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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Notes and Remarks.

(Bulletin of Maine Department of Agriculture.)

CROP AVERAGE FOR OXFORD COUNTY.

Amount of hay crop, 89 per cent. Condition of grain, 88 per cent. Oats have not rusted to any extent. Condition of the apple crop, 90 per cent. Several factories manufacturing barrels for apple packing are reported. Fourteen per cent of the potatoes have been sprayed. Average number of applications of Bordeaux mixture, three. No rust is reported, on potatoes where the mixture has not been applied. No potato storage houses have been built, as far as known. Condition of the sweet corn crop, 79 per cent.

GENERAL AVERAGE FOR THE STATE.

Amount of the hay crop, as compared with an average year, 97 per cent. Condition of grain, 93 per cent. Oats have not been materially injured by rust in most parts of the state. Condition of the apple crop, 73 per cent. The majority of counties report some factories which are manufacturing barrels for apple packing. Proportion of the potatoes that have been sprayed, 44 per cent. Average number of applications of Bordeaux mixture, four. As a rule, up to the first of September potatoes had not rusted badly where Bordeaux mixture had not been applied. But very few houses for storing potatoes on the farm have been built except in Aroostook County, where they are quite numerous. Condition of the sweet corn crop, as compared with average, 82 per cent.

REMARKS OF CORRESPONDENTS.

AUBURN—There will be a very large apple crop if the weather is favorable for them to grow. Sweet corn is about two weeks late but is looking fine. Grain is very good, and potatoes of fine quality, but not a very large yield. Grasshoppers are very plenty and doing much damage to late crops.
R. D. LEAVITT.

NOTE—Experiments at various experiment stations have shown that 200 bushels of potatoes would remove from the soil 37 pounds of nitrogen, 16 pounds of phosphoric acid and 58 pounds of potash. We are of the opinion that potato culture can be carried on, in a three years' rotation of crops, and the fertility of the soil not be reduced. There must be returned to the soil as much plant food as it takes to produce the crop of potatoes. If this is done, using the above amounts for a guide, and the soil is thoroughly cultivated, we think it will not be impoverished. "Cultivation is fertilization." We fully agree with our correspondent from Albion who says that instead of sapping the ground, potatoes, when intelligently cultivated and a judicious rotation is practiced, are really soil renovators.—*Commissioner.*

ALBION—That the potato crop is as promising, for a cash crop, as anything which the majority of farmers can cultivate, seems to be generally admitted. It is also apparent to those who have become most interested in their cultivation that the limit of possibilities regarding yield per acre, etc., is far from being reached, and that instead of sapping the ground they are, when intelligently cultivated and a judicious rotation is practiced, really soil renovators.

In preparing the ground for potatoes the process should be commenced in the fall by breaking up whatever area is to be planted, being sure that this work is thoroughly done, to a depth of not less than six inches; and a light coat of barnyard manure may be plowed in to good advantage, which will lessen the phosphate bill. If no manure is used, fourteen to sixteen hundred pounds of Bradley's Special Potato Fertilizer or some other brand equally as good should be used at the time of planting, thoroughly pulverizing the ground before seeding. Keep the potatoes free from weeds while growing, spray three times, and a paying crop will result.
OTIS MEADER.

FRYEBURG—Potatoes will thrive on a great variety of soils, although they do better and are of a better quality when grown on a light clay loam. Potato ground should be well plowed, either in spring or fall as the experience and convenience of the grower may suggest. The land should be put in fine condition with disk and spring-tooth harrows, the potatoes planted from thirty inches to three feet apart in the rows, and from eleven to eighteen inches between the hills, according to the soil and varieties planted. In cultivation they should be slightly ridged to favor digging, and the cultivator should be run often enough to keep the ground free from weeds and to preserve a soil mulch. Barn manure, plowed in, together with liberal applications of high grade commercial fertilizers, pays well in the larger returns. Spraying for bugs and blight often enough to keep the new leaves covered is a necessity everywhere.
B. WALKER MCKEEN.

