed away several months ago.

Bryant's Pond.

A large amount of pine lumber is being hauled to this station for shipment to Portland. The lumber comes from Milton Plantation and is owned by Morse & Chadbourne of Waterford. Three hundred thousand will be shipped during the summer.

Mrs. Melrose E. Cole of Auburn and Miss Allie Peck of Worcester are stopping at D. A. Cole's

George Gibbs of Paris Hill is finishing the interior of E. R. Freeman's cottage.

Frank M. Whitman has returned to Boston. His family is still staying at Pine Point cottage.

It is expected that meetings will be held through the month of August at the Universalist church. The services will be held at 3 P. M.

Guy Cole has returned from the Maine Central Hospital, where he has been under treatment since July 4th.

Helen Cushman has finished her school in Milton Plantation.

The new school house in the Perkins District is completed. The first term of school will commence August 26th, with Elsie Cushman as teacher.

Dr. Orin Stevens of Oxford passed Sunday with Geo. E. Stephens.

West Sumner.

Mrs. Effie Bonney, whose health is very poor, is visiting with relatives in this village. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

Ruth Farrar of South Paris is spending a week with her cousin, Gladys Young.

Fred Farrar still continues to have very bad spells caused by a weak heart.

Mrs. Alvin Gerry is in very poor health and is not able to work.

Frank Young and Eugene Smith are helping D. D. Small get his hay.

Geo. A. Chandler was at work on a scaffold in his barn stowing hay last Monday when he stepped through a hole in the floor which was covered with hay, and fell 18 feet to the barn floor. Warren Lothrop was in the barn with him. It was found that Mr. Chandler had cut a gash over one eye which had to have two stitches taken in it, and was badly bruised. His spectacles were broken but fortunately the glass did not enter his eyes.

Mrs. Bolus, wife of the peddler, and two children, who have been boarding with Mrs. Frank Young, went Tuesday to board with Mrs. Charles Starbird.

H. B. T. Chandler, who is a student at Bowdoin College, will spend his vacation at Kittery Point. He has obtained a situation there as conductor on the electrics that run from Kittery to Portsmouth, N. H.

Samuel Irish of Brockton, Mass., was visiting friends in town last week.

A. S. Barrows of East Sumner is painting and hanging paper for Mrs. M. A. Heald. Mr. Barrows is a famous house decorator.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. DeCosta of South Paris were in town Monday.

Oxford.

Mrs. Louise Richmond has been very sick with appendicitis. It is hoped that an operation will not be needed.

Mrs. Rice received a telegram that her father, Mr. Ralph Gay, was dangerously sick and was not expected to live. She left on the late train Saturday evening for Vermont.

Cornelia Jenkins of Mechanic Falls has been visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Geo. Andrews of Portland was here last week on account of the illness of her sister, Mrs. Louise Richmond.

Rev. J. W. Smith of Portland preached at the M. E. church Sunday.

Andrew Hayes from the west visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hayes, last week.

Mrs. Elvira Dunn and daughter Julia of Portland are at their home in Poland.

Married July 5, by Rev. Frederick Newport, Mr. Walter C. Bray and Miss Sarah E. Farrington of Mechanic Falls.

Marjorie Lebroke fell and broke her arm when running to meet her father.

East Brownfield.

The Congregational Circle gave a supper at Bradbury Hall last Wednesday night. About $12 was received.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Stickney of Beverly, Mass., are being entertained at the Stickney homestead.

Georgia Gatchell spent last Saturday in Portland.

Jennie Trawl has been visiting at Mrs. Frank Poore's.

Greenwood.

Being nearly prostrated by the present hot weather, instead of trying to produce any locals we will send in as a substitute an article on Simplified Spelling, as published in The Watchman, which is of special interest to the writer and ought to be to everybody else. We trust therefore the Democrat will give us the full text, since none of it should be omitted.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

By Rev. George E. Tufts.

The efforts of Mr. Carnegie to improve the barbarous spelling of the English language are truly commendable. Some who object to reform think that if any change in spelling is to be made, it must be purely phonetic, and that many new letters must be added to the alphabet. Why not make the spelling of English as phonetic as the Latin and Greek, or the German with the alphabet we now have? Would not such a change be an improvement? When twenty-eight eminent scholars, such as now compose the Simplified Spelling Board, say that a word should be spelled thus and so, their authority carries weight, and even if they make radical changes persons who adopt them cannot be accused of illiteracy.

The members of the board are: Prof. Brander Matthews, Columbia university; E. B. Andrews, chancellor of the university of Nebraska, and formerly president of Brown; N. M. Butler, president of Columbia; D. S. Jordan, president of Leland Stanford; Wm. James, professor in Harvard; T. R. Lounsbury, professor in Yale; Calvin Thomas, professor in Columbia; H. L. Seeley, president Iowa State Normal School; Geo. Hempel, professor in University of Michigan; David Brewer, justice of the supreme court of the United States; I. K. Funk, editor of Standard Dictionary; B. E. Smith, editor of Century Dictionary; R. W. Gilder, editor of Century Magazine; W. H. Ward, editor of Independent; W. F. Harris, commissioner of education, Washington; R. S. Woodward, president of Carnegie institute; Samuel L. Clemens, Thos. W. Higginson, Henry Holt, Lyman J. Gage and other men of note.

There is a tendency however to cling to the antiquated forms, which Lord Lytton calls "Our accursed spelling," and no one wishes to be the first to lay aside the old, and adopt the new. Alexander Pope well says:

"In words as fashion the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

At present English speaking children are compelled to undergo years of useless drudgery memorizing long lists of peculiar combinations of letters without reference to sound or analogy. There is no reason for this waste.

The expunging of silent letters is one step in making the change; as, for example, "a" from breath, breakfast, deaf, endeavor, instead, meadow, spread; "b" from crumb, dumb, debt, doubt; "c" from abscess, sceptre, scissors, scent, victuals; "e" from hearken, hearth, forfeit, luncheon, puncheon; "i" from bruise, cruise, friend, heifer, juice, sluice; "o" from flourish, journey, leopard, yeoman, young, enough; "u" from guard, gauge, build, built, smoulder, victuals; "l" from salmon, solder; "n" from solemn, autumn, column, condemn; "h" from rhetoric, rhubarb, rhyme, catarrh, gherkin, ghoul, aghast; "k" from knee, knock, knit, knife; "g" from gnat, gnaw, gnarl, gneiss, gnostics, gnomon, phlegm; "gh" from caught, taught, thigh, slough, sigh, haughty, slaughter; "ugh" from bought, thought, wrought, fought; "s" from aisle, isle, puisne, viscount; "ch" from drachm, schism; "w" from wrap, wrinkle, wriggle, wreath, sword, whoop, toward; change "ph" to "f" in such words as diphtheria, hyphen, siphon, nephew, trophy, phlegm, graphic, pamphlet, blaspheme, paragraph; omit "m" or "n" in words having short vowels, as, e. g., flannel, channel, pommel, to correspond with panel, camel, level, etc. Such changes as the above would simplify the spelling.

There are about 1500 words of extreme difficulty, not spelled according to any analogy; and the child is compelled to memorize hundreds of these peculiar combinations of letters. Then there are about 1200 words, some of the letters of which have irregular or unusual sounds, causing difficulty to the young learner. The removal of silent or redundant letters from most of these words would make the spelling virtually phonetic, or as phonetic as the German.

There are about 600 words differing in meaning that are now fortunately spelled alike, e. g., August, the eighth month; august, majestic; club, a stick; club, a society. Then there are about 800 words pronounced alike, having different meanings and spelled differently, as, e. g., auger, a tool for boring; augur, a soothsayer; bury, to inhume; berry, fruit; ode, a poem; owed, indebted. These 800 should be brought into accord with the above 600. That is, words pronounced alike should be spelled alike, as the 600 above mentioned. Such would cause no confusion; for we are not confused with the spelling of such words as "angle," a point where two lines meet; "angle," to fish with hook and line; "base," mean; "base," foundation. The French are not confused with "ete," been, and "ete," summer, though spelled and accented alike.

The letters "ea" occurring in scores of words, and having various sounds are a trouble to children. In heart, "ea" has the broad sound of "a" in father; in great, the sound "a" in fate; in near, the sound of long "e;" in death, the sound of short "e;" in learn, the sound of "u" in fur, etc. Slight changes would remedy this confusion.

If the Simplified Spelling Board would issue a small dictionary, embodying a change in the spelling of ten or twenty thousand words, their form would gradually be adopted and the end desired attained.

West Bethel.

"Summer sweetness everywhere,
Roses blooming, berries bright—
Luscious berries, 'yond compare—
Waft their odor on the air,
How they tempt one's appetite!"

"He can't go to chur h, 'cause the weather's so hot,'
But he finds his way to the big circus lot,
No matter how fierce is Sol's ray;
The seat in a pew will cause him much pain,
But of circus pine boards he'll never complain,
Because he's just built that way."

Beautiful weather.

Dogdays are drawing near.

Grasshoppers are doing much damage to garden vegetables.

Mrs. G. A. Grover and Mrs. E. J. Bell are in poor health.

Mrs. L. E. Allen and daughter Ethel visited relatives in Groveton, N. H., last week.

While some are haying others are hoeing, and all are busily employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Vinal McLean of Cambridge, Mass., have been visiting relatives and friends here.

G. L. Allen, who is here from Kennebunk for his health, seems to be improving.

Two four-horse teams are hauling hard wood lumber from Albany to this station for the Paris Manufacturing Co.

Amos K. Scribner of Gorham, N. H., visited his brother and other relatives in this village last week.

Miss Lena Farwell of this town has taken the place of Miss Mina Tyler in the Dennison store and post office.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan P. Dennison have as guests their son Charles and wife, their grandson Harlan, and Miss M. M. Irish.

The Percy Lumber Co. have set up a gasoline engine near the railway station, where hard wood logs are being cut into short blocks for bobbins, and are sent from here to Auburn.

