THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 74. SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1907. NUMBER 33.

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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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Large Versus Small Farms.

I note that Mr. A. B. Chandler again raises the question of the large versus the small farm. He enumerates the instances of successes on small farms that I referred to last winter in my article and also offers his services to assist the negative side of the question by giving some other instances of success on the small farm. Then he seeks to knock the props out of the whole fabric by stating that these are only exceptional cases and that the men who made these successes would have made success anywhere. He proceeds further to demolish the small farm by citing a single instance where a large farm was successfully run and the laborers employed educated their children and were contented and happy. He describes his case as follows: "Of twelve families on one farm having children of school age there are two in grammar grade, two in high school and two in college; the other four children are in primary departments. I think the percentage for high education is as favorable as is shown in sections made up of small farms."

Now if any one will read Mr. Chandler's statement carefully he will find that if it means anything it means that there was not an average of one child to the family in school at all. Twelve families that had children of school age and only ten children in school of any kind. His statement if applied to the average small farmer in West Virginia would mean that there were not half of the children of school age in school. This is not all: the instance he cites is evidently the most successful venture of the kind that he can find and is an exceptionally favorable one.

Probably the large farm would make some money for the owners if it was properly managed, but in many instances the management would be bad. Again is it fair to measure success by the standard of dollars and cents laid up for some capitalist? Is it not better far for a number of families to have a home that they can call their own, in which they can exercise their energies in improving and managing to suit their individual tastes, and lay up enough to support them in old age rather than be dependent on some large land-holder who may or may not be considerate of the well being of his hired help? The average American citizen loves independence, and he can not be contented under any system that savors of landlordism.

Just across the river from where I write there is a neighborhood of small farmers nearly all of whom own less than 50 acres each They are happy and contented, all living well and have some money laid up. They have good churches that are well attended, good school houses, and the schools are well and regularly attended. A number of young men have gone out from this community of small farmers and have made their mark in the world. If a farmers' institute is held in this neighborhood there is a large, well informed attendance of farmers and their families. All are interested in up-to-date methods of improving their farms and getting more out of their labor because they own their homes and have the assurance that they can reap the full benefit of their labor. The labor agitators do not disturb them because they do not desire to hire out, neither do they employ hired labor. Now, I ask Mr. Chandler if this is not far better than for the people to be dependent on a capitalist for their living. The fact that a man owns the land on which he labors is an incentive to exertion and a satisfaction that the hired man cannot enjoy. The large-landholder system has proved itself detrimental to the interests of the common people in every country where it has been tried. The past history of the world proves this. Then why should Mr. Chandler seek to build up a system that has caused discontent, trouble, bloodshed and all manner of suffering and oppression of the masses for the benefit of the few in past ages of the world?—A. J. Legg in The Country Gentleman.

Back to the Horses.

We are to have a revival of coaching. At least that is the report which reaches us from abroad. Alfred Vanderbilt, always a friend of the horse, has arranged to put twenty horses in training at Realhill farm for the purpose of indulging in the good old-fashioned pastime of coaching next spring. Mr. Vanderbilt is not a stranger to the automobile, but with him and many other genuine lovers of the horse, automobiling has been only a passing fancy.

The entry of Mr. Vanderbilt into the coaching field on a larger scale will have a tendency to draw away from the motor car a large and fashionable following in support of the well bred, stylish horse. Mr. Vanderbilt is reported as being anxious to bring this about, and it is said that he will spare neither energy nor expense to make the sport popular. His horses will be the most beautiful and best trained that money can buy. His coaches will be splendid vehicles capable of carrying large parties comfortably. It will be remembered that Mr. Vanderbilt was one of the successful exhibitors at the recent international horse show, and his present scheme to revive coaching is the natural outgrowth of that success.

There is no doubt but that Mr. Vanderbilt will have a large immediate following, for the king himself and many of the members of the English aristocracy are born horsemen and only need some one to lead them away from the motor cars.

It goes without saying that if coaching is revived on a magnificent scale in England, it will soon find followers in this country with the means and disposition to maintain the sport in grand style. We have no end of horse lovers who have tired of the mechanics of motoring. With them it has been a fad, followed because of its novelty. These same men long for the horse, the life and style and pleasurable interest a machine cannot give, and as soon as there is a popular leader to take the field the friends of the horse will not be slow to follow the fashion thus created.

At the present time there is a good demand for high class coach horses, at good prices. During the past few years there has been something of a let-up in breeding. With the revival of coaching and a general restoration of the horse to favor, we may expect to find the demand for good mannered, stylish horses far in excess of the supply. Breeders who are far-sighted enought to forestall coming fashions will reap a good profit on their judgement. It is well for breeders to get ready for the growing demand for good horses.—N. Y. Horseman.

Are Pigs Clean Animals?

A well-known pig breeder has tried the experiment of constructing a bath for his hogs, and claims they like it. He states that the trouble is that all the pigs want to get into the bath at the same time. The bath is used so often that it keeps the skins of the hogs and pigs always clean. The pig is naturally a clean animal, in spite of all opinion to the contrary. It will never soil the nest in which it sleeps unless man shuts him up in that nest and compels him to. A pig shows great pleasure at being given a new lot of straw. Pile it in any other place than his bed, and he will at once begin to work industriously bringing it into his bed. Give the pig a fair chance to be clean is the motto of the up-to-date breeder.—Ex.

Horses for All Kinds of Service.

The thoroughbred for blood and speed.

The trotter and pacer for blood and speed and road.

The Arabian for beauty, gentleness and endurance.

The Morgan for beauty, quickness and general use.

The Percheron for strength and quick, heavy service.

The heavier draught breeds have their use.

All of these need a mingling of pure blood, for in the blood excellences every quality may be found. Well bred mares of all breeds having good size and form make the most desirable dams for each and every kind of service, for it insures size, for mares are the molds to be filled with gold, or silver, or steel. It does not pay to fill molds with the baser metals nor with the poorer horseflesh. These are the methods to breed for any special purpose. Quality and service reside in the blood of each and all of the breeds, but without blood there cannot be excellence.

Civil service proves the ability of persons for special kinds of service. Practical education is essential for all of the mechanic arts, as well as for every special business demand. Actual tests prove the relative abilities for all kinds of service of man or beast of every nationality or breed. It is the ability to render the best for any and every purpose.

These tests are demanded of men and women, then why not of horses? Quality is demanded in all of our animal products of whatever kind. A 15-hand horse of 1000 pounds that can render the work demanded costs less to buy or keep than the largest and heaviest horse that costs more time and more money; economy says use the best that renders the best service. The quick enduring service is the demand of horse flesh. The horse that can do the work, go the distance and last longest is the animal that yields the service best and cheapest. By testing the breeds at draught, at the plow, on the road, under the saddle or harnessed to every kind of vehicle, we will find the animal and breed that answers the required demands.

The police and fire departments need quick, efficient service of good blood and proper size and weight in the horses for their special line of service.

We need the best of every breed of horses for each and every purpose. And the tests will prove the most serviceable animal and nothing else can.—Dr. A. S. Heath in New England Farmer.

Feeding Summer Forage.

It pays to begin early to feed the cows extra. Don't wait until the pasture is gone, for then you will have to give them most of what they get. It is much better to supplement the pasture by beginning to feed extra as soon as the height of the grass season has passed. With a dairy of ten or more cows that are stabled at milking time, it is the best way to feed them in the stable. They should be given two or three quarts of grain and then all they will eat of green forage, which will depend on the season, locality and other factors. Green clover or alfalfa is unsurpassed for general feeding and can be had by successive cuttings for several months. Sweet and field corn are ready from the middle of August until frost, when late sown barley is ready and lasts a month longer.

A small herd can be fed "over the fence" in the pasture, small patches of soiling crops being grown near by for this purpose. Where this practice is followed, the forage should be well scattered on clean ground, so that every cow has a chance to get her share. With herds of ten or more cows, it is generally more satisfactory to feed them in the barn.

A load of forage cut once a day will generally make two feedings, although it is a little more work to feed in the stable than in the pasture, there is saving enough in forage to more than pay for it and each cow gets her full share.

A large herd will run over and muss up a lot of feed if it is scattered about the field. There are always a few cows in the herd that are easily frightened and one or more cows that will race about, taking a bite here and there, driving away the timid ones, which will get little to eat and shrink greatly in their milk flow.—Cor. in Turf, Farm and Home.

The Sexes in Pig Litters.

(George M. Rommel in Circular No. 112, Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

In response to requests, the animal husbandry office of this bureau has recently collected information regarding the relative proportions of the two sexes of pigs at birth, with quite interesting results. This information is not to be obtained from the herdbooks for the reason that, while the total number of pigs farrowed is usually given, the number of each sex is given only for the pigs raised.

Reports were received from 82 breeders, located in 23 states and 2 territories (Indian Territory and Oklahoma). Eight breeds were represented as follows: Berkshire, Chester White, Duroc Jersey, Hampshire, Large Yorkshire, Ohio Improved Chester, Poland China, and Tamworth. In a few cases the records of litters of grade and mixed breeding are given; these are included in the results.

The number of sows whose litters were reported was 1,477. The number of boar pigs was 6,660; the number of sows 6,625; and the total 13,285. The average per sow was as follows: boars 4.51, sows 4.48, total 8.99. The figures are mainly for litters farrowed during 1906. In 49 cases second litters during the year were reported for the same sows, which somewhat raises the average per sow.

Boars are seen to be slightly more numerous than sows, but for all practical purposes the sexes may be regarded as equal in number at birth. The relative proportion was found to be 1,005 boars to 1,000 sows. Expressed in another way, the proportion is 100.53 boars to 100 sows, which in lowest terms of whole figures is 201 boars to 200 sows.

L. S. Burwell of Elmwood Stock Farm, Bridport, Vt., has about 30 merino sheep among which are some very fine specimens. He sold two rams a few years ago for $800 and $500 respectively and his present stock ram, L. S. B., 541, he considers to be better than either of those he sold. He has some very fine lambs, which were sired by this valuable ram. In a recent letter to the American Sheep Breeder, Mr. Burwell says: "If I have been successful as a breeder it is because I would never let a good stock ram go unless I had something as good to take his place. I never took any stock in luck. Success comes by attending to business. I have had rams that my neighbors have used and I could go into their flocks and pick out every lamb he sired. I have received letters from men describing a perfect sheep. I never owned or saw a perfect sheep."

The sheep flocks will never be protected from worthless dogs by legislation. Years of effort in behalf of sheep protection have convinced us of this. If the flocks are ever made reasonably safe from the ravages of vicious dogs it will be through the individual efforts of the flock masters. There are many thousands of dogs that can be spared without serious loss to the country. Every sheep owner should be willing to do his part toward ridding the country of these destructive pests.

Much gratification has been felt by fruit growers over the high prices the late spring sales returned for the Ben Davis apples. At the same time the fact was overlooked that the good old-fashioned Baldwins, Greenings and Russets at the same time sold in the same markets at about a dollar a barrel still higher.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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CHAPTER IV.

THE keen, strong March wind soon blew the clouds from his brain. He did not hurry toward Hatton Garden. He sauntered, rather, with his right hand clinched on the tiny parcel in his pocket, the parcel which had suddenly been endowed with such magic potentialities. It was the instinct to guard a treasure of great value that led to this involuntary action. He was preoccupied, disturbed, vaguely striving to grasp a vision that seemed to elude his exact comprehension.

What did it all mean? Was it really possible that he, Philip Anson, orphaned, beggared, practically a starving tramp, should have the riches of Golconda showered upon him in this mad fashion? If the small stone he had shown to the jeweler were worth hundreds, then some of those in the paper were worth thousands, while as for the stone in the back yard of his house—well, imagination boggled at the effort to appraise it. The thought begot a sense of caution, of reserve, of well reasoned determination not to reveal his secret to anybody. Perhaps it would be best not to take Messrs. Isaacstein & Co. wholly into his confidence. He would simply show them the stone he had exhibited to Mr. Wilson and take the best price they offered. Then, with the money in his possession, he could effect a much needed change in his appearance, visit them again, and gradually increase his supply of diamonds until he had obtained more money than he could possibly spend during many years.

Above all else was it necessary that his meteor should be removed to a safer place than Johnson's Mews. Philip had scruples about appropriating it. Lords of the manor and crown rights he had never heard of.

His mother, watching his every action from some Elysian height, had sent the diamond loaded messenger as a token of her love and care. It was his, and no man should rob him of it. It behooved him to be sparing of explanations and sturdy in defense of his property.

A good deal depended on the forthcoming interview, and he wished he could convert a small fraction of the wealth in his pocket into a few honest pennies with the king's head on them. The excitement and exercise had made him hungry again. His breakfast was not of ample proportions, and his meals of yesterday had been of the scantiest. It would be well to face the diamond merchants with the easy confidence that springs from a satisfied appetite. Yet how to manage it? He was sorry now he had not borrowed a sixpence from O'Brien. The old soldier would certainly have lent it to him. He even thought of returning to the Mile End road to secure the loan, but he happened to remember that the day was Saturday, and it was probable that the Hatton Garden offices would close early. It was then nearly 11 o'clock, and he could not risk the delay of the long, double journey.

At that instant a savory smell was wafted to him. He was passing a small restaurant where sausages and onions sizzled gratefully in large tin trays and pork chops lay in inviting prodigality amid rich, brown gravy. The proprietor, a portly and greasy man with bald head and side whiskers, was standing at the door exchanging views as to business with his next door neighbor, a greengrocer. Philip, bold in the knowledge of his wealth, resolved to try what he could achieve on credit.

He walked up to the pair.

"I have not got any money just now," he said to the restaurant keeper, "but if you will let me have something to eat I will gladly come back this afternoon and pay you double."

Neither man spoke at first. Philip was always unconscious of the quaint discrepancy between his style of speech and his attire. He used to resent bitterly the astonishment exhibited by strangers, but today he was far removed above these considerations, and he backed his request with a pleasant smile.

The fat man grew apoplectic and turned his eyes to the sky.

"Well, I'm"— he spluttered.

The greengrocer laughed, and Philip blushed.

"Do you refuse?" he said, with his downright manner and direct stare.

"Well, of all the cool cheek"— The stout person's feelings were too much for him. He could find no other words.

"It is a fair offer," persisted the boy. "You don't think I mean to swindle you, surely?"

"Well, there! I never did!"

But the greengrocer intervened.

"You're a sharp lad," he guffawed. "D'ye want a job?"

"No," was the short reply. "I want something to eat."

"Dash my buttons, an' you're a likely sort of kid to get it too. In you go. I'll pay the bill. Lord lumme, it'll do me good to see you."

"Mr. Judd, are you mad?" demanded his neighbor, whose breath had returned to him.

"Not a bit of it. The bloomin' kid can't get through a bob's worth if he bursts himself. 'Ere, I'll bet you two bob 'e pays up."

"Done! Walk in, sir. Wot'll you be pleased to 'ave, sir?"

Philip's indignation at the restaurant keeper's sarcasm yielded to his wish to see him annihilated later in the day. Moreover, the sausages really smelt excellently, and he was now ravenous. He entered the shop and gave his orders with a quiet dignity that astounded the proprietor and hugely delighted the greengrocer, who, in the intervals of business, kept peeping at him through the window. Philip ate steadily, and the bill amounted to ninepence, which his ally paid cheerfully.

The boy held out his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Judd," he said frankly. "I will return without fail. I will not insult you by offering more than the amount you have advanced for me, but some day I may be able to render you good service in repayment."

Then he walked off toward the viaduct steps, and Mr. Judd looked after him.

"Talks like a little gentleman, 'e does. If my little Jimmie 'ad lived 'e would ha' bin just about his age. Lord lumme, I 'ope the lad turns up again, an' not for the sake of the bloomin' ninepence, neither. Tomatoes, mum? Yes'm. Fresh in this mornin'."

