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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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Something about the Morgans.

We do not at times realize how dear or valuable something may be until it is gone. A parent does not at times realize how dear a child is to him until he is taken away, and it is so at times in regard to the child to the parent.

Now it is felt that it was a great mistake letting the breed of horses called Morgans die out, and an effort is now being made to breed them back. It is well to know in regard to them and the cause of their being allowed to die out. Fifty years ago the horses in the eastern part of Vermont were mostly all Morgans and of the Woodbury branch. The head of this branch, Old Woodbury, was by far the best son of the Justin Morgan, the original Morgan horse.

It may be asked, What made the Morgan the popular breed so long? The answer is: First, they were so hardy, tough, such lasters. Second, they were so intelligent and affectionate. These qualities, with their great beauty, style and get up, made them the popular horse for a long time.

When Vermont was first settled the roads were few and poor. There were no wagons, so that the horses were mostly used to ride and as beasts of burden. In taking the grain to the mill they would at times be loaded with bags of grain, and with someone on top of them. Henry Clay was called the Mill Boy of the Slashes. The most of the business, the riding around, was done on horseback, and it was found that the Morgans, with their short, light, easy step (as sure-footed as the mule) were the best saddle horses that there were. The settlers were poor at first and but few could afford the luxury of a saddle. There was not that need of a saddle with the Morgans' broad backs as there was with the rail-back ones.

With good roads and wagons it was found the Morgans were the most free, pleasant driving horses that there were, and enduring, too. No road was too long for them.

As the Vermonters went west they took with them their Morgan horses. From 1850 to 1860 there was quite a call from the west for the Morgans, and many of the best specimens were taken west. It can be supposed that there are now as fine specimens west as there are east. It was about 1860 that the call was for horses having more size and speed for the mile. The Morgans with their broad breasts, short bodies, legs and stride, could not have speed for the mile, but for an all day's drive, or several of them they would tire out and outlast many of the fast ones. The Morrills then seemed to be the horses wanted, as they had more size and speed for the mile. The Morrills are called Morgans, as it is understood that their founder, Old Morrill, traces on his sire's side to the Justin Morgan through Bulrush Morgan. Yet they have no more resemblance to the Morgans than have the Clays or Hambletonians.

The Morrills crowded out the Morgans, yet they did not prove first-class trotters, as they lacked the lasting or staying blood of the thoroughbred to carry their speed to the finish. They could trot quarters and halves fast, but could not last in the race, and they have now been crowded out by the Lamberts and Hambletonians.

An attempt is now being made to breed back the Morgans, and this can be done by looking the country over and finding the best specimens that there are and mating them. There are many horses that are called Morgans that have no more resemblance to the Morgans of the Woodbury Morgan pattern than does a black sheep to a white sheep. They may have a very little of the blood, but it has been so diluted that the Morgan characteristics are entirely obliterated and gone.—Allen W. Thomson, in The Trotter and Pacer.

Starting New Orchards in Maine.

Many young men are thinking of starting in orcharding in Maine. Maine has many fine orchard towns and many towns that are not adapted to orcharding that are fine farming towns. Our best orchard farms are among our hilly towns, where orchards thrive the best on our hill tops, northwest slope where good drainage is almost always found. Trees standing in low, wet land or at the foot of hills where getting all the drainage from the high land above will soon die with wet feet. Keep out of all such low, wet places with trees and you will save failure. If you have no good orchard land, let some one else raise your fruit who has the chance, this will be the cheapest for the lowland farmer.

A good many of our local traveling apple tree agents are selling and recommending almost every kind of apple to the farmer to raise for our big markets, which is a great mistake, if he buys what is recommended he will soon be raising a lot of fruit that will puzzle him to sell, he has not raised what the market wants. To make a success in his selection of apples to raise for the big markets he must go to our big markets and talk with commission merchants who will tell what is the best selling apple for this particular market. Then raise what the market is calling for and nothing else. The market wants quality, size and color and nothing else. When the apple grower attempts to grow all kinds of apples, thinking of getting a fancy price, he soon runs up against a big failure and swears there is no money in orcharding. That is right, there is not one cent of profit in that kind of work. Orcharding to be successful requires a great amount of hard study to learn all that contributes to failures and success. Let us use our own eyes and brains, let us have more interest in fruit growing. Don't put up with a failure. Put your whole soul and mind into this work and it will prove a success to all.—A. A. Eastman in Maine Farmer.

Dairy Cows and Silage.

Many men have tried dairying and pronounced it a failure. The milk was heavy during the spring months and it was easy to make both ends meet, but as the fall came on the pastures dried up and the milk flow decreased. During the winter the cows were fed corn stalks with poor hay and a concentrated ration of ear corn. Naturally under such conditions their daily milk yield became very light. The farmer pronounced dairying a failure and went out of business.

As a matter of fact under natural conditions, when the cow is running on deep, green pasture, dairying is one of the most profitable kinds of farming. If this succulent food is continuously fed the entire year, the cow will continue to fill the pail. No one can supply this kind of food easier than the man of the corn belt. With him silage is a comparatively cheap feed. A good crop of corn will yield ten tons to the acre. The cost of placing this corn in the silo should not exceed $3. Valuing the corn crop at $18 per acre, the silage would cost approximately $1.75 per ton. As compared with clover or timothy at $8 or $10 per ton, silage at the above-named price becomes a very economical feed.

When it is fed to the cows we realize more fully its true value. It contains a succulence that no other food can supply. It just suits the cow's appetite, and if you think the old cow will be ungrateful, just try feeding it for a few days. It has the power of stimulating the milk production and puts the cow in good, robust condition. When a farmer builds a silo and begins to use silage liberally he has taken a long stride toward good dairying.

Feeding Fat into Milk.

Can fat be fed into milk? It is thought by some that the percentage of butter fat can be increased by scientific feeding. Tests, however, show that while a change of ratio will have a tendency to change the fat content for a short time, it will return to its former percentage after the animal becomes accustomed to the feed.

The New York (Cornell) station recently made a test from a herd of 21 cows, to learn, if possible, the effect that liberal and short feeding would have on the percentage of fat in milk. The cows were fed a very poor ration. They were placed upon a scientific ration and tests again made. Speaking of the test, a bulletin says:

For a long time the opinion has been very strong in the minds of dairymen that the percentage of fat in milk is directly and largely influenced by the food of the cow. If 99 out of a hundred dairymen are asked whether they can make their cows give richer milk by changing food, they will answer at once in the affirmative, and many will go so far as to say that they have done it time and time again. Still this is one of the results that careful investigators have been trying to secure for the last twenty years, and so far they have met with little or no success. In a herd of poorly fed cows, an abundant ration easily digestible and rather nitrogenous in character, and continued through two years, resulted in an average increase of one-fourth to one per cent of fat in milk. This was accompanied by an increase of about 50 per cent in total milk produced. The increased production was secured economically so far as the food cost of fat and milk is concerned.

The Massachusetts station has just completed a similar test and issued a press bulletin in which the following conclusion is drawn:

"Neither the protein nor the carbohydrate groups, when fed in normal amount, have any noticeable influence in changing the proportions of the several milk ingredients, nor in modifying to any marked degree the character of the butter fat, as revealed by the ordinary chemical tests."

The reader can see that from adverse conditions to liberal and scientific feeding the increase is so small that it is hardly worthy of notice. In the New York test the flow was increased a half but the fat remained almost the same. This, beyond a doubt, goes to show that richness of milk is due to the cow, while the flow in a great measure, is due to feed.

Poor Pasturage.

Pasturage, the most important summer element in milk production, is a pronounced failure in the larger part of the states from Maine to Ohio. Those who turned out their cows early got no benefit worth mention from the short and watery grass, and their pastures have failed to grow since they were grazed.

Those who waited for their pastures to make a good growth before turning in their cows find that only a short growth of tough, poor, wiry grass has been made, and it will hardly pay to graze it. A summation of reports from 10 states shows that pasturage has ranged from very good, in a few comparatively small areas, to average in a few areas, and to almost total failure in many areas, giving a probable average of about 65 per cent for the states.

This low average of pasturage is reflected in the decreased flow of milk in these states. That the aggregate yield of milk is below the average is shown in the station, creamery, factory and condensery receipts of milk up to date.

Only an abnormally favorable combination of rainfall and temperature from now to the end of summer could bring the pasturage element up to the average, and that combination is not in sight. As a commanding influence in milk production pasturage, it seems safe to say, is no longer to be considered seriously in summing up the count for 1907. A spurt in pasturage may come late in the season, but even in that event the majority of the cows will be so near the end of the lactation period that no important increase in milk yield will be possible.—New York Farmer.

The Gray Horse.

I read somewhere recently that gray horses were not up to the standard or words to that effect, writes the Parkhurst correspondent for the Presque Isle Star-Herald. Then he goes on to say: I never was so astonished in my life. I have always thought and do now, that gray or white horses were the handsomest, toughest breed on the planet. The celebrated Arabian horses are white or dapple gray. Famous generals in all war have ridden white or iron gray chargers. Circus men select gray horses to draw the band wagons in the street parades. John P. Squire & Co., the great packing company, always select Percheron horses not so much for the color but because their feet will stand travelling on the pavements better than any draft breed. It is said that Joan of Arc rode a milk white horse and St. John, the revelator, saw a white horse in Heaven. (Rev. 6, 2.) Half of the draft horses in Aroostook are white or gray and another decade will see 90 per cent of them of that color. The farmers own and work the gray horses and believe them to be the toughest and strongest breed, and it will take barrels of printer's ink to convince them to the contrary. You may change a farmer's religion or politics, make him think he is rich and handsome, coax his wife to run away with you or sell him a dog, but you will never make him think a gray horse is not a jewel.

Restoring Lost Fertility.

One of the best, surest and safest methods of returning lost fertility is turning under plants of the pea and clover family. Prof. King of Wisconsin says:

We now come to consider the most important discovery of modern times. Every farmer, no matter what his circumstances may be, has means completely under his control whereby he can draw from the atmosphere the free nitrogen of the air and have it fixed in any soil he may wish to enrich. Red Clover is the best and surest for this purpose (alfalfa excepted in some sections.) The average crop of clover contains about 396 to 450 pounds of nitrogenous matter to the acre, which is equal to about seven tons of stable manure.

The average ton of stable manure contains about nine pounds of nitrogen and it takes about six times this number or 54 pounds of nitrogenous matter to be equivalent to it—as in the above crop. From these figures you will be able to find the number of tons of stable manure the crop turned under is equivalent to. When the crop is turned under bear in mind the labor of hauling the crop to the barn, feeding and loading, hauling it to the field and scattering is all saved, which is an item of concern to the farmer.

When this has been completed do not think the soil will be productive forever with the same treatment and that all is needed is to crop, for this is a great mistake. Remember you must have a rotation of crops, which is of very great importance.

The idea has often been advanced that very round eggs produce pullets and the long or pointed eggs produce cockerels. This cannot be relied upon with any certainty. Some hens lay round eggs, others oblong or pointed eggs. While in some instances the round eggs have produced a majority of pullets, in other instances they have not. There is no absolute certainty in selecting the sexes prior to incubating the eggs.

A collar should never be placed upon a horse without first being thoroughly cleaned.

The President Makes Hay.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Edward Maloney, a laborer of East Norwich, L. I., had a unique experience at Sagamore Hill, when he harvested, with the help of President Roosevelt, ten loads of fine hay from the President's big farm.

At the village post office Maloney gave an interesting resume of his day's work at Sagamore Hill. He said:

"About 2 o'clock the president came out to the field. He was dressed in a white suit and a white neglige shirt and tie to match, and with a hearty greeting and handshake all around began to pitch with three others, with me loading. Before the first load was done, you wouldn't have given 30 cents for the white shirt; and talk about sweat drops like peas, the president had then as big as black walnuts dropping from his face, and he didn't stop to wipe them off, either, but kept right on pitching up forkfuls so big that he had to get under them and shove them up to me.

"Talk about hay pitchers, he's a wonder. After we got two wagons loaded, I drove to the barn with 'Teddy' in the lead, fork on shoulder, and when we reached the new hay barn, the president climbed on my load and so up in the mow, where he took the hay from the fork and mowed it away with more big pitches falling from him in streams."

Two telephone calls from Secretary Loeb failed to take the president from his work, although the business was important, the servant said.

After the day's work was finished the president bid the men good afternoon and with another handshake all around, he said he would be on hand again today to finish the remainder of the harvest.

Maloney, upon being asked if he would be on the job again to-day said, "No, not if the president was going to fire them up, as he did yesterday." He had enough, he said, although Mr. Roosevelt only pricked him once with the tines of the pitchfork.

Maloney appeared somewhat weary, last night, but was nevertheless proud of having worked in the field with the president.

About the State.

The people of Hope are arranging to celebrate the 100th birthday of their venerable and beloved fellow citizen, Abner Dunton, which occurs on Thursday, August 1st. Mr. Dunton, at 100 years, is almost as well physically as the ordinary man of 50, and his mental powers are absolutely unimpaired. He has been and is a useful, honorable, enterprising and energetic citizen, and it is fitting that his fellow townsmen should do him honor.

Automobilists who enter or leave Maine via the toll bridge at Portsmouth may be interested to know that the supreme court at New York has decided that the proprietors of a toll bridge near Saratoga are not within their charter rights in charging toll on automobiles, for these vehicles are not mentioned in their charter as tollable. It is quite likely that the same rule would be found to apply everywhere, as toll bridges are a survival of the dark ages and most or all of them were chartered before the idea of the automobile took practical shape.

The urgent necessity of making more heroic attempt to hold the gypsy moth under control in Maine becomes plainer with each day that passes as the unsuccessful fight goes on in Massachusetts where a million dollars a year is being spent without appreciable success in staying the extension of this pest. It is now recognized that no general success can come except through natural parasitic enemies of the moth and to that end the energies of the expert entomologists are being directed. A crumb of comfort comes from recent investigations in northern Europe, where it appears that in the northermost parts of Norway and Sweden—countries which have been exposed to the pest—there seems to have been no serious or damaging infestation. This would indicate that the forests of the northern portions of New England might prove too cold in winter for the gypsy moth to become as destructive as in Massachusetts. Nevertheless until the fight can be won in Massachusetts no line of effort should relax in Maine.

New Coaches for G. T. R.

The Grand Trunk shops at Point St. Charles have completed five new passenger coaches of the latest model and standard of that Company. The exterior of the cars is bottle green with gold lettering, and the interiors finished in polished mahogany. The seats are the latest high swing-back pattern, upholstered in green plush. The body of the car will seat sixty people and the smoking room, which is upholstered in leather, twelve people. A strip of Wilton carpet covers the center of the car, and Linoleum is used as the floor covering for passages and smoking room. Pintsch gas is installed for lighting, seven large four-burner lamps being used for this purpose.

The cars are equipped with apparatus for steam heat, air signals and high-speed quick action air brakes. They have standard wide vestibules with steel platforms and are mounted on six-wheel trucks. The length of the cars is 75 feet, 6 inches; weight 106,000 pounds. They embody all the latest improvements in passenger equipment, and are examples of the high class rolling stock which the Grand Trunk are continually adding to their service. These coaches have been assigned for service between Montreal and Chicago.

A Vacation Behind a Horse.

To most people the question of how to spend a vacation when it is limited to two weeks becomes a problem, but in the New Idea Woman's Magazine for August is an account of a novel outing which will solve the problem for many, as it may be followed out in any part of the country. Given a check of twenty-five dollars and a ten days' vacation, and here is a prescription that is warranted not to be regretted. Two women, who took a two hundred and forty mile drive through New England last spring tell of their trip and the necessary preparations made for it. They procured a horse for two dollars a day, piled a carefully selected wardrobe into a gunny-sack, seized their simple cooking outfit and made for the open road. The article, which is illustrated with photographs, is brimful of the out-door spirit and yet gives enough practical information to assure anyone of the success of a similar undertaking.

Thoughts of the Seaside.