Denmark.

Mr. Ernest Ingalls, although reported as comfortable, is still very sick at this writing, July 19.

Mr. Fred Sanborn is cutting the hay at the Wyman Harnden place, East Fryeburg.

Mrs. Geo. Woodard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pingree, died very suddenly in Phillips, July 14, and was brought to this place for burial the 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Pingree and Rev. Mr. Woodard have the sympathy of their many friends and neighbors in their bereavement.

Mr. Chas. Perkins is caring for Ernest Ingalls nights, and Steve Jewett, Jr., days.

Mrs. Geo. W. Gray and Mrs. Kate Sanborn visited South Paris a few days ago.

Bethel.

Many of the farmers have begun haying and report a good crop.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rowe have returned from their wedding trip.

Mrs. Albert Foster and daughter from Charlestown, Mass., have arrived and are occupying their summer cottage.

Mr. Eli Stearns is progressing finely on his new barn. Some repairs will be made upon the house.

Mrs. Cobb has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Tobias Lord.

Mr. John Nelson, foreman in the News office, has been spending his vacation at the home of his parents in Palermo.

Mrs. Dr. Edwin Gehring and daughter are spending the summer with Mrs. Gehring's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Chamberlain.

Dr. Crawford of Boston, accompanied by her two little granddaughters, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Preston True, and their nurse, are stopping at Prospect Hotel.

The boarders from the city are beginning to fill up the boarding houses.

Wednesday afternoon the ladies of the Universalist Society held a "fir picnic." Those who went into the woods for fir to fill the sofa pillows for the fair not only enjoyed the trip but also the supper upon Mrs. F. H. Young's lawn, which the ladies had prepared.

Thursday afternoon the Ladies' Club of the Congregational society served a supper upon Judge Herrick's beautiful lawn. The decorations were attractive and the supper and social hour were much enjoyed.

Frank Robbins' circus was in Bethel Saturday. This circus is called one of the best on the road and is always well patronized.

The Hunt Silver Plate Show was in Bethel Monday, July 22.

Rev. Arthur Shirley of Stratford, Conn., preached in the Congregational church Sunday morning in the absence of the pastor, Rev. C. N. Gleason.

Lovell.

At the regular meeting of Suncook Grange on Friday evening, the 3d and 4th degrees were conferred on 5 candidates. A supper of sandwiches, cake and ice cream was served at intermission. There was a large number in attendance with visitors from Sweden and Fryeburg granges. The grange voted to make an exhibit at the West Oxford fair the coming fall.

Mr. Arthur Knight of Boston is at J. B. Kimball's for a few days, where his family are boarding.

Mr. Fred Holt of Somerville, Mass., is visiting friends here.

An entertainment was given by the Woman's Library Club Saturday evening, assisted by A. E. Morse of South Paris.

We have had three days of very hot weather, but good for getting the hay.

On the evening of July 31 the young ladies of the village will give a salad supper and entertainment at Pine Grove Hall for the benefit of the Ladies' Circle of the church. All are cordially invited.

Hebron.

The Z. L. Packard W. R. C. entertained the Corps of Norway and Mechanic Falls on Friday, July 12th. An interesting programme was carried out and a banquet served.

Mrs. Warren Hanscom of New York, with her two little daughters, is at the Packard house.

H. L. Melcher is at home after a few days in Lewiston and Portland.

Mr. H. M. Knight of Jamaica Plain, Mass., is a guest at A. M. Richardson's.

Miss Jennie Copeland of Portland is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fred Sturtevant.

Alton Hibbs has three acres planted to sweet corn and potatoes. It is all looking finely. The corn has just had the second hoeing and the potatoes are in blossom.

Fred Sturtevant has a good piece of potatoes.

The hay crop promises to be good.

East Bethel.

Hot days and good hay making.

Judge G. F. Rich of Berlin, N. H., is assisting A. M. Bean in the hay field.

Mr. J. Cleve Bartlett of South Framingham, Mass., is spending a few weeks' vacation at his home here.

Mrs. F. B. Howe and son, John Howe, are visiting relatives in Waltham, Mass.

Miss Blanche Bartlett of Lowell, Mass., has returned to her home here for the summer vacation.

Miss Elsie Bartlett, who has been spending a two weeks' vacation at her home here, returns to Lowell, Mass., the 23d.

Mr. H. L. Holt has returned home to Neponset, Mass. Mrs. Holt and Master Roy will remain at the homestead farm a few weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clark and two sons, who have been spending a vacation at the "old homestead", returned home last Saturday. Master Hugh Clark, four years and a half old, while here went fishing with his father in a boat and caught twelve large fish.

East Sumner.

Rev. J. S. Richards of North Yarmouth supplied the Congregational pulpit on July 14

Miss Agnes M. Heald of Sabattus and Miss Hattie Snell of Dennysville were recently at East Sumner calling on relatives.

Mrs. Ada F. Heald has returned from the Hebron Sanatorium and is looking much improved in health.

Mrs. F. W. Palmer has returned from a Lewiston hospital and is much better.

A troupe is to play Uncle Tom's Cabin in the place on July 23d.

Very few have finished haying.

Dickvale.

Erastus T. Abbott of Livermore Falls was in this place calling on relatives and friends last week.

Wesley Wyman has gone to Leeds to see his father.

Mrs. Wesley Wyman does not gain as fast as her friends would like to have her.

Mrs. Leroy Bisbee is able to ride out now.

Simeon Morrill is haying for C. J. Tracy.

H. O. Rowe and O. O. Tracy are exchanging work haying.

If it was not quite so late in the evening I would tell a ghost story.

West Lovell.

Dr. Allen and wife of Lovell village and Frank Buzzell and wife are occupying G. W. Andrews' upper cottage with him.

There are several new additions to the Veith's cottage.

Mrs. V. H. McAllister was taken severely ill July 12th, but is better. Mrs. John Seavey is caring for her.

Miss Charlotte Kingman of South Waterford is visiting at John A. Fox's.

Miss Emma Abbott and Allie Buck of Norway visited in the place last week.

Merton A. Lord is haying for D. W. Nichols.

A. K. Lord and son Clarence will do N. Fox's haying.

It has been discovered that the south tower of the historic and beautiful old King's Chapel at Bowdoin was struck by lightning during one of the recent storms. The stone work was considerably damaged, it being estimated that repairs will require the expenditure of about $1,000. This is the second time the building has been a target for lightning, a bolt hitting the north tower seven or eight years ago. The damage at that time was almost identical with that sustained in the present instance.

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.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing monthly regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

A Beastly Big Thing.

A WHOLE PERFORMING MENAGERIE IN ONE ARENA.

When the Frank A. Robbins & Co. All New Great Feature Shows were being organized, the New York Clipper spoke of them as "The Birth of the Big One," and that description may be extended to that stupendously sensational feature which involves the introduction in one arena in simultaneous performances of almost every species of wild and domesticated beasts that can be safely handled in the open before an audience, and with enough brains to learn every trick possible to the limitations of quadrupedal anatomy. This collossally cosmopolitan assemblage of wise mammoths and cute and cunning creatures includes elephants, zebras, water buffalo, camels, dogs, goats, horses, llamas, ponies, donkeys, dromedaries, mules, bears, monkeys and sacred cattle, and has cost its originator, Manager Robbins, a big lot of both "the long green" and trouble, but the years of expenditure, experiment and patient training have at length found ample reward in most impressive, surprising and amusing results. This millennium-like feature and all the other wild beasts, circus and hippodrome ones of the enterprise named will be brought to us by special railroad trains on July 23d at the fair grounds between South Paris and Norway.

Maine News Notes.

The post office at Hope lost about $50 by a burglary Monday night. There was no safe.

Captain George Prince, who died recently at Thomaston, was 90 years of age, and the oldest Odd Fellow in Maine.

Emil Ossarnen, 19, was drowned in the Androscoggin River at Riley Wednesday night. The body was recovered. Ossarnen came from Finland a year ago.

Allen Day, aged eleven years, Henry Hahn, aged nine, and Lionel Coveney, eight years old, were drowned in the Androscoggin River at Lewiston Monday.

Tommie Sherry, 8 years old, was drowned at Lewiston on the 13th by falling from the Maine Central Railroad bridge, over which he was walking, into the Androscoggin River.

George F. Patterson, aged 45 and unmarried, hung himself by his suspenders Thursday night in his cell at the Belfast police station, where he had been confined on the charge of stealing a watch.

Xavier Coro was drowned by falling into the Kennebec at Madison Friday. Coro was 24 years of age, and had been married about three weeks. He was employed by the Great Northern Paper Co., and was walking on the logs when the accident occurred.

The body of Mrs. Adella Bradford with a bullet wound in her head was found in her home in Bath Monday. It was apparently a case of suicide, though no cause is known. Her husband, who is a machinist, was called to Boston on Saturday to work at his trade.

Hebron Academy
1804-1907.
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Thorough preparation for college and scientific schools. Courses for those who cannot attend college. Modern buildings, steam heat, electric light, telephone, &c. Efficient corps of teachers. Physical instructor all the year. No better school anywhere for young men and women to get training in mind and body.

Fall term begins Tuesday, September 10, 1907. For catalog and further information address, Principal W. E. Sargent, Hebron, Me. 30-37

Let Our Team
CALL FOR YOUR
LAUNDRY
— OR —
Family Washing
Wet washing 50c. returned in 24 hours.
Ideal Laundry,
H. W. Tapley, Prop. 30tf

Wanted.
For Autumn Months and December.

A sanitary, modern, sunny house at or near Paris Hill, fully furnished for house-keeping. Bath room and furnace necessary. Apply to P. O. Box 1, Paris, Maine. 30-32

LOST.

Probably between my house and South Paris, a heavy whiffletree with sled buck chains attached. Please return to C. R. King, South Paris.

For Sale.
BY REV. A. K. BALDWIN.