PORTER—I prefer sandy loam for potatoes. Plow late in the fall, spread on a good coat of dressing and let it stand until spring. Then harrow thoroughly with a disk harrow, furrow out and drop the seed fifteen inches apart, using plenty of phosphate. I use a 60-tooth leveling harrow to cover and continue to use the harrow every day or so until the potatoes are three inches high. Then use a cultivator with long wings two or three times and the job is complete without the use of a hoe. For bugs I use Bug Death, a little Paris green, and plenty of air-slaked lime, and it will not injure the tops, but will destroy the bugs. At harvest I dig when the tops are dead, dry well, pick in bushel crates and stack them in the cellar, sprinkling with lime, and I have no trouble with rot.
F. L. MASON.

PARIS—The dry weather is hurting the apples and corn. The pastures are very poor. For potatoes, we take the lightest soil we have, plow in the fall, spread on a good coat of manure and give the piece a good harrowing. In the spring harrow as early as we can and plant as soon as the ground is warm. We cultivate as soon as we can see the rows, keep the weeds out and spray with Paris green.
H. D. HAMMOND.

CANTON—Spraying is a new thing in this vicinity except with myself. I make six or seven applications and have not had rotten potatoes for four years.
ARTHUR B. BRIGGS.

ORONO—I like a light loamy soil for potatoes. Break it as soon as the grass is off, spread on a medium coat of manure and harrow it in well. Give it two or three good harrowings before the ground freezes for the winter. In the spring after the land is dry enough to work well, harrow again and plant, using twelve to fourteen bushels of seed to the acre, with some 1,500 pounds potato fertilizer in the hill. Then just as the potatoes are breaking through the ground put on the horse hoe and cover the rows some two or three inches deep. In a few days take the weeder and go over the piece lengthwise the rows. Give the ground a good scratching, as it tends to kill the young weeds just starting out of the ground. Use the weeder several times before the potatoes are four or five inches high. I like to give them a good dusting of plaster with Paris green just as soon as I can follow the rows. It kills the beetles and we have less bugs to contend with. Later, spray with Bordeaux mixture two or three times. I use the horse hoe to hoe them as soon as the tops are large enough so I can throw the dirt well around them and not break them down. I like a digger where the land is free from rocks so I can use one.
O. T. GOODRIDGE.

Judging a Horse by His Head.

According to a New York paper, James R. Keene, the famous New York breeder of thoroughbreds, and Hashem Bey, sheik of the Anazeh Bedouins in Arabia, hold the same identical theory regarding the selection of a horse. Homer Davenport, the New York cartoonist, who went to Arabia last year and secured a number of Arabian stallions and mares from the desert, said recently, while in conversation with Mr. Keene that Hashem Bey asked if he knew whether the few government buyers of horses from India and other eastern countries, whom he had seen, were good horsemen, stating further that they invariably looked at a horse's feet and legs instead of his head. "I ask," said Hashem Bey, "because if I am going to trust my life and purse with you I won't look long at your feet, but will spend half an hour looking at your head, for what your body will do your head will tell. When I mount a horse's back my life is in his keeping. No horse will ever surpass what his head indicates, and he will always do what his head denotes. If his head is ill-shaped the horse is not well-made. If in his features you see noble lines the horse will have a noble character that you can trust to bear you safely out of danger, and who, if your family is starving, can go and catch the gazelle." Mr. Davenport said that the great sheik was very interesting on the point, and he went further to prove his theory, saying: "Yesterday when you were looking over the mares of our tribe those you chose as having fine heads were in every instance the distinguished war-mares, the ones fleet of foot and of perfect manners." As Davenport finished, Mr. Keene stopped, and with a quizzical expression asked if that was really told by the great sheik. When he told him it was, he walked a few paces more, and, turned and said: "I want to tell you something. When I go to my farm in Kentucky, after the colts are weaned, I look over their heads, and from eighty colts I pick sixty by the general appearance of their heads. The next visit, when the colts are yearlings, I go over the sixty, and by their heads choose forty. Six months later I finally decide on twenty, and they are the ones I turn over to Mr. Rowe to be trained for racing purposes. Keene said that last season he sold about $40,000 worth of young horses. "And," he added, "my judgment of them has always been by their heads. Of course, I take it for granted that their bodies are sound." This statement coming from the foremost turfman of America is worthy of notice. That Mr. Keene's theory is the correct one the history of horses that have borne his famous white and blue colors to so many victories proves. During Mr. Keene's connection with the turf, which extends over many years, there is hardly an important event that horses owned by him have not won. They have been victorious in Metropolitan Handicaps, Brooklyn Handicaps, Brighton Handicaps, Futurities, Saratoga Specials, Great Republics, Realizations, and all other events that go to make up the history of the American turf."—Raymond in "Horse World."