Residents of town and city are now thinking of their summer outing, and those who live in the busy inland centres generally turn their attention to the seashore. To those who are undecided, Cushing's Island, Casco Bay, near Portland, Me., is recommended. Two and one-half miles from the City of Portland, it is a combination of seashore and country, on one side the broad ocean, and on the other a magnificent view of Portland Harbor. The Ottawa House, well known for several years, is situated here, and with the cottages in connection, accommodates 250 guests. It has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished. The sanitary arrangements are perfect, house lighted with electricity, water supply secured from an artesian well that is equal to any of the famous springs throughout the state of Maine. Hotel under management of Messrs. Boyce and Hatfield, two experienced hotel managers.

All information, booklets, etc., may be secured on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

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The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,

Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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Gripping the reader fast with its tale of the astounding transformation, in one day, of a ragged London waif into the possessor of incalculable wealth, this story by Louis Tracy measures up fully to the standard of this romancer's other popular tales. In the unfolding of the story he depicts not merely the change in the hero's material circumstances, but the interesting development of his character. The stirring adventures in which Philip Anson became embroiled by reason of his suddenly acquired riches, literally sent to him from heaven, his loyalty to the girl friend of his childhood and his manly efforts to win her love, are among the many elements of a plot which is developed with Mr. Tracy's well known skill.

CHAPTER I.

"IS there no hope, doctor?"

"Absolutely none—now."

"If she had gone to the—the workhouse infirmary—would she have lived?"

The doctor paused. The gulp before that hateful word was not lost on him. He tried professional severity and bestowed some care on the buttoning of a glove.

"I am surprised," he said, "that an excellent woman like your mother should encourage your feelings of—er—repugnance toward—er— Confound it, boy, have you no relatives or friends?"

"No, sir. We are alone in the world."

"And hard up, eh?"

The boy dug a hand into a pocket with the stolid indifference of despair. He produced 2 shillings and some pennies. He picked out the silver, and the man reddened in protest.

"Don't be stupid, Philip. That is your name, is it not? When I want my fee I will ask for it. Your mother needs a nurse, wine, chicken broth. You are old enough to realize that a doctor practicing in a neighborhood like this might want such things himself and whistle for them. But in the —er—infirmary they are provided by the state."

"Would my mother have lived had she consented to be taken there a month ago?"

Again the man wondered at the stony persistence of the questioner, a fearless looking, active boy of fifteen, attired in worn clothes too small for him and wearing an old pair of boots several sizes too large. The strong, young face, pinched with vigils and privations; the large, earnest eyes, heavy with unshed tears; the lips, quivering in their resolute compression over a chin that indicated great strength of character, appealed far more to the doctor than the whimpering terror with which the children of the poor usually meet the grim vision of death.

The wrestle with the glove ceased, and a kindly hand rested on Philip's shoulder.

"No," came the quiet answer. "May God help you, she would not have lived."

"God does not help anybody," was the amazing retort.

The doctor was shocked, visibly so.

"That is a foolish and wicked statement," he said sternly. "Do not let your mother hear such awful words. She has lived and will die a true Christian. I have never met a woman of greater natural charm and real piety. She has suffered so much that she merits the life eternal. It is a reward, not a punishment. Cast away these terrible thoughts. Go, rather, and kneel by her side in prayer."

For an instant the great brown eyes blazed fiercely at him.

"Am I to pray that my mother shall be taken from me?"

"Ever that if it be God's will."

The gleam of passion yielded to utter helplessness. The boy again brought forth his tiny store of money.

"Surely," he said, "I can buy some small amount of wine. In the shops they sell things in tins that make chicken broth, don't they? I have a fire and a kettle. Would you mind telling me"—

"There, there! You go to your mother and endeavor to cheer her up. I will see what I can do. What! Would you argue with me? Go at once. I insist. Listen. She is calling for you."

In that poor tenement there were no secrets. A rickety staircase, crudely built against the retaining wall of the only living room on the ground floor, led steeply to an apartment above and culminated in an opening that suggested a trapdoor. The walls, roughly paneled, were well provided with shelves and pegs. The back door was fastened with a latch, a contrivance rarely seen in the London of today. The front window looked out into a badly paved court girt by tumbledown stables. A smaller window at the back revealed a dismal yard darkened by lofty walls. Although little more than a stone's throw removed from the busy Mile End road, the place was singularly quiet. It was already dead and only waited the coming of men with pickaxes and crowbars to sweep away the ruins.

The boy heard his name whispered rather than spoken. The sound galvanized him into consciousness.

"Doctor," he said earnestly, "you will come back?"

"Yes, yes; within half an hour. Tell your mother to expect me."

Philip ran up the stairs. Long practice had enabled him to move with a minimum of noise. It was pitiful to see the manner in which he emerged, with stealthy activity, into the creaking loft above. Here at first glance there was an astonishing degree of comfort. Odd pieces of worn carpet neatly joined covered the floor. The two windows, facing only to the front of the dwelling, were curtained. The whitewashed walls were almost hidden by cuttings from the colored periodicals published during the previous Christmas season. A screen divided the room into two compartments, each containing a tiny bed. On one of these, propped up with pillows, lay the wasted figure of a woman, over whose face the shadows were falling fast. The extreme thinness, the waxen pallor, the delicate texture of debilitated skin and unnatural brilliancy of the eyes gave her a remarkably youthful appearance. This fantastic trick of death, in life accentuated the resemblance between mother and son. The boy, too, was sharply outlined by hunger, and in the fading light of a March day the difference between the dread tokens of approaching collapse and the transient effects of a scanty regimen on a vigorous youth was not readily distinguishable.

"Do you want anything, mother dear?" said the boy, laying his hand tenderly on the clammy forehead.

"Only to ask you, Phil, what it was that the doctor told you."

The voice was low and sweet, the diction that of an education woman. The boy, too, though his tones were strong and harsh, spoke with the accent of good breeding. His manner and words gained some distinction from a slight touch of French elegance and precision. This was only noticeable in repose. When excited or moved to deep feeling, the continental veneer acquired at the Lycee in Dieppe instantly vanished, and he became the strenuous, emphatic Briton he undoubtedly was by birth and breeding.

"He said, dearest, that what you wanted was some good wine—nice things to eat. He is an awfully fine chap, and I am afraid I was rude to him, but he didn't seem to mind it a bit, and he is coming back soon with chicken broth and port wine, and I don't know what."

His brave words were well meant, but the mother's heart understood him too well to be deceived. A thin hand caught his wrist and feebly drew him nearer.

"You say you were rude to him, Phil? How can that be possible? What did you say or do to warrant such a description?"

He hesitated for a moment. With rare self control in one so young he fiercely determined not to communicate his own despair to his mother. So he laughed gently.

"We are so jolly hard up, you know, and it sounded strange in my ears to talk about expensive luxuries which I could not buy. He has often told us, dear, that you would be better cared for in the infirmary. I am afraid now he was right, only we couldn't bear—to be parted. Could we, mother?"

Not all his valor could control his tremulous lips. A beautiful smile illumined the face of the invalid.

"So you are trying to hoodwink me, Phil, for the first time. I know what the doctor said. He told you that I could not recover and that I had not long to live; in a word, that I am dying."

Then the boy gave way utterly. He flung himself down by the side of the bed and buried his face in the coverlet.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he wailed, and his passionate sobs burst forth with alarming vehemence. The poor woman vainly strove to soothe him. She could not move, being paralyzed, but her fingers twined gently in his hair, and she gasped brokenly:

"Phil, darling, don't make it harder for me. Oh, calm yourself, my dear one, if only for my sake. I have so much to say to you and perhaps so little time! Be strong, Philip. Be strong and brave, and all will be well with you. I know you will miss me. We have been all in all to each other since your father's death. But my memory must be sweet, not bitter to you. When you think of me I want the recollection to inspire you to do that which is right regardless of consequences, to strive always for honor and for the approbation of your own conscience. My own dear boy, we must bow to the will of God. We have indeed been sorely tried, you far more than I, for I can look back on years of perfect happiness with a loving husband and a delightful child, whereas you have been plunged into poverty and misery at an age when life should be opening before you with every promise of a successful career. Perhaps, Phil, your trials have come to you early, as mine have found me late. I trust I have borne reverses of health and fortune with patience and resignation. My present sufferings will be a lasting joy to me if in the life to come I can know that my example has been a stimulus to you amid the chances and changes of your career. Promise me, darling, that you will resign yourself to the decrees of Providence even in the bitter hour of our parting."

Her voice failed. Tears stood in her eyes. The knowledge came to her anew that natural emotions can at times conquer all restraints. The maternity strong within her clamored for the power to shield her offspring from the dangers that would beset him. There was a maddening pain in the thought that a few brief hours or minutes might unclasp her arms from him forever.

It was Phil who first gave utterance to the wild protest in their souls.

"Mother," he mourned bitterly, "I don't want to live without you. Let us die together. If you cannot stay with me, then I swear"—

But a scream of terror, so shrill and vehement that it seemed to be almost miraculous from so frail a form, froze the vow on his lips.

"Phil, what are you saying? Oh, my son, my son, do not break my heart before I die. Kiss me, dearest. I am cold. I can scarce see you. Come nearer. Let me look once more into your brave eyes. You will be a great man, Phil. I know it. Who should know your character like your mother? But you must have faith in God always. I have prayed for you, and my prayers will surely be granted. I will watch over you. If you are in danger, my spirit will come back to you across the void. We cannot be parted. Oh, God, it is impossible! You are the life of my life. I am not dead while you still live."

Even as she spoke her left hand and arm, hitherto untouched by the cruel blight which had made her a helpless invalid during many weary months, became numb and rigid. She was dying now, not with the struggle against the king of terrors which often marks the passing of humanity, but with a slow torpidity more akin to sleep.

Her brain was clear, but the stock of nervous force had sunk so low that her few remaining words were spoken with difficulty. They were mostly endearing expressions, appeals to her loved one to hope and pray, to trust steadfastly in the all wise power that would direct his destiny. With the last flicker of existence the maternal instinct became dominant again, and she asked him not to forget her.

The boy could only murmur agonized appeals to the merciless unseen not to rob him of the only being he held dear on earth, but even in that awful moment he had the strength to cease his frantic protests when they seemed to cause her pain, and he forced himself to join her in prayer.

When the doctor brought a nurse and some small store of the much needed delicacies Mrs. Anson was already unconscious.

The boy, aroused from frenzy by the steps on the stairs, shrieked incoherently:

"I have killed my mother. See! She is dead. I killed her. I made her cry. You told me to look after her until you returned. She cried and screamed because I spoke so wildly. It is all my fault. I"—

"Hush! Your mother is not dead, but dying. Not all the skill of man can save her. Let her die in peace."

No other words could have checked the wild torrent of lament that surged from that wounded heart. So she still lived. There remained a faint flicker of life. Not yet had she passed the dreadful barrier of eternity. Through his blinding tears he thought he could discern a smile on the worn face. The doctor watched Phil more narrowly than the sunken frame on the bed. It was best that the paroxysm of grief should go untrammeled. The nurse, a young woman unused as yet to the inevitableness of death, moved timidly toward the windows and adjusted the curtains to admit more light.

At last when Phil's strength yielded to the strain of his sorrow and the very force of his agony had spent itself the doctor leaned over the inanimate form and looked into the eyes.

"It has ended, Phil," he whispered. "Your mother is in heaven!"

In heaven! What a tocsin of woe in a message of faith! The boy suddenly stood up. Hope was murdered within him. His tears ceased, and his labored breathing came under control with a mighty effort. He stooped and kissed the pale cheeks twice.

"Goodby, mother," he said, and the dull pain in his voice was so heart-rending that the nurse's sympathies mastered her. She burst out crying. Professional instinct came to the doctor's aid. He sharply reprimanded the half hysterical woman and sent her off on an errand to bring those whose duty it is to render the last services to frail mortality. The boy he led downstairs. He was a busy man, with many claims on his time, but this strange youngster interested him, and he resolved to turn the boy's thoughts forcibly away from the all absorbing horror of his mother's death.

"Have you a tumbler or a cup?" he said sharply.

Phil handed him a tumbler. The doctor poured out some wine taken from the nurse's basket, soaked a piece of bread in the liquor and gave it to the boy with an imperative command to eat it instantly.

Somewhat to his surprise, he was obeyed. While Phil was devouring the food of which he stood so greatly in need the doctor reviewed the circumstances of this poverty stricken household so far as they were known to him. Mr. and Mrs. Anson had occupied a fairly good position in Dieppe, where Philip's father was the agent of an old established London firm of coal shippers. About two years earlier both husband and wife were seriously injured in a motor car accident. Mr. Anson sustained concussion of the brain and practically never regained his senses, though he lingered for some weeks and was subjected to two operations. Mrs. Anson's spine was damaged, with the result that she changed from a bright and vigorous woman into a decrepit invalid doomed to early death from slow paralysis.

When the great expenses attendant on these mishaps were paid she found herself not only absolutely poor, but rendered incapable of the slightest effort to turn her many and varied talents to account in order to earn a livelihood. She came to London, where her late husband's employers generously gave her rent free possession of the tenement in which she was lying dead, helped her with funds to furnish it modestly and found a clerkship for Philip with a promise of early promotion.

But the cup of sorrow is seldom left half filled. Barely had the widow settled down to a hopeful struggle on behalf of her beloved son than a quarrel between partners led to the sale of the firm's business to a limited liability company. Economies were effected to make way for salaried directors. Philip was dismissed, with several other junior employees, and the stable yard was marked out as a suitable site for the storage of coal required by the local factories.

This development took place early in the new year, and the new company allowed Mrs. Anson to occupy her tiny abode until the last day of March. It was now March 5, and how the widow and her son had lived during the past two months the doctor could only guess from the gradual depletion of their little store of furniture.

It was odd that such an intelligent and well bred woman should be so completely shut off from the rest of the world, and his first question to Phil sought to determine this mystery.

"Surely," he said, "there is some one to whom you can appeal for help. Your father and mother must have had some relatives, even distant cousins, and if they are written to a friendly hand may be forthcoming."

Philip shook his head. The mere taste of food had provoked a ravenous appetite. He could not eat fast enough. The doctor stayed him.

"Better wait a couple of hours, Phil, and then you can tackle a hearty meal. That's the thing. I like to see such prompt obedience, but you certainly have wonderful self control for one so young. I may tell you, to relieve present anxieties, that a few employees of your father's firm have guaranteed the expenses of your mother's funeral, and they also gave me a sovereign to tide you over the next few days."

Funeral! The word struck with sledge hammer force. Phil had not thought of that. He remembered the dismal pomp of such events in this squalid locality, the loud sobbing of women, the hard faced agony of men, the frightened curiosity of children. His mother, so dear, so tender, so soft cheeked—the bright, beautiful, laughing woman of their life in Dieppe—to be taken away from him forever and permitted to fade slowly into nothingness in some dreadful place, hidden from the sunshine and the flowers she loved! For the first time he understood death. When his father was killed, his mother was left. Anxious tending on her dispelled the horror of the greater tragedy. Now all was lost. The tears that he hated were welling forth again, and he savagely bit his lip.

"You have been—very good—to us, doctor," he forced himself to say. "If ever—I can repay you"—

"There, there, not a word! Bless my soul, yours is a difficult case."

Again the doctor tackled his glove. He glanced at his watch.

"Four o'clock. I am an hour late on my rounds. No, Phil. Don't go up stairs. There are some women coming. Wait until they have tended your mother. And—one last word. It will do you no good to keep vigil by her side. Best think of her as living, not dead. You will be grateful for my advice in after life."

The women arrived, coarse but kindly hearted creatures. One of them gave the boy a packet of letters.

"I found 'em under the dear lydy's pillow," she said. Neither poverty nor death robbed Mrs. Anson of the respect paid to her by all who came in contact with her.