2 chamber sets, 1 roll top desk, dining room set, 1 baby carriage, couch, Morris chair, 2 common rockers, a practically new Underwood Typewriter, and other things which can be found at the Congregational parsonage. 29

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

S. RICHARDS, South Paris.
Optical Specialist since 1890.

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; 9:24 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.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. K. Baldwin, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sunday School 12 M.; Vespers 4:30 P. M.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:00 P. M.; Church prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

Methodist Church, Rev. T. N. Kewley, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayer meeting 10:00 A. M.; preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting 6:00 P. M.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30; class meeting Friday evening 7:30.

Baptist Church, Rev. J. Wallace Chesbro, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:15 P. M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; Wednesday evening prayer service 7:30. Seats free. All are welcome.

Universalist Church, Rev. J. H. Little, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Junior Union at 3:30 P. M. Y. P. C. U. at 7 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

Wm. A. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in Grand Army Hall.

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

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

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

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

Albert Morse has gone on the street railroad as conductor.

Miss Doris Culbert is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Jackson in Melrose, Mass.

Mrs. Peter Kane and youngest daughter, Gladys, visited in Lewiston last week.

Miss Rose Murphy is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter Penley, in Greenwood.

Archie Parlin and Master Guy Culbert were at Camp Owsley, Harrison, last week.

Miss Mildred Ham of Portland is making a two weeks' visit at her uncle's, Joseph Jones'.

Circus day Tuesday. Of course you will have to go to take the children, if for no other reason.

Mrs. H. G. Fletcher visited Mr. and Mrs. George Cobb of Portland for a few days the past week.

Mrs. John W. Webber is in the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston for surgical treatment.

The Norway and Paris Street Railway is setting the poles and stringing the wires for the street lights.

Mrs. Addison Tirrell, who has been in Massachusetts and Connecticut for some months, returned to her home here Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Chase of Lynn, Mass., recently visited relatives and friends hereabouts, thus enjoying a week's outing.

Miss May Bennett of Paris Hill has charge of the central office of the Citizens Telephone Co. during the absence of Mrs. Eastman.

A. F. Stevens is taking a vacation from the store of F. A. Shurtleff & Co. He and Mrs. Stevens are visiting relatives in Bethel, Buckfield and Turner.

Mrs. George F. Eastman and Miss Marie Dolliver are spending a short vacation with the family of Dr. Hubbard at their cottage on the shore of Kezar Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hilton, who have been in Bingham several months, arrived in South Paris Thursday and opened their home, and will remain here for the present.

Misses Leona and Bertha Penley of West Paris visited here a few days last week, and on their return were accompanied by Misses Ruby and Rose Clark for a few days' visit.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Wirt Stanley in company with her grandmother, Mrs. E. H. Cummings, of Paris Hill, made a trip to Turner and visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, of that place.

While the family of N. D. Bolster are spending a vacation at Old Orchard, Mrs. Julia Hammond, now of Berlin, N. H., is keeping house for Morton Bolster, who remains at home.

J. P. Richardson has had his piazza screened in. The work was done by L. H. Daughraty, and is one of the best jobs we have ever seen of the kind. Also other improvements have been made about the house.

Fred A. Jackson of Melrose, Mass., visited Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Richardson last week. Thursday they went to Camp Owsley, Harrison, to do some work about the camp, such as covering the roof with Congo roofing and making other needed repairs.

H. W. Dennison and family were at West Bethel Friday to visit the family of Mr. Dennison's father, H. P. Dennison, also to meet Mr. Dennison's brother, C. P. Dennison. The latter, who has for some time been teaching in western Oregon, has been recently married, and with his bride is now on a visit to his parents.

Miss Hilda Chandler celebrated her thirteenth birthday Tuesday afternoon with a party at which several of her young friends were guests. Ice cream and cake, peanuts, etc., were served for refreshment, and it was a merry party. The guests present were Misses Nora Dunham, Bertha Wight, Clara Kerr, Arline Crocker, Lillian Powers, Muriel Bowker, Marjorie Chandler, and Lulu Davis.

There was a "Big Show" at the Davis Brothers' Friday afternoon, with a street parade which came through the Square at 1 o'clock. The attractions included a menagerie, the features of which were a pair of rabbits and a white rat, and a circus with trick bicycle riding and other feats, and a Wild West show, with cowboys, Indians, etc. Lemonade was dispensed at the usual price to alleviate the discomforts of a thirsty day. The affair was a success all around, and the corporation added $1.21 to the treasury as the result.

A very pleasant excursion was taken Wednesday by a party composed of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Billings, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hastings Bean, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Minot L. Whittle and son Robert. They went to Lewiston by train, thence by electrics to Lake Grove, where they had a shore dinner and a sail, then back to Lewiston, and by electrics to Brunswick, Casco Castle, Yarmouth and Portland, where they took supper, and then home on the evening train. In spite of the fierce heat, the trip, taken as most of it was by trolley, was cool and pleasant, and was in all respects a most excellent time.

The officers and men of Co. D, First Infantry, of Norway, went on the first train Thursday for Augusta to take part in the state competition to be held there Thursday and Friday, July 18 and 19. The names of those who went and those who qualified for the state rifle team to Wakefield, Mass., who went at the same time, are:

Capt. J. W. Nash.
1st Lieut. M. P. Stiles.
*2d Lieut. L. H. Daughraty.
*1st Sergt. W. P. Marston.
Q. M. Sergt. F. F. Swan.
*Corp. S. S. Maxim.
*Corp. T. M. Twitchell.
Sergt. Guy Stevens goes as substitute.

The men whose names are marked with a star go from South Paris. It may seem peculiar to the observing people that out of a total of fifteen principals and three substitutes that are picked from all over the state by competition, seven of the principals come from South Paris and Norway.

Hamlin Lodge will work the Rank of Knight Friday night, July 26.

Miss Edith Chaplin of Bridgton has recently spent a week at Dr. Littlefield's.

Mrs. Dorcas Richardson and Miss Florence Richardson are visiting at Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Frank Brown and two daughters of Gardner, Mass., are visiting at Theodore Thayer's.

Chandler Swift and Miss Geneva Young are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lunt in Montville.

"Goin' t' the circus? I am. 'Twon't be but—let's see, one, two, three days, now." That's the way the boys are reckoning.

Mrs. Jeffrey Hardy and two daughters will move Wednesday to Haverhill, Mass., where they will in future make their home.

Charles A. Gray and family of South Framingham, Mass., are with the family of his father, William L. Gray, for a two weeks' vacation.

The Delta Alphas entertained the Berean Club at a picnic supper at Penley's Grove Thursday evening, and all had a very pleasant time.

Lots of South Paris people turned out to see the Robbins circus train, which went through going north about half-past six Saturday morning.

Miss Clara May Needham, who has been on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Anderson, left Tuesday for a week's visit in Hanover and Rumford Falls.

"Terrible hot" last week, but there never was a better week for haying in the world. And most of the farmers are getting pretty nearly a record crop.

Dr. J. G. Littlefield was visited over Sunday by his brother, John J. Littlefield, of Portland. Mr. Littlefield is city solicitor for the New England Telephone Co.

Mrs. Herbert L. Whitman and little daughter Imogen of Ayer, Mass., are visiting Mr. Whitman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Whitman. Mr. Whitman will join his family in a few days.

T. S. Barnes and family returned last week from their stay at Dudley Cottage, Locke's Mills, and on Saturday went to Peak's Island, where they will spend the remainder of the summer as usual.

The ladies of the Congregational Circle will have a food sale at the store of C. W. Bowker Saturday, July 27th. The sale will begin at 3 o'clock. All members are requested to bring food before 3 o'clock.

Charles R. Elder and family of Malden, Mass., arrived in town last week, and will for the rest of the summer occupy the house on Main Street formerly occupied by Mr. Elder's mother, Mrs. Roxanna Elder.

Mrs. Eben Kilborn took Mrs. Wilson's place in the Universalist choir last Sunday and Mrs. Wilson took Mrs. Penfold's place at the organ. Mrs. Kilborn has a sweet voice and is always much enjoyed by those who hear her.

Mrs. C. A. Bessey, Miss Lenora Bessey and Miss Edith M. Watkins of Stoneham, Mass., came some ten days since to spend most of the summer at Mrs. L. C. Morton's. This week they and Mrs. Morton are all at Camp Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Frothingham of Portland are spending their vacation with relatives and friends in Oxford County. They were at South Paris Sunday, and are now at the cottage of Harry Burnham on Pennesseewassee Lake.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson has been visited for two weeks by her brother, Charles M. Cole, who is a stenographer in the office of the Hawks Electrical Co., Boston, and his friend Mr. Connel, who is in the same office. They returned Saturday.

A stalk of foxglove which was in the show window at Grace Thayer's for a few days last week attracted much attention. It was from the grounds of George R. Morton, and contained seventy-six blossoms and buds, white delicately variegated with purple.

While engaged in work at the street railroad's prospective power station on the river here last Thursday afternoon, Gilman H. Penley was overcome by the heat so that he had to be taken home, and has required the services of a physician, not only at that time but later.

It is generally known hereabouts that J. P. Richardson is a "star" fisherman. To make this reputation hold good, he has been showing three brook trout which he caught from one of his many favorite trout holes, and they are beauties too, weighing nearly three pounds.

Mrs. H. C. Anderson, who has been visiting relatives here for a few weeks, returned Tuesday to her home in Providence, R. I., and was accompanied by E. N. Anderson, who will spend a short vacation with his son's family in Providence. Mrs. Anderson accompanied them as far as Portland, where she will remain until her husband returns.

The Lynn (Mass.) Item gives an interesting description of a surprise party given on his 19th birthday to James Russell Dyer of that city, son of Mrs. Luella A. Dyer, formerly of South Paris. A jolly party of his young friends got into the house without his knowledge, and made the evening lively until nearly midnight. The gifts included a fine camera, a bank book and several other desirable articles. Mr. Dyer is a graduate of the Lynn High School, and is now employed in the paymaster's office at the North Station in Boston.