Make the Children Partners.

One of the best ways to keep the children on the farm is to give them the feeling that they have a partnership in the business. The little man as well as the baby daughter may be given a brood of chickens, a lamb or calf for their very own and taught to care for it; and when anything belonging to a child in this manner is disposed of the proceeds should be given to the child—half to be put in the bank and half for the little one's pocketbook, to be kept till he wishes to spend it. If necessary, a child may use this money for clothes or some article for his personal use. The parents may make suggestions and help when it comes to making the purchase but the child should be allowed to make his own decision as to what he will get and helped to carry it out. This will teach self-reliance and help to form the habit of saving something, also to spend prudently. It is a sad fact that many farmers' children in the past have worked until well on in their teens without a cent of money to do as they chose with, the father supplying their needs. They got the impression that there was no money in farming and no wonder city life seemed alluring. The abandoned farms we see everywhere are the result of the children of by-gone days seeing only the seamy side of farm life with its hardships and toil lasting from early morning till late at night, without sufficient recreation and pleasure to counteract its effect. I believe in giving a certain field or tract of land on the farm to the boy—not merely by word but by a legal deed—while he is still young and encouraging and helping him to plant only a small piece of it if he is toc young to do much; then as he grows older he can work the land more with larger profits. To the ordinary boy this would awaken an interest in farming and help to keep him there. This might cost the father something when time, money and use of the land is considered but after all it is more than likely to be a paying investment in the end as to most farmers it is worth much to have their sons near them in their old age. Encourage the young people to have a good time in their own homes and neighborhood. It is their right to enjoy life while they are young and free from care.—Judith Huckins in New England Farmer.

Interest the Boy.

We are living in a new century. Old things have passed away; old methods have become obsolete, and all things have become new. Mind now, as never before, governs matter. The idea that anything is good enough for the farm won't do in these times. If we are to succeed on the farm, we must wake up; adopt new and better methods; use more brains. Among other things provide the boy with a workshop and plenty of good tools. Don't put him off with a bucksaw and sawbuck. Boys don't usually take well to that tool. Teach him how to keep the tools in order, and encourage him to use them. This will while away many an hour, develop his ingenuity and inventive faculties, and make him self-reliant on the farm. Don't laugh at his crudeness or ridicule his mistakes. Try to feel as if a boy still, only act as an older brother, to counsel with and encourage him in well-doing.

As soon as old enough to spend money he will be old enough to have money of his own. He should be taught that money simply represents the value of labor; that labor is a necessity, and not a curse; that the busy man is the contented and happy man, and that idleness is a curse.—J. S. Woodward, before the New York Horticultural Society.

Blind treatment of balky horses only makes them vicious and more stubborn. Treat a balky horse as you would a stubborn child—try to draw his attention to something else. In the United States army the forefoot of a balky horse is held up for three minutes, at the end of which time the horse has generally forgotten that he was balky in wondering why his foot is being held up. Quickly readjusting the harness, or tapping the forefoot, or rubbing the legs, will often start the horse.—New England Farmer.

Students taking the agricultural courses in the Maine State University have recently enjoyed a trip through Aroostook County under direction of Dean W. D. Hurd, to observe agricultural operations in that famous county. The start was made Wednesday and Houlton, Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield were visited, return being made Friday night. The potato industry was, of course, the greatest attraction.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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[CONTINUED.]

"I can't see ahead like you," said Mason at last. "But I will obey orders. You tell me where and when; I will be there."

Grenier shifted his feet uneasily.

"I don't quite mean that," he said. "I will acquaint you with certain facts on which you may rely absolutely. I will forthwith act myself on the assumption that the real Philip Anson won't interfere with me. That is all."

The other man guffawed most unpleasantly. This sophistry did not appeal to him.

"Put it any way you like," he said. "You can depend on me for my part of the bargain."

"And you can be quite certain that in a very little while we need not trouble our active wits any further as to the wherewithal to enjoy life. I have thought this idea out in all its bearings. It simply can't fail. Come, let us drink to a glorious future."

He reached for a decanter, but a sudden knock at the door jarred the nerves of both men considerably.