He sat down, untied a string which bound the letters together and looked at the address on the first envelope. It bore his mother's name and a recent postmark. Wondering dolefully what correspondence she could have had during these later months that demanded such careful preservation, he took out the letter. Suddenly he hesitated. Perhaps these documents alluded to something which his mother did not wish him to know. For an instant his impulse was to consign the packet to the fire. No; that might be wrong. He would glance at their general purport and then commit them to the flames if he thought fit.

A boy ran forward to offer his service at the carriage door.

The letter in his hand was headed, "The Hall, Beltham, Devon," and dated about a month earlier. It read:

Dear Madam—I am requested by Sir Philip Morland to ask you not to trouble him with further correspondence. This is the fourth time I have been desired by him to write in these terms, so please note that your letters will in future remain unanswered. Yours truly,

LOUISA MORLAND.

The curt incivility of the note brought an angry flush to the boy's face. Who was Sir Philip Morland that he should dare to offer this insult to a lady? Evidently a relative, and a near one, for Morland was his mother's name, and his own Christian name suggested a family connection. Yet she had never spoken of any such person.

Three other letters of preceding dates showed that "Louisa Morland" kept accurate reckoning. There were half a dozen more, from a firm of solicitors. Some of these were merely formal acknowledgments of letters received and forwarded, but one stated that they "were instructed by Lady Morland to inform Mrs. Anson that Sir Philip Morland declined either to see or hear from her."

That was all. Philip sprang up with face aflame. He was alone in the house now, alone with his dead mother.

He went upstairs, with the letters crushed in his right hand as though he would choke a reptile which had stung the only being he loved. He bent over the shrunken form, so placid, so resigned, so angelic in the peace of death, and his hot tears fell unchecked.

"You poor darling!" he murmured. "I believe you humbled yourself even to beg from these people for my sake. What can I

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JUL. 30, 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.

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SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

Coming Events.

Aug. 6—Oxford Pomona Grange, South Waterford.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It's the Little Things.
More Bargains.
Third Lesson about Perolin.
Men's Clothing for the Hot Days.
Camps and Homes.
Handy Kodak.
Mid-Summer Sale.
2 Notices of Appointment.
Notice.
Farm, Stock and Tools.
2 Petitions for Discharge.

Here and There.

While license advocates are assuring us that prohibition as a means of restricting the liquor traffic has been proved an utter failure and abandoned practically everywhere except in Maine, the brewers of the United States, assembled in national convention at Atlantic City, admit their alarm over the growth of prohibition sentiment, and their fear of the disastrous effect it will have on their business. And as to the actual condition of things in this matter, it is safe to trust the business sense of the brewers.

Anna Gould, having bought one title and finally got divorced from it, is now about to try another, with a worse spendthrift and a man of even worse morals than her first husband proved. This may be thought to prove the falsity of the proverb that a burnt child dreads the fire; but then, some people are not children.

A young woman graduate of the University of Chicago, who was when there one of the most popular society girls in the institution, has gone into social ostracism, and her name has been erased from the records of the sorority of which she was a member while in the college. Her offence is that she has Negro blood in her veins, though no one knew it.

Now is the time when we so often read that the way to reduce the long list of summer drowning accidents is to have everybody learn to swim. Nothing can be said against the proposition that everybody ought to be able to swim; but it is to be noted that a large part of those who are drowned every summer are good swimmers.

The New York World has discovered that if Roosevelt should be elected and should serve a third term, he will have had it in his power during his entire service to appoint a majority of the judges in the three federal courts. Isn't that horrible!

John D. Rockefeller, after finishing his testimony in court at Chicago, went off without collecting his witness fees of $92.30 to which he was entitled. Perhaps he thought his testimony wasn't worth it (which was really the case), and he wouldn't be a party to any unfair proceeding.

How tender a thing is human sensitiveness! There is absolutely no danger of a war between us and Japan. Oh, no! Yet when American and Japanese war vessels lay side by side in the harbor of Brest, shore leave was very carefully (and wisely) denied the sailors of both navies. So thin-skinned are we, that a street row between drunken sailors might be magnified into an "international incident"—no, not an incident, but a cause of war. Think of it!

Hon. W. T. Haines is forwarding his candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor by means of personal letters recently sent out. Just as if anybody wanted to be disturbed by political matters in the good old summer time, and in an off year!

Two Drowning Mysteries.

At Rumford Falls, Friday night, the 19th, a man deliberately dropped himself from the toll bridge between Rumford Falls and Mexico, and was drowned in the Androscoggin River. Several people saw the act, and the man told two girls who were nearest him what he was going to do, but they were unable to prevent it. O. E. Dickinson of Ridlonville plunged into the water with all his clothes on, and attempted to rescue the suicide, but could not do it. No one knew the man, and no has been reported missing.

Tuesday morning the section men of the railroad found the body of a man floating in the river a short distance north of Dixfield. It was not however the body of the suicide described above, but that of a man of a very different description, dressed as a workman, and the body had apparently been in the water for two weeks. The features and general characteristics indicated a man of Negro blood, and Coroner H. L. Elliott, who was called, considered an inquest unnecessary, and ordered the body buried as that of an unknown Negro.

Since the above was in type it is learned that the suicide is thought to be L. Rosseau, an employe in the International mill yard, who disappeared that night, and whose description tallies with that of the drowned man.

Unveiling at Revolutionary Grave.

There will be dedication or unveiling ceremonies at the grave of a Revolutionary soldier, Isaac Thayer, at the farm of Webster Maxim in West Buckfield, on Thursday, Aug. 8. Hon. John D. Long will speak, and Mrs. Flora E. Barry of Boston will sing "The Sword of Bunker Hill." There will be patriotic music by a ladies' quartette from Boston, and an original dedication hymn by Misses Mary and Martha Maxim. Other speakers are also expected.

Lieut. Isaac Thayer was born in Randolph, Mass., Nov. 23, 1741, and settled in Buckfield in 1792, where he died Feb. 22, 1805, and was buried on his homestead farm. The grave has hitherto been unmarked. He was thrice married, and the descendants of his large family of children are numerous in Maine and Massachusetts. Most of those who will participate in the ceremonies are descendants of the Revolutionary soldier.

The fishermen along the Maine coast are encouraged to believe that at the next session of Congress a bounty will be offered for the extermination of the dogfish. The movement for a bounty started with the fishermen of Orr's Island, and they are still working to secure the aid of the government. They believe that a moderate bounty per ton would mean the starting of refineries and the turning of millions of dogfish into oil and the best possible fertilizer.

After suffering intense pain for 24 hours subsequent to falling into a tub of boiling water, Medelaine, the 2 1-2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Nell, of Everett, Mass., died at East Northport. Mrs. Nell was called from the room before she had a chance to cool the water, and during her absence the child climbed into the tub, falling head into the water and rolling over.

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. Mabel Scribner of South Windham, Conn., is at Dr. Houghton's helping to care for her mother, Mrs. Jennie Tucker, who has been in a very critical condition, but who seems to be improving slowly. We hope she may be about the house again soon.

Miss Ethel Houghton is taking her vacation at Cliff Island with her sister, Mrs. Clifton Greene, who has a cottage there.

Dr. Seth B. Morse of Haverhill, Mass., was in town last week calling on old friends. Dr. Morse was for several years in practice at Paris Hill, removing from here to Haverhill, where he has a large practice.

Mrs. Clayton K. Brooks of Cambridge, Mass., came to Paris Hill last Wednesday returning to South Harpswell Tuursday, where the family have taken a cottage for the season. Miss Gertrude Brooks and Raymond Atwood returned with Mrs. Brooks to Harpswell.

Next Thursday evening the Universalist Circle will give an entertainment and dance at Academy Hall. Living illustrations from that good old classic that is so dear to the heart of childhood, "Mother Goose Melodies," will be presented upon the stage. Mother Goose herself is expected and a large delegation of her numerous family including Jack Horner, Simple Simon, Little Miss Muffett, the "Maiden All Forlorn," that well known couple who are somewhat particular in the matter of diet, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt, and many others. The price of admission to witness the entire aggregation and also including dancing is placed at a bargain counter figure, only twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Twitchell and Mrs. Sturgis of Portland are guests at White Mountain View House.

Mrs. J. Murray Quinby and Miss Priscilla Quinby have been visiting friends in Portland for a week, returning Monday.

There was much interest and several very close contests in the foursome tournament at the golf links Saturday. Orland Daniels and Miss Helen Cole won the prizes, defeating Mr. Knickerbocker and Miss Gertrude Brown by only a single stroke in the finals. The prizes were given by Miss Brown. The golf tea on Saturday afternoon was given by Mrs. J. B. Cole and a well attended and pleasant occasion. The score for the tournament was as follows:

Miss Gertrude Brown and Mr. Knickerbocker beat Miss Clara Case and Ralph Cole 2 up, 1 to play.
Miss Mary Case and Herbert Gibbs beat Miss Adelaide Case and Mr. Fred Shaw, 1 up.
Miss Ethel Leupp and Mr. Frederick Case beat Miss Olive Thompson and Mr. J. M. Quinby 4 up, 3 to play.
Miss Helen Cole and Mr. Orland Daniels beat Miss Josephine Cole and Dr. Mann 5 up, 3 to play.
Miss Brown and Mr. Knickerbocker beat Miss M. Case and Herbert Gibbs 2 up.
Miss Helen Cole and Orland Daniels beat Mr. F. Case and Miss Leupp 1 up, 10 holes.
Miss Helen Cole and Mr. Daniels beat Miss Brown and Mr. Knickerbocker 1 up.

Mr. Frederick C. Case of New York arrived here last week for a stay of a few days.

The subscription dance Friday evening proved a success and was much enjoyed by a good number of the summer guests.

Mr. J. O. Faulkner of the Lewiston Journal staff was the guest of William E. Atwood Sunday.

On account of lack of space the directors of the Paris Hill Library Association would like to sell the duplicate books given in the following list:

Sir Walter Scott:—Waverly.
Kenilworth.
Rob Roy.
Life of Dryden.
Thackeray:—Paris and Irish Sketch Books.
Dumas:—Joseph Balsamo.
The Queen's Necklace.
Chevalier de Maison Rouge.
Taking of the Bastile.
Man in the Iron Mask.
Louise de La Vallere.
Vicomte de Bracelonne.
Twenty Years After.
Dickens:—Bleak House.
Oliver Twist
The Cricket on the Hearth.
———:The Lady of the Aroostook.
Howells:—The Lady of the Aroostook.
Henty:—Under Drake's Flag.
Macaulay:—Lays of Ancient Rome.
Emerson's Essays First Series.
Emerson's Essays Second Series
———:The Danvers Jewels.
Irving:—Knickerbocker's History of New York.
Winston Churchill:—The Crisis. (Two copies.)
Bunyan:—Pilgrim's Progress.
C. H. Dall:—Margaret and Her Friends.
De Quincey—Confessions of an Opium Eater. (Two copies.)
Hawthorne:—Twice Told Tales. (Two copies.)
J. S. of Dale:—Guernsdale.
Lover:—Handy Andy. (Two copies.)
Cooper:—The Pathfinder.
Two Admirals.
The Pioneers.
Defoe:—Robinson Crusoe.
Porter:—Thaddeus of Warsaw.
Collins:—Basil.
G. Atherton:—The Conqueror.
Marryat:—The Little Savage.
Midshipman Easy.
Wallace:—Ben Hur.
Balzac:—The Chouans. (Two copies.)
Lever:—Harry Lorrequer.
E. S. Phelps:—A Singular Life.
Fothergill:—A March in the Ranks.
———:Blue Jackets of '76.
Oliver Optic:—All Aboard.
Sailor Boy.
Freaks of Fortune.
Now or Never. (Two Copies.)
Bear and Forbear.
Kingston:—Salt Water.
Cavendish on Whist.

Oxford.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor have chosen the following officers:

President—Rev. Mr. Newport.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. C. T Starbird.
Secretary—Mrs. James Cook.
Treasurer—Mrs. M. E. Hazen.
Prayer Meeting Com.—Miss C. E. Carman.
Missionary—Mrs. N. T. Fisher.
Lookout—Mrs. M. E. Frost.
Music—Miss Lulu Stone.
Social—Mrs. C. F. Starbird. Miss Eva Frost, Miss Bessie Newport, Miss Ethel Flood, Miss Ida Stone.
Flower—Miss M. I. Corning.
Temperance—Mrs. E. G. Edwards.

Dana Verrill, youngest son of Eliphalet Verrill, was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Oakes of Auburn on Thursday. It is a very critical case, but he is doing as well as could be expected.

Mrs. Richmond, who also submitted to an operation for appendicitis, seems to be doing well.

Mason.

A part of the Blanchards have arrived at their camp for the summer vacation.

Hon. H. H. Hastings was in town on business the 24th.

A. J. Haskell was in town canvassing for oils and grease for mills and machinery, also for stains and paint.

Tom Vashaw is hauling lumber from this place to Bethel for Hastings Brothers.

Mrs. E. C. Uhlman's niece from Massachusetts is stopping with her for a while.

Lovell.

C. G Andrews of South Paris was here Thursday bringing Sumner Andrews of Lawrence, who will visit relatives and friends in town.

Clarence Ela of Conway is at work for O. E. Andrews haying.

Mrs. Mabel Patterson is at home from North Bridgton where she has been in the hotel.

Mr. Arthur Knight of Boston has been at John B. Kimball's a few days. His family are there now.

Mrs. G. F. Eastman of South Paris has been at the cottage of her father, Dr. C. P. Hubbard, on Kezar Lake, for a week.

Denmark.

Mr. Ernest Ingalls still remains very sick.

Mrs. Kate Sanborn and Mrs. Geo. Webb are at the islands, Portland harbor, for a few days.

Carroll Clifford Freeman, son of Wm. and Annie Freeman, East Denmark, died after a few hours' sickness Wednesday morning, 1 year and 3 months old. Funeral Friday at 1 o'clock P. M., in Odd Fellows' Hall.

The farmers are regretting this heavy rain as they have a lot of hay cut and out.

There was a large delegation from this place to Hiram Wednesday to see and attend the circus there.

Mr. Geo. W. Gray has received from the west a new top buggy, rubber tire. A beauty.

West Paris.

Last Thursday afternoon the local W. C. T. U. held a lawn party in the lower rooms and grounds at Grange Hall for the children of the three Sunday Schools, who had signed the temperance pledge. The enjoyment of the little folk, with their bright happy faces, and the groups of children in their pretty summer dresses and gay ribbons, was as much a pleasure to the older ones as to the children themselves. Over 60 were present about 50 of whom were children. Games were played and ice cream, cake, and fancy crackers were served.

Mr. G. M. D. Reed has been boarding since his arrival at the Graves cottage at North Paris.

Madge and Ivan Tuell are visiting relatives at West Sumner.

Sunday, July 21, Mrs. Julia B. Kimball arrived at her summer cottage, "The Pines." Mr. F. M. Hawley, of Stamford, Conn., is her guest for the season's vacation.

Mrs. Mary Locke Gerrish is stopping with her mother, Mrs. Elva E. Locke. Mr. Gerrish has also been here several days.

Miss Agnes Bicknell is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Dexter Gray, and mother, Mrs. Eveline Bicknell.

Ora H. Marston and wife were at Andover Thursday and Friday of last week to attend the burial service of Mr. Marston's mother, Mrs. James Noyes. Mrs. Noyes recently broke one leg near the ankle and was taken to the hospital for treatment, but died from the effects of her accident.

Evie Smith of New York is visiting her brother, G. A. Smith.

Mr. Henry Cole and little daughter, of Lawrence, Mass., recently visited his brother, J. H. Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson of Boston are visiting Mrs. Watson's brother, Mr. Frank McKenney.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pratt are making a few days' visit with his son at Union. Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Pratt's mother, is staying with Mrs. Hezekiah Farrar during their absence.

Mr. Geo. F. Cummings of Boston has been visiting at D. H. Fifield's for a few days.

Brownfield.

Quite a number of summer boarders are in this village.

Dr. Wentworth and sister are getting settled in their rent at Mrs. Julia Bean's.

Rev. Mr. Marston of Lewiston preached at the Congregational church.