After crossing Holborn viaduct Philip stood for a little while gazing into the showroom of a motor agency. It was not that he was interested in Panhard or De Dion cars, then but little known to the general public in England, but rather that he wished to rehearse carefully the programme to be followed with Mr. Isaacstein. With a sagacity unlooked for in one of his years, he decided that the meteor should not be mentioned at all. Of course the diamond merchant would instantly recognize the stone as a meteoric diamond and would demand its earthly pedigree Philip resolved to adhere to the simple statement that it was his own property and that any reasonable inquiry might be made in all quarters where meteoric diamonds were obtainable as to whether or not such a stone was missing. Meanwhile he could obtain from Mr. Isaacstein a receipt acknowledging its custody and a small advance of money far below its real worth, leaving the completion of the transaction until a later date. The question of giving or withholding his address if it were asked for was a difficult one to settle offhand. Perhaps the course of events would permit him to keep Johnson's Mews altogether out of the record, and a more reputable habitation would be provided once he had the requisite funds.

Thinking he had successfully tackled all the problems that would demand solution, Philip wasted no more time. He entered Hatton Garden and had not gone past many of its dingy houses until he saw a large brass plate bearing the legend, "Isaacstein & Co., Diamond Merchants, Kimberley, Amsterdam and London."

He entered the office and was instantly confronted by a big nosed youth who surveyed him through a grille with an arched opening in it to admit letters and small parcels.

"Is Mr. Isaacstein in?" said Philip.

"Oah, yess," grinned the other.

"Will you kindly tell him I wish to see him?"

"Oah, yess." There was a joke lurking somewhere in the atmosphere, but the young man had not caught its drift yet. The gaunt and unkempt visitor was evidently burlesquing the accent of such gentle people as came to the office on business.

Philip waited a few seconds. The boy behind the grille filled in the interval by copying an address into the stamp book.

"Why do you not tell Mr. Isaacstein I am here?" he said at last.

"Oah, yess. You vil be funny, eh?" The other smirked over the hidden humor of the situation, and Philip understood that if he would see the great man of the firm he must adopt a more emphatic tone.

"I had better warn you that Mr. Wilson of Messrs. Grant & Sons, Ludgate Hill, sent me here to see Mr. Isaacstein. Am I to go back to Mr. Wilson and say that the office boy refuses to admit me?"

There was a sting in the description coming from such a speaker.

"Look 'ere," was the angry retort. "Go avay und blay, vil you? I'm pizzy."

Then Philip reached quickly through the little arch, grabbed a handful of shirt, tie and waistcoat and dragged the big nose and thick lips violently against the wires of the grille.

"Will you do what I ask or shall I try and pull you through?" he said quietly.

But the boy's ready yell brought two clerks running, and a door was thrown open. Phil released his opponent and instantly explained his action. One of the clerks, an elderly man, looked a little deeper than the boy's ragged garments, and the mention of Mr. Wilson's name procured him a hearing. Moreover, he had previous experience of the youthful janitor's methods.

With a cuff on the ear, this injured personage was bidden to go upstairs and say that Mr. Wilson had sent a boy to see Mr. Isaacstein. The added insult came when he was compelled to usher Philip to a waiting room.

Soon a clerk entered. He was visibly astonished by the appearance of Mr. Wilson's messenger, and so was Mr. Isaacstein when Philip was paraded before him in a spacious apartment filled with glass cases and tables, at which several assistants were seated.

"What the deuce"— he began, but checked himself. "What does Mr. Wilson want?" he went on. Evidently his Ludgate Hill acquaintance was useful to Philip.

"He wants nothing, sir," said Philip. "He sent me to see you on a matter of business. It is of a private nature. Can you give me a few minutes alone?"

Isaacstein was a big headed, big shouldered man, tapering to a small point at his feet. He looked absurdly like a top, and surprise or emotion of any sort caused him to sway gently. He swayed now, and every clerk looked up, expecting him to fall bodily on to the urchin with the refined utterance who had dared penetrate into the potentate's office with such a request.

Kimberley, Amsterdam and London combined to lend effect to Isaacstein's wit when he said:

"Is this a joke?"

All the clerks guffawed in chorus. Fortunately Isaacstein was in a good humor. He had just purchased a pearl for £250 which he would sell to Lady Somebody for £800 to match another in an earring.

"It appears to be," said Philip when the merriment had subsided.

For some reason the boy's grave, earnest eyes conquered the big little man's amused scrutiny.

"Now, boy, be quick. What is it?" he said testily. And every clerk bent to his task.

"I have told you, sir. I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with you with regard to business of an important nature."

"You say Mr. Wilson sent you—Mr. Wilson of Grant & Sons?"

"Yes, sir."

Isaacstein yielded to amazed curiosity.

"Step in here," he said and led the way to his private office, surprising himself as well as his assistants by this concession.

Philip closed the door, and Isaacstein turned sharply at the sound, but the boy gave him no time to frame a question.

"I want you to buy this," he said, handing over the diamond.

Isaacstein took it and gave it one critical glance. He began to wabble again.

"Do you mean to say Mr. Wilson sent you to dispose of this stone to me?" he demanded.

"Not exactly, sir. I showed it to him, and he recommended me to come to you."

"Ah, I see. Sit down there." indicating a chair near the door. The diamond merchant himself sat at his desk, but they were both in full view of each other.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"I found it."

"Quite so. But where?"

"At this moment I do not wish to go into details, but it is mine, mine only, and I am quite willing that you should

"Have you any more like this stone? I suppose not, eh?"

make every inquiry to satisfy yourself that it was not stolen. I suppose that is what you fear."

Sheer wonder kept the man silent for a space.

"Do you know its value?" he said, with a sudden snap.

"Mr. Wilson told me it was worth several hundreds of pounds."

"Did he really?"

"Yes. He said you would treat me quite fairly, so I wish you to advance me a few pounds until you have decided upon its real price. You see, sir, I am very poor, and my present appearance creates an unfavorable impression. Still, I am telling you the absolute truth, and I show my confidence in you and in my own case by offering to leave the diamond with you on your receipt, together with a small sum of money."

Philip thought he was getting on very well. Isaacstein's large eyes bulged at him, and speech came but slowly. He leaned forward and rummaged among some papers. Then he opened a drawer and produced a magnifying glass, with which he focused the diamond.

"Yes; it is worth £600 or £700," he announced, "but it will be some time before I can speak accurately as to its value. I think it may be flawless, but that can only be determined when it is cut."

Philip's heart throbbed when he heard the estimate.

"Then I can have a few pounds"— he commenced.

"Steady! You are not in such a hurry, eh? You won't tell me where you got it?"

"I may later if you continue to deal with me as honestly as you have done already."

Isaacstein moved on his seat. Even in a chair he wanted to wabble. There was a slight pause.

"Have you any more like this stone? I suppose not, eh?"

"Yes; I have many more."

"Eh? What? Boy, do you know what you are saying?"

"No doubt you are surprised, sir, but not more than I am myself. Yet, it is true. I have some—as big again."

Philip, in his eagerness, nearly forgot his resolution to advance slowly. How the diamond merchant would shake if only he could see some of the white pebbles in the meteor.

"As big again! Where are they?"

The chair was creaking now with the rhythmic swaying of its occupant.

"Where this one came from, Mr. Isaacstein."

Philip smiled. He could not tell how it happened, but he felt that he was the intellectual superior of the man who sat there glowering at him so intently. Already the boy began to grasp dimly the reality of the power which enormous wealth would give him. Such people as this man and his satellites would be mere automata in the affairs of his life, important enough in a sense, with the importance of a stamp for a letter or a railway ticket for a journey, but governed and controlled utterly by the greater personage who could unlock the door of the treasure house. For the first time Philip wished he was older, bigger, more experienced. He even found himself beginning to wonder what he should do until he reached man's estate. He sighed.

Isaacstein was watching him closely, trying to solve the puzzle by the aid of each trick and dodge known in a trade which lends itself to acute roguery of every description. The look of unconscious anxiety, of mental weariness on Philip's face seemed to clear away his doubts. He chuckled thickly.

"How many, now," he murmured. "Ten, twenty—of assorted sizes, eh?"

"Far more! Far more! Be content with what I tell you today, Mr. Isaacstein. I said my business was important. When you are better acquainted with me I think you will find it sufficiently valuable to occupy the whole of your time."

Philip was ever on the verge of bursting out into confidences. His secret was too vast, too overpowering, for a boy of fifteen. He wanted the knowledge and the trust of an older man. He did not realize that the merchant, beginning by regarding him as a thief, was now veering round to the opinion that he was a lunatic, for it is known to most men that the values of diamonds increase out of all proportion to their weight. While a one carat stone is worth, roughly speaking, £10, a twenty carat gem of the same purity is worth any sum beyond £2,000, and the diamond Philip had submitted for inspection would probably cut into ten or twelve carats of fine luster. To speak therefore of an abundance of larger and finer stones was a simple absurdity. The De Beers company alone could use such a figure of speech, and even then only at isolated dates in its history.

The boy, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the man's face and yet with a distant expression in them that paid slight heed to the waves of emotion exhibited by the heavy cheeks and pursed up mouth, awaited some final utterance on the part of his questioner. Surely he had said sufficient to make this man keenly alive to the commercial value of the "business" he offered. Under the conditions Isaacstein could not refuse to give him sufficient money to meet his immediate wants.

The man, seemingly at a loss for words, bent again over the stone. He was scrutinizing it closely when a heavy tread crossed the outer showroom and the door was flung open.

"I have sent for you, constable, to take this boy into custody," he cried excitedly. "He came here ten minutes ago and offered for sale a very valuable diamond so rare and worth so much that he must have stolen it."

Philip, too, sprang up.

"It is a lie!" he shouted. "How dare you say such a thing when I have told you that it is mine!"

The policeman collared him by the shoulder.

"Steady, my young spark," he said. "Mr. Isaacstein knows what he is about, and I don't suppose he is very far wrong this time. Do you know the boy, sir?" he went on.

Isaacstein gave a voluble and accurate summary of Philip's statements. Each moment the policeman's grip became firmer. Evidently the boy was the mere agent of a gang of thieves, though it was beyond comprehension that any one short of an idiot should choose an emissary with broken boots and ragged clothing in order to effect a deal with the leading house in Hatton Garden.

Philip listened to the recital in dumb agony. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes glowed with the rage and shame that filled his soul. So the man had been playing with him, merely fooling him until some secret signal by an electric bell had sent a messenger flying for the police. His dream of wealth would end in the jail, his fairy oasis would be a felon's cell. Very well, be it so. If he could help it, not all the policemen in London should rend his secret from him. With a sudden glow of fiery satisfaction he remembered that his clothing contained no clew to his address, and he had not given his name at either Ludgate Hill or Hatton Garden. How long could they keep him a prisoner? Would others find his meteor and rob him of his mother's gift? In less than a fortnight men would come to tear down the buildings in Johnson's Mews. Well, it mattered not. The courage of despair, which nerved him the previous night came to his aid again. He would defy them all, careless of consequence.

The policeman was saying:

"It's a queer affair, sir. Did he really say he had lots more of 'em?"

"Yes, yes! Do you think I am romancing? Perhaps they are in his possession now."

"Have you any more of these stones, boy?"

Philip, with lips tensely set, was desperately cool again. He moved his arm, and the constable's grasp tightened.

"You are hurting me," said the boy. "I merely wish to put my hand in my pocket. Are you afraid of me that you hold me so fast?"

The policeman, like the rest, did not fail to notice Philip's diction. The scornful superiority of his words, the challenge of the final question, took him aback. He relaxed his grip and grinned confusedly.

Philip instantly produced his paper of diamonds and opened it widely so that all the stones could be seen. He handed the parcel to the policeman.

"Take good care of them, constable," he said. "Judging from results, they would not be safe in that man's hands."

But Isaacstein did not hear the insult. When he saw the collection he nearly lost his senses. What had he done? Was he or the boy mad? Veins stood out on his forehead, and he wabbled so fearfully that he clutched the desk for support. A scarecrow of a boy wandering about London with thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds in his pocket wrapped up in a piece of newspaper like so many sweets! There were not any meteoric diamonds of such value in all the museums and private collections in the world. He began to perspire. Even the policeman was astounded, quite as much at being called "constable" by Philip as by the mean appearance of articles presumably of great value.

"This is a rum go. What do you make of it, Mr. Isaacstein?" he said.

The query restored Isaacstein's wits. After all, here was the law speaking. It would have been the wildest folly for a man of his position to dabble in this mysterious transaction.

With a great effort he forced himself to speak.

"Lock him up instantly. This matter must be fully inquired into. And do be careful of that parcel, constable. Where do you take him? To the Bridewell station? I will follow you in a cab in five minutes."

So Philip, handcuffed, was marched down the stairs past the gratified office boy and out into the street.

As for Isaacstein, he required brandy, and not a little, before he felt able to follow.

CHAPTER V.

IN after years Philip never forgot the shame of that march through the staring streets. The everlasting idlers of London's busiest thoroughfares gathered around the policeman and his prisoner with grinning callousness.

"Wot's 'e bin a-doin' of?"

"Nicked a lydy's purse, eh?"

"Naw! Bin ticklin' the till, more like."

"Bli-me, don't 'e look sick!"

They ran and buzzed around him like wasps, stinging most bitterly with coarse words and coarser laughter. An omnibus slowed its pace to let them cross the road, and Philip knew that the people on top craned their necks to have a good look at him. When nearing the viaduct steps, the policeman growled something at the pursuing crowd. Another constable strode rapidly to the entrance and cut off the loafers, sternly advising them to find some other destination. But the respite was a brief one. The pair reached Farringdon street and had barely attracted attention before they passed the restaurant where Philip had lunched. The hour was yet early for midday customers, and the baldheaded proprietor saw them coming. He rushed out. The greengrocer, too, turned from his wares and joined in the exclamations of his friend at this speedy denouement of the trivial incident of twenty minutes earlier.

The restaurant keeper was made jubilant by this dramatic vindication of the accuracy of his judgment.

"The thievin' young scamp!" he ejaculated. "That's right, Mr. Policeman. Lock 'im up. 'E's a reg'lar wrong 'un."

The constable stopped. "Hello!" he said. "Do you know him?"

"I should think I did. 'E kem 'ere just now an' obtained a good blowout on false pretences, an' "—

"'Old 'ard," put in the greengrocer, "that's not quite the ticket. 'E asked you to trust 'im, but you wouldn't."

The stout man gurgled.

"Not me. I know 'is sort. But 'e 'ad you a fair treat, Billy."

"Mebbe, an' mebbe not. Ennyhow, two bob won't break me, an' I'm sorry for the kid. Wot's 'e done, Mr. Policeman?" Mr. Judd was nettled, yet unwilling to acknowledge he was wholly wrong.

"Stole a heap of diamonds. Do either of you know him?"

"Never saw him afore this mornin'."

"Never bin in my 'ouse before."

"Then come along," and Philip was tugged onward, but not before he found courage to say:

"Thank you once more, Mr. Judd. I will keep my word, never fear."

"What are you thanking him for?" said the constable.

"For believing in me," was the curt answer.

The policeman tried to extract some meaning from the words, but failed. He privately admitted that it was an extraordinary affair. How came a boy who spoke like a gentleman and was dressed like a street arab to be wandering about London with a pocketful of diamonds and admitted to the private office of the chief diamond merchant in Hatton Garden? He gave it up, but silently thanked the stars which connected him with an important case.

At last Philip's Via Dolorosa ended in the Bridewell police station. He was paraded before the inspector in charge, a functionary who would not have exhibited any surprise had the German emperor been brought before him charged with shoplifting.

He opened a huge ledger, tried if his pen would make a hair stroke on a piece of paper and said laconically:

"Name?"

No answer from the prisoner, followed by emphatic demands from inspector and constable, the former volunteering the information that to refuse your name and address was in itself an offense against the law.