"See who is there," whispered Grenier, whose face showed white through the paint and grease it bore.

"What about you in that rig out?" growled the stronger ruffian.

"I will slip into my bedroom. Quick! See who it is."

Langdon entered.

"Where's Victor?" he said eagerly.

"In his room. He will be here in a moment. What's the matter? You look pretty glum."

"I've had a piece of wretched luck. I was at Mrs. Atherley's 'at home' today, when Anson turned up. I met him without winking, but he knew me at once. He called me outside and treated me like a dog."

"He did, eh?"

"Yes. It was no good trying to bluff him. Only on the guarantee that I would never meet Miss Atherley again would he consent not to expose me. I'm done. My last chance is gone. I have wasted my money on Grenier's mad notions and was fool enough to think you meant what you said when you swore to have Anson's life."

Grenier, who had heard every word, reappeared.

"Does Philip Anson know that Mr. James Crichton Langdon is Sir Philip Morland's stepson?" he asked.

"I can't tell. What does it matter, anyhow?"

"Think, man, think! Does he even know your name?"

"He can easily find it out."

"Not he. This young spark has a fine sense of honor. You promised to keep away from the lady in future. He will never even mention you. And your money is not lost. It has been well spent, every farthing. Take care Miss Evelyn does not see you until she is heartbroken about Philip Anson. She will be, you can be quite sure of it. Then your opportunity will come."

CHAPTER XVII.

PHILIP walked on roses during those glorious days. He had found his mate. His life was complete. How bright the world and how fair the future.

The only disagreeable incident marring the utter joy of existence, and that only for an instant, was his encounter with Langdon at Mrs. Atherley's pretty flat in Mount street.

Grenier, endowed by nature with an occasional retrospective glimpse of a nobler character, read him correctly when he said that Anson would never condescend to name the intruder in the presence of the woman he loved.

But he did ask a servant who it was with whom he had just been conversing in the entrance hall, and the girl said the gentleman was a Mr. Langdon. No; Mrs. Atherley did not know him well. He was brought to her "at home" on a previous Wednesday by a friend.

Obviously Evelyn could not have more than a passing acquaintance with the man or she would have recognized him herself. Her agitation that night in the park, the terror of a difficult situation, was enough to account for her failure in this respect, nor was Philip then aware that at her previous meeting with Lady Morland's son she entertained a curious suspicion, instantly dispelled by his glib manner, that Langdon was the man who sought to thrust his unwelcome attention upon her.

Mount street—how came Mrs. Atherley and her daughter to return to the precincts of Mayfair? That was a little secret between Philip and Lord Vanstone.

When Evelyn slyly endeavored to make her new admirer understand that there could be no intimacy between a millionaire and a young lady who was embarking on a professional career—she thought so, be it recorded; this is no canon of art—he seemingly disregarded the hint, but interviewed Lord Vanstone next morning.

The conversation was stormy on one side and emphatic on the other. Philip had heard sufficient of Mrs. Atherley's history by judicious inquiry to enable him to place some unpleasant facts before his lordship.

When the facts had been thrust down the aristocratic gorge Anson turned to pleasanter topics. He informed Lord Vanstone, who bore the title as the third son of a marquis, that his niece's future was more important than his lordship's dignity. He must eat mud for her sake, and willingly withal.

Various firms of solicitors set to work, and, marvelous to relate, Lord Vanstone was able to write and inform his half sister that certain speculations in which he had invested her fortune were turning out well. A cash payment of £2,000 would be made to her at once, and she possessed an assured income of at least £1,500 per annum during the remainder of her life.

The poor lady had heard these fairy tales before. Indeed, some such story of more gorgeous proportions had converted her consols into waste paper.

But a lawyer, not Lord Vanstone's, sent her a check for the larger amount and at a subsequent interview affirmed the statements made by her unreliable relative.

So she went back to her caste, and her caste welcomed her with open arms, and the dear woman thanked Providence for the decree that her daughter might now accept the attentions of any man, no matter how rich he might be, for she saw the drift of Philip's wishes, and, if Evelyn were married to him, surely all their previous trials might be deemed fortunate.

She little dreamed that imperious Philip had ordered matters his own way.

It was not to his thinking that his bride should come to him from the genteel obscurity of Maida Crescent. He would give her a great position, worthy of the highest in the land, and it was better for her that he should woo and win her from the ranks of her order.