Rev. Mr. Hoyt preached at the Universalist church.

Mrs. Blanche Linscott Cole and Master Harold, from Abington, Mass., are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. M. J. Ingalls of Denmark spent last week at J. L. Frink's.

Farmers are busy doing their haying.

A fearful thunder storm passed over this town Saturday last.

J. L. Frink is suffering with eczema in his face.

George Rowe is failing.

Mrs. B. Anderson has a young son.

West Sumner.

Mrs. Alvin Gerry is [illegible] with appendicitis. She went Tuesday to the Sisters' Hospital at Lewiston. Mrs. Gerry has a family of eight children. Her sisters have very kindly consented to care for the younger children in her absence.

R. N. Stetson has had lightning rods put on his barn and outbuildings.

Mrs. Henrietta Farrar is threatened with rheumatic fever.

Dr. E. J. Marston made a trip to Brunswick Saturday. He returned Monday accompanied by his brother Herbert who has been ill of slow fever and has come here to recuperate.

Harriet E. Tuell, Ph. D., of Milton, Mass., is spending her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Stetson Tuell.

Mrs. Hattie Young has gone to Hartford to visit friends.

Ona and Minot Doble of Auburn are spending a few weeks with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Doble.

Mrs. Eva Whitman and Perley E. Wills, wife and two children, all of Rumford Falls, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bisbee over Sunday. They arrived here in the tempest Saturday evening. E. P. Russell of East Sumner brought them from Buckfield in his auto.

Miss Louise Chase of North Paris is staying with her sister, Mrs. Alma Dunham.

We cannot agree with the correspondent from Greenwood. We believe that phonetic spelling carried too far detracts from the dignity of the language.

Rev. W. H. Lang of Portland held services in the Baptist church Sunday.

In West Sumner, July 7, by Geo. A. Chandler, Esq., Mr. Herbert E. Hall and Miss Lena M. Twitchell, both of Canton.

Dr. E. J. Marston is making plans to move to Buckfield in the near future. He has already secured a rent for his family and will open an office there as soon as he can make the necessary arrangements.

The S. B. R. Club met with Mrs. Eleanor Small Thursday afternoon. Sir Walter Scott was the poet. Current events, Mrs. Hattie Howe. The question box was found to elicit much valuable information. The Religious Gold Brick, an article read by Mrs. Geo. Clark, brought forth a good deal of comment. Recitations were given by Mrs. Hattie Howe and Mrs. Sadie Marston. Refreshments were served and all voted it a good time. The next meeting will be Aug. 8.

Greenwood.

First-class grass weather this week up to date, but no hay weather since Monday afternoon, and one man who cut between two and three acres of his best grass on that day finds the most of it at present, Thursday, in the windrow well colored and full of water.

We have worked at destroying potato bugs at least for twenty-five summers, but never saw them so numerous and ravenous as at the present time. Have poisoned the whole field twice, but, as bad luck would have it, "the rains descended and the floods came" in a few hours each time, so that much of our labor has been lost, and the bugs still have the inside track. Yet there seems to be no other way but "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Our better-half spent the whole of last week at Locke's Mills visiting our daughter, Mrs. I. W. Swan, and in the mean time called on divers persons whom she knew in years gone by. Her father and family lived there a year or two before the railroad was built, and perhaps before it was ever thought of.

Last Saturday, Scott Merrill of Norway, together with his wife and two little daughters, came up to the Bennett place on a visit. While here Mr. Merrill and his chum went out and caught a fine string of trout. He returned home Sunday evening while his wife and children remained until Wednesday, and are now visiting in the neighborhood.

Edgar Morgan and wife have just come here on a visit. They report that Mr. Carter, whose buildings were recently burned by lightning, does not propose to rebuild, at least at present. The family have moved into the Foster house near by where they will probably remain during the summer.

This is the second week that M. M. Hathaway has been carrying the mail for his brother John, he in the mean time assisting his hired men in getting his hay.

And now for dog days until the 5th of September, Sundays included.

North Stoneham.

Ralph Adams is at work for Dell Stearns of Lovell and his wife and children are staying at John Adams'.

Leforest McAlister has moved from Norway into the camp near H. B. McKeen's.

Charlie Adams and Levi Butters are haying for Dennis Adams.

Eddie McAllister and lady friend from New Jersey, who have been spending their vacation with his mother, Mrs. L. J. Gammon, have gone back.

Blanche and Goldie Adams are at work for Edith Farrington of Lovell.

West Lovell.

Miss Lizzie Nichols has returned to Mountain View Cottage from a trip to Boston.

Misses Nellie and Evelyn Lord have gone to Albany on a visit to their uncle, Millard Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dodge and Mrs. Howard Palmer and daughter are at G. Warren Nichols' cottage.

W. S. Fox of Centre Lovell was at his brother's, Nathaniel Fox's, last Sunday.

Buckfield.

The death of Mrs. George Holland, after months of illness, occurred Thursday, July 18, aged 62 years. She leaves two children, Charles Holland and Mrs. C. V. Allen, both residing in this village. Mrs. Holland was an estimable lady and will be greatly missed not only by her family, but by her many friends. Her funeral was on Saturday following her death and was conducted by Rev. A. W. Pottle.

Stanwood C. Withington and his two little children, Rodney and Florence, are sick with typhoid fever in a mild form, also his hired man, Albert Cobb, was stricken by the same malady at the same time. They were taken about a week ago. The health officers are looking after the cause of their illness.

Mrs. Emily Morrill and her maid are the guests this summer of her son, Ralph H. Morrill. She spent the winter in New York.

Miss Laura Dean, accompanied by her trained nurse, plans to ride to Old Orchard this week with her team. The trip will be divided into several stages. Her sister, Miss Georgia Dean, will go by train.

Miss Vina Morgan of Hebron Academy has been the guest of the Shaws for a week or more.

George H. Hersey of Flemington, N. J., arrived in town Monday.

Prof. H. G. Clement, principal of Freedom Academy, but now principal-elect of Bridgton Academy, and his family, are spending their vacation with Mrs. Clement's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Irish. Mr. Clement is an alumnus of Bowdoin and has been very successful in his chosen profession as teacher.

Mrs. Bert Drummond and her two sons of Waterville, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Prince, returned to their home Thursday.

C. P. Hatch and family, formerly of New York, but now of Portland, are visiting Ralph H. Morrill. They came on in their auto.

Alfred Holland of Portland, called here by the death of Mrs. George Holland, has been spending a few days in his native town.

Prof. O. McConathy and wife of Chelses, Mass., are spending their vacation at Hotel Long.

Misses Nelsie and Mabel McLeod of Milton, Nova Scotia, are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Daniel Murch.

The debt of $600 and interest for six months against the Methodist society, incured by repairs made two years ago, has recently been reduced to $430—Mr. John Lewis Childs of Floral Park, New York, but a former resident of Buckfield, contributing one hundred dollars toward this purpose in memory of his parents, who for many years were respected members of this church.

On Wednesday Daniel Murch and family with their guests, Misses Nelsie and Mabel McLeod and Harry Dudley, spent the day with their kindred, Asaph Churchill of North Buckfield.

Miss Flossie Childs of Canton has been this week the guest of Mr. Virgil Cole and wife, also C. W. Ellis of Madeline Lodge, Kansas. Mr. Ellis' early home was in Hartford.

Virgil Cole and wife have recently visited their son Harold in Portland. Mr. Cole has four sons, all well situated in life.

Rev. W. D. Athearn and wife plan to take their vacation of two weeks in August, leaving home after the first Sabbath for Massachusetts, where they will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fiske of Boston are the guests of J. A. Rawson and wife. Mr. Fiske has a fine situation in the Boston ship yard and is now away for a few weeks' vacation.

Bryant's Pond.

The material for screening the dam at the outlet of the pond has arrived and will soon be put in place. This is a very necessary piece of work and should have been put in many months ago, as no doubt thousands of fish have gone out into the Androscoggin.

City Marshal Waterhouse and family of Portland were guests Sunday of E. R. Freeman at the Stone cottage.

Merrill J. Billings has exchanged places with Charles McGinnis.

The barge carried a big crowd to Milton Wednesday evening to attend a lawn party and springboard dance.

Many strangers are in town stopping at the various cottages for an outing. The lack of a public house here is severely felt.

H. M. Estes has recovered from his recent injury and returned to his work at Montreal.

H. J. Libby has sold the grass on the York farm to Geo. H. Coffin.

Rev. N. G. French preached at the Baptist church last Sabbath, and Rev. S. G. Davis at the Universalist.

North Paris.

Cyprian Benson has moved from Seth Benson's to C. B. Stevens', where he is boarding for the present.

Mr. Parker's sister and husband from England are stopping with him for a while.

C. B. Benson has been on the sick list, but is better now.

Miss True of Waltham, Mass., is spending her vacation at Deacon Dunham's.

Arnold Abbott of Bethel visited at Leroy Abbott's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bessey of West Paris and Lester Wescott of Portland were at B. K. Dow's July 25th. Mrs. Robbins, who has been at Mr. Dow's for a few days, returned home with them.

E. E. Field has bought a surrey.

E. E. Field and family went to Norway July 23.

Mrs. Geo. Noyes is caring for two of her sister's children, while her sister, Mrs. Gerry, is in the hospital.

Hebron.

Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Stone of Portland have been the guests of Mrs. E. M. Glover.

Miss Stratton of Lewiston has been visiting Miss Hazel Donham the past week.

Mrs. Hill and Howard will spend part of the vacation at Sedgwick.

Mrs. Purvis of Plainview, Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. George Bumpus, Miss Bumpus, Mr. Bishop, Mrs. Marcellus Davis and Miss Davis of Auburn, with other ladies, all cousins of Mrs. Purvis, were in the place Saturday and made us a pleasant call. This is Mrs. Purvis' first visit east and she had never met these relatives before.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bearce and baby Helena and Miss Isabel Benson are in camp at South Woodstock with Prof. J. F. Moody.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Cushman and Mr. Thorn and family of Auburn spent Wednesday at Albion Cushman's.

Two daughters of Frank E. Berry, formerly of this place, now of Lynn, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Philbrick.

Wilson's Mills.

E. S. Bennett arrived home Tuesday. School closed Friday, Cecil Bennett teacher.

Automobiles are now whizzing along the roads, and our backwoods steeds as a rule just get a move on themselves when they see them.

Dean Gilkey caught a seven-pound trout at Metalluk Pond the past week, D. C. Bennett guide. They were stopping at Buckman's camp.

The Granite band of Berlin have been spending a week at Buckman's camp, coming down Friday. They gave a sociable at Grange Hall in the evening; some 60 couples were present. Aziscoos Grange members furnished the supper.

The logs are now over Aziscoos Falls and fishing parties are numerous. J. W. Buckman has more than he can take care of.

East Bethel.

No making hay when the sun shines this week.

Miss Elsie Bartlett has returned to Lowell, Mass.

Mr. J. Cleve Bartlett has returned to South Framingham, Mass.

Miss Florence Richardson of South Paris visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. J. M. Bartlett and Cleve Bartlett visited relatives at Berlin, N. H., the 21st.

A party from here visited Portland and Old Orchard on the excursion last Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Stowell and infant daughter are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Farrar.

Bethel.

Saturday, July 20, Frank Robbins' circus visited Bethel and there was a large audience at the afternoon performance. Soon after the evening performance began a terrific thunder shower and gale struck Bethel and people were obliged to leave the tent for safety. Many took refuge in the covered bridge near by and Mrs. Fannie Mercier, who was much frightened by the shower, was taken suddenly ill. She was hurried to an automobile, but the crush in the bridge consisting of people panic stricken in the darkness, the camel and elephant being taken to the train and loaded made a great delay in getting through the bridge. Upon reaching home a physician was called and the patient seemed more comfortable, but later a second attack could not be relieved and Mrs. Mercier passed away about midnight. She left three sons and two daughters to mourn the loss of a devoted mother, also a husband. Funeral services were held Tuesday, Rev. C. N. Gleason, her pastor, officiating. The community express much sympathy for the family in this sudden and sad bereavement. The beautiful flowers were the gifts of many friends.

Rev. Arthur Shirley of Stratford Conn., preached in the Congregational church last Sunday.

Miss Treadwell from the Children's Home in Augusta spoke in behalf of the little ones in a union service at the M. E. church Sunday evening and was listened to with much interest.

Tuesday the W. C. T. U. held an interesting meeting, and the life of Miss Anna Gordon was the subject considered.

Mrs. Fred Emery and little daughter of Ridlonville spent part of the week in Bethel, called here by the death of Mrs. Mercier.

The Ladies' Club is busy preparing for the annual mid-summer fair to be held in Garland chapel, Aug. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rowe are occupying their new home, which will soon be completed.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Sanborn last Wednesday afternoon, when their daughter Ethel was united in marriage with Mr. Harry Brooks of Upton, Rev. F. B. Schoonover officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks have been students of Gould Academy, Mrs. Brooks graduating three years ago. A host of their friends wish them many years of happiness.

Mr. John Preston True and family of Boston are spending a short time in Bethel.

East Sumner.

Dionne's troupe played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to a good sized audience here on Tuesday evening.

Artel J. Russell, our R. F. D. carrier, has gone to Boston for medical treatment, being in very poor health and unable to attend to his business. His mother accompanied him. H. Elroy Russell is now on the mail route as substitute.

Ed Wadleigh is stopping with his sister, Grace Russell, during Mr. Russell's absence.

We hear that the Grangers' excursion this year is to Old Orchard some time in August.

The M. C. R. R. is now giving good and quick service over its Rangeley division and is having good patronage. With its immense rolling stock excursionists may be assured of ample accommodations.

The news of the sudden death of Artel J. Russell of East Sumner was received by wire from Boston on Friday evening. Only last Monday, Mr. Russell, accompanied by his mother, went to Boston to visit relatives and consult medical experts as to his health, which has been poorly for some weeks. The news of his sudden death nearly prostrated his wife, who is left with two small children to care for. Mr. Russell has been for some years past the East Sumner R. F. D. carrier and was faithful to the position, being a kind and obliging citizen who will be missed in the community. H. Elroy Russell has been substituting on the route for a few days past.

On Thursday forenoon Miss Mabel Tuttle, daughter of Charlie Tuttle, was taken to a hospital in Lewiston for treatment, and her remains were sent back the next day, Friday.

These sudden events caused quite a shock to our community and much sympathy is expressed for the grief stricken relatives so suddenly bereft of those so near and dear to them.

On Monday last the wife of Oscar E. Turner returned to a Lewiston hospital for renewed treatment, being in quite a serious condition. Fears are expressed for her recovery.

Since the snow left four of our well known residents have died, viz.: Bethuel Cary, Frank L. Barrett, L. B. Bisbee and Artel J. Russell. Only a few months ago each was enjoying a fair degree of health and bid fair to live for years. Truly life is uncertain, and death certain to come to all some time.

Maine News Notes.

Maurice, the six-year-old son of Josiah Larrabee, keeper of the Avery Rock lighthouse, was drowned Thursday. He fell into a gulch near the lighthouse.

John Royal of South Auburn, a farmer, aged 42, committed suicide on the 21st by cutting his throat. The deed followed a prolonged quarrel with his wife.

Edward Milbery, who came from Lynn and has been employed at shoe making in Auburn for the past three years, was drowned while swimming in Taylor Pond.

Roscoe Parsons was struck by lightning at his farm in East Wilton Friday, while standing in the doorway, and died shortly afterward. The lightning lasted only a few minutes and occurred during a heavy rain-storm. Mr. Parsons leaves a wife and one daughter. He was 40 years old.

The fate of the two Bowdoin students, Richard A. Lee of Brunswick and John A. Morrison of Medford, Mass., who were last seen on July 9, is considered settled beyond a doubt. A sunken vessel was located early last week near the point where it was thought their sloop may have been capsized. As soon as the water and weather would permit a diver was sent down, and he brought up enough so that the vessel was positively identified as the one in which the young men were. No bodies were found in the sloop, but it is supposed that when the vessel sank they attempted to swim to the shore, about a mile distant, and became exhausted and sank.