Philip's sangfroid was coming to his aid. The horror of his passage through the gaping mob had cauterized all other sentiments, and he now saw that if he would preserve his incognito he must adopt a ruse.

"Philip Morland," he said doggedly when the inspector asked him his name for the last time before recording a definite refusal.

"Philip Morland!" It sounded curiously familiar in his ears. His mother was a Miss Morland prior to her marriage, but he had not noticed the odd coincidence that he should have been christened after the "Sir Philip" of the packet of letters so fortunately left behind that morning.

"Address?"

"Park lane."

The inspector began to write before the absurdity of the reply dawned on him. He stopped.

"Is your mother a caretaker there or your father employed in a mews?"

"My father and mother are dead."

"Then will you kindly inform us what number in Park lane you live at?"

"I have not determined that as yet. I intend to buy a house there."

Some constables lounging about the office laughed, and the inspector, incensed out of his routine habits, shouted angrily:

"This is no place for joking, boy. Answer me properly or it will be worse for you."

"I have answered you quite properly. The constable who brought me here has in his possession diamonds worth many thousands of pounds belonging to me. I own a hundred times as many. Surely I can buy a house in Park lane if I like."

The inspector was staggered by this well bred insolence. He was searching for some crushing legal threat that would frighten the boy into a state of due humility when Mr. Isaacstein entered.

The Hatton Garden magnate again related the circumstances attending Philip's arrest, and the inspector promptly asked:

"What charge shall I enter? You gave him into custody. Do you think he has stolen the diamonds?"

Isaacstein had been thinking hard during a short cab drive. His reply was unexpectedly frank.

"He could not have stolen what never existed. There is no such known collection of meteoric diamonds in the world."

"But there must be, because they are here."

By this time the parcel of dirty white stones was lying open on the counter, and both merchant and policeman were gazing at them intently. There was a nettling logic in the inspector's retort.

"I cannot answer riddles," said Isaacstein shortly. "I can only state the facts. If any other man in the city of London is a higher authority on diamonds than I, go to him and ask his opinion."

"Mr. Isaacstein is right," interposed Philip. "No one else owns diamonds like mine. No one else can obtain them. I have robbed no man. Give me my diamonds and let me go."

The inspector laughed officially. He gazed intently at Philip and then sought illumination from Isaacstein's perturbed countenance, but Isaacstein was moodily examining the contents of the paper and turning over both the stones and the scraps of iron with an air of profound mystification.

"I'll tell you what," said the inspector jubilantly after a slight pause. "We will charge him with being in unlawful possession of cert

ESTABLISHED 1883.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, AUG. 13, 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. 21.—Universalist Grove meeting, Bryant's Pond.
Sept. 3-5.—Maine State fair, Lewiston.
Sept. 10—Oxford Pomona Grange, Bolster's Mills.
Sept. 17, 18, 19.—Oxford County Fair.
Sept. 24, 25, 26.—Androscoggin Valley fair, Canton.
Oct. 1, 2, 3.—West Oxford Fair, Fryeburg.
Oct. 2, 3.—North Oxford fair, Andover.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Remnants.
Just as Essential.
Souvenir Post Cards.
Muslins.
The Human Eye.
For Sale.
Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.
For Sale.

Here and There.

The Standard Oil Co. calling for "a square deal"! It is to laugh.

Great horse racing up at Saratoga. The list is reported on so far as the gambling establishments are concerned, but that ought not to interfere seriously with sport on the track—Boston Herald.

That is where there may be a chance for a difference of opinion. A recent writer on racing in California says that the question whether the fairs of that state shall continue lies with the courts. Yet the courts have never interfered with legitimate horse racing, and the inference is of course generally understood that there will be no horse racing in California if gambling is not allowed. In the sporty atmosphere of Saratoga a horse race without betting must seem like a funeral occasion.

The city of Bath, although having three distinct sources of water supply, had the misfortune last week, in the midst of its big celebration, to have all the mains broken at once and its entire water supply cut off. Which would almost tend to throw doubt upon the proverb that "A threefold cord is not quickly broken."

Boston has had a big Old Home Week celebration, and the general opinion seems to be that as a purely commercial transaction it doesn't pay. Which information could probably have been imparted, strictly on the d. q., by two or three Maine cities.

Mississippi, like the rest of the states, has more or less to its discredit, but it should be given its just dues for the popular choice of John Sharp Williams for United States Senator, against the almost unspeakable Vardaman. The margin is small, and it would be better if 'twere larger, but 'twill serve.

Farmers in Connecticut are said to be noting a short crop of potato bugs this year, and they are wondering if the plague has run its course and the beginning of the end is in sight. In this part of the country, we are sorry to say, no shortage has been observed.

The Bridgton News has completed thirty-seven years of existence, all the time under the direction of its founder and continuous editor, Maj. H. A. Shorey, and he wonders if it isn't about time for him to retire on half-pay. Well, no, he can't be spared; and on the other hand, he can't do it. It's a moral impossibility for a man who has ideas of his own and isn't afraid of them, to keep still. Such men have to die in the harness.

There is food for thought in the fact that the acquittal of Haywood is pleasing both to the anarchists and socialists, representing the opposite extremes of principles of those who are opposed to the present order of things.

Judge Landis in the United States court imposes upon the Standard Oil Co., in cases of accepting railroad rebates, the maximum fine under the law, aggregating over $29,000,000. Officials of the Standard throw up their hands in holy horror at this monstrous proceeding, and Judge Landis has been mildly criticised in other quarters for this record fine. Judge Landis need not have scored the company as he did in pronouncing the sentence, says one—it was not dignified or necessary. But how long since it was undignified for a judge to comment on the quality of an offence in pronouncing sentence? Another suggests that something less than the maximum fine would have done as well. But why should it be anything less than the maximum? The Standard is absolutely without extenuation, and has notoriously built up its monopoly by that same method. It is a problem how many years it will be before the fine is paid, but for exemplary purposes it may well be as large as the law will make it.

The Texas legislature wins the palm for freak legislation this year. For instance, one of its laws against trusts provides heavy penalties for any one who sells the product of any trust—which of course includes a number of the necessities of life such as are sold at every grocery store—and another prescribes the length of sheets that shall be furnished on the beds by hotels.

Mrs. Rose McKenney Heywood.

Mrs. Rose M. Heywood, formerly Rose M. McKenney, passed away Wednesday, July 31, at her home in Norridgewock. She was taken ill on May 1, and suffered from Bright's disease and complications.

She was the daughter of Wm. McKenney and Mary L. Bessey of Paris, and was born July 18, 1845. She married Rev. O. B. Rawson of Paris, who died in Connecticut, where he was preaching, in 1885. Later she married Rev. H. M. Heywood—both husbands being Baptist ministers. She will be remembered as Preceptress of Oxford Normal Institute, when under management of Horatio E. Swasey. She also taught other schools in Maine for many years.

She leaves a husband, Rev. H. M. Heywood, one sister, Margie M. Watson, now living in Boston, and one brother, Frank P. McKenney, from whose home in West Paris she was buried in Mountain Ash Cemetery, Biscoe District, on Saturday, Aug. 3.

She was highly esteemed and dearly loved by all who knew her. Her friends were many, as she had lived in many towns in many of the New England states.

None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.

Universalist Grove Meeting.

The annual Bryant's Pond grove meeting of the Oxford Universalist Association will be held in Dearborn Grove in that place on Wednesday, Aug. 21. One fare for the round trip on the Grand Trunk from Lewiston, Berlin and intermediate stations. Able speakers, not yet announced, will be present. The Bryant's Pond parish will furnish good music and coffee without charge. If the day should be stormy the services will be held in the church.

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.

Prof. Maynard Maxim and daughters, Misses Metalena and Helen, of Newtonville, Mass., Misses Martha and Mary Maxim of Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. Flora E. Barry of Boston, and Miss Flora Ritner Harlow of Bridgeport, Conn., were guests at O. A. Maxim's last week.

Benjamin Spaulding and family of Buckfield and Maj. Atwood W. Spaulding of Caribou, with a party of friends, were at Paris Hill last Wednesday, coming with two large touring cars, a Winton and a Thomas Flyer.

Monday evening, Mrs. Caroline P. Harlow entertained a large party of the young people at Elmhurst.

Miss Julia Carter gave a heart party last Tuesday evening which was a very enjoyable affair.

The subscription dance at Academy Hall Wednesday evening was so well patronized as to leave a small balance on the profit side of the ledger. There will be another in two weeks.

A jolly party of about twenty-four made the trip to the top of Streaked Mountain last Friday. A good day and a good time.

Miss Kathleen Leupp of Washington, D. C., is the guest of her aunt, Miss Alice S. Murdock.

Carroll I. Hooper of Boston and Miss Hattie Hooper of South Paris were at William Hooper's last week.

Miss Frances H. Shorey of Portland is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Bart Jacob and three children arrived at "Old Brick" last week.

Miss Winslow of Lewiston is a guest at Elmhurst.

Charles L. Case was with his family here over Sunday. He will come the last of August to spend a short vacation at Paris Hill.

Miss Marion Hallett of Boston arrived at Mrs. Jackson's last week.

A sale will be given by the Ladies' Circle of the Baptist church on August 20, of next week. Articles which any person desires to contribute to this will be thankfully received. Fancy articles especially desired.

The Universalist Circle will be held at Academy Hall on Friday evening of this week. The entertainment will consist of an hour with Charles Dickens. Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker will give a talk on the philosophy of Dickens, illustrated by readings from Dickens. Admission 25 cents, dancing free.

The mixed foursome golf tournament Saturday was won by Josephine Cole and Herbert Gibbs. Ten holes were played in all rounds except the finals, in which fifteen holes were played. The tea in the afternoon was given by Mrs. Carter. The score for the tournament was as follows:

Miss Adelaide Case and Mr. Chas. Shaw beat Mrs. Brown and Orland Daniels 1 up.
Miss Olive Thompson and Mr. Knickerbocker beat Miss Carter and Mr. Clarke 2 up, 1 to play.
Miss Josephine Cole and Herbert Gibbs beat Mrs. Jacob and Mr. F. Shaw, 3 up, 2 to play.
Miss Helen Cole and Mr. Davies beat Miss Pottle and Mr. Case 5 up, 4 to play.
Miss Thompson and Mr. Knickerbocker beat Miss A. Case and Mr. Shaw 1 up.
Miss J. Cole and Mr. Gibbs beat Miss H. Cole and Mr. Davies 5 up, 3 to play.
Miss J. Cole and Mr. Gibbs beat Miss Thompson and Mr. Knickerbocker 4 up, 3 to play.

Mrs. Davis and Miss Davis of Haverhill, Mass., are spending a few weeks at Sunset Cottage.

Samuel H. Rawson has gone to the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston for treatment.

FORBES DISTRICT.

Mrs. Larkin Farrar of Buckfield spent a week with her mother, Mrs. Hannah Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayden and baby from Haverhill, Mass., are spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Hannah Dean.

Mrs. Olive Downs and daughter, Mrs. J. F. Hagman, and children are spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. George Ripley.

Mr. George Tubbs is expecting a visit from his father, Mr. Tubbs, of Casco.

Mr. I. H. Ellingwood and Mr. A. E. Dean expect to finish haying this week.

Bryant's Pond.

The ladies of the V. I. S. will hold a fair at Grange Hall commencing Tuesday evening, Aug. 13, and continuing Wednesday afternoon and evening. The event will close with a grand ball Thursday evening, Aug. 15, at Dudley's Opera House. Music by Stearns' orchestra of Norway. Supper will be served in the lower hall. The summer guests will manage the entertainment on Tuesday evening. The proceeds of the fair will be used to liquidate the debt of the society in connection with the fire department.

The Ladies' Aid have a food sale every Friday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Freeman Morse.

Joseph Goold of Virginia was in town Saturday and made a call on Horace C. Berry, who was one of his old comrades in the 10th and 29th Maine Regiment. They have not met before since mustered out of the service. Mr. Goold has lived in the south seven years, but was formerly a resident of Saco.

H. M. Estes has just returned from a trip to Montreal and was in Lewiston Thursday to hire a crew on bridge work.

Cyrus P. Berry of South Paris is visiting his brothers and sisters here.

More visitors are coming into town this week and there are others who desire to come, but the accommodations are limited. There is urgent need of a good public house in our village. It ought to be a paying piece of property.

West Sumner.

Dr. Frank Tuell and family of Bethel are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stetson Tuell.

Mrs. Hattie Young has gone to Dixfield.

Mrs. Anna Churchill of South Paris and her nephew, Roscoe Fletcher, of Fitchburg, Mass., were in town Friday of last week calling on friends.

Lightning struck twice very near the residence of Dea. Moses Dow, during a recent shower, once on each side of the house, splintering a telephone pole in one instance, and peeling the bark off a cedar pole in a pair of bars at the back of the house.

E. E. Field and family of North Paris visited Mrs. E. G. Small Monday.

Mr. Richmond Tuttle is very low.

Services were held in the Universalist church last Sunday by Rev. C. G. Miller. There was a good attendance for a rainy day. There were thirty present some having come from quite a distance. Mr. Miller's topic in the evening was hell, which set us all to thinking and called forth a good many arguments both pro and con. One man remarked that "Mr. Miller beat the devil." Services next Sunday morning at 10:45; evening service at 7:45.

James S. Barrett of Walla Walla, Wash., was in this village Tuesday calling on friends. Mr. Barrett had not been here for 33 years.

Mrs. Nellie Farnum and son Dana of South Paris are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dunham.

Edith Barrett of Sumner Hill has been assisting Charlie Ryerson in the telephone office the past week. Charlie Ryerson is out of health and Jennie Bradbury of West Paris has taken his place in the central office.

West Lovell.

Mrs. Leah Buswell has gone home and Mrs. Eva LeBarron has gone to Fryeburg to be cared for by her mother, Mrs. John Seavey.

Alonzo Tyler of Norway was in the place Wednesday, delivering picture frames.

W. H. Smith of Stow has bought a pair of steers of L. McAllister.

Bert Thurston of Stow has bought J. A. Fox's lambs.

Will Hutchins and family of Cambridge, Mass., are at their camp at the cove.

Clarence and Albra Lord are doing N. Fox's haying.

West Paris.

The Finns held a religious service Tuesday evening and Wednesday forenoon of last week at the Free Baptist church. Their preacher, who was unable to talk English, but who seemed to be an able and fluent speaker, was Mr. L. P. Miettinen of Thomaston. Many of our townspeople attended the evening session and the Finns are sufficiently interested so they have formed a church organization and it is now their intention to hold religious meetings once a month.

Mrs. Hezekiah Farrar has been quite ill for two or three weeks with slow bilious fever.

There is a heavy yield of raspberries on Mr. F. L. Wyman's berry farm this season. He is sending the bulk of them to Portland where he is getting a good price. He has an average of about twenty pickers working daily and harvested nearly 100 bushels of berries last week.

Last Wednesday Prof. A. W. Gilbert from the Maine State College at Orono was at Mr. Wyman's and gave a free demonstration of the best methods of spraying to kill insects on apple trees and various crops. It is to be regretted that more farmers could not have received the benefit of this information but not very many of the farmers could leave their work to come.

Mr. C. W. Dunham and family of Brattleboro, Vt., started for Waterville Tuesday with his automobile, taking his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dunham, along with them.

Rev. Henry A. Abbott and wife of Plymouth, N. H., visited his sister, Mrs. Elmer E. Tuell, a few days last week. They are now visiting relatives in West Sumner and expect to return here before their vacation is over.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Brown and son, C. L. Brown, are spending a vacation with relatives in town.

Rev. A. K. Baldwin and family are stopping at A. E. Marshall's on High Street.

Mrs. Carrie Briggs Bird is visiting her relatives at Trap Corner.

Miss Minnie E. Stevens and mother, Mrs. Mary Stevens, have gone to Massachusetts to visit Dwight Stevens.