It should not be imagined that he was hasty in his decision. To his mind, Evelyn and he were known to each other since they were children. It was not by the wayward caprice of chance that he met her on the night of the meteor's fall nor again that he came to her assistance a second time after the lapse of years.

It was his mother's work. He was faithful to her memory—she to her trust. Never did his confidence waver. On the day that Evelyn consented to marry him he showed her his mother's photograph and told her his belief.

The girl's happy tears bedewed the picture.

"A good son makes a good husband," she murmured. "Mamma says I have been a good daughter, and I will try to be a good wife, Philip."

Apparently these young people had attained the very pinnacle of earthly happiness. There was no cloud, no obstacle. All that was best in the world was at their feet.

Some such thought flitted through Philip's active brain once when Evelyn and he were discussing the future.

"Of course we will be busy," he said, laughing. "You are such an industrious little woman—what? Well, such an industrious tall woman that the days won't be long enough for all you will find to do. As for me, I suppose I must try and earn a peerage, just to give you your proper place in society, and then we will grow old gracefully."

"Oh, Philip," she cried, placing her hands on his shoulders, "we met once as children for a few minutes! Fate ordained that we should meet again under strange circumstances. We were separated for years. Can fate play us any uncanny trick that will separate us again?"

"Well, sweetheart, fate, in the shape of Wale, is coming for me at 6. Unless you wish me to send for my man and dress here"—

"Sometimes I cannot quite credit my good fortune," she said softly. "Tell me, dearest, how did you manage to live until you were twenty-five without falling in love with some other girl?"

"That is ridiculously easy. Tell me how you managed to escape matrimony until you were twenty-two and you are answered."

"Philip, I—I liked you that night I saw you in the square. You were a woebegone little boy, but you were so brave and gave me your hand to help me from the carriage with the air of a young lord."

"And I have cherished your face in my waking dreams ever since. You looked like a fairy. And how you stuck up for me against your uncle!"

"Tell me, what did you think of me when you saw me standing disconsolate in the park?"

Tell, tell, tell—it was nothing but sweet questions and sweet assurances that this pair of turtle doves had been seeking each other through all eternity.

Their wedding was fixed for the middle of July. Sharp work, it may be said, but what need was there to wait? Mr. Abingdon was greatly pleased with Philip's choice and urged him to settle down at the earliest possible date.

Mrs. Atherley, too, raised no protest. The sooner her beloved daughter was married the more rapidly would life resume its normal aspect. They would not be long parted from each other.

The young people had no housekeeping cares. Philip's mansions were replete with all that could be desired by the most fastidious taste. His yacht was brought to the Solent so that they could run over to Portsmouth on a motor car to inspect her, and Evelyn instantly determined that their honeymoon in Etretat should be curtailed to permit them to go for a three weeks' cruise around the British coast.

This suggestion of course appealed to Philip. Nothing could be more delightful. He whispered in Evelyn's ear that he would hug her for the idea at the first favorable opportunity.

One morning, a day of June rain, a letter reached Philip. It bore the printed superscription, "The Hall, Beltham, Devon," but this was struck out and another address substituted. It was written in a scrawling, wavering hand, the calligraphy of a man old and very ill. It read:

My Dear Philip—I am lying at the point of death, so I use no labored words to explain why I address you in such manner. I want to tell you how bitterly I regret the injustice I showed to your dear mother and my sister. If, of your charity, you will come to my bedside and assure a feeble old man of your forgiveness, I can meet the coming ordeal strong in the certainty that Mary Anson will not refuse what you have given in her behalf. Your sorrowing uncle,
PHILIP MORLAND.

With this piteous epistle was inclosed another:

Dear Mr. Anson—I join my earnest supplication to my husband's that you will console his last hours with a visit. He blames himself for what has happened in the past, yet the fault was more mine than his—far more. For his sake I willingly admit it. And I have been punished for my sin. Ruined in fortune, with my husband at death's door, I am indeed a sorrowing woman. Yours faithfully,
LOUISA MORLAND.

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

The angular Italian handwriting of the second letter recalled a faded script in his safe at that moment. The address in each case was a village on the Yorkshire coast, a remote and inaccessible place according to Philip's unaided recollection of the map. "Grange House" might be a farm or a broken down manor, and Lady Morland's admission of reduced circumstances indicated that they had chosen the locality for economy's sake.