A greater surprise perhaps could scarcely be imagined than that given last Saturday evening to Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Davis, on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding. Quite a large company of their friends suddenly appeared on the scene with happy greetings and hearty good will. Needless to say, a pleasant evening was spent which culminated to a point when Rev. T. N. Kewley in a happy speech presented a handsome rug, in memory of the occasion, and as a token of their esteem and good will. In accepting the gift, Mr. Davis responded briefly in a pleasant strain. Though not exactly on the programme, even the elements contributed not a little to make the occasion one of lasting impression; there was no need of a serenade, for the artillery of the heavens opened fire. Peal after peal reverberated, while vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the landscape. When this had passed away the company departed but left behind them happy hearts and a desire on the part of the bridge and groom of fifteen years, to live lives worthy of the esteem and affection manifested, not only on this occasion, but through the more than three years which have already passed since they began to make their home in the pleasant and hospitable village of South Paris.

Doubtless most readers of the Democrat have noted the opinion held by some that the winter climate of Maine is so cold as to destroy many of the brown-tail moths in their winter nests. The effects of the extreme weather of last winter seem to lend some color to this theory, as is shown not only by reports made, but by an experience of the Democrat. On the 5th of March a nest taken from a tree in the orchard of E. E. Chapman of Paris was brought to the Democrat office. As it was a typical nest, and many were not familiar with the appearance of the nests, this one was placed in a tight frame with a glass front, and hung in the post office for some weeks, later being removed to the Democrat office. On the same twig was a bunch of eggs of the apple tree caterpillar. Under the influence of the indoor warmth the latter hatched in the course of a few weeks, and the caterpillars traveled on the twig for some distance and died. There was never any sign of life about the brown-tail moth nest up to the time it was destroyed a few days since, though an examination of it showed that it contained the small bodies of a large number of caterpillars. A man who had gathered in quite a quantity of the nests in a neighboring town told the Democrat in June that the caterpillars in more than half of the nests he found were dead. There may be a little consolation in this matter, though it furnishes no excuse whatever for any relaxation of effort in the fight against this threatening pest.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Oxnard of Lewiston were guests at Dr. C. L. Buck's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rounds of Auburn were guests of his cousin, J. D. Haynes, over Sunday.

Blueberries will be ripe at J. F. King's about the 27th inst., and ready for picking at the usual rates.

Rev. J. W. Chesbro and family, Chas. Bennett, wife and daughter Grace, and Mrs. Jennie Wight Southwick of Lynn, Mass., drove to Bridgton last Tuesday. Mrs. Southwick has been visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity for the past two weeks.

Miss Muriel Bowker entertained a number of her girl friends at a lawn party Saturday afternoon. Games were played and refreshments served, and the eternal feminine speaks in the serious report of one of the little midges, "We all took our work."

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Crockett have recently returned from a visit to their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Record of Abington, Mass., who with her family is occupying a cottage at Bridgton for the summer. Ernest P. Crockett and Miss Ethel Crockett are now on a visit there.

Charles Caswell died early Saturday morning, at the age of 60 years. The funeral Sunday afternoon was held in the open air at his former home, attended by Rev. A. K. Baldwin, with singing by Miss Grace Thayer and Mr. George A. Briggs. There were a good number present. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Eunice Caswell.

The Baptist, Congregational and M. E. Sunday Schools have decided to have a union picnic at Penley's Grove next Thursday. The committee have planned a ball game and other sports during the day. If all try to make the day a success we shall have a grand good time. Come one, come all. The committees from the different schools are requested to meet at Dr. Buck's office to-night at 7:30.

There will be the usual service at the Universalist church next Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12. This is the closing service before the August vacation, and if the contributors feel disposed to pay part or all of the pledges for August, it will help the treasurer of the parish to meet some expenses which come due that month. The next regular service will be Sunday, Sept. 1st, when all the regular meetings will be resumed. The list of leaders in the Y. P. C. U. posted for July will be the list for September.

KING DISTRICT.

Fred Hall is working for Charles Kimball.

Fred Allen is at work for Canwell and Thibodeau.

Bessie Mason has gone to Boston with her uncle and aunt.

Llewellyn Cotton has the grass to cut on three farms this season.

Haying is progressing nicely. Farmers are getting some fine hay and a lot of it.

Mrs. Nellie Thibodeau made her sister, Mrs. Will Mason, a short visit this week. Mrs. Mason went home with her for a short visit.

Base Ball.

WEST PARIS 6; SOUTH PARIS 5.

South Paris went to West Paris Saturday afternoon and was defeated. After getting a good lead in the early part of the game, South Paris was beaten by Cole's weakening in the eighth inning. Up to this inning he had pitched fine ball and had held West Paris to three scattered hits. As said last week the West Paris team has been changed a great deal within two weeks, and is growing stronger with every game. South Paris made a bad mistake in allowing Cole to pitch the whole game. With another first class pitcher with the team they should have used him for at least four innings, as Cole in his present physical condition cannot pitch a full game without tiring.

Delano was in the box for West Paris, and while succeeding in winning, it cannot be said that he pitched a very strong game. He was wild in the first two innings and South Paris' three runs in these innings were due to his bases on balls, and the batters that he hit. He settled down after this and held South Paris to two runs in the last seven innings.

With one out in the first inning, Cole was hit by a pitched ball, Hebbard scratched a single, putting Cole on third, Lowell and Wheeler drew passes forcing Cole in with a run, Spring hit to Shaw and Hebbard was thrown out at the plate, Titcomb closed the inning with a fly to Emery. West Paris was out in order. In the second, with one out, Rawson was hit by a pitched ball, Shaw hit to Delano and Rawson was out at second, Cole was safe on R. Shaw's error, Hebbard singled, scoring F. Shaw, Cole reached third and scored on a pass ball. West Paris scored its first run in the fourth. Emery was hit, Billings singled, Ridlon flied to Titcomb, who doubled up Billings at first, Bowker also hit to Titcomb who let the ball get by him and Emery scored, Bowker was out trying to make second.

In the fifth a single by Spring, Emery's error and a timely single by Clark gave South Paris another run.

Neither side scored again until the seventh. R. Shaw was hit, and reached third on Rawson's error on L. Rowe's hit, scoring when Cole made a poor throw to catch L. Rowe stealing.

In the eighth, with two out, singles by F. Shaw, Cole and Hebbard gave South Paris its last run. For West Paris, the first three men, Farnum, N. Rowe, and Emery, singled, bringing in two runs, the next three batters went out in order and at the beginning of the ninth South Paris still led by one run. They could not score in their half of this inning, but R. Shaw opened West Paris' half of this inning with a hit good for three bases, and scored when Titcomb threw wild to stop him at third. L. Rowe sent out another triple and scored the winning run on Rawson's error on Delano's hit. The feature of the game was a great catch by Bowker, which robbed Titcomb of a hit in the third inning.

The score:

WEST PARIS.

	A.B	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Farnum, l.f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
N. Rowe, c.	4	1	1	8	0	0
Emery, r.f.	3	1	1	1	0	1
Billings, c.f.	4	0	2	1	1	1
Ridlon, s.s.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Bowker, 2-b.	4	0	0	1	3	1
R. Shaw, 1-b.	3	2	2	10	2	1
L. Rowe, 3-b.	3	1	1	1	3	0
Delano, p.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Totals,	33	6	8	*26	11	4

*Shaw out, changing position at bat.

SOUTH PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaw, l.f.	5	2	1	2	0	0
Cole, p.	4	2	2	2	4	1
Hebbard, 1-b.	4	0	3	8	0	0
Lowell, 3-b.	3	0	0	2	3	1
Wheeler, r.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Spring, c.f.	5	1	2	1	0	1
Titcomb, 2-b.	5	0	0	4	2	2
Clark, c.	4	0	2	3	1	0
Rawson, s.s.	3	0	0	1	1	2
Totals,	37	5	10	*24	11	7

*No outs, when winning run was scored.

Score by innings.

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

Earned runs, West Paris 3; South Paris 1. Three-base-hits, R. Shaw, L. Rowe. First base on balls, off Delano 2; off Cole 6. Struck out, by Delano 5; by Cole 1. Left on bases, South Paris 11; West Paris 6. Double plays, Cole to Hebbard; Titcomb to Hebbard. First base on errors, West Paris 5; South Paris 2. Hit by pitched ball, by Delano 3; by Cole 2. Umpire, DeShon. Scorer, Thayer.

LEAGUE STANDING.

	G.	W.	L.	AVE.
Norway,	5	5	0	1000
West Paris,	5	2	3	400
SOUTH PARIS,	6	2	4	333

A WONDERFUL HAPPENING.

Port Byron, N. Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded. Amos F. King of that place says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 80 years. I am now 85." Guaranteed to cure all sores, by F. A. Shurtleff & Co. 25 cents.

Who Likes Lemon Pie?

You should try at once "OUR-PIE" Preparation for delicious Lemon Pies. A lady says: "I will never again try to make lemon pie in the old way while I can get 'OUR-PIE' Preparation." Try it and you will say the same. At grocers, 10 cents.

Destruction by Saturday's Shower.

FARM BUILDINGS AND OTHER PROPERTY DESTROYED IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS.

The heated term of last week culminated Saturday evening in a severe electrical shower which seems to have been general over this part of Maine. It struck South Paris a little after 8 o'clock, and while there was not a heavy fall of rain, there was a sharp sprinkle of hail at the start, and lightning and thunder any description of which would sound tame, because it has been given so many times before. It was the worst of the season, and one of the severest ever seen here.

A maple shade tree in front of the house of P. E. Wheeler on Porter Street, which had been injured in its early life, was blown over by the first gust of wind. Further than this, no damage was done in South Paris except to keep quite a portion of the populace in terror. It is said that some trees were struck in the near vicinity of the village. The electric car was stalled near the creamery on its 8:15 trip to Norway, and the electric lights went out of commission early in the game. The Saturday night trade at stores, which was brisk, came to a sudden stop.