From Drinking Wood Alcohol.

FRANK PARRIS OF SOMERVILLE, MASS., DEAD AT BETHEL.

Frank Parris, aged 36 years, died in great agony at Bethel Saturday from the effects of drinking a mixture of wood alcohol and witch hazel. The home of the deceased was in Somerville, Mass., where his parents reside. Parris was found in a badly intoxicated condition Thursday afternoon. He was taken to the town jail and Friday was brought before the court and fined. When released he complained of severe pains in his stomach, and Friday evening was found on the steps of a local residence. A physician was called but it was too late to save his life. The selectmen telegraphed the parents of the dead man advising them of his death and a reply from his mother announced that she would come to Bethel to take charge of the remains. Parris was employed at Bethel as a trainer and driver for William Gregg, the noted horseman.

Death From Scalding.

Antonio Sorlaus, aged about 30 years, died Monday night, the 22d, at Rumford Falls, from scalds received the previous Friday, while at work in the Oxford paper mill. A pipe broke and the escaping steam scalded him so as to cause death as stated. He was married, his wife being in Italy.

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.

John's Letter.

And now a word of warning comes from some one of the medical fraternity. We are warned not to sit with one leg thrown over the other, as the manner of some is, as it is likely to produce varicose veins, hip trouble and appendicitis. It is evident that more people sit cross-legged in these degenerate days than in the good old days of the fathers—at least there are more cases of appendicitis now than then—or is it a new name for an old complaint?

When I was a boy, Uncle Levi (uncle by courtesy) always sat with one leg twisted around the other and tied in a double bow knot—and he lived to a good old age and never had appendicitis at all whatsover, but he had a cancer cut from his lip—not easily traceable to the abnormal position of the extremities.

We also learn from a similar source that summer rheumatism is caused or aggravated by acid in fruits, and also from a similar source that sweets and starchy foods are responsible for the same complaint. We shall have to fall back on cucumbers and pickled limes or go on crutches. Take the limes and we'll take the crutches.

No, Miss Jennie B., we never read the book you name, but through the kindness of Secretary Long we have read many of M. J. Savage's sermons, and we consider him sound in the faith, also liberal. The bell in his dome rings clear.

Once again, after the long lapse of twenty-five years, I have become the sole owner of a pup, and already he seems to think that in me he lives and moves and has his being. If he proves to be the right kind of a dog, no matter how low I may sink in the social scale, so low that the world may forsake, he will be faithful and true, and "will love me when I am old," and worn out and worthless. Reason from the clinging love of a dog up to the love of Him who placed that quality of love in a dog—a yellow dog with a stub tail at that—and to what conclusion do you arrive? Can an immortal being fall so low that He will forsake as a dog will not forsake? It isn't supposable. "Though I make my bed in hell, Thou art there,"—not as a mocker, but with a love unchanged—an all-compelling love.

But they do say that "He will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." It isn't so written. It is wisdom personified that says it. When the calamity has struck and your fear cometh, and you have got at the end of the tether, the bracelets on your wrists and the officer's grip on your shoulder, it is rather a belated wisdom and a hollow mockery—a wisdom too late to do you the good that an earlier wisdom might have done. Locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen is not an ideal wisdom. We have heard tell of a wisdom that is preferable.

Well, sir, we are not old enough for the grasshopper to be a burden, but the grass is. Topdressing makes it thick and stout and clovery. Thus far we have been doing our work alone. I like to work for J. N., for he doesn't hurry me and is satisfied with a fair day's work.

Triphena dropped a nice heifer calf the 22d. The day before she gave two-thirds of a pail of milk. She's a daisy. Mother and calf doing well. JOHN.

Letter from Cushman.

SOUTH PARIS, July 25, 1907.

I have been making my annual visit among my relatives and friends. About three weeks ago I started out on the war path. First I spent about ten days in Turner with a good appetite. The first house I visited was C. H. Bailey's, who has a nice greenhouse and corn shop, besides a large market garden farm. Then I went to Philip Bradford's, stopped over Sunday and went to Christian Science meeting, and enjoyed it very much.

I got back home the next Thursday, hoed the garden, and started for South Paris the next Monday. On account of the trains not connecting, I stopped at Mechanic Falls, at the Mechanic Falls House, which is one of the best kept hotels in the country. You get good fare, good bed, and moderate price.

Tuesday morning I came to South Paris on the 9:30 train. I got there just in time to see the street parade of a big circus, which was very good. My friend, Albert Park, gave me an invitation to go to the show in the evening. The performance was very wonderful as far as I could see. The lady performers were first-class in that line of business. The only thing I could find fault with was that I think they were rather short on clothes; but this hot weather we take more comfort the less we wear.

I have spent a delightful week at my friend Park's house. The custard pies that Mrs. Park makes can't be beat in this world. While there I saw a large collection of old-style furniture and other relics of by-gone days brought from the old country by the Puritans. The Puritans could not enjoy their religion over the water, so they kept on in their own way by cheating the Indians at the same. After a while some people came over to enjoy some other kind of doctrine, but the Puritans had the inside track, and told the newcomers to dry up or there would be trouble, for they were going to make a corner in religion—but they did not quite make out. Now

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 16, 1907,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

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

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

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 7:00 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 vening 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. 38, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

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

Wm. K. Kimball 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.

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

N. E. O. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 183, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.

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

Miss Margaret A. Baker was in Portland for a few days last week.

Miss Martha Bolster of Auburn is the guest of Mrs. Alton C. Wheeler.

Mrs. L. A. Rounds has visited in Auburn and Danville for a few days.

Miss Albertha G. Andrews of Lovell is the guest of relatives at South Paris.

C. E. Tolman and family are occupying a cottage at Old Orchard for a week.

Frank Jones of Everett, Mass., has been a recent guest at C. H. Howard's.

Mrs. Rowe and Miss Hattie Rowe of Portland are guests at T. F. Hathaway's.

Mrs. A. P. Webster of Auburn has recently been a guest at W. B. Webster's.

Miss Bessie M. Haggett was at home from Poland Spring for a few days last week.

Mrs. J. O. Newton of Kent's Hill has been the guest of Miss Grace Thayer for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson G. Elder have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Garland in Portland.

Miss Doris Davis of Bethel has visited her father, Postmaster Samuel F. Davis, for a few days.

Arthur Stowell of Locke's Mills, a former student in Paris High School, has been visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Edwards went Saturday to Old Orchard, where they will spend a two weeks' vacation.

Dr. S. B. Morse of Haverhill, Mass., formerly in practice on Paris Hill, visited relatives here a few days last week.

Mrs. Heath and Carl and Arthur, sons of Dr. E. C. Andrews, of North Anson, have been guests at Charles G. Andrews'.

Mrs. C. E. McArdle has recently spent a week with the family of Captain F. C. Tribou at their cottage on Pennesseewassee Lake.

William Cushman, the well known occasional correspondent of the Democrat, was at Albert D. Park's for a few days last week.

P. E. Hathaway, who with Mrs. Hathaway is spending the summer vacation in Waterville, was at home for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Morton, Mrs. E. A. Howe and son Henry, and F. A. Heidner spent Wednesday and Thursday in camp at Washburn Pond.

Miss Julia Lowell of Auburn has visited the family of Walter L. Gray at their cottage, Gray Birches, on Lake Pennesseewassee for a week.

Mrs. Jones of Everett, Mass., and her daughter, Mrs. Johnson, of Jamaica Plain, are visiting Mrs. Jones' sisters, Mrs. James S. Wright and Mrs. C. M. Howard.

Sumner Andrews of Lawrence, Mass., visited his brother, Charles G. Andrews, a few days last week, and both have gone on a visit to their old home town of Lovell.

Miss Carrie Hall is taking a vacation of two weeks from her duties as clerk in the registry of deeds. Last week she visited Miss Ruth Tucker at West Paris. This week she and Miss Hattie Burnell will go on a carriage drive to Rumford Falls.

W. H. Blake has had the piazza widened at his home on Pleasant Street. This makes the piazza more commodious, and is a great improvement. R. N. Hall did the work. Other improvements have been made on the interior of the house.

As if to balance the preceding week, last week was about as far from a good haying week as it is possible to get. Considerable hay was cut Monday, but there was no chance to get some of the water out of it before Saturday—and Saturday wasn't a hay day by any means.

The Alva Shurtleff house on Pleasant Street, which was purchased by A. E. Shurtleff, has been sold to Dr. D. M. Stewart, who will occupy it for office and residence. Repairs are being made on the house, and Dr. and Mrs. Stewart will move in as soon as the work is finished.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell of Taunton, Mass., are at A. B. Talbot's. They are in Maine for a restful vacation of a few weeks, which they are taking in an easy way, without any fixed itinerary or objective point, and reaching South Paris in their journey, they are making a stop here.

One result of the shower of Saturday night, the 20th, which was not reported last week, was the killing of a cow belonging to O. K. Clifford. The cow was in the pasture, and while there was nothing to show with absolute certainty that it was the work of lightning, there is little doubt that was the cause of death.

Engineer I. W. Jones of Milton, N. H., was in town two days last week, in the employ of the committee recently chosen by the village corporation to investigate the capacity of Hall's Pond as a water supply. With members of the committee he visited the pond and secured full data. His report will be made in writing to the committee later.

"The King of Diamonds" is the Democrat's new serial story, which opens in this issue of the paper, written by Louis Tracy. It is not the province of the paper to criticise the essential features of the plot—the reader will probably be able to discover any improbabilities that there may be in it. Those who read "The Wings of the Morning," written by the same author and published in the Democrat some time ago, will not need to be told of the author's power to hold the reader's interest, once the story is begun. Read it.

A pleasant announcement to the people was that made on Wednesday that a concert would be given in the Square that evening by the Norway Band. The concert was duly given, and drew out such a crowd as these concerts always do. This affair was arranged by the band without solicitation, and without expense to any one, as an acknowledgement of the patronage given by the South Paris people to the band concerts and entertainments in the past. It is fully appreciated by the people, who have a personal interest in the band and are proud of it.

Don Briggs is at home from Brookton for a short time.

Rev. Lucien Robinson of Philadelphia is a guest at Wallace Ryerson's.

Percy Rankin of Wells Beach was a guest at A. W. Walker's over Sunday.

Mrs. H. K. Hilton of Somerville, Mass., is a guest of Mrs. Almeda Newton.

Little Miss Florence Gunn of Berlin is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Dunham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kenney left Monday morning for a visit to friends in Houlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Abbott and daughter of Andover are visiting at George M. Cutting's.

N. D. Bolster and family returned Saturday from Old Orchard after a most pleasant outing.

Mrs. Augustus Brainard of Readfield was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Mariam Stone, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wade and daughter of Portland were guests at H. A. Hilton's over Sunday.

Mrs. G. B. Andrews and two children of Auburn were guests of Mrs. E. M. Curtis the past week.

Frank W. Shaw and daughter, Annie, of Portland, are guests at Hotel Andrews for a few weeks.

The woman's missionary meeting will be held in the Baptist vestry next Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Nahum Moore of Rumford Falls were at Wallace Ryerson's over Sunday. Mr. Moore is a widely known railroad man.

Miss Ida Sweetsir, who was for a while in the hospital at Lewiston, and later at her home in Pownal, returned to South Paris Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Chase from Lynn and Miss Grace Penley recently made their aunt, Mrs. G. C. Pratt, a very nice call which was highly appreciated.

Mrs. E. M. Curtis and her sister, Mrs. Lucelia Merriam, of Norway Lake, start Tuesday for a visit of a week to relatives in Kennebunk, Livermore Falls and other places.

During August there will be no preaching at the Congregational church. The Sunday evening meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society will be held as usual, but all other services will be omitted.

Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bowker and daughter, Muriel, went to Lake Auburn hatchery to visit Mrs. Bowker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stanley. Mrs. Bowker and Muriel will spend two or three weeks there.

W. L. Libby is preparing to put in the foundation for a stable on the lot between his house on Deering Street and the Baptist church. The underpinning will be of cement blocks, which have already been delivered on the lot.

A shelf with writing materials has been placed on the west wall of the post office waiting room, thus affording patrons of the office an opportunity to write elsewhere than at the window where the money order and registry business is done.

Rev. J. W. Chesbro and family will leave Tuesday for their vacation, covering the month of August. They will first spend about ten days at Narragansett Pier, R. I., and will then go to Springfield and Adams, Mass., for the remainder of the time.

Last week's weather was not good for picnics, and the union picnic of the Congregational, Methodist and Baptist Sunday Schools, which was set for Thursday, was postponed until this week. It will be held on Tuesday of this week if the weather permits, at Penley's Grove as originally arranged.

There will be preaching services in the Baptist church on at least the first two Sundays in August. Next Sunday it is expected, though not yet certain, that Rev. J. E. Cochrane will supply, and the Sunday following the pastor, Rev. Mr. Chesbro, who has an engagement in town near that date, will be in his pulpit as usual.

News has been received by friends here of the marriage in San Diego, Calif., July 19th, of Edwin Burrin Truax and Miss Margaret Shepard Taylor. Miss Taylor has been in San Diego for about a year and a half, with her sister, Miss Una P. Taylor, who left this town about two years since. The Misses Taylor have for some time been in a real estate office in San Diego.

Miss Ethel Crockett, on her return Friday from a visit to her sister at her cottage on Long Lake, Bridgton, displaying a salmon weighing 1 3-4 pounds which she caught while trolling during the homeward row on the lake that day. The members of the party at the camp where she was staying caught several salmon during their stay, while none were landed at the other camps in the immediate vicinity.

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

Mrs. A. M. Wheeler of Bangor is at the home of her son, A. O. Wheeler.

Frank Sawtelle of Readville, Mass., recently passed a few days at James Clark's.

Mrs. W. T. Merriam and two children of South Acton, Mass., spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. A. O. Wheeler.

Mr. Baldwin's Pastorate Ended.

On Sunday at the South Paris Congregational church Rev. A. K. Baldwin preached the last sermon of a pastorate which began June 1st, 1905. During the two years that Mr. Baldwin has been here he has not only been very acceptable to the people of his church as a pastor, but has been a useful citizen, winning the esteem and friendship of all, and the community at large shares in the regret of his people that circumstances make it necessary for him to relinquish the pastorate.

Mr. Baldwin's sermon, while not strictly a farewell sermon, was from the words spoken by Paul at the close of his pastorate of a little more than two years at Ephesus, Acts 20:32:—"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

A reception to Mr. Baldwin and family will be given at the vestry of the church Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. An invitation is extended to members of the church and parish.

It is well understood that the condition of Mr. Baldwin's health is the principal reason for giving up his pastorate. He will spend the rest of the summer and the early fall resting with his family with Mrs. Baldwin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Marshall, at West Paris, with the expectation of entering upon a course of study later.

Suicide of Mrs. George Bonney.

TAKES CARBOLIC ACID AT HER HOME ON ALPINE STREET.

Sunday afternoon, Mrs. George Bonney was found nearly dead at her home on the Paris side of Alpine Street, and died soon afterward. Mr. Bonney was cutting the hay on a farm which he owns in Greenwood, and Mrs. Bonney had been alone for several days. Coroner Albert P. Bassett of Norway was summoned, and he and County Attorney Barnes went to the house. It was learned that Mrs. Bonney had been drinking heavily for three or four days, and among the bottles which she left was one containing carbolic acid, properly labeled. It was so plainly a case of suicide that no inquest or further action was considered necessary.

Mrs. Bonney was between 35 and 40 years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Bonney have no children, but it is understood that Mrs. Bonney has a child by a former marriage.

The hitherto dead letter law under which the owner of a building where liquor is sold is liable to prosecution has been invoked in Bath. The owner of a building was notified by the sheriffs that the occupant had been convicted of liquor selling, and the occupant was thereupon evicted from the building by action of the owner.

Base Ball.

NORWAY 9; AUBURN 2.