These appeals brought a frown of indecision to Anson's brow. His uncle and his uncle's wife had unquestionably been the means of shortening and embittering his mother's life. The man might have acted in ignorance; the woman did not.

Yet what could he do? Refuse a dying relative's last request! They or one of them refused his mother's pitiful demand for a little pecuniary help at a time when they were rich.

And what dire mischance could have sunk them into poverty? Little more than two months had passed sice Sir Philip Morland was inquiring for his (Philip's) whereabouts through Messrs. Sharpe & Smith with a view toward making him his heir.

Was the inquiry Lady Morland's last ruse to save an encumbered estate? Why was all pretense of doubt as to his relationship swept aside so completely?

He glanced again at the address on the letter and asked a servant to bring him a railway guide. Then he ascertained that if he would reach Scarsdale that day he must leave London not later than noon. There was a journey of nearly seven hours by rail; no chance of returning the same night.

He went to the library and rang up Sharpe & Smith on the telephone.

A clerk assured him that Mr. Sharpe, who attended to Sir Philip Morland's affairs, had been summoned to Devonshire the previous day.

"To Devonshire!" cried Philip. "I have just received letters from Sir Philip and Lady Morland from Yorkshire."

"Mr. Sharpe himself is puzzled about the matter, sir. Lady Morland wrote from Yorkshire, but told him to proceed to Devonshire without delay."

"Has there been some unexpected development affecting the estate?"

"I am sorry, sir, but you will see I can hardly answer any further questions."

Of course the clerk was right. Philip had hardly quitted the telephone when a note reached him by hand from Evelyn: "Please come at once. Must see you."

"Sir Philip is still living?"

He was at Mount street in three minutes.

Evelyn looked serious and began by holding out a letter to him. He recognized Lady Morland's writing.

"Philip—those people—who behaved so badly to your mother"—

"Have they dared to trouble you?"

"Oh, it is so sad. Your uncle is dying. They are wretchedly poor; an unforeseen collapse. See." And she read:

Of your pity, Miss Atherley, ask your affianced husband to come to us and to help us. I want nothing for myself, but the mere sight of a few checks to pay tradespeople, doctor and the rest will soothe Sir Philip's last hours. He is a proud man, and I know he is heartbroken to think he is dying a pauper among strangers.

So it ended as might be expected. Philip wired to Grange House, Scarsdale, to announce his coming. Accompanied by his valet, he left King's Cross at 12 o'clock, but his parting words to Evelyn were:

"See Mr. Abingdon after luncheon, dear, and tell him what I am doing. I will return tomorrow; meanwhile I will keep you informed by telegraph of my movements."

After leaving the main line at York there was a tiresome crawl to the coast, broken by changes at junctions—wearying intervals spent in pacing monotonous platforms.

At last the train reached Scarsdale at twenty minutes to 7. A few passengers alighted. The place was evidently a small village not given over to the incursions of summer visitors.

A tall man with "doctor" writ large on his silk hat and frock coat approached Philip.

"Mr. Anson?"

"Yes."

"I am Dr. Williams. I have brought you a letter from Lady Morland. Perhaps you will read it now. I expect it explains my errand."

"Sir Philip is still living?"

"Yes, but sinking fast."

Anson tore open the note. It was brief.

Thank you for your prompt kindness. Dr. Williams will drive you to the house. If you have brought a servant he might take your luggage to the Fox and Hounds Inn, where Dr. Williams has secured rooms for you. I regret exceedingly we have no accommodation here, but, in any event, you will be more comfortable at the inn.

He looked at the doctor. In a vague way his voice recalled accents he seemed to recognize.

"Is there a telegraph office here?"

"Yes. We pass it. It closes at 8."

"I will not be back from the Grange House before then?"

"Hardly. It is a half hour's drive."

"Thank you. You will stop a moment at the telegraph office?"

The doctor hesitated.

"There is so little time. Is it of great importance? Of course"—

"Oh, I know what to do! Green, take my traps to the Fox and Hounds Inn; then go to the telegraph office and send a message in my name to Miss Atherley, saying: 'Arrived. Sir Philip worse.' That is all."

Anson's valet saluted and left them. Dr. Williams said cheerfully:

"That disposes of a difficulty. Are you ready, Mr. Anson?"