During and after the shower, which lasted for an hour or thereabouts, the light of three fires in different directions was plainly visible, and from the hill above Western Avenue four could be seen. Reports of so many fires have been traveling through the community since, that if they were all correct the sky would have been one glare of light Saturday evening. As far as can be learned, the actual fires in this vicinity are as follows:

Farm buildings of Leonard A. Carter, North Norway, entirely destroyed, with one horse, three hogs, hens, twenty tons of hay, all the farming tools and part of the furniture. Loss about $2500, insurance $1000.

Barn and stable of Samuel J. Whittemore of Hebron, together with forty tons of hay, some pigs, hens, and farming tools. The horses and cattle were saved. Mr. Whittemore reckons his loss at $2600, with insurance of $1000.

The buildings in Poland of the late Zachariah Frank, with several cows, horses, pigs, and other stock. Loss about $4000, with $2000 insurance.

Buildings of Charles V. Tenney at Mechanic Falls, with twenty tons of hay, farming tools, &c. The stock was saved. Loss $5,000, partly insured.

At Bethel the gale tore holes in the Frank A. Robbins circus tent, and a portion of it collapsed. The crowd rushed from the tent and many of them took shelter in the covered bridge near by. In the crowd Mrs. Fannie Mercier was frightened by the sudden appearance of the elephants and camels of the circus which had been started for the train, and died shortly afterwards from the effects of the fright. She had been subject to attacks of heart disease. Several other women fainted, but no other serious damage was done.

Co. D Men Win as Usual.

In the state shoot of the Maine National Guard at Augusta Thursday and Friday, the riflemen of Co. D, from Norway and South Paris, distinguished themselves as usual. In the company team shoot on Thursday, Co. D was the winner for the First Regiment, with a score of 384 against 375 by the nearest rival team.

In the regimental team shoot on Friday, the First Regiment won over the Second by a score of 1659 to 1588. Seven of the ten members of the First Regiment team were from Co. D, as follows: Capt. J. Waldo Nash, First Lieut. Moses P. Stiles, First Sergt. W. P. Marston, Lieut. L. H. Daughraty, Sergt. F. F. Swan, Corporal S. S. Maxim and Corporal T. M. Twitchell.

Capt. J. Waldo Nash of Co. D won the medal offered by the National Rifle Association of America for having the highest aggregate score for the First Regiment.

The state team, largely made up of members of Co. D, has gone to Wakefield, Mass., to participate in the New England shoot there this week.

Brakeman Killed at Rumford Falls.

GEORGE A. MILLETT FALLS FROM TRAIN AND IS RUN OVER.

George A. Millett, brakeman on a freight train on the Rangeley division of the Maine Central, was killed Monday forenoon of last week near Rumford Falls. He was brakeman on a special freight which left Rumford Falls going north, and had been seen sitting on the forward car of the train, with his feet resting on the tender. When the train reached the gravel pit, where it stopped for water, his body was discovered by the conductor when he stepped off the train. It was apparent that Millett had fallen from the train, and it is thought that the ten cars of which the train was made up all ran over him. No one saw him fall, and the reason of the fall is only conjecture. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Millett was a young unmarried man, whose home was in East Cambridge, Mass. His parents came from that place and took charge of his remains.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

Time, 1st Tuesday in August. Place, South Waterford. Program:

Opening grange in 5th degree.
Routine work.
Conferring 5th degree.
Music.
Recess.

P. M.

Music.
Address of Welcome, Master of Bear Mt. Grange.
Response, Master of Oxford Pomona.
Music.
Essay, Sister Lucia Larkin of Lakeside Grange.
Song. Paris Grange.
Fruit Raising, C. H. George.
Music.
Question, "What are the advantages of silos and silage? Walter Chadbourne of Lakeside Grange.
1-2 hour in charge of lecturer of Bear Mountain Grange.

Universalist Grove Meeting.

The annual grove meeting of the Oxford Association of Universalists will be held as usual at Lake Anasagunticook on the first Sunday in August, which will be the 4th day of the month. In the morning at 11 o'clock Rev. E. A. Hoyt will preach and in the afternoon some other speaker. State Superintendent Rev. H. H. Hoyt will preside. The usual trains and reduced rates will be furnished by the Maine Central Railroad.

The apportionment of the state school fund and mill tax for 1907 is announced. The amount available for the purpose is $625,989, which is an increase of $43,783 over the amount apportioned in 1906. The number of scholars in the state is 210,254, the towns receiving $2.98 for each scholar. The number of scholars reported last year was 210,453, which made the rate $2.77 for each scholar. Cumberland county has the largest number of scholars and Franklin County the smallest.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

One of the days we remember with pleasure, as well as profit to our health, is the one on which we became acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, the painless purifiers that cure headache and biliousness, and keep the bowels right. 25 cents at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store.

No Need for Summer Sickness.

The warm summer weather is so often accompanied by various ailments, such as dizziness, headaches, loss of appetite, nervousness and constipation, that it will be a source of great relief to everyone to know that much of the summer's suffering may be averted by taking "L. F." Atwood's Bitters regularly during the warm weather. People who depend upon this reliable family remedy seldom suffer the sicknesses that come from a deranged system. An occasional dose maintains the integrity of the body, keeping the stomach and the liver active and the bowels regular. "L. F." Atwood's Bitters are to be procured at every dealer's.

Alphonse F. McCurdy, 48 years of age, employed as head porter at an Augusta hotel, committed suicide by hanging. It is stated that domestic troubles were responsible. McCurdy leaves a widow and four children, who were away.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 13, in Masonic Hall, Friday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Royal Arch Chapter, No. 29, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, after full moon. Oxford Lodge, No. 82, Mariners, Wednesday evening after full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Norway Lodge.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wildey Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 56, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block every Thursday Evening. T. B. A. O. Noyes Division, No. 12, meets third Friday of each month. Lake Assembly, No. 33. P. S., second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Delightful hay weather.

The farmers in this section are speaking well for the hay crop and prospects for a very good corn yield.

A large number of Norway's people enjoy the excursions both up and down the line of the Grand Trunk and to Rumford Falls, Bemis, etc.

The water in the lake is rapidly lowering. C. B. Cummings & Sons have about two-thirds of the long sawing done and about one-half of the other saw work. Somewhat later the other ponds will be emptied in the large lake thus affording considerable extra power for the mills.

George E. Walker has the James Smith horse. While the horse is not as young as at some former time he attracts lots of attention because of his beauty.

A. L. Holmes has his new stable on Fair Street well under way. He took the building down at West Paris and moved it to Norway and rebuilt. Such buildings are much more valuable here than there.

Joseph H. Linscott of Paris contemplates the purchase of the Luther L. Howard stone quarry on Pike Hill. Should he purchase the property it is understood that he will develop the same at once. It is reported that some valuable granite is to be had in this property. There has been some, but only a limited amount of work done in the quarry.

Frank H. Beck will close out his business on or about the first of September as the store will be occupied by E. C. Winslow as a grocery store. Mr. Beck will not move his stock to the store, corner Main and Bridge Streets, as at one time suggested.

Mrs. W. L. Merrill and two boys are visiting her people at Presque Isle for a few weeks.

Mrs. M. L. Kimball and son are at her former home in Ellsworth for a visit.

Eddie Perrault has the construction of a motor boat much admired by those interested in boating on the lake. It is largely the handiwork of Mr. Perrault and does him much credit. It is truly a beauty and promises to be one of the best of its class on the lake.

The fifty foot steel bridge near Haggett's shop on Cottage Street was completed Wednesday of last week.

Dr. H. L. Bartlett has secured an auto for use in his business.

Harris L. Elliott of Rumford Falls was in town this week on business. He drove over county in his auto.

Henry B. Foster has greatly improved his store by the removal of the old counters and introducing full glass ones in place of same. He has also made improvements in the windows.

Mrs. F. H. Noyes and daughter Mildred, after a visit with relatives in West Medford, have returned to their home.

A slight blaze at the store of W. C. Leavitt Wednesday caused an attempt to sound an alarm. The box, corner of Main and Cottage Streets, would not work so the fire was extinguished by the store people with very little damage.

Lieut. Moses P. Stiles and company left for Augusta on Thursday morning. They will shoot at Wakefield, Mass., and be gone about ten days. Major B. F. Bradbury is on the headquarters team of the first regiment and accompanies the rifle team as surgeon.

Hal Eaton and wife are stopping with Mrs. Eaton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sargent.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. McDonald, of Cambridge, are enjoying their two weeks' vacation with Mrs. McDonald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cole. Mr. McDonald is captain of the Cambridge fire department.

Mrs. D. M. French and son are visiting in Readfield for two weeks. That is Mrs. French's former home.

The 12-year-old lad, Percy Merrill, for some time with Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Bassett, was drowned in the outlet of the lake near the boat houses, Monday afternoon, while in bathing with other lads. He was unable to swim and got into deep water. George R. Stephenson recovered the body. Dr. Bartlett and others did all possible, but failed to restore him. He was the son of Mrs. Fred Swan of South Paris.

B. R. York and Maud York are visiting at A. P. Bassett's.

L. P. Bartlett, Jr., of the firm of B. F. Spinney & Co., was in town this week.

Nye & Holmes of Newburyport, Mass., are doing landscape photography with rooms in the Noyes Block formerly occupied by W. L. Merrill. They are having lots of work and their display of photographs is excellent.

James Dunn of Lewiston made his Norway friends a visit last week.

James Favor, wife, and friends, are at Capital Island for a few days' outing.

The officers elected by the Good Templar Lodge Monday evening were as follows:

C. T.—Willis Flint.
V. T.—Emma Stone.
M.—Arthur Gray.
Sec.—Dora McLucas.
T. S.—Eva Mulrhead.
Treas.—Aaron Paige.
Guard—Bennie Cobb.
Sen.—Philip Stevens.
Chap.—O. P. Brooks.
Organist—Mrs. D. L. Joslin.
Rep.—Mary Stone.