Norway won a rather one-sided game from Auburn Saturday afternoon at the fair grounds. They were advertised to meet a team from Lewiston, but after the game was arranged Lewiston wanted more money and so the Auburn team came and took their place. Auburn played very loosely in the first two innings and this with the pitcher's wildness and some good batting by Norway gave them a lead of seven runs. Fogg steadied down after this and pitched fine ball, Norway getting only three hits in the last six innings. He also filled his position in a clean manner, having nine assists without an error.

Rich pitched well for Norway but did not receive his usual support, the work of the outfield being far below its regular standard. The game was featureless, there being no particularly fast plays. The score:

NORWAY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lowell, 3-b	4	1	0	0	0	1
Libby, l.f.	3	0	0	3	0	2
Hayes, c.f.	2	2	1	1	1	1
Gammon, 1-b	3	1	0	5	1	0
Jordan, 2-b	3	1	1	5	2	0
Pike, s.s.	4	0	1	1	1	1
Anderson, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Perkins, c.	3	1	1	12	3	0
Rich, p.	4	2	3	0	1	2
Totals,	30	9	7	27	9	7

AUBURN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaw, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
B. Fogg, s.s.	5	0	0	0	2	1
Beattie, c.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
H. Fogg, p.	4	0	1	0	3	0
Hammond, l.f.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Talcott, 2-b	3	0	0	1	1	1
Banville, 3-b	4	0	1	1	3	1
Farrar, c.	4	1	2	8	1	2
Sampson, 1-b	4	0	1	12	0	0
Totals,	35	2	6	24	16	5

Score by innings.

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

Earned runs, Norway 1. Two-base-hits, Rich 3, Hayes. First base on balls, off Rich 1; off H. Fogg 6. Struck out, by Rich 11; by Fogg 6. Left on bases, Norway 4; Auburn 8. First base on errors, Norway 2; Auburn 7. Hit by pitched ball, by Fogg 1. Umpire, Price. Scorer, Thayer.

The game arranged between West Paris and South Paris for last Saturday was called off by mutual consent. Next Saturday South Paris will meet Norway for another game. All who witnessed the last game between the two teams know they are well matched and the game next Saturday will be well worth seeing.

The Frank A. Robbins Circus.

Traveling shows are generally late about pulling into South Paris; but this does not apply to the Frank A. Robbins circus on its last week's visit. It got in here about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, and lots of people turned out to see the fascinating process of a circus unloading from the train.

The street parade also got out even a little ahead of the advertised hour. While it had no specially striking features, it was very good in general.

The same general statement will apply to the performances, afternoon and evening. There was some good bareback riding, a fair amount of triple bar and wire work, some first-class bicycle riding, and a lot of good trapeze work, with numerous minor acts, and some not over-exciting clowns. One of the prettiest acts was done by a finely trained horse, a lady rider and two doves, who figured in some handsome tableaux, the horse, which was a beauty, responding to the movements of his rider's whip with an intelligence which seemed almost human.

The spectacular features advertised, such as the "Tribunal of Nations," and the hippodrome races, must have been wet down by that Saturday night thunder shower, so that they were unable to put them on, as nothing was seen or heard of them.

The usual systematic promptness was shown in dismantling the show after the evening performance closed and by the time the after-show concert was finished, the last piece of canvas was about ready to come down. By the way, speaking of the concert. It's pretty hard to establish a record for a fake circus concert, but the Frank A. Robbins show certainly comes pretty near doing it.

Company D's Marksmen.

Marksmen of Co. D of the Maine National Guard made some good records at the tournament of the New England Military Rifle Association at Wakefield, Mass., last week, though they did not land so near the head as in some other years.

In the company team matches of Tuesday, Massachusetts teams were winners. In the first one Co. D stood fourth, with a score of 303 against 310 for the winners. In the second, Co. D was second, having 308 points against 309 by the winning team.

In the regimental team match of Wednesday, the Bancroft trophy was won by the First Maine, the team being largely made up of Co. D men. In this match the highest individual score was made by Serg. Wm. P. Marston of Co. D, who made a score of 93.

Lieut. M. P. Stiles was second in the individual match for the Tanner trophy, with a score of 48 out of a possible 50. Capt. J. W. Nash was a prize winner in the 200 yards individual match, with 33 out of a possible 35.

In the inter-state match Maine was second, the aggregate scores being: Massachusetts, 3222; Maine, 2977; Connecticut, 2967; New Hampshire, 2885. Eight of the twelve men in the Maine state team were from Co. D.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer," Pure, Rich and Natural.

"As pure as a flower, as rich as a field of golden grain, and as true to nature as a hollyhock on a country roadside" is what a leading daily recently said of the great New England Play, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which comes here Saturday, Aug. 24th, at Norway Opera House.

It is because of its purity, its sweetness, and its fidelity to nature that this great rural drama, standing alone and individual in its class, has won unstinted admiration from the great army of play goers quick to recognize and appreciate a piece of stage life "that holds the mirror up to nature."

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" is the sort of play that appeals to all classes. City bred folks enjoy the characters and pictures they have known in other years, the rural folk are pleased with having their own people set before them in the mimic world, and the happy mingling of comedy and pathos please both the devotee of humor as well as the lover of sentiment.

A well selected company, splendid scenery, and a careful regard of detail in stage effects, go to make up a complete production.

Ray P. Stevens, an Eastport boy, has at the age of 31, won the presidency of an important railroad system in the middle states. For several years he has been general superintendent of the Auburn and Syracuse railroad in New York and now has resigned to assume the presidency of the Lehigh Valley Transit Company, which operates about 150 miles of electric railway from Philadelphia to Allentown, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Slatington and other Pennsylvania towns. The company also includes three electric light plants and is a consolidation of nine electric companies in the Lehigh Valley. Mr. Stevens was educated at Bucksport Seminary, University of Maine and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Keyes Pulp Pie Plate Co. has decided to accept an offer of a New York town and will move the company's business to that place. The managers have discovered that coal can be had in Troy, N. Y., near which city the new plant is to be located, for one-half the cost in Fairfield, that freight rates are much less and that although the pulp will cost between three and four more dollars per ton, the saving in other ways will cut a big figure in the expense account. The New York factory will be of brick and 150x50 feet, two stories. The capacity of the plant now is about 250,000 pulp pie plates every 24 hours and the New York plant will be built to allow the capacity to be eight times what it is at present.

During the severe thunder storm on the evening of the 21st, Frank Nutting of Parkman, 60 years of age, was killed in the kitchen of his home. The only marks left by the lightning in the house were two small holes.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Friday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Royal Arch Chapter, No. 25, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, after full moon. Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, Wednesday evening after full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Norway Lodge.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wildey Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 58, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

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

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

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

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

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

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

P. of 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.

Frank Kimball writes his friends from Cork. Mr. Kimball's steamer reached Queenstown Sunday, the 13th. He enjoyed a very pleasant voyage and expects to be home again about Sept. 1st.

The Maine team at Wakefield, Mass., won the Bancroft trophy at 200 and 600 yards. The total scores were: Nash, 80; Marston, 93; Twitchell, 84; Stiles, 86; Wentworth, 86; and Gould, 77. The trophy is presented by Maj. Gen. W. A. Bancroft, M. V. M., retired; with the same comes to each member of the team a medal. The McLane trophy contest resulted in a tie with a score of 50, between Massachusetts men. In this contest Nash, Wentworth and Stiles made scores of 48 points each. Nash, Stiles and Wentworth are spoken of as the "Three Crack Shots from Maine." In the Tanner trophy match Lieut. Tornrose won with a score of 49, while Lieut. Stiles made a score of 48 and Maxim 47. The Hayden trophy was won with a score of 34 points. Nash made 32, Wentworth 31, and Stiles, 30. The Maine boys did most excellent shooting in all contests and will bring home something pretty and highly prized from Wakefield.

Jesse K. Brown is to sell his island property at auction. He has cleared the island and erected a very attractive cottage, which will make some one a delightful home or camp.

George E. Walker cut the grass on the Whitcomb field on Orchard Street. It is understood that this very valuable tract of land will be put upon the market in the near future.

The corn factory people report the sweet corn crop to be in very good condition and the prospect for a brisk season's work to be first class.

Dr. Lester H. Trufant of Auburn has opened an office on Main Street at Geo. F. Stone's. Dr. Trufant is a graduate of Edward Little High, Bates College, '03, and McGill University at Montreal. He was always first in his classes and comes to Norway very highly recommended. In 1906 he was house physician at the Boston Floating Hospital for children.

Mrs. John C. Shepard is at Dr. King's Hospital, Portland, where she went the first of the week for a surgical operation, which resulted most favorably.

A fishing party consisting of Editor Sanborn, Landlord Woodman, Superintendent French of the Webb Corn Packing Company and Oscar Needham of the Beal's House visited Harrison for white perch the first of the week with very good results.

Rev. and Mrs. Chas. R. Tenney of Auburn were the guests of Mr. Tenney's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Danforth, this week.

Thirza Wood of the Portland Business College made her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, a visit during the week.

F. H. Noyes Co.'s store front has been greatly improved with a fresh coat of blue paint.

A new switchboard is to be put into the central telephone office and other improvements are to be made at once by the company.

Bertha and Virginia Wilson of Concord, Mass., and Mildred Files of Boston, are visiting relatives in town.

C. H. Leighton of Livermore Falls, formerly of this town, was in town the first of the week.

On Thursday, Aug. 1st, there will be a grand ball at the Opera House for the benefit of the Norway base ball team. Music by Stearns' Orchestra. Floor manager, H. A. Anderson. Aids, Hiram Libby, Chas. R. Hayes and Odell Rich.

During Rev. Bates S. Rideout's summer vacation, August, the Congregational church will be closed. Mr. and Mrs. Rideout and family will enjoy themselves at Prince's Point and Garland.

Dr. W. D. Williamson of Portland was in town and performed a surgical operation on the little four-year-old son of C. A. Flint Saturday. He was assisted by local physicians.

Miss Bertha Mann is working during her vacation in the telephone office.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee M. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Smith visited at Vinalhaven during their summer vacation.

The Merry Eight Club entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Bangs at Peak's Island report the "shore dinner" all one could desire, and the visit a most delightful one.

Judge and Mrs. W. F. Jones were at Bath Wednesday and attended the wedding of Fannie Moulton and Harlan Small. Mrs. Jones and the children will return from Small Point this week.

The engagement of Lotta Shannon Richardson of Norway to Lester V. Ashton of Auburn is announced. Miss Richardson is a member of Norway High School, class '09. Mr. Ashton is head clerk in Noyes' drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Curtis and daughter are with Mr. and Mrs. Mell W. Sampson at the farm on the west shore of the lake.

Emma Harding is visiting her son, Willie Young, at the farm for a few weeks. Mr. Young has one of the most pleasant places in Norway.

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.

Reports delayed on account of trouble with the wires show that the electrical storm of Saturday night, the 20th, was one of the worst ever known in Oxford, Franklin and Somerset Counties. Many buildings were burned, and roads and crops were damaged by the flood of rain. The total damage is a good many thousand dollars. As a sample, Clearwater Pond at Farmington rose two feet, and much injury was done around its shores by the sudden rise of water.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

One of the days we remember with pleasure, as well as with 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.

A Day's Mountain Tramping.

"This trip ought to be written up!" was the enthusiastic declaration of one of the travelers at the close of the day's tramp.

But why? For it is only an ordinary day's tramp over the hills of one of the wild sections of Oxford County, up one steep hillside and down another, over grassy pasture and rocky ledge, through thicket and swamp, or under the arching trees of a magnificent open hard wood forest, and home at night, satisfied but muscle-weary.

And again, why not? For such a trip puts us near to nature's heart. We stop to drink at purling mountain streams, carrying the purest water, and giving life to trout, safe for the day at least from our hooks; we invade the haunts of the deer, and look down from above on the soaring eagle; we note afresh the surpassing beauty of leaf and flower, of rock and tree; we stand on the heights, and from that eminence where all the cares of our every-day life seem so petty, we look down upon a magnificent panorama; and we close the trip and the day, filled with a measure of that greatest joy known to man, the joy of accomplishment. So if this brief chronicle shall tempt even one out into the open, to see more of that earth which God has made as a glorious palace for our dwelling, it will have been worth while.

Therefore it is to be prosaically stated, after the statistical style in which an obituary generally begins, that the start was made from a point somewhere in the vicinity of Shagg and Washburn Ponds, in the town of Woodstock. The morning preparations involved so much hurrying to and fro that perhaps the exact starting point would be difficult to determine. The objective points were the summits of Bald and Speckled Mountains, which formed the sky line at the north, and invited us to a long and considerably elevated journey along their crests.

It had been planned to make the trip on the first clear day, so as to get the best view; and in the morning it seemed as if the weather clerk had prepared the day especially for us. It had also been planned to make as early a start as the necessity of leaving our camps in order would permit; but circumstances beyond our control made it some after 10 o'clock when the cavalcade got under way. There were in the party three men, of varying ages and condition of athletic development, and three of the supposedly weaker sex, who took the long tramp very comfortably, and came in at night fresh and vigorous.

Leaving the highway near the head of Shagg Pond, we follow for something like half a mile the road which goes in to Little Concord Pond, a spot sacred in the true fisherman's mind. This is a private road, following the course of a former trail, and was built last fall by Mr. L. C. Bates of West Paris, after he had purchased a large tract of land around Little Concord. This season Mr. Bates has built a fine summer cottage on Little Concord, which is now occupied by the family of his son, Vernal W. Bates, of New Haven.

At a considerable height above our starting place we leave the road and strike into the woods, one of our party, who is somewhat familiar with the country, guiding us along what he calls a trail, which he follows without difficulty, though it looks pretty faint to the rest of us. From a point on the northwest slope of the mountain we look down through the branches of the trees below us into the water of Little Concord, a little gem of a lake deep set among the hills. At a ledgy opening in the woods we get a view of that part of the country from which we have just come, and as the path has been steep we sit down to take a few breaths.

A rumble causes us to glance in some consternation at the northwest sky, and we discover that the promise of the morning is not to be fulfilled, and that a forenoon shower not only indicates more wet later in the day, but threatens an immediate downpour upon our shelterless and poorly protected bodies. But the spirit of the expedition is, "Sho! I don't believe it's going to rain enough to amount to anything," and on we go.

It is only a few minutes before the shower begins to tumble down on us, and we scramble to get under the thickest of the low evergreen trees which grow in our immediate vicinity. Here we are largely sheltered, and though during the few minutes the rain lasts we get wet a little around the edges, it is not severe enough to induce us to open our packs for the sake of the little extra clothing they contain. On getting home at night we learned that our camp neighbors had a drenching shower, and expected us to show up badly soaked, but we were in luck that time.

A fairly steep climb brings us to the top of Bald Mountain, and we sit down to enjoy the view. Bald Mountain is mostly wooded, but it justifies its name by a big ledge which forms its summit and juts out from its southern face with an overhanging cliff. Down in the cup at the foot of this cliff are some caves which, according to common report, have never been fully explored—a statement, which, if true, the chronicler hopes some day to put out of date. Signs of deer, seen frequently during the day, are here thicker than ever. Below us at some distance an eagle wings his way, and the wind brings to us faintly the sharp and insistent cry of the young eagles in their nest at some inaccessible point down the cliff. The view, while less extended than that from Speckled Mountain, is well worth the climb.

A comparatively short descent from the summit of Bald Mountain takes us into nearly level walking in the "White Valley" between that mountain and Speckled. The way is through an open growth of trees, mostly hard wood with white and yellow birch predominating, and containing some of the prettiest timber to be seen anywhere. In this part of our journey we cross the town line, Bald Mountain being in Woodstock and Speckled in that part of Peru which was formerly Franklin Plantation.

At a little ledge just under the west end of Speckled Mountain proper we eat a hearty lunch and take our mid-day rest, meanwhile surveying the country with a powerful telescope which a friend has kindly lent us. Then on, down through a narrow tangled ravine and up the steep ledges on the other side, with occasional stops to take breath, or for the bird lover to train her opera glasses on some new bird, or the lover of flowers to investigate some form of vegetation.