Miss Elinor H. Tuell was the guest of Mrs. A. L. Tubbs at South Paris two or three days last week.

Mayford and Jennie Mann of Norway, and Mr. Burton L. Reed of Somerville, Mass., were guests at Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Mann's several days last week, accompanied by Mr. Edwin J. Mann; they also went on a camping trip.

Miss Laura M. Bradeen returned home last Thursday after several days' visit at Bryant's Pond. She was accompanied by Mrs. Jennie Lurvey and son, Harold.

Greenwood.

The wet season has been favorable for one kind of vegetation at least. Riding with a man along the road a day or two ago he remarked that if the bushes were not cut back it would be impossible for a team to get along after a damp snow, the roads would be so filled with them. There is nothing within the bounds of road repairing of more importance than keeping them clear of bushes; and yet there is no one branch of the work more neglected.

There seems to be a good crop of cranberries started, but they, like everything else, are late so that it will require the most if not all of September to mature them. What the prospect is on Cape Cod we have not heard.

Yesterday was a perfect hay day, and to-day is equally fine, and isn't it nice to have two such days in succession?

Some are nearly through with their haying, while others have not fairly commenced on account of the pressure of other work.

Lying before us is an illustrated card, the mechanical part of which is perfection itself, and on the back side the picture is thus explained: "The design on the front of this card represents in allegory the history of the Louisiana Purchase. It shows Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States at that time. Columbia in the center points out on the map the exact boundary of the purchase. Indicative of its position in the forefront of improvements and progress is shown the New Home Machine."

Napoleon! How Europe shook from center to circumference at that time, not even excepting John Bull's little seven by nine island, at the very sound of his name! In less than a score of years later where and what was he? How appropriate the words at that time: "How are the mighty fallen!

Oxford.

Dr. Farris is attending the encampment of the N. G. S. M., with Co. D, 1st Regt., at Portland Harbor.

Mrs. Farris and little daughter are visiting her sister, Mrs. Stone, at Dixfield.

Carl Edwards and wife of Portland are at Mr. E. W. Edwards' for a short time.

Miss Retha Glover has closed her engagement as pastor in Aroostook Co., and is now spending some time at her cottage on the Advent camp ground at Mechanic Falls.

Hiram.

Hon. Charles E. Hubbard of Washington, D. C., has visited his sister, Mrs. Peter B. Young, and other friends at his native home after an absence of fifteen years.

Eli C. Wadsworth has thirty-nine boarders at Mountain View Farm, from Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, New Jersey and Illinois.

Dr. A. D. Golding and Dr. A. H. Cutter of Lawrence, Mass., made a visit to the farm this week. Dr. Cutter found that a patient whom he had sent there, as a last resort, had gained twenty pounds and recovered in three months.

Mrs. Henry I. Mason is recovering from a recent serious relapse at Maine General Hospital.

Miss Etta Starbird is recovering from a recent operation on her ankle.

Samuel L. Clemons is improving.

East Waterford.

Miss Mattie A. Whittier of Waltham, Mass., is spending a fortnight with Mrs. G. L. Hilton.

Mrs. Tenney and three children of Berlin N. H., have been the guests of her niece, Mrs. Dana Berry.

Fred Kilgore went to Augusta Thursday to see his sister, whose death is expected daily.

Mrs. Mandana Miller and granddaughter, Maude, of Waltham, Mass., are at G. A. Miller's.

Mr. Miller and his mother drove to Mechanic Falls a few days ago to see her sister, Mrs. Bianca Foster, who is very low.

Miss Mary Chadbourne, who is here for the summer, spent a week at Old Orchard recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil H. Johnson of North Fryeburg visited in the place recently.

East Sumner.

Mrs. S. C. Heald has been at Old Orchard with her sister, Mrs. A. D. Park, for a few days. Mr. S. C. Heald went down the last of the week for a short stay.

A. H. Harlow and family are at West Harpswell on a vacation.

Arthur Heald's family of South Weymouth, who have been stopping on the old Heald place on Sumner Hill, have returned home.

There does not seem to be a great rush of summer guests in town as yet.

The Minot Packing Co. are getting their plant ready for the annual pack of corn.

It looks now as though haying might be prolonged into September. "The worst hay season ever known", say some of the farmers. Potato bugs and witch grass, however, seem to flourish.

North Stoneham.

Levi Butters has moved from East Stoneham into the Hilton McAllister house to board the men while they do Ernest Bartlett's haying.

Joe Fox of Lovell is cutting the hay on G. M. Harriman's place near the cider mill.

Mrs. Elden McAllister has come from Massachusetts and is staying at the school house with her husband.

George Briggs of Albany was at H. B. McKeen's Saturday night and Sunday.

Arthur Keniston of Slab City, Lovell, is visiting a week with his aunt, Mrs. John Adams.

Capt. W. C. Brooks from South Paris is visiting at Wm. Gammon's this week.

Bethel.

Rev. Arthur Shirley supplied the Congregational pulpit in the absence of the pastor, Rev. C. N. Gleason.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubin and little daughter returned to their home in Portland, Sunday.

Miss Agnes Barton is visiting former classmates and friends.

Principal Hanscom and family are spending a short time at Mechanic Falls at the Davis homestead.

Mr. M. F. Coolidge died very suddenly Wednesday morning. He was in usual health and attended to some of the chores as usual and came in to rest as was his custom and died in a few minutes. Mr. Coolidge was eighty-one years of age and leaves a widow and one son, Mr. John F. Coolidge. Funeral services were held at his late home Friday afternoon and the interment was in Riverside Cemetery.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Horace Andrews Tuesday. The next meeting is to be observed as field day at the home of Mrs. Ernest Cross.

Mrs. Fannie Twitchell and Mrs. Sturgis and her son and daughter returned to their home in Portland, Thursday.

Mr. Irving Clark has returned after several months' absence in the South and Massachusetts.

Francis and Harold Chandler have returned to their home in Norway.

Mr. Whitman, manager of the corn shop, has arrived.

Thursday the Ladies' Club will hold the annual fair.

North Buckfield.

At 1:30 o'clock Saturday morning, the 3d, North Buckfield was visited with high winds and hail storm, doing heavy damage and ruining garden and field crops. Its fearful roaring caused the inhabitants to remember July 3d, 1892, when a cyclone passed through the place leveling houses and barns.

Mrs. Clara M. Greene of Portland has been visiting at A. F. Mason's the past week.

Mrs. Cora Bartlett of Haverhill, Mass., is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Washington Heald.

Mr. Stanwood Withington and family of the lower village have the sympathy of the people in our place in their sickness.

B. F. Heald and wife visited Lewiston Wednesday.

Norman and Charles Philbrook of Norway spent the Sabbath with their grandfather, Mr. Augustus Spaulding.

A party of nine boys passed through our place Tuesday, en route for the White Mountains.

Miss Belle Gibbs of Livermore Falls is visiting Miss Maggie Heald.

North Paris.

It is rumored that Joseph Littlehale of Everett, Mass., has sold his mill here.

Mr. Smith is at work for R. B. Nevers.

Born, Aug. 2, to the wife of A. T. Hollis, a daughter.

Mr. Greeley of Portland, a milk dealer, has been in this vicinity trying to secure more milk.

Henry Dow of Pennsylvania is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Dow. Mrs. D. B. Dow has visited here also.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunham and little son of Brattleboro, Vt., have visited relatives and friends. They came here in their large auto.

Mr. Taylor of Hyde Park, Mass., was in this vicinity recently distributing Bibles for the Maine Bible Society.

Mrs. Eleanor Small and Mrs. H. S. Robertson of West Sumner are visiting at E. E. Field's.

East Brownfield.

Last Friday afternoon the W. C. T. U. and L. T. L., with invited guests, were most cordially entertained by Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney at the Stickney homestead. Delicious refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. All enjoyed a pleasant afternoon.

Mrs. L. R. Giles is very sick.

Mrs. Mansfield of Boston is being entertained at Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney's.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens spent Aug. 4 with her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Leavitt.

Mrs. Rose Poore Godfrey has been visiting in town.

Mrs. Annie Butterfield Knox is at her brother's.

Denmark.

Mr. Ernest Ingalls still remains very sick.

The Macabees Lodge in this place will give a drama in Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday evening, 15th inst.

The Shorey vaudeville troop are in this town for a week and are giving a good entertainment. Next week they will be in Bridgton.

Mr. George Gray and I. H. Berry are putting new water works into their houses.

The diphtheria case at Mr. Wentworth's has been very light and the child has recovered and the quarantine has been removed.

East Bethel.

C. M. Kimball visited Portland last Tuesday.

Mrs. Elmer Cole and two daughters of Washington, D. C., are visiting relatives here.

Mr. George Blake and family of Malden, Mass., have been visiting relatives here on their return from Houlton, Me.

Mrs. Ada Tyler of West Bethel was the guest of her father, Mr. M. S. Coburn, a few days last week.

Alder River Grange held a very pleasant meeting last Friday evening. A literary programme was prepared by Miss Amy Bartlett and Mrs. Etta Bean, and proved very entertaining. After which they served coffee and cake.

Hebron.

Mr. Drew Thompson of Auburn is now with his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Donham, for a few weeks.

Mr. H. L. Whitney spent Old Home Week in Boston.

Mrs. Leon Whitney is now on a visit to her old home in Vermont.

Mr. Leon Whitney went to Boston this week.

Miss Grace Bumpus has been in Harpswell the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Melcher went to New Meadows Inn Friday, Aug. 2d, it being the thirteenth anniversary of their marriage, and also Mr. Melcher's birthday.

Two grandsons of Mrs. Jane Barrows, who have been at Mrs. Howe's for a few weeks, have returned to their home in Newton Centre, Mass.

Mr. Henry Bearce and Miss Kate Merrill made a short visit to the Moody family in their camp at Shagg Pond.

Miss Mary Scribner of New York is at Mr. Sargent's.

Mrs. Ora Stearns Hylan is at H. K. Stearns'.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

Time, second Tuesday in September. Place, Crooked River Grange, Bolster's Mills.

FORENOON.

Routine work.
Business.
Conferring 5th degree.
Woman's half hour. Question: "What can we do to improve our rural schools?" Opened by sister Clara Hamlin.
Music by choir.

RECESS.

AFTERNOON.

Music by choir.
Essay by Sister Caswell of Bolster's Mills.
Reading by Bear Mountain Grange.
Song by Frederick Roble Grange.
Essay by Sister Harlan Brown.
Song by Paris Grange.
Discussion: How best to dispose of our app'e crop? Opened by C. H. George.
One-half hour in charge of Lecturer of Crooked River Grange.

SEC.

ENDORSED BY THE COUNTY.

"The most popular remedy in Otsego County, and the best friend of my family," writes Wm. M. Dietz, editor and publisher of the Otsego Journal, Gilbertsville, N. Y., "is Dr. King's New Discovery. It has proved to be an infallible cure for coughs and colds, making short work of the worst of them. We always keep a bottle in the house. I believe it to be the most valuable prescription known for Lung and Throat diseases." Guaranteed to never disappoint the taker, by F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Two young men in Pembroke gave a 6-year-old boy a complete bath in blue dye. The liquid got in his eyes and is likely to impair his sight. The young men are likely to pay heavily for their deviltry.

Mundane Matters.

I have heard it intimated from various sources that this goodly heritage of real estate on which we live, taken as a whole, is not so flat as it might have been. When viewed in the bulk it bears a striking resemblance to a base ball, only more bulky. It is also affirmed that it is in nowise stationary, but that there is a certain degree of looseness about it, and it does not stick to the axle but rotates with ease, and is prompt and rapid in its movements. The earth is due at this point 12 M. daily, Sundays not excepted, and rain or shine, blow high or blow low, it comes up to time, or nearly so, whether dinner is ready or not, but in order to get there it is necessary to strike a one-thousand-mile-hourly gait and plus. It is forced to do much better than that to bring around the new year on schedule time.

To call the earth a "slow coach" is an inaccuracy. One thousand miles in sixty minutes! 'Tis a good, round, jolly pace, well worth the traveling, and well worth the price of the whole round trip.

What a delightful sense of security as we go whirling around, knowing that nothing was built by contract in track or rolling stock! One thousand! And yet how many there are who feel personally snubbed and aggrieved because it isn't fifteen hundred. They see no sense nor reason why it shouldn't be fifteen hundred.

He who makes unfavorable criticisms on the established rate of speed is a chronic fault-finder. He is an uneasy citizen of this great republic. Whoever is president he never is satisfied. The deeps and the shallows of his soul are forever ruffled by squalls. The thermometer and he are at variance. The weather never suits him—or hardly ever. It is always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry—always a flood or a drought. There is always a little too much or a little too little of the "Hammer Brand" in his biscuits, and the wife of his bosom hears again that they are not such biscuits as "Mother used to make."

One thousand miles! Yet, hush! hark! Do you hear any sound, any jar, any creaking of the machinery, even at that fearsome rate of speed? Not any. Which leads us to infer that the bearings are perfect, lubricated from the beginning, with a perpetual lubricant, as 'twere. When we step out into the moonlight, out under the silent crystalline heavens, and the beating of our own hearts is the only sound we hear, when we place our feet upon the earth, the solid earth, and look out over these hills and mountains, and valleys and things, and consult our own particular and individual impressions of the situation, we are glad to say that there is a marked sluggishness in the movements of our earth; indeed, there is no movement here, no tick here, perfectly quiet, perfectly docile.

Things are not what they seem, always and altogether. Jot that down! What is earth with all its solids and with all its fluid extracts, with all its beauty and with all its bloom, in comparison with all these diamond points that swing and sing above us out and away in God's illimitable space! Nothing at all, scarcely.

Take that sun that shines for us, that warms us, that comforts us and makes hay for us, call it a liquid mass, then take our earth and toss it into that liquid mass, and what is the result? Well, perhaps a bubble will arise to the surface, float for a moment, then break and be no more forever. O, yes, our earth is just bulky enough to raise a bubble—no great of a bubble either, and yet a tolerable bubble as bubbles go.

Ah! but it is a good world to live in—what there is of it—and there is enough of it such as it is—and it is a good world to die in. How many death scenes the gray old world has witnessed since Time was young—outward bound forever, with but here and there a spiritual visitant, and he usually plans to turn up in the dark of the moon and is seldom warmly welcomed.

Ah, yes! a good world to enter and a good world to leave—excellent world to leave, and we ought to leave it in perfect trust, knowing that the departure of our slight avoirdupois will not cause the earth to cast her belt, will not add to, nor detract from, that everlasting one thousand miles an hour. It will still go spinning around on its own invisible axis after we have become invisible. It will still go fluking on its high pathway round the sun, with the stars and stripes still snapping in the breezes, when our eyes are full of darkness and our ears are dull of hearing. Not a note is lost from the world's music when we have ceased to sing in the land of the living. Our voice may make discord in the harmony, and the song will still go on, better and sweeter, with one more element of discord eliminated.

It is a comfort to reflect—a cold, crawling, creepy comfort—that if we are of no special use while living, if we have never caused two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, to beautify and to benefit, we shall do that at least, not many decades hence, when gentle death with cunning hand reduces us to plant food—unless we should get spilled overboard in mid-ocean or sleep in so low a bed that the roots of the green things growing shall fail to reach and appropriate our little scuttleful of ashes and bone meal. JOHN.

Maine News Notes.

September 2, 3, 4 and 5 are the dates of the state fair at Lewiston. It is the 46th annual exhibition and will be bigger and better than ever before.

Lewis F. Loud, the Maine Central yardmaster at Northern Maine Junction, who was crushed between a locomotive tender and a freight car Wednesday noon, died that night at the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor.

Orrin A. Mahoney, a Rockland kiln tender, shot his wife Thursday, firing eight revolver bullets at her, four of which took effect, and then put two bullets into himself. Domestic troubles were the cause. Neither of them died immediately, but neither will recover.