Jona. Holmes, sister, Mrs. Sarah Hill, and Lelia J. Gray of Cambridge, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Curtis this week.

H. Lane was before the municipal court Wednesday for intoxication. Fined $5 and costs. Paid and was discharged.

Lester Cowan of Rumford Falls was in town over Sunday.

Dr. A. H. Staples, with Dr. F. E. Drake, entertained several of his friends at his cottage, Mere Point, Sunday, to a shore dinner.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Drake of Weymouth, Mass., are stopping at the Weymouth for a time.

Mrs. Ralph Trask went to Worcester, Mass., Monday. Mr. Trask has accepted a position on the Worcester Herald as reporter. Mrs. Trask will return to work for Mrs. R. L. Powers in the store in the fall.

There is some talk that the Whitcomb lot, opposite Witherell Park, may be purchased for a K. P. Hall.

Dr. Harry P. Jones and wife attended a dental convention at Rockland this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed E. Hastings of Fryeburg were in town this week. They drove over by team.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark P. Smith of Vinalhaven have returned from a pleasant visit with Mr. Smith's people, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith.

O. P. Brooks is out with a new and stylish delivery wagon. It is covered and a good one for the business.

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, beautiful complexion. Guaranteed at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s. 50 cents.

Your Wife, Mother or

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.

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.

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

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

L. M. TUFTS,

Nichols St., - SOUTH PARIS.

Specialist

Specialist

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

DR. PARMENTER

Eye Specialist, Norway, Me. Tel. 184.

HOW TO TELL IF YOU HAVE WORMS

THE REMEDY THAT QUICKLY EXPELS THEM

The common symptoms of worms in children and adults are:—Paleness of the face with occasional flushing; indigestion accompanied by an unnatural appetite at times; foul tongue and offensive breath; itching nose; vomiting; grinding of the teeth during sleep; swelling of the upper lip; hard swelled bowels; griping or colic pains; also convulsions and many other unaccountable nervous symptoms, which, if not checked in time, lead on to something more serious.

TOOK DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR AND GOT WELL

SOMERVILLE, ME.

DR. TRUE, DEAR SIR:—

"For more than three months one of my children had been troubled with spells of vomiting and symptoms of fever nearly every week, together with canker-sores about the nose and mouth. I obtained, about two weeks ago, two bottles of your Elixir, and before the first bottle was exhausted the sores were entirely healed, and no appearance of his vomiting or fever-spells has ever returned. I really believe that the lives of thousands of children suffering from worms or canker might be saved by a timely and judicious use of your Elixir." Yours truly,

J. L. HAMMETT.

This is only one of hundreds of such testimonials. This marvelous remedy has been made and sold by Dr. J. F. True & Co. for fifty-six years, and in all that time nothing but words of praise have been bestowed upon it. This is what Mr. Wing thinks of it.

AUBURN, ME.

DR. TRUE, DEAR SIR:—

"For the past seven years I have constantly kept a supply of your Elixir in my house, and it never failed to give prompt relief. It has been a great blessing to my children, and unsolicited I give you this tribute of gratitude, hoping the merits of your unrivaled family medicine may be widely known and appreciated."

Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. E. WING.

Even though worms may not be found present Dr. True's Elixir tones up the stomach and liver. Read what Dr. J. Haley, of Brunswick, thinks of it:

"It is a safe and effectual remedy. For worms it has no equal, and is an excellent remedy for canker of the mouth and throat."

Dr. True's Elixir is sold by druggists everywhere at 35c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle. The booklet, "Children and Their Diseases," will be sent free by simply addressing Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me. We have a special treatment for tape-worm. Send for free book.

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.

Steam Engine and Boiler

For Sale Cheap.

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

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DAILY NEWSPAPER.

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.

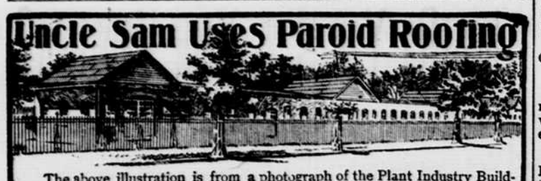
The regular price of **THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE** is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, **The Oxford Democrat,**

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 PUZZLER

No. 171.—Primal Acrostic.

Primals name a principle signified by the Declaration of Independence.

1. Pertaining to a league or treaty.
2. The state or quality of being real.
3. The power of choosing or selecting.
4. One of the essential parts or principles of which anything consists.
5. To speak in a rhetorical manner.
6. To convert into an oxide.
7. Forming or consisting of a mass.

No. 172.—Crosswood.

My first is in light, but not in sun;
My second, in cracker, but not in fun;
My third is in water, but not in milk;
My fourth is in cotton, but not in silk;
My fifth is in star, but not in moon;
My sixth is in tiger, but not in coon;
My seventh, in branch, but not in tree;
My eighth is in gnat, but not in flea;
My ninth is in David, but not in Saul;
My tenth is in several, not in all.
My whole is a game very often played
Without the aid of club or spade.

No. 173.—Transpositions.

Transpose an animal common to the farm and make a stream of water. Reverse the last and find an animal mentioned in Roman history. Transpose a Latin poet and make empty; deceased and make a book of Scandinavian mythology; the moon and make a bone of the arm; a model used by shoemakers and make the most necessary article used in cooking.

No. 174.—Beheaded Rhymes.

On master day the boys were —,
Each nerve to show a splendid —
When suddenly the cry "'Tis —,"
Proclaims ill luck begun;
From fine cockade the beauty —,
Adown their uniform is —
The streams that spoil their fun;
Crestfallen, homeward they are —,
When low a bright bow over —
Tells that the rain is done.

No. 175.—A Flag.

From 1 to 8, an animal; 2 to 9, to think; 3 to 10, a flowering plant; 4 to 11, traffic; 5 to 12, a revoking; 6 to 13, a species of fly; 1 to 7, illegal trade; 8 to 13, a schoolmaster.

No. 176.—High Hat Puzzle.

The problem is to make the five figures here shown of the same height by changing the hats from one figure to another.—New York Tribune.

No. 177.—Charade.

My first is used on many a horse;
My second is to man a cross;
My third, a boy's name often heard;
My whole, a strange, uncanny bird.

No. 178.—In America.

[Concealed States.]

1. I paid a hodman to do it.
2. It was when Eva dashed away.
3. There are more gone than you think.
4. It exasperated him very much.
5. What architectural order is that? Oh! Ionic.
6. You will find I analyze correctly.
7. He was very large or giant-like.
8. We shall be sheep washing tonight.
9. I met Emma in England last year.
10.—Can we dismiss our inspector?
11. When heads are broken, tuck your sleeves up.
12.—Signor Marlo was very unlucky.

Very Strange.

"Were you in the Ark with Noah, grandpapa?"

"No, my child, I was not in the Ark with Noah."

"Then why weren't you drowned?"—Punch.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 164.—Triangle: 1. Cubic. 2. Upon. 3. Bob. 4. In. 5. C.

No. 165.—Mr. Cat's Mystery: C. H., Tea, Bee, Bat, Hat, Teach, Beech, Batch, Hatch.

No. 166.—Diagonal:

D E M O N
G A M I N
C A N D Y
T R I T E
S M I T E

No. 167.—Hidden Birds: Lark. Owl. Kite.

No. 168.—Word Squares: I.—1. Broad. 2. Rifle. 3. Often. 4. Alert. 5. Dents. II.—1. Boast. 2. Otter. 3. Atone. 4. Sense. 5. Trees.

No. 169.—Acrostic: Birth Day. Behold, In, Rejoicing, They, How, Does, As, Years.

No. 170.—Historic Americans: 1. Grant. 2. Web-ster (stir). 3. Taylor (tale or). 4. Franklin (maud-lin). 5. Polk (polk-a). 6. Lincoln. 7. Washington.

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.

The man lay prone upon the pavement. Blood trickled from a ragged gash in his throat and formed a little pool near his head.

There were no marks of violence—nothing to show how the man had come by the accident. For a minute the great detective was baffled. Suddenly a strange light shone in his keen gray eyes, while a smile of satisfaction played about his lips.

"Have you discovered how the man's throat was cut?" they asked.

"Yes. He's wearing a collar that's been to the laundry twice.—Ex.

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.

The young man was wrapped in gloom.

"The beautiful Miss Doodledum," he said, "rejected me last night."

And he sighed heavily.

"But she let me kiss her at parting," he whispered thrillingly. "I shall never forget the sweetness of that kiss."

His companion arose hastily.

"I think," he said, "I'll trot around there and propose myself."—Ex.

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

Frozen Dainties for Hot Weather.

SULTANA ROLL makes a most attractive frozen dainty to serve with refreshments or dinners. It should be made in plain round molds. Baking-powder cans, the largest size, are excellent receptacles to use, and if a larger quantity is made, two-quart lard pails are nice to use. Test these cans before using them, as the smallest pinhole will allow sufficient water to enter to spoil the contents of the can.

Cover a cupful of sultanas with the juice of four oranges two hours before they are needed. Add a cupful of sugar to a pint of rich cream and let heat sufficiently to melt the sugar. Remove from the fire and when perfectly cold add another pint of cream, half a teaspoonful of bitter almond extract and three drops of "creme de menthe" coloring, to give the cream a delicate apple-green tint. Freeze the cream, then stir in half a cupful of blanched almonds chopped fine.

The sultanas are drained from the orange juice and stirred into a stiff froth of cream—one pint—that has been sweetened to taste with powdered sugar and tinted a lovely rose-pink with cochineal or fruit paste coloring. Mix carefully. Line the molds on sides and bottom an inch deep with the frozen almond cream and fill in the center with pink sultana mixture. Cover the top with paraffin paper before fitting on the lid and pack in ice and salt for three hours. To serve, slice the roll in half-inch slices and serve with a pink or green tinted sauce, strawberry juice giving the desired pink tint. Boil together half a cupful of water with a cupful of sugar until it spins a thread. Remove from the fire, add the juice of two lemons and a pint of the strawberry juice. Mix well and serve hot or cold.