Speckled Mountain is a great gray rock dotted and lined with scrub vegetation, thrown up in the middle of a group of wooded hills. In general its crest line, running east and west, has a rough resemblance to a camel's back. Its north slope is comparatively easy, but its south face is precipitous and much of it impassable. Wherein the mystic charm of this gray mass lies it would be hard to tell, but in the hearts of many it holds a place that no other of earth's mountains may hope to usurp. Other hills we may climb, and think of them merely as elevations of the surface; but Speckled Mountain, unpoetic as its appellation may be, is an individual, and as such holds our affection.

It is steep climbing over the western spur of the mountain, where our course takes us, but there is no difficulty in making it, and occasional stops to take breath ease our way to the top, where we get the reward of our labor.

No elaborate description of the view from the summit will be attempted, indeed, the points of interest in the landscape are not all known to the writer. The immediate surroundings of the mountain are a group of wooded hills, which form one of the wildest sections of Oxford County, well supplied with streams, ponds, fish and game. Apparently almost under our feet lie Abbott and Shagg Ponds, with Washburn a little farther away, and Concord in a different direction. Other bodies of water lie farther away, so that we count thirteen lakes and ponds, from Weld Pond in Weld on the north to Thompson in Oxford on the south, and should see more if the atmosphere was clear. On the west our view is bounded by the White Mountains, and on the east its limits are indistinct, owing to the showers, several of which we can see among the hills around us. Rumford Falls and Dixfield are but a few miles away toward the north, and to the south South Paris is distinctly visible.

Vagrant showers let down a few drops on us, and drive us to camp under the thickets of bushes, without doing us any harm. They do however obscure the hills around us and interfere with the view which we came to enjoy, and which we do enjoy to the limit of our opportunity.

Time warns us that if we would get in before dark we must be moving. There are natural objections to going back over the same route by which we came, and one of the party volunteers to act as guide by a trail which once existed down over the south face of the mountain, where we shall strike an old road by means of which we can make a circuit back to our starting place.

There was once a time when this trail, which ran along an ill-defined cleft in the rock, was well beaten in berry time, but it is little traveled now, and our guide, who has not been down for some years, after considerable search admits that he is a blind guide and can't find the trail. But he confidently asserts that we can go down over the face without any path, as we have got so far to the east that it is only a short distance any way.

We get down without danger, but it is after a scramble which gives the party some real mountain work, and an experince which they declare they wouldn't have missed for anything. Arriving at the foot we find that before starting down the mountain we had come past the trail nearly half a mile, and are over on the other side of the divide.

The road into which we come in the valley was once a thoroughfare between towns, but in the course of operation of the law of survival of the fittest, it has practically disappeared from the face of the earth. For a part of the way the mountain brook trickles along the old roadway, and it is growing up to weeds and bushes. Still it brings us out of the woods on to a sandy knoll—

Strawberries!

Say, did you ever, when you didn't have any time to pick or any dishes to pick into, strike a field that was absolutely red with strawberries—a virgin field, whereupon apparently the eye of man had not looked during the season? Well, that's us. We finally compromise by stealing twenty minutes of our allowance of time, and filling everything fillable that there is in our outfit, to the amount of several quarts, following this up by a hasty lunch.

An hour's travel along little used but well defined roads takes us once more into the highway, about a mile and a half from our starting point, and the rest is easy, though the rough work of the day has reduced our clothing to such a condition that we have a little hesitancy about displaying ourselves where people live.

In the circuit over which we traveled, from the time of leaving the public road in the morning until we got back to

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.

Men's - Oxfords

— IN —

Patent Colt, Vici Kid, Gun Metal, Valour and Russet Calf, $4.00, 3.50, 3.00, 2.50, 2.25, 2.00.

Also

Full Line of Bare Foot Sandals for Children.

W. O. Frothingham,

South Paris.

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

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS Mary A. Bacon, of Buckfield, in the county of Oxford and state of Maine, by her mortgage deed, dated the 7th day of September, A. D. 1906, and recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, book 297, page 112, conveyed to me, the undersigned, certain real estate situated in the town of Buckfield, aforesaid, and bounded as follows, to wit: Situated in the village of Buckfield, in said town of Buckfield, and being the homestead place of said Bacon, bounded on the north by the road leading from said Buckfield village to Hall's bridge, on the east by land of Hannah Damon and Wallace Tuttle, on the south by Charles Holland's property or land and on the west by road leading to E. Hebron from said village and also a lot or parcel of land known as the Intervale lot, bounded as follows, on the north and east by the Nezinscot river, and on the south by the road from Buckfield village to Hall's bridge and on the west by land of Z. W. Shaw.

And, whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

Norway, Me., July 19th, 1907.

EUGENE F. SMITH.

For Service

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

A. K. JACKSON,

South Paris, Me.

CAUSE AND CURE OF APPENDICITIS

THE SIMPLE REMEDY THAT EFFECTS THE CURE

Professor Blanchard of the French Academy of Medicine has spent a great amount of time studying that dread disease—**Appendicitis.** In company with Professor Metchnikoff, he has carefully examined numerous cases, and both have reached the conclusion that the cure is not the knife. In more than forty cases the symptoms of Appendicitis disappeared after the patients had been treated for worms.

There are, no doubt, many persons suffering from worms who are erroneously attributing their trouble to some other cause. A few doses of Dr. True's Elixir are sufficient in most cases for the complete expulsion of the worms.

The presence of these parasites is easily recognized by the following symptoms:—Indigestion; foul tongue; offensive breath; variable appetite; hard and full belly with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; heavy, dull eyes; itching of the nose; short dry cough; grinding of the teeth; starting during sleep; slow and frequent fever; in children—convulsions and bed wetting.

Dr. True's Elixir will not only expel the worms, but will build up the whole system as well.

DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR THE OLD FAMILY REMEDY

has been in constant use for more than half a century. Even though no worms may be present, Dr. True's Elixir prevents their growth and is an invaluable remedy for the relief of stomach ills. Its marvelous tonic qualities brings back a feeble and impaired digestion; purifies and enriches the blood; quickly regulates a disordered liver.

Dr. True's Elixir is used and endorsed by physicians and hospitals all over the country. Read what Mrs. Joy says of Dr. True's Elixir:—

CENTRE ABINGTON, MASS.

DR. TRUE:—"I wish to inform you of the success I have had in using one bottle of your Elixir. I gave it to my children, and after the third dose one of them passed a long round worm. I also wish to say it is one of the safest and best medicines to have in the house for children. I would not be without it now." Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Henry C. Joy.

Dr. True's Elixir is sold by druggists everywhere at 25c, 50c, and $1.00 a bottle. An interesting and instructive booklet entitled "*Children and Their Diseases*" will be sent free to all who apply for it, by simply addressing **Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me.** We have a special treatment for tape-worm. Send for free book.

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,	9.26 "	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.

GEO. F. EVANS, Vice President and General Manager.

F. E. BOOTHBY, General Passenger and Ticket Agent 25-31

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

Any person furnishing me with information that will lead to the conviction of anybody, young or old, of entering any school-house or damaging any school property in the town of Paris, unlawfully, will be paid the above named sum. All persons are hereby warned accordingly. I have no objection to the use of the school grounds as play-grounds but any one doing accidental damage should report to me at once that no harm may come to them.

Dated at South Paris this fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1907.

ALBERT D. PARK, Superintendent of Schools.

29 35

Desirable Residence for Sale.

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

JAMES S. WRIGHT, Adm.

The New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune

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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.

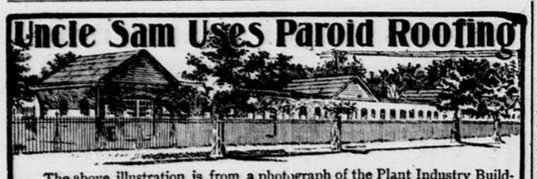
The regular price of **THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE** is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, **The Oxford Democrat.**

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. 179.—Word Building.

Add decay to a vehicle and make a vegetable; a Spanish title of honor to a number and make a sinew; an avoirdupois to a small bed and make a fabric.

No. 180.—Easy Illustrated Rhyme.

In reading this easy illustrated puzzle there is also a missing word to be supplied.

No. 181.—Diamond.

1. A letter in summer. 2. A deep hole. 3. Inferior in degree. 4. Vogue. 5. A letter in summer.

No. 182.—Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of sixty letters and form a poetical quotation from Bulwer Lytton.

My 39-1-56-30-19 was a famous Norwegian dramatic poet. My 40-36-47-52-56-25-11 was a famous poet who was a friend of Sir Philip Sidney. My 60-5-21-33-14 was a celebrated Italian poet. My 44-58-17-2-48 was the greatest poet of antiquity. My 28-15-35-8-50-37 was a great German poet. My 40-15-12-32-54-4-27 was one of the Lake poets. My 43-58-26-60-56-41-46-6-9 was an English poet who was very poor. My 17-23-13-22-15-38 was a blind poet. My 24-42-49-53-10-59 is a surname borne by a German geographer and also by a German philosopher. My 34-31-57-45-7-58-29-3-18 was a writer of poetic prose. My 16-51-41-20 is what many poets win. My 54-55 is a pronoun.

No. 183.—Military Men.

What names of Federal generals suggest the following: 1. A bishop. 2. A messenger. 3. A trapper. 4. A city in Ohio.

No. 184.—Anagrams.

(Boys' names.)

Sam painted AN AXLE RED;
He brought LIVE CARP for me.
He'd keep PET HENS, he said.
He loves to WANDER free.

He feeds the RED DAW oats.
He is TO drive today.
But first of all he BAILS the boats.
He can CIPHER SHORT sums, they say.

There are NO LOOMS at work in the mill.
He looks gay IN SCARF of blue.
There's the doctor. Is any ONE ILL?
Plant cedars and LARCHES too.

No. 185.—A Search.

1. Find a winged animal in a slaughter house.
2. Find to write in lavish.

The Difference.

"What is the difference between flowers and weeds?" asked the teacher.

"Weeds," said Walter, who had been struggling with the sorrel in his mother's garden, "are the plants that want to grow, and flowers are the ones that don't."—Youth's Companion.

Very Miraculous.

"Here's a story about a butcher who dropped forty feet into a caldron of hot water and escaped uninjured."

"Miraculous!"

"Oh, no. They were pigs' feet."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 171.—Primal Acrostic: Freedom. 1. Federal. 2. Reality. 3. Elective. 4. Element. 5. Declaim. 6. Oxidize. 7. Massive.

No. 172.—Crossword: Lawn Tennis.

No. 173.—Transpositions: Fowl, flow, wolf; Ould, vold; dead, Edda; luna, ulna; last, salt.

No. 174.—Beheaded Rhymes: Straining, training, raining; brushing, rushing; marching, arching.

No. 175.—A Flag:

```
1 C A M E L O P A R D 8
2 O P I N E 9         O
3 N A S T U R T I U M 10
4 T R A D E 11        I
5 R E V O C A T I O N 12
  A                   I
6 B L U E B O T T L E 13
  A
  N
7 D
```

No. 176.—High Hat Puzzle: Change 1 to 4; change 2 to 3; change 3 to 2; change 4 to 5; change 5 to 1.

No. 177.—Charade: Whip-poor-will.

No. 178.—In America: 1. Idaho. 2. Nevada. 3. Oregon. 4. Texas. 5. Ohio. 6. Indiana. 7. Georgia. 8. Washington. 9. Maine. 10. Missouri. 11. Kentucky. 12. Iowa.

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 remember what your wife tells you?"

"Not if I can help it."

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.

"Did you follow the diet I advised?" "I did." "Religiously?" "Why, tolerably so. I said grace about three times out of five, I should guess."

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.

Bacon—I see the first expedition to the South Pole took place in 1567.

Egbert—Gracious! Did they have lectures as early as that?

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

Luncheon Dishes in Hot Weather.

It seems too much trouble to cater with any amount of care for the family luncheons in hot weather. Why bother to get up dishes when iced tea and lettuce are at hand, cooling, refreshing, and all any one wishes? This reasoning appeals to the housekeeper as both sensible and labor-saving. But the trouble is that iced tea and lettuce are really not enough for us, even though our appetites are satisfied with them. The languor one often feels in summer is really a sort of starvation. Because we are not hungry we do not eat, and our vitality wanes in consequence. Of course no one needs or demands heavy meats or any sort of solid, substantial food in hot weather; but nourishing things one must have, and just because we do not crave them it is necessary to make them a little more attractive than at other times in the year.

There are plenty of dishes made with tomatoes, cheese, chicken, peppers, rice, eggs, and cold meat which are delicious, and yet simply prepared. Those with a foundation of chicken are delicious, and one can choose between hot and cold.

CHICKEN HASH.

Chop cold chicken, roast or broiled, and moisten with a little gravy or hot cream; season with salt and pepper. Cut up two green peppers, and take out all the seeds, and chop very fine. Put all together in a saucepan, and gently simmer till the peppers are cooked, adding more gravy or cream if the hash becomes dry. Have ready a large cup of hot mashed potato; put the chicken on a hot platter, and the potato evenly in a border around the edge, and bits of parsley outside. Those who do not care for peppers can omit them, and when the dish is ready the potato can be sprinkled with chopped parsley.

CREAMED CHICKEN AND CHEESE.

Take two cups or less of cold chicken cut up into even bits, and add a cup of white sauce; season with salt and pepper. Put this into a baking dish or into small dishes, and cover first with a little sauce and then with a layer of grated cheese. Bake till brown and serve at once.

CREAMED CHICKEN AND PEASE.

Make the creamed chicken as before. Take a large cup of cooked green pease and mix them with half a cup of white sauce; put the chicken into the middle of a round platter, and arrange a border of the pease, with parsley outside.

CEICKEN AND MACARONI.

Butter a baking-dish and put in a layer of minced cold chicken, then a layer of cooked, cold macaroni, cut into small, even pieces; then sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot liberally with butter, and add a thin layer of fine crumbs. Repeat till the dish is full, with crumbs last. Cover with bits of butter, and pour on milk enough to thoroughly moisten. Bake forty minutes, the first twenty under a plate. Put on more butter when this is taken off, if necessary, to brown well.

COLD CHICKEN AND PEASE.

Slice some cold roast chicken, and surround with a border of cooked pease mixed with stiff mayonnaise.

JELLIED CHICKEN.

Boil down a cut-up fowl until the meat drops from the bones. Take this up by itself, remove bones and skin, and cut into long, even pieces. Cool the stock and take off all the grease. Dissolve a level tablespoonful of gelatine in a little cold water, strain the stock through flannel, and heat it; pour over the gelatine. Arrange the chicken in a mould, such as a bread-pan, and let the dark and light meat alternate; pour the stock over, and set away to harden. You can add a cupful of cooked peas, also. In serving, surround with slices of hard-boiled eggs and parsley, or make a border of pease in mayonnaise.

JELLIED LAMB AND PEASE.

Slice very thin some cold roast lamb, and take off all the fat. Make a cupful of stock by using a teaspoonful of beef extract, a large cup of hot water, and a little onion and parsley; cook all together five minutes. Dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of gelatine in cold water, and pour on it the hot stock; stir well, and strain. Put the slices of lamb into a plain mould with pease, in layers; if you have any mint sauce sprinkle this in also; if not, add a sprinkling of lemon juice. Pour on the jelly, and let it harden.

VEAL AND HAM PIE.

Get half a pound of veal from the shin and a large knuckle, and two thin slices of ham; put all on the fire after cutting the meat into strips and removing the fat, and simmer in water enough to cover until it is very tender. Dissolve a large teaspoonful of gelatine. Have ready some rich, thin pie crust also. Put the meat into a baking dish in layers, pour the hot stock over the gelatine, season, strain, and pour all in. Put on the crust, making an opening for steam, and bake brown; set away till very cold and firm.

JELLIED FISH.