Fred Pooler, a well-known guide, recently employed as a cleaner at the terminus of the Somerset Railway at Moosehead Lake, was drowned Monday after stepping from a car and falling from the wharf. The body was recovered. A widow and two children survive. He was 31 years old.

Ex-Governor John D. Long, while on his way by auto from his home in Hingham, Mass., to his summer home at Buckfield, was taken ill with an old trouble and was obliged to stop at Brunswick. He was confined to his bed for a few days, but is now improved, and expects to be able to go to Buckfield early this week.

Miss Gracia Wotton of Friendship, employed as a waitress in a hotel, was drowned at Monhegan on the 3d. While in bathing Miss Wotton, who was a good swimmer, swam out some distance and had started back to the shore when she went down. The body was very soon recovered, and three doctors worked over it three hours without success.

The bitulithic pavement on Pine Street, Portland, which was laid only the preceding week has been dug up by a corporation in order that they may have access to their manholes. They were ordered some time ago to put them up to legal grade but ignored the order, so that now they will have the extra expense of digging up and relaying the pavement.

The largest land-locked salmon ever caught in Maine waters with a rod was landed on the 3d in Sebago Lake by Edward Blakeley of New York, who is in camp at North Sebago. It was Mr. Blakeley's first salmon. It was three feet one inch long, five and one-half inches thick, 10 inches deep, and weighed 22½ pounds. The Boston Herald says of this catch: There seems to be no gainsaying that twenty-two and a half pound salmon caught in Sebago Lake. A rival fisherman weighed it.

Harry Feltis of Bristol is charged by the coroner's jury with striking the blow which caused the death of his father, Lorenzo D. Feltis. The elder man was injured on the head over a month ago, and the son was arrested charged with assault and battery, but was discharged for lack of evidence. It was thought that his father fell and struck his head against a water barrel. The coroner's jury now charges that Harry Feltis inflicted the wound with a hoe or some other dull instrument, and he is again under arrest.

WOOING SLEEP.

A Prescription That Worked Well in Philadelphia.

A haggard looking man strolled into a downtown drug store the other day and asked the druggist for help. He said he had trouble in getting to sleep when he retired. No matter how sleepy he might be during the day or how much sleep he might have lost, the moment his head touched the pillow he was wide awake and lay thus for several hours. Once asleep he was very hard to waken, but he had to be up at a certain hour, and in consequence of his peculiar affliction he was losing more sleep than he could stand. The drug clerk regarded him quizzically a few moments and then replied:

"My dear man, you don't want medicine. What you want is something to change the trend of your thoughts. Do as a friend of mine did. He was troubled the same way and found that the old folks' plan of imagining sheep passing a barrier and counting them was out of date, so he began trying to name all the states in the Union. He soon got them so he could classify them alphabetically. Then, when they no longer interested him, he started on the counties of his state. He now has them at his tongue's end, classified up to the fourth letter. Now he is starting on state capitals and their locations. Then he will take up county seats. A moment's glance at an atlas during the day shows him when he is wrong, and the beauty of the plan is that he rarely has to think along these lines longer than ten minutes before he is sound asleep. To make it short, the study of geography is a good narcotic."—Philadelphia Record.

A BOY HUNT.

Chased From Hedge to Hedge by a Big Pack of Weasels.

The following extract from an interesting book may be of interest to our friends. It is "From My Life as an Angler," by William Henderson, published in London in 1879.

"About this time, while rambling in the picturesque lane leading from Merrington to Windlestone with two other boys, an adventure occurred sufficiently startling to two little fellows from nine to ten years old. We were busily engaged in picking wild strawberries, which clustered in the hedgerows, when we saw at about a hundred yards distance a pack of at least twenty weasels running from hedge to hedge and evidently scenting out footsteps. It flashed upon us that we were being hunted. So, springing over the nearest hedge, we ran across a pasture field and, standing upon the farther bank, looked back toward our assailants. To our dismay we saw the whole pack, with noses to ground, steadily tracking our course. The word was given, 'Run, run!' and off we scampered across another field to take up our position on another hedge. Still the pursuit was going on, and the creatures were evidently gaining upon us, so with a wild shout we fled to the village, which, happily for us, was not far off. I have frequently heard of persons being attacked by weasels, but was never hunted by them on any other occasion."

The above must have occurred about 1812, the locality being the north of England.—Forest and Stream.

Shooting the Steenbuck.

Many of the poor Boers in the Transvaal, by whom all the shooting that is done is for the pot and not for sport, have perfected a system of shooting with the assistance of oxen. A steenbuck has no fear of cattle and will lie still even if they graze right up to him. The hunter gets together a few cattle and with his gun walks behind them in such a way that he cannot be seen from the front. Great care has to be exercised to drive the oxen so that they may seem to be grazing naturally. The hunter must be ready to shoot without having to alter his position. The slightest movement is noticed by the buck.

Peculiarities of Long Island.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was asked by the teacher, "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?"

The pupils tried to think, and, after awhile, a boy raised his hand.

"I know," said he.

"Well, what are they?" asked the teacher.

"Why," said the boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you see the sea and on the north side you hear the sound."

It Would Be Uncomfortable.

Angry Scot—Look here, Mr. O'Brien, I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle.—London Sketch.

"REGULAR AS THE SUN"

is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Anson claims that a certain woman living not 50 miles from that place does no washing. "She has six children and lives near a brook. Once a week she makes all the children go to the brook and wash themselves and their clothing. After the clothes are washed they put them on and stand in the sun until dry."

"EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW"

says C. G. Hays, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo., that Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the quickest and surest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of piles. I've used it and know what I'm talking about." Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co. 25 cents.

Your Wife, Mother or Sister

Can make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies better than the expert cook by using "OUR-PIE" as all the ingredients are in the package ready for immediate use. Each package, enough for two large pies, 10 cents. Order to-day from your grocer.

For Sale.

One Dirigo Silo, 12x16 feet

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. 6:30 P. M.; Church prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

Methodist Church, Rev. T. N. Rowley, 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.

Miss Edith Watkins is visiting friends in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Frank Needham of Portland is a guest at E. N. Anderson's.

Mrs. Annie Wilson spent the past week with relatives at Belgrade.

A. J. Knight of Rumford visited relatives at South Paris Wednesday.

O. E. Andrews and wife of Lovell visited at C. G. Andrews' a few days recently.

Ernest M. Swett and James Finch are spending a week at Upton, after fish and pleasure.

Miss Gertrude Cobb and Miss Leslie Brewer of Portland are guests at H. G. Fletcher's.

Miss Eva Farrar of Auburn, daughter of Walter W. Farrar, is visiting relatives at South Paris.

The Misses Burnell entertained a number of friends at tea at their home Wednesday evening.

Harry Morton and daughter Grace of Auburn spent a few days at N. D. Bolster's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Haynes of Richmond have recently visited Mr. and Mrs. George Wise for a few days.

Mrs. Theodore Thayer and Winslow C. Thayer spent Saturday and Sunday at Hill's Beach, near Biddeford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Brett have returned after stopping for a few weeks at their camp at Marshall Pond.

Miss Grace Thayer spent a few days at Higgins Beach last week, with her friend, Mrs. Newton of Kent's Hill.

Phil Bolster spent last week at the Chapman Farm on Elm Hill, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Donald Chapman.

Miss Call and Miss Doane, teachers in the Boston schools, are expected guests at I. F. Evans' for a part of their vacation.

Mr. Getchell and his niece, Miss Nettie Getchell, of Boston, are spending a few weeks of the vacation at I. F. Evans'.

Mrs. Flora E. Barry of Boston and her niece, Miss Flora Ritner Harlow of Bridgeport, Conn., are guests at Silas P. Maxim's.

Miss Susie M. Wheeler spent a few days with the family of T. S. Barnes at their cottage at Trefethen's Landing, Peak's Island, last week.

Blueberry parties have been very numerous in J. F. King's pasture the past week and many bushels of blueberries have been taken away.

The Rebekahs had a very delightful sociable after the lodge meeting Friday evening. Refreshments of ice cream and fancy crackers were served.

Mrs. Hayes and her granddaughter, little Margaret Hayes, of Auburn, have been guests of Mrs. Hayes' daughter, Mrs. Alton C. Wheeler, for a few days.

William K. Holmes, who has been attending the summer school at Harvard, is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holmes, for the remainder of the vacation.

William Culbert and family with their guests are occupying Neverease Cottage on Pennesseewassee Lake for a week. Ray and Marie Newton are with them there.

Miss Eva Ballard of Fryeburg accompanied her uncle, County Commissioner Dean A. Ballard, to South Paris when he came last week to attend the commissioners' meeting.

The meat shop in the Jackson building on Market Square, from which Elmer L. Aldrich recently moved, is being repaired, and will be occupied soon as a meat market by Theodore Thayer.

Mrs. R. L. Powers and daughter Lillian are spending Mrs. Powers' vacation at James Bumpus' in Hebron. Miss Blanche Barrows is in charge of Mrs. Powers' store at Norway during her absence.

The Four Ponds fishing party made their annual trip last week. There were in the party this year S. G. Burnell, John M. Murch, W. S. Starbird, Capt A. A. Starbird, Maj. Rollins, an army surgeon, and Leon E. Noyes.

U. G. Wheeler of Everett, Mass., and Harry M. Wheeler of this place went Saturday to Shagg Pond for a week's camping. Each of them has a camp lot on the shore of the pond, and they will probably build next season.

Co. D, First Regiment, N. G. S. M., left Thursday morning on the 9:34 train for Portland, where they are taking part in the war maneuvers under the regulations of the United States Army. Co. D is stationed at Fort Levett, on Cushing's Island. The company has its complement of fifty-three officers and men.

The first concert of the series by the Norway Band was given Thursday evening of last week instead of Wednesday, on account of engagements of some of the players. The evening was fine though cool for August, and the usual large crowd gathered and enjoyed the music to the full.

What's the use to spoil a good story? Deputy Sheriff Elliott of Rumford Falls came into town Friday afternoon in his automobile, bringing a prisoner with one leg in splints. When the sheriff left the machine for a minute or two to do an errand, the prisoner gave the bystanders who inquired of him a startling story. This was that he was fired at by some of the Italians at Smith's Crossing, and that in return he shot three of them dead! It was a good story, but it was spoiled when the fact was learned that the prisoner was arrested for a plain drunk, and that he attempted to escape from the automobile and broke a bone of his leg in doing so.

Mt. Mica Lodge of Odd Fellows observed its thirty-third anniversary on Saturday with a picnic at Penley's Grove. The day was fine, and while the attendance was not very large, all enjoyed the affair well. The day's principal feature was a ball game between Mt. Mica Lodge and Aurora Encampment. This was a close game, resulting in a score of 10 to 9 in favor of the lodge. There was no professional scorer to keep the hits and errors, but the players and the scores they made were as follows:

LODGE.

Allen, 5.
Strickland.
Wheeler.
Crockett, 1.
Marston, 1.
Marston, 1.
Tamm.
Abbott, 1.
Abbott, 1.

ENCAMPMENT.

Bean, 2.
Brown, 1.
Aldrich, 3.
Andrews, 1.
Kimball, 1.
Mason.
Hollis.
Doble.
Dean.
Lovejoy, 1.

By innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Lodge,	1	0	1	3	1	1	2	1	x—10
Encampment,	0	1	3	0	2	1	0	1	1—9

Umpire, Billy Cummings.

Pretty hot, but a good thing for the belated haying.

Miss Rehder, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a guest at Henry Fletcher's.

Ray A. Chapman, now of Milo, is with relatives here for a few days.

E. N. Haskell is spending a week of his vacation visiting at Denmark.

Even more than the usual number went off on the excursion trains Sunday.

Charles Haines of Melrose, Mass., was at J. P. Richardson's two or three days last week.

Percy M. Walker and Nathan A. Chase are spending a few days at Errol on a fishing trip.

Miss Nora Dunham visited Mrs. C. F. Barden of West Paris, Me., Saturday, Aug. 10, 1907.

Misses Mary and Martha Maxim of Cambridge, Mass., are guests of relatives at South Paris.

R. J. Everett of Poland, a former high school principal here, was at South Paris Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Morton were at Washburn Pond and Camp Concord over Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Bumpus of Medford, Mass., is visiting relatives in Paris. Mrs. Bumpus is now at R. N. Hall's.

Mrs. Wallace Ryerson started for Ottawa Friday, called there by the serious illness of her niece, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. George F. Farnum and son, G. Dana Farnum, have been spending a few days at Carl Dunham's at West Sumner.

Frank E. Kimball, H. W. Dennison and Harold T. Thayer started Monday morning to spend a week camping at Peak's Island.

Meeting of the G. A. R. Ladies Aug. 17. As this is the only meeting before the sale, Sept. 5, it is hoped there will be a large attendance.

Mrs. John W. Webber has returned from the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston, where she went for a surgical operation. She is getting along finely.

There will be a parish meeting of the Universalist Society Tuesday evening of this week, and it is earnestly asked that every person interested in the well-being of the society be present.

There is special business to come before Paris Grange at its next meeting, Aug. 17th, and a full attendance is earnestly desired.

SECRETARY PARIS GRANGE.

At a special meeting of the Ladies of the G. A. R. Aug. 10, the date of their sale for the benefit of Wm. K. Kimball Post was set for Sept. 5th. Plans and committees will be announced later.

Shirley Pulsifer of Natick, Mass., and Walter Pulsifer of Abington, Mass., a student in the medical school of Tufts College, have been visiting their grandfather, Hiram Pulsifer, for the past week.

J. Hastings Bean, Donald H. Bean, George A. Briggs, Carl S. Briggs, George Richards and Rev. A. K. Baldwin were members of a fishing party which spent a few days at North Woodstock last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Jackson and daughter Katherine of Melrose, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Richardson for two or three weeks, most of which time they will spend at Camp Owsley.

Oxford Pomona Grange holds a field day Aug. 23, at Opera House, Norway, with speakers furnished by the State Grange and readings and music by local talent. Open to the public. "Come one, come all."

Improvements are in progress at Hotel Andrews. In the office a new fireplace has been built, a new floor laid, and the entire interior of the room done over. Other repairs and improvements are being made in the house.

Mrs. Horace Starbird of Myrtle Street, while getting an armful of wood Tuesday, slipped and fell, striking her shoulder so hard a blow against the steps that some of the ligaments were torn away and she was badly lamed.

The firemen are called out for another practice drill Tuesday evening of this week. The drill is at 7 o'clock sharp, and the roll will be called at Engine Hall after the close of the drill. No answer to your name, no fifty cents.

Rev. J. W. Chesbro suspended his vacation for a sufficient length of time to return here and occupy his pulpit at the Baptist church on Sunday, and to officiate at two weddings of members of his flock Monday morning, as is reported elsewhere.

J. E. Murch and family took a carriage drive to Auburn Saturday, taking with them Mrs. N. J. Nicholson and son Norman of Jamaica Plain, Mass., who have been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Murch, for several weeks, and leaving them at her former home in Auburn. Mr. Murch and family returned Sunday afternoon.

Letters advertised in South Paris post office August 12:

Mrs. Elmela Richardson.
Mrs. Oliver Beland.
Mrs. Ida Brown.
Miss Mina Moore.
Miss Rebecca Bennett.
Miss Agnes Bicknell.
Mr. Herman Wardwell.
Mr. H. L. Bunham. (2).
Mr. Luther M. Irish.
Mr. D. G. Brown.

Heidner-Howe.

At the Baptist church Monday morning there was a quiet ceremony, when Mr. Frederick A. Heidner of Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. Effie A. Howe of South Paris were united in marriage. Rev. J. W. Chesbro, the pastor of the church, officiated, using the single ring service. Only a few family friends were present. Both bride and groom were in traveling costume.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Heidner took the 9:34 train going south for a wedding trip.