When ready to unmold the cream, plunge the cans in cold water, take off the covers and run a silver knife quickly around between the cream and can. This will loosen the rolls so they will turn out smoothly. If there are several small rolls place them in a row in the center of a silver or glass dish and garnish with roses, serving one to each guest, placing it on the plate beside the cream.

These pretty rolls of frozen cream may be made in many different combinations: as violet centers, obtained with grape juice to tint; stir in violet petals and use plain vanilla cream for the outside. Have a violet-tinted sauce.

CONES of caramel ice-cream with nuts are made as follows: Stir a cupful of sugar over the fire until it browns richly, than add a cupful of boiling water and let cook to a sirup. Smooth a tablespoonful of corn-starch in a little cold milk and add to the sirup with a quart of rich milk. Let the whole scald thoroughly, stirring it to blend smoothly until the corn-starch is cooked, when the yolks of four eggs beaten light and half a cupful more of sugar are added. Stir constantly for five minutes, then remove from the fire and add a cupful of double cream. Mix in well and pour into the can of the freezer after the mixture has become cold. Vanilla flavoring is added the last thing—one tablespoonful.

To serve, take a large-size tablespoon and with a dexterous twist of the wrist, slide it around the frozen cream, lifting out spoonful. The result will be perfect little cones of cream. After placing each one on its serving dish, pour over it a spoonful of plain sirup made as for the sauce, in which are finely chopped almonds and pecans. Chopped candied orange peel and cherries may also be added.

SWEET COMPOTES make pretty deserts served in water-ice borders. Fill a rim or mold with orange, strawberry or pineapple ice and freeze quite hard. Shred fine the tender part of a medium-sized pineapple and remove the pits from a pound of white grapes. Stem a pint of strawberries and scoop the pulp from a small grapefruit. A couple of sliced bananas may also be added. All kinds of fruit are used that blend well in flavor. To a quart of the mixed fruits allow two tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in water to cover. Add half a cupful of boiling water to it and five tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Stir to dissolve the sugar and strain over fruit. Mix thoroughly and set aside on ice to become firm. When ready to serve, unmold the ice on a flat glass dish and fill in the center with the fruit jelly. Garnish with flowers or fine greens, to make a pretty contrast.

All sorts of combinations may be made with compotes, as with sultana rolls. If your fruit mixture is composed of bananas, oranges and pineapples with a border ice flavored with lemon, rich tints in yellow will make a lovely garnish, and for this use a length of nasturtium vine with its glowing blossoms. Or, Bride roses if the occasion is suitable, as a shower luncheon or wedding menu.

MACAROONS give a rich flavor to forzen desserts. For a macaroon glace mix a pint of cream with a cupful of sugar and the beaten yolks of five eggs. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and heat until the custard begins to thicken, then strain through a fine sieve. Turn into the freezer and when half frozen mix in half a pound of crisp macaroons pounded to a dust. Finish freezing.

For a mousse, scald a dozen macaroons in a cup of milk and pour over them the beaten yolks of three eggs. Cook over hot water until slightly thickened. When almost cold fold into the mixture the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs, adding gradually half a cupful of powdered sugar while beating. Add half a pint of whipped cream, mix well and turn into a brick mold. Freeze by covering with ice and rock salt. In serving, arrange around the mousse on the dish roses of whipped cream pressed through the pastry tube. In the center of each, place a piece of French candied fruit.

VANILLA ICE-CREAM served in muskmelons is a pleasing dish. The melons are selected of uniform size, halved, and the pulp scooped out, then set away to chill.

Make a plain vanilla ice-cream and let it stand an hour after freezing to ripen. When ready to serve fill the melon halves with the cream, and for seeds cut unblanched almonds into thin slices and press them in to look as realistic as possible. Peach ice-cream is excellent to fill the melon dishes with, as it has just the right tint of pinkish-yellow of the melon pulp. To make it, use good-sized mellow peaches. Pare and remove the pits from twelve. Press through a colander to a pulp. Heat a pint of cream in a double boiler, adding a cup and a half of sugar, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Set aside to cool, then flavor with six drops of bitter almonds and turn into the freezer. Turn slowly at first, then more rapidly, until the mixture is frozen. Remove the cover and stir in the chilled peaches. Cover and turn the handle of the freezer until the cream is again frozen. Leave in the freezer with the top well covered with brown paper and a blanket, to ripen for an hour.

Other fresh fruits, or even canned and preserved fruits, may be used in ice-cream if the sirup be carefully drained off, and the same rule of preparing it observed as in the peach cream.

PLAINLY FLAVORED ice-creams have an added deliciousness if served with a hot sauce, or cold, if preferred. But the blending of hot and cold has a decided charm for those who wish a new sensation in taste. "Sunrise Sauce" may be served either hot or cold. Heat a pint of cream or rich milk in the double boiler and add the yolks of three eggs well beaten with half a cupful of sugar. Cook until thick and creamy. Remove from the fire and add a tablespoonful of gelatin that has been softened in cold milk. Strain and add the grated rind and juice of an orange. If your orange is a deep red tint the sauce will be a deeper hue and may then be called "Sunset."—T. Celestine Cummings in The Designer.

FOLDING A MAN'S COAT.—The proper way to fold a man's coat for packing is to lay it out perfectly flat, with the wrong side down. The sleeves should be spread out smoothly, then folded back to the elbow until each end of the sleeve is even with the collar. Fold the revers back and then double the coat over, folding it directly in the center seam and then smoothing it out carefully.

Largest Spring in the World.

REMARKABLE UNDERGROUND LAKE IN OREGON COUNTY, MO.

Month after month papers and magazines publish glowing accounts of the beauty and grandeur of the lakes of Switzerland, the rivers of Germany or the glaciers of Greenland, writes Elmer T. Clark, in The Southwest Tourists and globe-trotters have stood on the Alps, "gondolated" in Venice or climbed the Matterhorn, but how many American tourists know anything of the wonders of their native land outside the old school book wonders of Niagara, Yellowstone, and Yosemite?

In Oregon county, Mo., and Fulton county, Ark., are grouped Grand Gulf, Mammoth Spring and Spring River, natural curiosities so wonderful, so beautiful and furnishing so many openings for investors that, were they hid in the forests of Africa, or within the shadow of the mountain peaks of southern Europe, artists would haunt them with their sketch-books and poets would rave of their soul-inspiring beauty.

The Grand Gulf is the crowning wonder of the group. Two shallow streams about one-fourth of a mile distant from each other, flowing in the same direction over an elevated plateau, suddenly drop into canyons 500 feet deep. These two canyons form a junction half a mile below, where they strike a mountain lying directly across their path. This mountain has been tunneled by the action of the water, and the natural bridge thus formed is no less a curiosity and almost equal in size to the famous natural bridge of Virginia.

After passing through this mountain the united stream strikes another mountain and tunnels it for several hundred feet, and then spreads out into an immense underground lake, the area of which has never been ascertained. Many parties have entered the tunnel and picnics have been held by torchlight on the margin of the lake, but still it remains a mystery. No light can exist long over the bosom of the lake and nothing can be heard save the far-away rumble of the waters as they rush on.

This underground lake is the reservoir which supplies Mammoth Spring, the largest spring in the world, with its 60,000 cubic feet of water a minute. The most surprising feature in connection with this extraordinary natural curiosity is the fact that when these great canyons are filled with water, even to the arch of the natural bridge, hundreds of feet deep, the volume of water in Mammoth Spring is not increased.

Mammoth Spring covers 18 acres of ground 200 feet deep with crystal water. Spanned by an immense steel bridge, navigated by naptha launches and flowing its 60,000 cubic feet of water a minute over a dam of solid masonry 170 feet long and 28 feet high, it presents an admirable picture.

Mammoth Spring drives the machinery of the Mammoth Spring roller mills, the largest mill in all north Arkansas or south Missouri; the Mammouth Spring cotton mills and Mammouth Spring electric light company, while unnumbered volumes of water fall unharnessed into the valley below, creating Spring river, the finest power stream in America. The Hudson may be grander, the St. Lawrence more romantic, or the lordly Mississipp more majestic, but Spring river, for the brightness of its waters, the quiet beauty of its wooded banks, for its long, deep pools shaded by towering cliffs, for its rushing rapids and its hundred waterfalls, can justly claim attractions unequalled by any stream in America or abroad.

Sarcasm for the Housewife.

The housekeepers are being magnificiently and amazingly enlightened by Miss (or Mrs.) Clara G. Brewer. That excellent dame contributes to the Outlook an article that will teach them things they never thought of. "Waste of lights occur chiefly in not turning down gass." "If wooden tubs are left without water standing in them, the hoops fall off." "By changing the position of furniture in a room, the wear on the carpet is distributed." These startling suggestions, printed in all solemnity and with a most praiseworthy altruistic motive, embolden me to contribute a few suggestions of my own.

It is sometimes noticed that candles are shorter than they were. This comes from burning them.

The practice of writing initials with the finger-tip on a mahogany table may be discouraged by dusting it.

Don't throw away bananas just because they have a leathery outside coating. Peel them.

Some buy bread by the thousand loaves. That looks like economy at first blush, but the bread hardens if kept too long, and has to be given to the Salvation Army.

The same set of dishes can be used several times, if care be taken, though the lazy prefer just to break them without washing them.

As Professor Triggs would say, I have many other ideas. I think best, though, to save them up. With the Outlook article and the above precepts, the housekeepers may make a beginning in the right direction. By and by they will be prepared to consider fundamentals.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, coyly, "he tried to kiss me last night."

"Well, well," exclaimed Miss Pert, "Isn't it remarkable how kind hearted some men become when they've been drinking."

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.

"Do you keep the beer that made Milwaukee famous?" asked the stranger in St. Louis.

"No, sir; the beer that made Milwaukee jealous," replied the man behind the bar, with quiet dignity.