Boil any white fish in barely enough water to cover it, and add two cloves, a tablespoonful of vinegar, salt and pepper, and if you have them, two bay leaves. When the fish is done take it up and pick it into fine pieces. Boil down the stock to a cupful, pour over a level tablespoonful of gelatine, dissolved, and strain. Put the fish into a mold, preferably one shaped like a fish, and pour over the stock; when cold turn out on a chilled platter, and surround with sliced lemon and parsley. Cut two large cucumbers so they will suggest baskets, scoop out the pulp in bits, mix these with French dressing, and refill them; put one at each end of the dish.

This jellied fish can also be made quite as well by mixing any bits of left-over fish with a cup of stock made from beef extract, or with an unsweetened lemon jelly.

EGGS AND TOMATOES.

Peel some small, round tomatoes, chill, and then scoop out part of the inside. Put a teaspoonful of seasoned bread crumbs into each, with a bit of butter, and drop in a raw, unbroken egg, cover with a little cheese, and bake till the egg is set.

DEVILED EGGS AND HAM.

Boil hard four or more eggs, cut them into halves, and take out the yolks. Mash these, and season with a little dry mustard, pepper, and salt. Chop a cup of cold ham, and make some rounds of toast and a cup of white sauce. Spread the toast with a little white sauce first, then with the ham; wet the yolks with the sauce very slightly, and fill the halves, heaping each one well; put one on each round of toast, pour the sauce around on the platter, heat well, and serve.

FRIED TOMATOES AND EGGS.

Cut some thick slices of tomato, dip each into flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry. Make some rounds of toast; butter these, lay the tomatoes on them, and put a poached egg on each; sprinkle with chopped parsley.

BREAD-BOXES.

Cut some rather stale bread into slices two inches thick, and then into squares; cut off all the crust; drop these into deep fat and cook light brown, or spread them with butter and brown in the oven. Heap each with creamed fish or meat or vegetables, and serve hot.

A SUBSTANTIAL DISH, COMBINING FISH AND SALAD.

Pick up any cold fish, wet with a little unsweetened lemon jelly or the fish stock suggested before, and press into a baking-powder can. When firm slice and arrange on a platter, with a spoonful of stiff mayonnaise on each piece. All around the edge lay sliced cucumbers, with a border of green watercress. Pass more mayonnaise. This is an especially pretty dish.

DELICIOUS BEET SALAD.

Cut into small cubes some cold boiled beets; put little piles of these into lettuce cups, and add a spoonful of mayonnaise to each, and then four or five capers or a half teaspoonful of chopped olives.—Harper's Bazar.

The Rod and the Lightning.

"The Interpreter" tells the following story in the August American Magazine:

"The 'inside story' of the Philadelphia convention of 1900 is a tale of the highest comedy. The other day Senator Platt, that aged political tiger whose teeth and claws the president has drawn, very truthfully remarked that his soul was sore within him at the recollection that he 'made Roosevelt president.' No one paid much attention to the lament. Who cares what the lightning rod thinks about the lightning?

"But it was true. Col. Roosevelt was elected governor of New York. He proceeded promptly to make a nuisance of himself to this extent, that when the convention of 1900 gathered in Philadelphia Platt appealed to Senator Hanna to accomplish his political destruction by making him vice-president. Hanna demurred. He didn't like Roosevelt. Platt pointed out that Roosevelt's continued existence would be terrible in its consequences to the New York political machine and indirectly to the national organization. There was only one way to end it. The highest form of political poison in this country is the vice-presidency. Every man thinks he might survive it, but among the toxicologists in statesmanship it has ever been considered certain death. With many protests Hanna consented to administer the lethal dose.

"It was necessary to win over McKinley. McKinley objected strongly. He didn't like Roosevelt either. They were at the telephone for the better part of the day. Finally insistence from Philadelphia wore out resistance at Washington. Meanwhile Platt had carefully prepared the victim by sending a delegation to him to 'voice a great public demand' that he accept the nomination.

"'I am much obliged to you, Senator,' said Platt at the end of the day's work. 'That's all right,' said Hanna, 'but now that we have taken that fellow off your back what are you going to do for *us*?' A little more than a year after this occurrence there stalked out of God knows where—out of the mysterious jungle that has grown up just beyond the garden wall where civilization has thrown its weeds and its sins to nourish them withal—the monster who slew the gentle McKinley. Roosevelt became president of the United States and the scourge of the very men who had undertaken his overthrow."

Woman's Hair.

WHAT A FUSS THEY DO MAKE WITH IT AT ANY AND ALL TIMES.

Women have great times with their hair. If they visit in a dry climate they are sure to say when they come home: "My hair acted lovely; it did not come out of curl at all."

If they go where it is damp they say when they come home; "It was the worst place for hair; my hair was as straight as a string all the time."

Once in three or four weeks they wash their hair and then they tell each other how they cannot do a thing with their hair, as it has just been washed. For a week or two before it is washed they say it is a disgrace they do not wash their hair; that it is so sticky they cannot do a thing with it.

The women are always telling each other they look horrid with their hair done low, or else they would not be seen with it done high. Their hair is either all coming out or else they cannot imagine what has happened, but it is coming in thick and "lovely."

As they walk down the street the women are forever reaching for their back hair and catching up short locks with hairpins, or feeling to see if their hair is coming down. When they get in front of a mirror the very first thing the women look at is their hair and twitch it one way or the other. No matter what any woman has on her mind her hair takes first place.—Atchison Globe.

"Roughing It" at Kineo.

(Outing.)

The city man sojourning at Kineo, grown tired of the ridiculous fashion of donning evening clothes for dinner in a backwoods hotel, fancies he would like to strike into the woods and rough it for a while.

Whereupon he hires a guide, with whom all the arrangements are naturally left—the buying of provisions and supplies, the selection of the route, etc., and paddles away in a canoe to camp out.

By a happy chance they reach the comfortable farmhouse on Chesuncook Lake the first afternoon, where, since there will be no mosquitoes to bother, and every comfort of home to be had, the guide suggests they put up for the night.

The next morning it is a little rough on the lake, perhaps; so they wait until after dinner for the water to become smooth enough to paddle across. Dinner at the farm house. In the afternoon they proceed leisurely and, by another happy coincidence, reach the comfortable cabin at Mud Pond at about sundown, where they put up for the night.

After a week of this sort of camping out, the sportsman, having been guided from one comfortable camp to another, returns to Kineo, and presents his unused supplies and $20 or $30 worth of fishing tackle to the guide. Then he goes home and tells wonderful stories of his adventures in the Maine woods.

For Better or Worse.

A Baltimore woman who had "a perfect treasure of a cook" was horrified recently when Maggie came to her saying:

"Please, mum, I'm givin' ye a wake's notice."

"Why, Maggie!" exclaimed the lady of the house, "this is a surprise! Aren't you satisfied here? Do you hope to better yourself?"

"Well, no, mum," reponded Maggie. "'Tis not exactly that. The fact is, mum, I'm goin' to get married."

Mrs. Style—I'd like to see your baby, my dear. Is it here in the park with these others?

Mrs. Baste—Yes, it's here somewhere, but the new nurse my husband engaged came while I was out, and I don't know her by sight myself yet.

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.

"There's not an unoccupied square foot in this car, asserted the rush hour passenger.

"Nor any other shaped foot," complained his friend, trying in vain to move.

What is a cold in the head? Nothing to worry about if you treat it with Ely's Cream Balm as soon as you begin to sneeze and snuffle. Neglected, the cold may grow into catarrh, and the air-passages be so inflamed that you have to fight for every breath. It is true that Ely's Cream Balm cures catarrh, promptly and certainly. But you know the old saw about the ounce of prevention. Therefore use Cream Balm when the cold in the head shows itself. All druggists, 50 cents, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

"Your wife needs exercise; she sits still too much."

"I'll get her a silk skirt."

"How will that help?"

"She'll keep moving so as to make it rustle."

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.

A Catch of Wild Elephants.

The other day I was in great luck, as I saw a sight that many people who have been here in India for twenty years and more have never witnessed—namely, a catch of wild elephants in a keddah, or stockade. The keddah is just a ring of stout posts stuck into the ground with two doors, one on each side, with "wings" leading to them. A deep trench is dug inside the posts to prevent the elephants from getting at the walls and knocking them down. Each tame elephant has on its neck a mahout provided with a long, strong jute rope with a running noose on the end of it and a spear about eight to ten feet long. The tame elephants enter the keddah and very soon have one of the wild ones jammed up between them, when a mahout drops his rope over the wild one's neck and ties the other end on to another rope which is around the tame elephant's body, bringing the two together as close as possible. The noose is then tied to prevent it from running too tight and choking the beast. The free tame elephant moves off, and then comes the tug of war. How the ropes stand the strain I do not know. If the wild one is getting the best of it, up comes another tame elephant to its assistance and, putting its weight against the hind quarters of the wild one, prevents it from pulling so hard. When all the elephants in the place are thus tied, at a word of command the doors are swung open and out they come, generally with a tremendous rush, as they seem to think they are again free. A rope is then placed round each of the wild one's legs (rather a tedious job, as the noose is put on the ground and the men have to wait till the elephant by chance puts its foot in it) and then tied tight to a tree—in fact, so tight that the elephant is so stretched out that he can move neither backward nor forward. They are kept in this position as long as is necessary to calm them down. What struck me as very peculiar is the fact that a wild elephant has never yet been known to lift his trunk and strike a mahout or in any way to injure him unless the mahout gets on to the ground, when a wild one is pretty sure to go for him, in which case his (the mahout's) own tame elephant will lift him in his trunk and put him on its back again. It was a most interesting sight.—"The Captain."

Riddles.

When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

Why is the nose in the middle of the face? Because it is the (s)center.

What is always in fashion? The letter F.

Why are fishermen and shepherds like beggars? Because they live by hook and crook.

What is the difference between a popgun and a hired suit of clothes? One is fired and does not hit, and the other is hired and does not fit.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Brainy Circus Clown.

"Your kangaroo has caught a cold."
Said I. "Just hear him cough!
I'll let him use my sweater old
To keep the weather off."

"We're much obliged," the clown replied.
"We shall not need the loan.
That kangaroo can well provide
A 'jumper' of his own!"

"I wonder why they call that queer
And chunky beast we see
A tapir. Can you make that clear?"
Said I. "It bothers me."

"The answer is as plain as cats
To them as knows their biz,"
Quoth he. "They call him that, for that's
Exactly what he is!"

—St. Nicholas.

The Life of an Ant.

Most boys and girls know perhaps that Sir John Lubbock is the best authority on the nature and habits of ants, but they may not have heard of an experiment that he made to determine how long a common ant would live if properly cared for. He took every possible precaution to keep the ant from harm and to give it suitable nourishment, and it lived for fifteen years, the greatest age that any kind of insect ever attained, so far as known. Another specimen lived for thirteen years, and a third, a queen ant of a black species, laid fertile eggs after she had passed the age of nine years.

Johnny's Fruitless Undertaking.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!

Poor Anna.

"When I am a lady," said Anna,
"I'll teach girls to play the piano."
And yet the sad fact is
She never would practice.
So now she's a cook in Savannah.

DIPLOMACY.

The Widow Hill has a fine plum tree!
The Widow Hill is fond o' me.
I'll call on her today!
The plum tree grows by her front door.
I've been meaning to call for a week or more
To pass the time o' day!

—St. Nicholas.

Nerve of Granite Too.

An English tourist who stayed for a week in apartments in Aberdeen, the Granite City, has this to say:

"I had heard of the canny folk of Aberdeen, and my experience, short though it was, proved that rumor had rightly estimated the character of the people. The streets are granite, the houses are granite and the inhabitants are granite, and when they have a granite baby they give it a ball of granite for fear it should break any other toy. I had a granite landlady, and one day when I was going fishing her son volunteered to accompany me. I provided the lunch, the rods and the lines. He provided the worms—dug them up in a neighbor's garden with a borrowed spade. I caught sixteen trout. He ate the lunch and broke my best rod. When we got home, I made a present of fourteen of the fish to my granite landlady and asked her to cook the other two for my tea. She did—and charged me threepence for the dripping in which they were fried."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Dear to Him.

"Before we were married you called me 'darling.' Now you seem content to call me 'dear.'"

"You weren't so dear to me before marriage as you are now. Your father paid your bills."—Houston Post.

First Family Row.

"Do you know who created the first family row on record?"

"I suppose it was Adam and Eve when they raised Cain." — Stray Stories.

St. George and the Dragon.

Other nations besides England have fought under the banner of St. George, and other knightly orders as well as that of the Garter have been instituted in his honor. He was the guardian saint of Sicily, Aragon, Valencia, Genoa, Malta and Barcelona; a Venetian order of St. George was created in 1200, a Spanish in 1317, an Austrian in 1470, a Genoese in 1472 and a Roman in 1492. More modern orders bearing his name are those of Bavaria (1729), Russia (1767) and Hanover (1839). The device of St. George slaying the dragon forms part of the arms of the czar and appears on several Russian coins. The conjecture that this was owing to the presentation of the Garter by Elizabeth to Ivan Vassilievitch has no foundation in fact, for Chanceler, the first outspoken Englishman to visit Russia, speaks of a dispatch sent in 1554 from Ivan Vassilievitch to Queen Mary, the seal of which "was much like the broad seal of England, having on the one side the image of a man on horseback in complete harness fighting with a dragon."—London Chronicle.

..eartless.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty-six?" giggled the fair widow.

"No, indeed," rejoined the inconsiderate old bachelor. "But if you had a daughter I might take her to be that old."

Why They Left.

"Hello, George! What's everybody crowding out of the drawing room for? Have refreshments been announced?"

George—No. But Aunt Matilda is getting ready to sing.

The Enchanted Kettle.

There once lived in Japan a wise old man named Shohun Shokan.

All day long Shohun Shokan buried himself in ponderous volumes, so you can see that by virtue of so much reading he became very learned indeed. One look at his bulging forehead and deep set eyes and you became awed to think of the vast amount of knowledge such a head must contain.

Shohun Shokan sat gazing meditatively at the walls of his little room, covered with the letterings of wise sayings innumerable. Before him boiled his little kettle.

In surprise, he rested his eyes on the kettle. Its musical murmur had changed to a growl, and there before him two pairs of legs appeared at the bottom, a tail at the handle and a peculiar snout at the mouth.

This strange creature capered about so merrily that the lid rattled and the water overflowed from the kettle part of it.

The fame of Shohun Shokan's possession spread throughout the land, and he was induced to travel through the country exhibiting the enchanted kettle. It appeared to be very matter of its master and obeyed all his instructions. Many a crowd was highly amused at the sight of a kettle walking upon a tight rope or doing other antics. Shohun Shokan grew wealthy rapidly.

Finally, believing that he should not abuse the favor of the gods by accumulating too great riches, he announced his intention of spending the rest of his life in quiet study.

With this end in view, Shohun Shokan purposed to bestow his enchanted kettle upon the nearest shrine. Hardly had the creature been placed on the altar when, lo, it resumed its former shape—a mere kettle. It may be seen there to this day.

This is why all aged Japanese always examine a kettle carefully whenever they see one in the hope that perhaps the gods may favor them as they did Shohun Shokan.—Philadelphia North American.

A Help For The Health

W. Ripley, Me., Sept. 26, 1906.

"We have used the true 'L. F.' Atwood's Bitters in our family for over thirty years, and think it far superior to any other medicine of the kind we ever used." Sincerely yours,

Mrs. H. C. Nane.

Every household should keep the true "L. F." Atwood's Bitters on hand. Their stimulating and cleansing action on stomach, liver, bowels and blood aids these organs to proceed with normal regularity and maintain the perfect health of the body. For old and young the "L. F." Atwood's Bitters are a reliable remedy. 35c. at druggists.

A LOW PRICE

— ON —

Wool Carpets

to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

Chas. F. Ridlon,

Corner Main and Danforth Sts.,

NORWAY, - MAINE.

MICA Axle Grease

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

STANDARD OIL COMPANY Incorporated

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

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

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a