Mrs. Howe eight or nine years since purchased the millinery and fancy goods store of Mrs. J. R. Bennett and has since conducted it successfully, doing a good business. In the social life of the village she has taken an active part, being a useful member of the Baptist church, and a member of the Seneca and Fan-Tan Clubs and other organizations.

Mr. Heidner was for a number of years traveling salesman for the Paris Manufacturing Co., but a few years since becoming interested in an oil well at Sour Lake, Texas, in the course of events it became advisable for him to take charge of the well, and he is now exclusively in the oil producing business.

Both bride and groom are very popular with all who know them, and have a host of friends to wish them much happiness.

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Heidner will go to Texas, where they will spend the winter. Their summer home will be at South Paris.

Fairbanks-Crockett.

There was a quiet home wedding Monday morning at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Crockett, when their daughter, Lucelia Evangeline, was united in marriage with Leon Samuel Fairbanks of Norwell, Mass. Only family friends were present, but as the bride has numerous connections in town, the party numbered about thirty.

The decorations of the rooms were in green and white. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Chesbro of the Baptist church, the double ring service being used. Miss Ethel Crockett, sister of the bride, played the wedding march.

The bride was gowned in white batiste trimmed with val. lace over white silk, and carried a bouquet of white roses.

After the informal reception following the ceremony, refreshments were served, and later the bride and groom left for a trip of a week or two, which they will spend at Camp Concord and elsewhere.

Many handsome wedding gifts were received.

The bride is a graduate of Farmington Normal School, and since her graduation has been engaged in teaching, for the past two years in the Horace Mann School at Newtonville, Mass. She has many friends, and is held in the highest regard by all who know her. Mr. Fairbanks has an excellent position as assistant receiving teller in the Commercial National Bank in Boston. They will make their home in Newtonville, Mass.

Base Ball Tournament.

DELANO'S PITCHING COMBINED WITH GOOD SUPPORT ENABLES WEST PARIS TO WIN BOTH HER GAMES.

One more successful base ball tournament was held at the fair grounds Saturday. The day was an ideal one for base ball, and the games for the most part interesting. The last game was a fine struggle between the old rivals, West Paris and Norway; and although the latter has won the majority of games played between the two teams this season, West Paris, strengthened by the addition of Bearce and Cole, was too strong for it Saturday.

The leading feature of the day's play was the work of Delano, a young left-handed pitcher who pitched all but one-third of an inning of both games for West Paris. During the 17 2-3 innings that he pitched he struck out 22 men, held his opponents to 9 scattered hits, and allowed them only one run. This run was scored by Norway and was a gift for which Delano was in no way responsible. Such a record is one of which any pitcher might well be proud and shows Delano to be a young pitcher of whom great things may be expected in the future.

The teams were late in arriving on the field, but as soon as they arrived lots were drawn and the teams paired Norway and Bolster's Mills for the first game, and West Paris and Turner Center for the second. Umpire Record then called play and Norway and Bolster's Mills went through their game with the following result:

NORWAY 7; BOLSTER'S MILLS 3.

In the opening game which was a little late in starting Norway proved too much for Bolster's Mills and won by the above score. There was little to choose between the opposing pitchers, Rich and Chapman, but the latter's support at critical times was bad, and Norway succeeded in bunching their hits with Bolster's Mills' errors.

NORWAY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pike, s.s.	4	2	2	0	3	0
Libby, l.f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Hayes, c.f.	5	1	1	2	0	0
Rich, p.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Gammon, 1-b.	4	1	1	11	2	0
Lowell, 3-b.	3	2	1	2	1	0
Price, 3-b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Jordan, 2-b.	3	0	0	4	4	0
Anderson, r.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Perkins, c.	4	1	1	6	4	1
Totals,	35	7	8	27	15	1

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Green, s.s.	5	1	0	2	3	0
Frost, 3-b.	5	0	1	1	2	3
Bearce, c.	4	0	1	2	1	1
Skillings, 2-b.	4	0	1	4	4	0
Haskell, 1-b.	4	1	1	15	0	1
Cole, r.f.	4	0	2	1	1	0
Swan, c.f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, l.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Chapman, p.	3	2	1	1	6	0
Totals,	36	3	8	27	17	5

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Norway,	2	0	1	1	0	3	0	0	0—7
Bolster's Mills,	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0—3

Earned runs, Norway 2; Bolster's Mills 1. Two-base-hit, Bearce. Three-base-hit, Hayes. First base on balls, off Rich 1; off Chapman 1. Struck out, by Rich 7; by Chapman 2. Left on bases, Norway 6; Bolster's Mills 9. Double plays, Green to Skillings to Haskell. First base on errors, Norway 5; Bolster's Mills 1. Hit by pitched ball, by Rich 2; by Chapman 1. Umpire, Record. Scorer, Thayer.

WEST PARIS 12; TURNER 1.

The Turner team proved to be the big disappointment of the day. The team was made up of some well known players and was picked by a number to be the winner of the tournament. They started in with a rush which seemed to uphold this judgment but their spurt was short-lived. With Cole in the box for West Paris, the first Turner batter hit for two bases, a sacrifice put him on third, and an error and two singles scored one run and filled the bases with only one out. Cole was then taken out and Delano amid much applause struck out the next two batters. Delano had the Turner batters at his mercy for the remainder of the game, and the result was never in doubt.

Irish started to pitch for Turner, and after West Paris had scored six runs by good batting combined with some very loose fielding in three innings, Leavitt went in to pitch. He prevented any further scoring until the seventh inning when West Paris began to slam his shoots, and they ended up by batting in 4 runs in the last inning.

Emery led both teams at the bat with a double and two singles, Bearce was a close second with three singles; his base running was also one of the features of the game. The score:

WEST PARIS.

	A.B	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Farnum, l.f.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Bearce, 2-b., s.s.	5	3	3	1	2	1
N. Rowe, c.	4	1	1	11	2	1
Cole, p., 2-b.	5	0	1	1	2	0
R. Shaw, 1-b.	5	2	1	12	0	0
Emery, r.f.	4	2	3	0	0	0
L. Rowe, 3-b.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Billings, c.f.	5	2	1	1	0	0
Ridlon, s.s.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Delano, p.	5	1	0	0	3	0
Totals,	42	12	12	27	10	2

TURNER.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stevens, 2-b.	5	1	1	2	1	1
Beals, s.s.	3	0	1	1	3	1
Cavey, c.	4	0	0	3	2	1
Leavitt, r.f., p.	4	0	2	0	4	1
Burdin, 1-b.	4	0	2	17	1	3
Bartlett, l.f.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Glover, 3-b.	4	0	0	3	2	0
Philbrook, c.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Irish, p., r.f.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Blossom, r.f.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	34	1	6	27	15	7

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
West Paris,	1	5	0	0	0	0	1	1	4—12
Turner,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs, West Paris 2, Turner 1. Two-base-hits, Stevens, Emery. Hits, off Cole 3 in 1-3 of an inning; off Delano 3 in 8 and 2-3 innings; off Irish, 4 in 3 innings; off Leavitt 8 in 6 innings. First base on balls, off Delano 2; off Leavitt 1. Struck out, by Delano 14; by Irish 1; Leavitt 1. Left on bases, Turner 8; West Paris 6. Double play, Bearce to Shaw. First base on errors, West Paris 4; Turner 2. Hit by pitched ball, 0. Umpire, Record. Scorer, Thayer.

WEST PARIS 4; NORWAY 1.

When West Paris and Norway started the last game there were only a few changes in the make-up of the teams. Norway started with the same team, but in the fifth inning put Chapman of the Bolster's Mills team into right field in Anderson's place. On the West Paris team Bearce went in to catch and Ridlon took his place at short. West Paris started to make trouble for Norway immediately, Farnum singled, Bearce sacrificed him to second, he went to third on Billings' out, and Cole came to bat and scored him on a single into left field. Norway got the run back in the second. Rich started off with a single, Gammon put him on second by a sacrifice, Shaw allowed Lowell's hit to go through him and Rich reached third. Lowell started to steal second and Bearce threw to catch him and did so, Rich scoring.

West Paris scored a run in the fifth on L. Rowe's hit, Ridlon's sacrifice, and Pike's error. Cole started the sixth with a two-base-hit, took third on Shaw's out, and scored on Emery's out. Cole's hit, Emery was hit by the pitcher, putting Cole on second, Pike made an error on L. Rowe's ground ball, Cole scoring, Ridlon hit safely and Emery was thrown out at the plate trying to They got their last run in the eighth. Norway could do nothing after the second, getting only one man around to third and only two men to second.

WEST PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Farnum, l.f.	5	1	1	1	1	1
Bearce, c.	4	0	0	7	5	0
Billings, c.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cole, 2-b.	4	2	3	5	1	0
Shaw, 1-b.	4	0	0	10	0	1
Emery, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
N. Rowe, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. Rowe, 3-b.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Ridlon, s.s.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Delano, p.	4	0	1	2	3	0
Totals,	35	4	7	27	12	2

NORWAY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pike, s.s.	4	0	2	1	2	4
Libby, l.f.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Hayes, c.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Rich, p.	4	1	1	0	7	0
Gammon, 1-b.	3	0	2	15	1	1
Lowell, 3-b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Jordan, 2-b.	4	0	0	3	2	1
Anderson, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Chapman, r.f.	2	0	1	1	0	0
Perkins, c.	3	0	0	3	2	0
Totals,	32	1	6	27	17	6

Score by Innings.

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

Earned runs, West Paris 2. Two-base-hits, Cole, Gammon, Delano. First base on balls, 0. Struck out by Delano, 8; by Rich 4. Left on bases, West Paris 5; Norway 5. First base on errors, West Paris 5; Norway 2. Hit by pitched ball, by Rich 1; by Delano 1. Umpire, Record. Scorer, Thayer.

A Revolutionary Soldier Honored.

UNVEILING CEREMONIES AT THE GRAVE OF LIEUT. ISAAC THAYER.

An interesting and inspiring occasion was the ceremony of unveiling the headstone at the grave of Lieut. Isaac Thayer, a soldier of the Revolution, in the western part of the town of Buckfield Thursday afternoon.

Lieut. Isaac Thayer came from Braintree, Mass., to Buckfield in 1792, and settled on the farm which is now occupied by Webster Maxim, his great-grandson. Here he lived the rest of his days, and died in 1805, and was buried in a sightly spot some distance from his house but on his own farm. Like many another grave made in those hard-struggling pioneer days, his resting place has hitherto been unmarked, indeed, only a few of the older generation knew its exact location.

Credit for marking the grave, as well as for the appropriate and impressive manner in which it was done, belongs largely to Mrs. Flora E. Barry of Boston, a great-granddaughter of Isaac Thayer, and one of New England's noted singers. Some years since Mrs. Barry began the work of looking up facts regarding the Revolutionary soldier. This required much search among records in various places, and it was not until within a few months that she had secured enough to act upon. She then secured from the government a marker such as is provided for soldiers' graves, and this was duly set, and was unveiled on Thursday.

Beautiful for situation is the last resting place of the soldier. The farm is on the east slope of the ridge of which Streaked Mountain forms the southern extremity. Near the crown of a gentle slope is the grave, and standing at its head one sees to the north, east and south a magnificent panorama of that hill and valley scenery for which Maine and especially Oxford County is famed.

At this sightly spot, on a beautiful August day, were gathered an assembly of people from near and far to aid in the impressive services of the day. Although the place is several miles from any village, at least two hundred were assembled, many of them coming a number of miles to be present, and the programme of the day was well carried out. A shaded stand had been erected for the speakers, and chairs provided for those who had a part in the exercises.

Professor Maynard Maxim of Newtonville, Mass., a great-great-grandson of Isaac Thayer, was master of ceremonies, and called the assembly to order at 3 o'clock, the hour set, and the audience joined in singing America.

A prayer, earnest and appropriate, was offered by Rev. Alexander Mann, D. D., rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

The headstone was then unveiled, the flag with which it had been draped being removed by the great-grandsons, of whom seven were present. It is a plain stone, marked:

LIEUT.
ISAAC THAYER
23 MASS. MIL.
REV. WAR.

The quartette, "To Thee, O Country," was sung by Miss Flora Ritner Harlow of Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Mary Maxim of Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. Flora E. (Harlow) Barry of Boston, and Miss Martha Maxim of Cambridge. Miss Harlow is a great-great-granddaughter of Isaac Thayer, the others are great-granddaughters. All of them are well known for their natural and well-cultivated gifts in musical lines, and no one who knows them needs to be told that this and all the other musical numbers on the programme, in which they participated, were of the highest order.

The next part of the programme was to have been remarks by Hon. John D. Long, but he was unable to be present by reason of serious illness which attacked him while on his way to Maine. This fact was stated by the chairman, with an expression of hope for his speedy recovery. Governor Long had assisted Mrs. Barry materially in the preparation for this event, and much pleasure had been anticipated in hearing him. As part of his remarks he was to have read the following letter, written by Lieut. Thayer to his wife while in the service. The letter was read by Chairman Maxim:

TIVERTON June 12th 1779

Loving and Affectionate Wife. I take this opportunity to let you know my wellfare. Through the Blessings and Goodness of God I enjoy my health at present as I hope these will find you and our Dear Children. I would inform you that I have sent you two Letters before this) I have Nothing New to write to you. We are Quartered in sight of the enemy Near Rhode Island. There has been Some Talk of our going on the Island if the French Fleet comes in thats expected but I dont know that we shall. As to our Provision it is short but what we have is good. We buy milk at three & four Shillings a quart.

Our Duty is hard and will be until our Time is out. I want to hear from you but dont expect to Till I come home. I have not time to write much now. Remember my Duty to Father & Mother and my respects to Eliphalet and also to Lieut Niles & Mr Hunting & wife, and tell Father I would be glad if he would, Take good care of my things. I would not have you worry yourself to your hurt about things and tell Sarah for her father's sake to be kind to her mother and tell my Vashti Shed'c & Eunice that their Daddy will come home and see them in a little while.

I would not have you forget me in your prayers as I hope I shall remember you. Samuel Belcher Desires to be Remembered to his Parents. Braintree People are all well, so no more at present But I remain your Loving Husband until

Death,

ISAAC THAYER

"The Sword of Bunker Hill" was sung by request by Mrs. Barry, who is a member of Old South Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Boston.

Rev. Dr. Mann was then asked to speak, and responded briefly. Dr. Mann, although he did not publicly mention the fact, is a descendant of a noted figure of the Revolution, Gen. Schuyler. He commended the work of the patriotic societies in preserving the early history of our country, especially by such ceremonies as this.

Capt. Charles H. Prince of Buckfield was the next speaker. He paid a tribute to the scene which was spread out before him, and then took up consideration of the Revolutionary War. Although his remarks were somewhat as he said, "at random," yet he displayed an intimate knowledge of the events of that war, which he declared to be one of the greatest wars, in its results to the race, that the world has ever seen.

The dedication hymn, the words of which were written by Miss Martha Maxim and the music by Miss Mary Maxim, was sung by them:

'Tis holy ground whereon we tread,
Where sleepeth our illustrious dead,
With rev'rence now we shed a tear
O'er dust of him who resteth here.

Tho' marble marks this resting place,
Centuries cannot efface
The sacrifice to worthy foe,
Of heroes of the Long Ago!

The glorious birthright to our land,
We owe to this immortal band,
Through ages still shall shine their light
For Freedom, Country, Truth and Right.

To-day fond kindred gather here,
To honor one to memory dear.
With praise we lift our voices free
For lives that gave us—*Liberty!*

Charles F. Whitman, Esq., now of Norway, but a native of Buckfield and co-laborer in the preparation of its history, great-grandson of another Revolutionary soldier, next responded to the call for remarks. In the course of his stirring address he called attention to the large part which Revolutionary soldiers have taken in the history of Buckfield—a remarkable record. Over one hundred soldiers of the Revolution were among the early settlers of Buckfield. Sixty-five died in town, and the graves of many of them are unmarked and some of them even unknown. He urged that this occasion should be only the beginning of an endeavor to find and mark these graves.