Make a note now to get Ely's Cream Balm if you are troubled with nasal catarrh, hay fever or cold in the head. It is purifying and soothing to the sensitive membranes that line the air-passages. It is made to cure the disease, not to fool the patient by a short, deceptive relief. there is no cocaine nor mercury in it. Do not be talked into taking a substitute for Ely's Cream Balm. All druggists sell it. Price 50c. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Mrs. Yawley—What an awfully worried, anxious, despairing look Mrs. Goodsoul has.

Mrs. Chatter—Yes; I fancy she must have stopped doing her own work and taken to keeping a servant.

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.

Ulysses looked upon the sirens with considerable amusement, at the same time ordering the man at the prow not to hurry.

"There was a time," he observed, flippantly, "when your antics would have amused me. But—musical comedy is not what it used to be."—Ex.

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 Princess' Donkey Driver

PIPPINO was his name, and you never saw such a dear little good for nothing vagabond in all your born days. All the other lads who had been born along the highway of the king had grown up into nice curly haired little pages, or, at the least, cunning little royal shepherd boys, with golden crooks and sky blue velvet suits with the king's coat of arms on the left shoulder.

"He is only Pippino, the vagabond," said the proud pages when they rode by on the royal white ponies with gorgeous trappings, and Pippino would laugh and throw dandelion balls at them as they turned up their noses at him.

And one day he found just as bad and as lonesome a vagabond as himself. It was only a poor little gray donkey browsing along the highway all by itself, but it was lean and lonely and friendless, and Pippino made friends with it. And thereafter up and down the flower bordered highway clear to the gates of the king's palace Pippino would ride the gray donkey and laugh defiance at the taunts of the pages on their royal white ponies.

THE LITTLE GRAY DONKEY RAN FASTER AND BETTER.

But one day when the long double line of ponies began to wind along the highway Pippino noticed all at once that something was different about it. It didn't look a bit the way it did on ordinary days. All the white ponies had rosettes of pink rosebuds over their ears and diamond buckles on their crimson and gold harness, and the pages all wore long, sweeping, rose colored plumes in their caps, and two bugless rode at the head of the line and played most beautifully on their bugles.

Pippino was delighted, but very much puzzled. He stood knee deep in the wild flowers along the roadside, one arm around the friendless gray donkey's neck, and looked with all his eyes to see the reason for all the pomp and royal splendor. And suddenly he found the reason. The Princess Royal was riding by.

And there she was, sitting inside the little golden carriage, among cushions of pale blue velvet with little gold tassels on them. And her hair hung in lovely long curls over her dimpled shoulders and looked like tangled shreds of sunshine. And her eyes were so blue and tender, and she looked right out of the window at Pippino and the gray donkey and smiled.

Just think of having a really truly princess smile at you! Pippino nearly tumbled over himself staring straight back at her, but all the pages called out to him:

"Bow, beggar, bow!"

"I won't bow!" cried Pippino rebelliously, and then he did a terrible thing. He doffed his ragged cap and threw a kiss straight at the princess.

She only laughed, the sweetest, merriest laugh in all the world, and then she blew a kiss right back to the little ragged Pippino standing beside the gray donkey.

"Come hither, beggar lad," she called, "come hither to me."

Pippino did as he was told.

"Thou shalt be a beggar lad no longer," said the princess. "No one who has had a kiss from a princess thrown to him can remain a beggar, you know. I have never in all my life thrown a kiss to any one before. Therefore you are the most favored lad in all the world. What wish does thy heart long to ask of me?"

Pippino thought fast, and his heart beat so wildly that he was afraid the princess would hear it. And he tried and tried to think of something to ask for himself, but he could not. Then he looked at the poor little gray donkey with the chain of dandelions around its neck, and he looked from the donkey to the royal white ponies with their trappings of gold and crimson.

"If it pleases your royal highness, I would that the gray donkey be decked in gold and crimson trappings, with a bridle strung with tinkling gold bells, and that it be called the royal donkey, and that thine own lovely self should never ride on any but the gray donkey."

It was a most audacious request. The pages stared into one another's eyes and gasped. Even the princess royal hesitated, but suddenly she smiled.

"It pleases me to grant thy wish," she said. "Thou shalt be my royal donkey driver, and every morning will I ride on thy gray donkey along the king's highway."

It was a most wonderful thing. From grazing along the highway as friendly vagabonds Pippino and his donkey were taken to the palace, and the gray donkey was placed in a royal stable of white marble, and it ate from a golden manger and was tended by the pages royal. And every day after she had fed the royal peacocks from her own hands, and had gone up into the great throne room to kiss her father, the king, good morning, the little princess royal would ride out along the highway on her gray donkey, and Pippino's hand held the bridle with the golden bells.

But there came a day when the princess royal refused to smile when she rode.

"Today I must choose a prince as my husband," she told Pippino. "From all over the wide world the princes royal are coming to try for my hand. The king has prepared a test of speed for them, and he who wins shall have my hand and half the kingdom. Each prince rides the swiftest steed in his kingdom, and they are to race for love of me from the steps of the palace to the giant oak at the base of the Black mountain. On the topmost bough of the oak hangs but a single curl from my head, and he who returns first bearing it must wed me. It is not always a happy state being a princess royal."

She sighed as she spoke, and Pippino looked into her eyes.

"I will bring back the curl of golden hair, princess," he said. "The gray donkey shall bear me in the race."

So when all the princes of the blood royal drew up on line before the steps of the palace Pippino and the gray donkey took their place with the rest, and, though all the princes and the whole court scoffed at him, still Pippino held his own and raced with the others when the princess dropped her handkerchief. And the strangest thing happened, for as they raced the little gray donkey ran faster and better than all the rare and splendid horses of the princes, and it arrived first at the base of the Black mountain. On the lowest bough of the tree perched a common sparrow, but Pippino greeted it in friendly fashion.

"Brother, if thou wilt bring me the lock of hair from the topmost bough," he said, "I will give thee a piece of the royal wedding cake the day I marry the princess."

The little sparrow was delighted, and he flew at once to the top of the tree and brought down the lock of golden hair to Pippino just as all the long line of wearied, panting horses came into view. And Pippino laughed at them as the little gray donkey turned and sped back to the palace like the wind.

But the minute he reached the steps and knelt at the feet of the princess and the king with the coveted curl the gray donkey vanished and in its place stood a little old fairy godmother.

"For thy kind heart, Pippino, thou hast come from beggar to prince. Rule with love, Prince Pippino, and forget not the little gray donkey."

"Nor the piece of the royal wedding cake," sang the sparrow overhead. and Pippino remembered both when he married the princess royal.—New York World.

Trifles Which Make Perfection.

Many of us have heard or read that famous remark of Michael Angelo to the effect that perfection is made up of trifles, and that perfection is no trifle. Audubon, the man who had such a wonderful knowledge of birds, was another believer in this doctrine

Sorry He Spoke.

On one occasion when a well known London wit was listening to the band on the pier at Brighton some medical students who happened to be there thought they would have a joke with him, and accordingly one of their number went up with outstretched hand and said:

"Ah, good morning, Mr. —. How do you do?"

"I am quite well, thank you," replied he, "but I really have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"What!" said the student. "You don't know me? Why, I met you at the zoo."

"Young man, accept my apologies, but really I saw so many monkeys there that it is impossible for me to recognize them all again."—Pearson's Weekly.

Peculiar Vienna Custom.

The Viennese take their pleasures as regularly as they do their meals, but they do not neglect business or keep late hours. One thing perhaps which helps to keep the young Viennese of moderate means and economical mind regular in his evening hours is the fact that he must pay to get into his own rooms after 10 o'clock. Vienna is one vast system of apartment houses, and a house master is in charge of each one. At 10 o'clock he locks the front door, and any one desiring to get in after that hour must pay for admittance, and the old resident has no more right to a key than the ephemeral lodger.—London Graphic.

Queer Positions of Hearts.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head. Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster for example, and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.—St. Nicholas.

Playing Railroad.

Irate Parent—Here! What is all this racket? Bobby—Please, papa, we are playing a train of cars, and I am the locomotive. Irate Parent—You are the locomotive, eh? Well, I think I'll just switch you.

Well Acquainted.

Magistrate—Stay! I cannot allow you to address the bench in this familiar manner. Prisoner—Beg your honor's pardon, but you and me has met so often we seems like old friends.

The Right Help For Headache

Sherman, Me., Aug. 15, 1906.

"I have used the 'L. F.' Bitters with success for years. They are the only thing I can find to help me when I have an attack of headache."

Respectfully yours,
Mr. George Kneeland.

When sickness comes a dose of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters will work wonders toward making a recovery. They act quickly and beneficially on the whole system, purifying blood, strengthening stomach, cleansing bowels. 35c. at druggists.

Next Sunday

— EXCURSION TO —

RANGELEY LAKES

— VIA THE —

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

		To Oquossoc and return
Lewiston, leave,	7.25 A.M.	$2.00
Poland,	8.06 "	2.00
Mechanic Falls,	8.14 "	2.00
Buckfield,	8.40 "	1.75
Canton,	9.03 "	1.50
Dixfield,	9.28 "	1.25
Rumford Falls,	9.40 "	1.00
Oquossoc (Rangeley Lakes),	11.05 "	0.00

Connection is made at Oquossoc with steamers to and from Rangeley, giving time for a beautiful sail the entire length of Rangeley Lake and 3 hours for dinner at Rangeley Lake House and sight seeing.

Fare from Mechanic Falls to Rumford Falls and return $1.05. Returning train leaves Oquossoc 3.35 P. M., arriving at Lewiston 7.05 P. M.

Tickets at one fare the round trip will also be sold from and to intermediate stations where trains are scheduled to stop. Passengers from line of Grand Trunk R'y can connect with this excursion at Mechanic Falls both going and returning.

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Patent Colt, Vici Kid, Gun Metal, Valour and Russet Calf, $4.00, 3.50, 3.00,