A poem, written for the occasion by William Wallace Maxim, a great-grandson, was read by Mrs. Barry:

OUR HONORED DEAD.

Patriots here and men of valor,
All who wished our land to save,
We have come this day to hallow
This dear spot where sleeps the brave.

We who prize our independence,
Liberty and lasting peace,
We who from the yoke of bondage
Glory in our grand release.

Memory clings to fallen heroes,
Flitting back a hundred years.
That same flag still floats before us,
Bringing all its name endears.

In its folds we see the marches
Shades of Lexington distil,
Muskets, cannons, swords and knapsacks,
Valley Forge and Bunker Hill.

What these veterans bore and suffered
For our liberty and peace,
That we might become a nation,
We recount when struggles cease.

We, their children's children's children,
Standing on our native soil,
Sti l revere their noble bearing,
Honor still their patient toil.

Long in lonely graves they slumbered,
Till our clouded memory shone,
Now by grateful hearts they're numbered,
Willing hands with flowers have strewn.

Down the years the deeds of bravery
Floated like the ships at sea.
Sometimes bright but often misty,
Just as memory chanced to be.

Peace once more has dawned upon us,
And the smiles have followed tears.
May that peace they nobly fought for
Be our lot for many years.

The quartette, "Noble Republic," was sung by the great-granddaughters.

Alfred Cole, Esq., of Buckfield, was to have spoken at this point, but he was unable to be present by reason of illness, and a letter of regret was read from him instead. A letter of regret was also read from J. W. Penney of Mechanic Falls, who takes a deep interest in historical matters, especially things relating to the Revolution, and had been given a special invitation to be present.

A metal marker, such as is used for Revolutionary graves, and a flag, were then placed on the grave by members of Fessenden Post, G. A. R., of Buckfield, in charge of T. S. Bridgham, Esq., who spoke briefly in connection with the ceremony.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by the audience, the grave was decorated with flowers by the descendants present, and the ceremonies closed with the sounding of taps — probably the first time that this part of a soldier's funeral was ever performed over this grave, made more than a hundred years ago.

As has been already stated, most of those who participated in the exercises were descendants of Lieut. Isaac Thayer, and a number more were there. Among the direct descendants present were the following:

Granddaughter:
Mrs. Angeline T. Forbes, South Paris.

Great-granddaughters:
Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Boston.
Mrs. Mary L. Turner, South Paris.
Miss Martha Maxim, Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Mary Maxim, Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Fannie A. Forbes, South Paris.

Great grandsons:
Olban A. Maxim, Paris.
William Wallace Maxim, Paris.
Franklin Maxim, South Paris.
D. Webster Maxim, Buckfield.
William L. Harlow, Buckfield.
Fred Harlow, Buckfield.
Arthur E. Forbes, South Paris.

Great-great-granddaughters:
Miss Flora Ritner Harlow, Bridgeport, Conn.
Mary Eleanor Maxim, Buckfield.

Great-great-grandson:
Maynard Maxim, Newtonville, Mass.

Great-great-great-granddaughters:
Metalena Maxim, Newtonville, Mass.
Helen Maxim, Newtonville, Mass.

To give an accurate account of the service of Lieut. Thayer in the Revolution is difficult. He served as an officer of the Massachusetts militia, which was called out as it was required, and in considering its service, we must take account of the difference in conditions between that day and these times of quick communication and transportation and thorough organization.

Most of the information available on this point is contained in papers on file in the pension office at Washington, sent there many years after the war, in an endeavor to secure a pension for Lieut. Thayer's widow, who outlived him some time. (The pension, by the way, was not granted before her death.) These papers are somewhat fragmentary, and complete information can not be gained from them.

Isaac Thayer was commissioned (by the major part of the council of Massachusetts Bay) second lieutenant of "the third company (commanded by Eliphalet Sawin) in the fifth reg't of Militia in the county of Suffolk, whereof Ebenezer Thayer Jun. Esquire, is Colonel." The commission is dated Sept. 16, 1778, and he took the oath on the 19th of October of the same year.

It was in the spring and summer following this that his service in Tiverton was performed, during which he wrote the letter which was read at the ceremonies as given above. The document ordering this service is as follows:

BRAINTREE, May 19th, 1779.

Lieut. Isaac Thayer:

Sir. You will take the Command of the Detachment from the Regiment under my Command Detached for the purpose of Guarding the State of Rhode Island until the first Day of July Next, and march them to Tiverton in the sd. State immediately, then apply to Lieut Col. Pierce for further Orders. You will receive these Orders from your

Humb. Serv't
EBENER. THAYER junr. Col.

That the "round robin" is not entirely an invention of the past decade appears from the following document, which is interesting both for the matter which it contains and for the quaintness and formalness of its style:

TIVERTON June 29th 1779

To the Honorable Council and House of Representatives convened in the State House in Boston from

Commissioned officers being detached from the militia to do duty in Tiverton until July next.

"We beg leave to acquaint your Honor that we sincerely regret our misfortune in not being counted worthy to receive from your honors so great a reward in addition to the continental pay as the privates we had the honor to command, nor doth our misfortune end here. We have not received any consideration for Transporting our baggage to or from the place of our destination, a circumstance which we look upon as somewhat singular. We therefore pray that your honors would take our unhappy fate into your wise consideration and grant that relief which in your great wisdom may seem meet and your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray."

This petition is headed by Lieut.-Col. Pierce of Dorchester, and is signed by a number of other officers, including Lieut. Thayer of Braintree.

The record of service of Lieut. Thayer which appears among the papers in the pension office at Washington is as follows, but it is evidently incomplete:

Col Palmer's Reg't, Capt Sawin Isaac Thayer Lieut.
Name on

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of HECTOR BEAUCHESNE, Bankrupt. } *In Bankruptcy.*

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

HECTOR BEAUCHESNE, of Mexico, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 21st day of July, 1906, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays, That he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 19th day of July, A. D. 1907.

HECTOR BEAUCHESNE, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 27th day of July, A. D. 1907, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 16th day of Aug., A. D. 1907, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the Court, That the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 27th day of July, A. D. 1907.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of ALBERT COULOMBE, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

ALBERT COULOMBE, of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 13th day of October, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays, That he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 22nd day of July, A. D. 1907.

ALBERT COULOMBE, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 27th day of July, A. D. 1907, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 16th day of Aug., A. D. 1907, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the Court, That the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 27th day of July, A. D. 1907.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

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 Probate Court to be held at Rumford Falls, on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1907, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

REBECCA D. LOVEJOY, late of Andover, deceased; final account, also petition for distribution of balance remaining in his hands, presented by Edmund M. Bailey, administrator.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—Attest:

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

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

DANIEL B. KEENE, late of Sumner,

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

July 16th, 1907. JOHN H. ROBINSON.

NOTICE.

The subscribers hereby give notice that they have been duly appointed administrators with the will annexed of the estate of

OLCUTT B. POOR, late of Andover,

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

EDMUND M. BAILEY.
July 16th, 1907. ABBIE G. POOR.

NOTICE.

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

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

July 16th, 1907. FRED R. THOMPSON.
P. O. address, Conway Centre, N. H.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiates

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 griplings 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.

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.

For Service

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

A. K. JACKSON,
South Paris, Me.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DAILY NEWS-PAPER.

The New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune

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

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

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

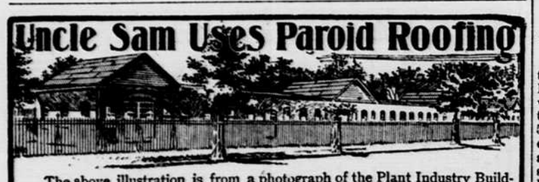
The regular price of **THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE** is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, **The Oxford Democrat,**

Both Papers One Year for $2.25.

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

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

Uncle Sam Uses Paroid Roofing



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

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

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

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

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

PIANOS.

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

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

The Puzzler

No. 194.—Charade.

We had pitched our SECOND on the banks of the "wandering FIRST" and had gathered oranges, which we THIRD luxuriously, when word came that the WHOLE of the country demanded our presence.

No. 195.—Hidden Wild Flowers.

What two wild flowers do the pictures suggest?—New England Homestead.

No. 196.—Novel Word Square.

Across: 1. An army officer. 2. A black wood. 3. A title of respect used in India. 4. Pertaining to the ancient Carthaginians.

Centrals, downward, a cruel king of England.

No. 197.—Missing Rhymes.

"Summer," said the humming —,
"Summer is the time for —.
Richest fields of luscious —
Honey cups all brimming —
Not a cloud the long day —,
I like summer best—don't —?

No. 198.—Riddle.

I am dull and sometimes shiny;
I am large and very tiny;
I am hard and likewise soft,
And you may throw me high aloft.
To some I bring much gladness;
Prefixed by black, much sadness.
I am where there's music and mirth,
And I am like this beautiful earth.

No. 199.—Subtracted Towns.

(Remaining letters may be transposed.)

1. From a town in Texas take one and leave noises.
2. From a town in New York take one and leave a girl's name.
3. From a town in Pennsylvania take one and leave rested.
4. From a town in New Jersey take one and leave a fragment of cloth.
5. From a town in Pennsylvania take one and leave a child's toy.
6. From a town in New York take one and leave a state's abbreviation.

No. 200.—Triple Beheadings.

1. Triply behead a favorite pursuit or topic and leave a preposition. 2. Triply behead a fabric made from the wool of the Angora goat and leave atmosphere. 3. Triply behead made of clay and leave at that time. 4. Triply behead luck and leave an air. 5. Triply behead to snap with the finger and leave part of the face. 6. Triply behead a horned animal and leave to run away.

No. 201.—Queer Islands.

1. Islands that are fond of amusement.
2. Islands that are dark colored.
3. Islands that are a kind of wine.
4. An island that is above all others.
5. An island that is a large dog.
6. An island that is a woman's vineyard.
7. An island that is a crop and to fasten.
8. Islands that are a feminine name.
9. An island that is not short.

A Large Cavity.

Martha—The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling.

Ethel—Did he recommend any special course of study?—Cincinnati Tribune.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 186.—Simple Arithmetic: 1. Water plus (f)loo(d). Waterloo. 2. G(e)ar plus field, Garfield. 3. Mont plus real, Montreal. 4. Amaz(e) plus on, Amazon.

No. 187.—Riddle: Lute, loot.

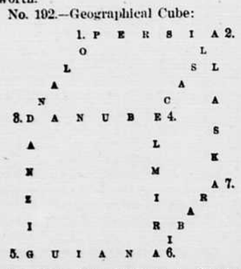
No. 188.—Mythological Diagonal: Menelaus. 1. Mausolus. 2. Meleager. 3. Cynthius. 4. Alcestis. 5. Penelope. 6. Garthelo. 7. Adrastus. 8. Anchises.

No. 189.—Enigma: Altogether.

No. 190.—Charade—Cat-a-comb.

No. 191.—A Famous Novel: "Kenilworth."

No. 192.—Geographical Cube:



No. 193.—Decapitations: 1. G-listen. 2. G-ate. 3. S-pike.

Only a little cold in the head may be the beginning of an obstinate case of Nasal Catarrh. Drive out the invader with Ely's Cream Balm applied straight to the stuffed up air passages. Price 50 cents. If you prefer to use an atomizer, ask for Liquid Cream Balm. It has all the good qualities of the remedy in solid form and will rid you of catarrh or hay fever. No cocaine to breed a dreadful habit. No mercury to dry out the secretion. Price 75 cents, with spraying tube. All druggists, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Breaking it Gently.

A southern lawyer tells of a suit for damages to the property of a Georgia man brought against a railway operating in that state. The case was lost in the Superior Court, but the injured party insisted upon carrying it to the Supreme Court, where he represented his own cause. He began his argument in a somewhat whimsical fashion by saying: "May it please the Court, there is an old French adage which declares that 'a man who is his own lawyer, hath a fool for a client.'"

The next month the Supreme Court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the Georgian. He was in Atlanta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by means of a telegram sent him by a prominent Judge who was an intimate friend.

The telegram read as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French adage affirmed by Supreme Court."—Harper's Weekly.

"Did I tell you the story of the old church bell?"

"No. Let's hear it."

"Sorry, but it can be tolled only on Sunday."

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Tested Recipes of a Few of South Paris' Famous Cooks.

CREAM TARTAR BISCUIT.

1 quart of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, 1 of soda; rub in a piece of butter. Roll out, cut with biscuit cutter and bake.

GRAHAM ROLLS.

1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup sour milk, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 1 of cream or butter, 1 teaspoonful of soda. Mix a little thinner than fritters with graham flour.

CAMP OWSLEY HURRAH.

1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 cups of flour, 3-4 cup of meal, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 of soda, a pinch of salt.

DOUGHNUTS.

1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of cream tartar, 1 tablespoonful sour cream, flour to roll.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.

1 cup of molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, pinch of ginger and salt.

BLUEBERRY CAKE.

1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup sweet milk, 1 egg, butter size of an egg, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar, 1 coffee cup of blueberries put in just before putting into the tin; mix quite stiff with flour.

GINGERBREAD.

1-2 cup sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup butter, 1-2 cup sweet milk, 2 cups of flour, 1 egg, 1 scant teaspoonful of soda and spices.

GINGER SNAPS.

Boil 1 cup of molasses, 1 of sugar and 1 of butter together and let it cool a little, then add 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 of ginger and 1-2 cup of hot water; mix hard with flour.

HERMITS.

3 eggs, 1 1-2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoonful cloves, 1-2 teaspoonful nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful soda; mix soft.

TOMATO SOUP.

1 can of tomatoes, 1 quart of milk, butter size of egg, pepper and salt, 1-2 teaspoon of soda. Put tomatoes on to stew in one dish, and milk in another; to the tomato add the soda, and rub through a strainer. Add butter, pepper and salt, then the hot milk. Serve at once.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.

Peel and slice a pint of potatoes as for frying. Butter an earthen dish, put in a layer of potatoes, then a layer of cracker crumbs, a bit of chopped onion, a small piece of butter, a little pepper and salt, until all is used. Pour over a cup of milk and bake one hour.

SALAD DRESSING.

3-4 cup vinegar, 1 even teaspoon mustard, 2 heaping tablespoons sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, a dash of cayenne pepper, a pinch of salt, a pinch of black pepper, 3 eggs. Put the vinegar in a double boiler, and when hot stir in the other ingredients which have been well beaten together. Stir constantly until it thickens.

POTATO SALAD.

Cut up the potatoes and warm them up in a little butter and milk and cool. When cold mix with little cream if you have it, then pour over the following dressing: 1 cup of vinegar, butter size of walnut, 2 tablespoons of sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard (scant); boil and pour over the beaten yolks of 3 eggs, then add the beaten whites; a little salt and pepper may be used if desired.

DELICIOUS SALAD.

Slice and mix in a bowl 4 oranges and 4 bananas. Put the juice of 2 oranges, 1-2 cup of sugar and white of an egg over the fire; heat to a boiling point, then simmer five minutes; strain through a muslin over the sliced fruit, mix well, add 1-2 cup pineapple juice, and mix again; set on ice to chill.

RASPBERRY SHRUB.

Cover the berries with vinegar the night before, then strain through a cloth in the morning. Take 1 quart of juice to 1 pound of sugar and boil 20 minutes, then bottle.

CANNING GOOSEBERRIES.

Cover with cold water, let come to a boil, then put in as much sugar as you have berries.

MUSTARD PICKLE.

2 quarts green tomatoes, 2 quarts of onions, 2 quarts of cucumbers, 1 quart green peppers, 2 heads cauliflower, chop and salt and let stand over night. Drain and cover with vinegar, and scald, and stand over night again; add 1-4 pound of mustard, 1 cup flour, 2 cups sugar, mix well and pour on 2 quarts boiling vinegar, 1 large tablespoonful of turmeric powder.

SPANISH CREAM.

4 eggs, 1 quart of milk, 1-2 box Cox's gelatine, large 1-2 cup sugar, flavoring to suit, salt to taste. Prepare as follows: Soak the gelatine in milk one hour in a cool place, put on to heat, stirring constantly until dissolved, then add the yolks of eggs beaten with sugar and salt. Let boil up just once and then add whites beaten stiff and flavor and pour into mold.

RICE PUDDING.

1 cup of cold boiled rice, 2-3 cup of sugar, 1-2 pound of dates chopped fine, 1 quart of sweet milk. Bake in a moderate oven 3 hours, and stir every half hour.

LEMON RICE PUDDING.

1 cup boiled rice, 1 pint of milk, grated rind of one lemon, butter size of an egg, yolks of 3 eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar; bake twenty minutes.

FROSTING—The whites of the three eggs, 1-2 pound of sugar, and juice of the lemon, add just after taking from the oven. Brown lightly.

APPLE SNOW PUDDING.

Bake 6 apples; when done remove the core and skin, add sugar, and whites of two eggs; beat together for an hour.

SAUCE—Yolks of 2 eggs, 2-3 cup of sugar, 1-3 cup of flour; pour over this 1 pint of boiling milk. To be eaten when cold.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

4 tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night, 1 pint scalded milk, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, salt and vanilla.

LEMON SHERBET.

1-2 measuring cup lemon juice, 2 measuring cups sugar, 1 quart of milk. Put sugar and lemon in freezer, then add milk; to make it very nice add 1-2 cup cream.

BIRD HAYNES' CAKE.

2 eggs, 1 1-2 cups of sugar, 1-2 cup of butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 3 cups of flour, spice to taste.

CARAMEL CAKE.

1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1-2 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, 2 scant cups flour; bake in pie tins.

FILLING AND FROSTING—2 scant cups of sugar, 2-3 cup of milk, butter size of an egg; boil together ten minutes, when done add vanilla, beat until cold, fill and frost.

PLAIN CAKE.

1 egg, 1 cup of sugar, 2-3 cup of milk, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1-2 of soda, butter size of an egg.

DELICIOUS CAKE.

2 cups of white sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of milk, 3 eggs, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar, 3 cups of flour. Beat butter and sugar together, add the yolks of eggs, then the beaten whites; dissolve the soda in the milk, rub cream tartar in the flour and add last.

SOUR CREAM CAKE.

1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, raisins and spices, 2 cups flour.

Wise Fellow.

The girl was fixed in her determination and her eyes were hard and cold. The man stood before her, broken like a reed in the wind. He may have been broken in other respects, for he had been with her to the races that afternoon, but it has no bearing on this chronicle.

"So, Miss Tyndall," he was saying, "you persist in breaking our engagement?"

"I do," she nodded with adamantine firmness.

"And you will not marry me?"

"Never."

"No matter what I do?"

"What matters it to me?"

"Not if I plunge into the flowing bowl?"

"No."

"Not if I gamble away my patrimony?"

"No."

"Not if I waste my substance in riotous living?"

"No."

"Not if I—if I"—he hesitated—"not if I take my own life?"

"No, no," she insisted.

He saw how futile were all his pleadings. His eyes stiffened and his face grew hard. Her cruelty was reacting upon him.

"Very well," he said, turning away; "it is now up to me to marry Kitty Gray."

"What!" she exclaimed, taking a step forward.

"I said it was up to me to marry Kitty Gray."

"You wouldn't marry that girl, would you?"

"Why not? She's as good as anybody, isn't she?"

"No, she isn't."

"I guess yes, she is."

"But I know better. Why, she is—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Tyndall," he interrupted almost fiercely; "but I cannot permit anyone to traduce Miss Gray in my presence."

"I'm not traducing her. I'm only telling the truth. She is red-headed and"—

"I like red hair," he broke in tenderly.

"Well, you won't like it on Kitty Gray. She has a temper that"—

"I beg your pardon."

"You needn't to. I'm going to say what I want to about that girl."

"And I won't listen to it."

"Ah, is Mr. Barton so much in love with Miss Gray?"

"That is my affair."

"How many other affairs have you, pray?"

"That is my affair, also."

"And you ask me to marry you?" she almost sobbed.

"Yes, I do; and have and will," he almost howled in joyous hope.

"Have you asked Kitty Gray, too?"

"Not yet."

"Then you shan't if I can help it. I will make any sacrifice to thwart that girl."

"Dear Charlotte!"

"O, Harry!"

(Seven minutes later.)

"Do you really care for Kitty Gray, Harry?"

"Of course not; she ran away yesterday and married Tom Perkins."

"Tom Perkins? My old sweetheart. Poor Tom!"—Judge.

Worm Eating.

THIS IS ONE OF THE TRADES CLASSED AS "DANGEROUS."

(The Tatler.)

Time was when it was difficult to obtain an oak escritoire or a set of twelve solid dining room chairs for anything less than $50. But nous avons change tout cela, as they say in Brittany. Nowadays, thanks to the indefatigable labors of the wormeater, we can purchase furniture of almost any age, in almost any condition of senile decay, for a modest sum. The wormeater is indeed a public benefactor, one who does good by stealth and would blush to find it fame if he had not long ago renounced the gentle art of blushing.

He is usually an elderly man with a slight limp, is the wormeater. In early youth he was apprenticed to a jobbing house carpenter, but by sheer ability, by pluck, grit, perseverance and the exercise of those qualities of body and mind which men call genius he has risen above his station and the sphere in which he was born and now occupies a position in the professional world as far above that of his original employer as Portland place is above Pimlico. He is not, however, unduly uplifted by success. He does not desert his old master. Nay more, upon his talents do the finances of his employer largely depend. Vainly may the carpenter piece together fragments of deal into the shape of a bureau; vainly may he turn empty wooden biscuit boxes into cabinets. The public will not look at his wares until the master hand of the wormeater has been laid upon these trumpery modern fabrics with a mellowing touch that is only comparable to that of Father Time.

Wresting the common deal armchair from the clutch of the carpenter, our hero proceeds to paint it all over with a solution of beer and boot-blacking until it presents the appearance of extreme age. He then takes a diminutive gimlet from his pocket and makes a number of minute holes in the legs and back of the chair until even an expert would think that a worm had been making its nightly nest for centuries in the wood from which this article of furniture is manufactured. (The worm is Nature's lathe; he turns things while you wait: Hence the old saying to the effect that the worm will turn. You cannot prevent him.)

The chair is now ready to be displayed in the window of "Ye Olde Antique Second-Hande Furniture Shoppe," where it will be labelled "A Bargain. Only $185. Supposed to have been one of the Duke of Buckingham's family seats," and will eventually be bought by a wealthy American millionaire who wishes to furnish his home in Mogsville, Va., in a style three centuries anterior to the discovery of his continent. You may wonder perhaps why I have included the profession of the wormeater in this series of "Dangerous Trades." The danger with which the wormeater is invariably faced is that at any moment he may be found out and sentenced to six months' hard labor for intent to defraud. Truly 'tis a hard life and worthy of all your sympathies.

Order.

The chairlady rapped sharply.

"It ought not to be necessary for the chair to remind members," she said severely, "that under our rules of order, to say nothing of common courtesy, only one member may be silent at a time. Any member who becomes silent at the same time that another member is silent is distinctly out of order."

The ladies of the club visibly cringed under this merited rebuke. Many of them flushed to the roots of their hair, and several there were who burst into tears.

Attorney General Moody was discussing certain flaws in the criminal code, and certain remedies that had been suggested.

"These remedies," he said, "are not logical; they would not be effective if enforced.

"They are singularly like the remedy that a chophouse waiter once indicated to an impatient guest.

"The guest had ordered a chop, and when it was brought in to him he said with a disgusted air:

"'Waiter, my plate is quite cold.'

The waiter smiled encouragingly.

"Yes, sir," he said, "but the chop is hot, sir, which, I think, you'll find will soon warm up the plate nicely, sir.'"

Where He Came From.

Eddie Foy, who is being featured in "The Earl and the Girl," has no patience with men ashamed of their race or nativity, says an exchange. "Are you Irish?" he asked one day of a well-known player, whose name was the question's best answer.

"No," replied that gentleman, "I came originally from Washington." Then he added, "Are you Irish?"

"I should say not!" responded Mr. Foy, with mock indignation, "I came originally from heaven."

Landlord—Sir, the other tenants will not stay in the flat if you insist on playing the cornet.

Mr. Toots—I'm glad of that. They were very annoying.

COURT CARDS AND CUPID.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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"Jack o' Spades," Culbert called him that first morning he had gone to work in the Buckley building. Protests to the effect that his name was John Symonds were of no avail. His name was Jack, and he was as black as the ace of spades, so the name clung.

At first he was angry, but one could not remain angry long with Kingsland Culbert, and in the end Jack wound up by paying him a hero worship that at times threatened to cost the man his position; for with Culbert in the elevator it ran express to the next to the top floor, no matter what the other passengers might threaten.

But Jack had gained the position through having saved Buckley's little girl from a runaway accident, and he merely smiled tolerantly at the complaints and suggested that perhaps the elevator had become unmanageable.

Until Edith McQueen came, Culbert had reigned alone, but after that he was relegated to second place, the only instance wherein, according to Ben Hodgman, the queen outranked both king and jack in the pack.

Miss McQueen was employed by Hodgman & Pettit, whose office was on the third floor, and it was Culbert's habit to drop off at their offices on his way out to lunch and pick up the girl. He had obtained the position for her, and it was understood that they were engaged, though no golden band announced that fact.

Then there came the day when Jack noticed that Miss McQueen had been crying when she came in. Culbert did not arrive until late and his face was drawn and very white. He did not even smile when he nodded to Jack. When he went out to lunch, he stayed twice as long as usual, and when he did return it seemed to Jack that he had had more than the one cocktail he usually allowed himself.

Miss McQueen did not go out to lunch at all, and when her employers had ridden down to lunch together, Jack slipped into the office to ask if he could bring her in something. There he found her with her head upon her arms. Her eyes glistened with tears as she raised her face at the sound of his entrance.

"Don't you want a cup o' tea, Miss Queenie?" he pleaded. "It's sho' good for the headache."

She shook her head with a wan little smile and Jack slipped out again. That night the car passed Culbert's floor twice before it stopped for him. A king had been deposed.

But he was reinstated again because of his evident suffering. After that first day he did not repeat the cocktail episode; indeed, he seemed oblivious to lunch time and never by any chance used the elevator when Miss McQueen might happen to be going out or in.

Jack pondered the situation, but there was only one conclusion possible in his limited experience. There had been a quarrel and both were too proud to speak first.

It grieved him because they were good friends of his, these two, and their quarrel hurt him as much as it seemed to hurt them. More than once he was tempted to speak to one or the other and tell how the other suffered, but a certain delicacy held him back, and he could only miserably wait the turn of events.

Then came Jack's scare. It was a dull afternoon, and he let the elevator drop slowly down. At the ground floor he threw open the door to look up at a huge policeman; not Charlie, who had the beat and who sometimes came in to get warm, but another man, a stranger.

Though he had never had direct dealings with the police, Jack was afraid of them. To him they were not guardians of the peace. They were men who arrested people. When the big man demanded to know which office Miss McQueen was in, refreshing his memory as to the name from a formidable looking document, Jack's heart sank.

"I want to see her about a stolen watch," he added, and Jack's misery was complete. The little chatelaine she had worn had been replaced lately by a more elaborate affair of gold with a long chain. It must be this one that was wanted.

There was only one thing to be done. Hadn't Mr. Culbert got the janitor out of jail that time he had trouble with his wife? Jack ran the car up to the sixth floor and with a vague "To the left" shut the door and dropped down to the third.

He burst in upon Miss McQueen with a face gray with horror and excitement. She rose uncertainly at his call and came into the hall.

He fairly dragged her into the car and shot up to the top floor. Through the lattice guard he could see the officer descending the stairs. Some one had told him where the girl worked, and he was going after her.

Panting with fear, he stopped at the seventh floor and pushed Miss McQueen into Culbert's office, closing and locking the door after him. Culbert looked up wearily from the desk.

"What's the matter, Jack?" he demanded, with a formal bow to the girl.

"Dar's a policeman after her," he explained. "She done stole a watch, and he's after her."

"What are you talking about?" Culbert cried. "Miss McQueen a thief. Impossible."

"He done say he want to see her about a watch that was stole," insisted Jack. "Ah done hear him."

"A policeman wishes to see me?" asked the girl. "About a watch?" Jack nodded. "I think I can explain," she went on, turning to Culbert. "When—when it happened I stopped wearing your watch and used mother's. I left yours on the bureau, and when I came home it was gone. I made a complaint to the police, and I suppose they have caught the thief and wish me to identify my property."

"But what have I to do with it?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "Jack just came after me, his face livid with fear. I supposed that something terrible had happened, that perhaps"—

"I was in trouble," Culbert suggested, supplying the break. "I have been tempted to, but it seemed cowardly to kill myself. What I cannot understand is Jack's chain of reasoning."

"Ain't lawyers for to keep people frum goin' to jail?" the boy demanded. "And ain't you the bes' lawyer?"

"You cannot expect me to answer 'no' to that," laughed Culbert.

"Dat's it," explained Jack. "I brung her up here to save her."

The two threw back their heads and laughed, and in that laugh the misunderstandings were forgotten. Culbert tucked her under his arm in the old familiar way and unlocked the door.

"I guess I'll go down with you and see the officer," he said. "It looks important to have your attorney."

He threw open the door, and Jack slipped out. There was a soft but significant sound that brought a grin to Jack's face, and then the two followed him into the car.

The big policeman grinned at Jack in most friendly fashion when the interview concluded, and he stamped into the car. On the up trip Culbert slipped a bill into his hand.

"There's a piece of wedding cake goes with this," he said, "but that comes a little later. This is a time, my boy, when the Jack of Spades captured the Queen of Hearts and the King of Idiots."

"Yessir," assented Jack, wondering what it all meant. He knew about the wedding cakes and ten dollar bills. The rest was Greek, but satisfactory because his king and queen were pleased.

ARITHMETIC 1700 B. C.

Sums Over Which Egyptian Children Puzzled Their Brains.

Probably the oldest copy book for home lessons in arithmetic was unearthed in Egypt. The papyrus, which was found in excellent condition, dates from the period about 1700 B. C.—that is, about 100 years before the time of Moses, or almost 3,600 years ago. It proves that the Egyptians had a thorough knowledge of elementary mathematics almost to the extent of our own. The papyrus has a long heading, "Direction how to attain the knowledge of all dark things," etc. Numerous examples show that their principal operations with entire units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtractions and divisions were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Among the examples given is this one: Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person receives one-eighth of a measure less than the one before him. Another example given is: There are seven men; each one has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley. Each grain of barley would, if cultivated, have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost in that way? The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of a circle and its transformation into a square and finally calculations of the cubic measurements of pyramids.

SHORT INTERVIEW.

A Woman Reporter's Visit to Robert Louis Stevenson.

A number of years ago a somewhat sensational journalist was making a flying trip around the world for her newspaper. She stopped in San Francisco. Among other assignments for her brief stay there was a visit to Robert Louis Stevenson, who was then living in that city.

Calling at his home, she was told that he was too ill to see any one that day. She wrote him an appealing little note on the back of her card, explaining that her schedule would not permit her to remain over to see him later and that as an interview with him was one of the chief objects of breaking her journey in California she begged for at least two minutes' conversation.

Permission was granted for her to ascend to his room, and when she saw him propped up in bed with pillows, looking pitifully white and frail, she was much shocked and regretted her persistence. For once her usual assurance deserted her, and she stood silent and shy before the writer.

Stevenson, too, seemed at a loss, and after a moment or two of embarrassed silence, during which his hands were fumbling beneath the counterpane, he drew forth an unfinished woolen stocking, and, beginning feverishly to push the ste