They entered a ramshackle dogcart, for which the doctor apologized.

"These hills knock one's conveyances to pieces. I am having a new cart built, but it will be done for in a couple of years. Out in all weathers, you see. To carry you I had to leave my man at home."

The doctor himself seemed to be young and smart looking. Evidently Scarsdale agreed with him if not with his vehicles. The horse, too, was a good one, and they moved through a scattered village at a quick trot.

They met a number of people, but Dr. Williams was talking so eagerly to his companion that he did not nod to any of them.

As the road began to climb toward a bleak moorland he became less voluble, more desirous to get Anson to speak. Philip thought that the doctor listened to him with a curious eagerness. Probably Sir Philip and Lady Morland impressed him as an odd couple. He would be anxious to learn what sort of relative this was who had traveled from London to see them.

Philip was in small humor for conversation. He looked forward to an exceedingly unpleasant interview, when his lips would utter consoling words to which he must strive to impart a genuine and heartfelt ring. That would need an effort, to say the least.

The road wound its way through pines and heather, but ever upward, until the trees yielded to an unbroken range of open mountain and the farms that nestled in nooks of the hillside disappeared wholly.

Glimpses of the sea were caught where a precipitous valley tore a cleft in the land. On a lofty brow in front Philip saw a solitary and half dismantled building.

"Is that the Grange House?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Why on earth did two old people, one of them an invalid, select such a lonely residence?"

"That has been puzzling me for days."

"How long have they been here?"

"I cannot say. I was only called in four days ago."

They passed a policeman patrolling his country beat. The doctor gave him an affable smile. The man saluted promptly, but looked after them with a puzzled air. He continued to watch them at intervals until they reached the Grange House.

Anson noticed that the track—it was a gate guarded bridle path now—mounted steadily to the very threshold.

"The place stands on the edge of a cliff," he said.

"Yes. It was built by some recluse. The rock falls sheer—indeed, slopes inward to some extent—for 300 feet."

"Some day, I suppose, it will fall into the sea."

"Probably, but not in our time. Here we are. Just allow me to hitch the reins to the gate post."

He jumped lightly out of the dogcart.

"Are there no servants?"

"Only an old woman and her daughter. They are busy at this hour."

Philip understood that a meal might be in preparation. He hoped not. Personally he could not eat there.

Dr. Williams pressed the latch of an old fashioned door. He whispered:

"Be as quiet as possible. He may be asleep. If he is, it will not be for long, poor fellow."

Indeed the doctor himself betrayed some slight agitation now. He perspired somewhat, and his hand shook.

Anson followed him into a somber apartment, crudely furnished, half dining room, half kitchen. Though the light of a June evening was clear enough outside, the interior of the house was gloomy in the extreme. There were some dark curtains shrouding a doorway.

"Lady Morland is in there," murmured the doctor brokenly. "Will you go to her?"

Philip obeyed in silence. He passed through the curtains. It was so dark that he imagined he must be in a passage with a door at the other end.

"Can't I have a light?" he asked, partly turning toward the room he had just quitted.

In the neglected garden at the landward front of the Grange House the horse stood patiently on three legs, ruminating no doubt on the steepness of hills and the excellence of pastures.

Nearly an hour passed thus in solemn quietude. Then a boy on a bicycle, red faced with exertion, pedaled manfully up the hill and through the gate.

"I hope he's here," he thought. "It's a long way to coom for nothin'."

Around his waist was a strap with a pouch bearing the king's monogram. He ran up to the door and gave a couple of thunderous knocks, the privileged rattat of a telegraph messenger.

There was a long delay. Then a heavy step approached, and a man opened the door—a big, heavy faced man, with eyes that stared dreadfully and a nose damaged in life's transit.

"Philip Anson, Esq.," said the boy briskly, producing a buff colored envelope.

The man seemed to swallow something.

"Yes; he's here. Is that for him?"

"Yes, sir. Any reply?"

The man took the telegram, closed the door, and the boy heard his retreating footsteps. After some minutes he returned.

"It's too late to reply tonight, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. It coom'd after hours, but they'd paid t' porterage i' Lunnon so t' postmistress said ye'd mebbe like to hev it at yance. I've ridden all t' way frae Scarsdale."

Late that evening, when the protracted gloaming of the north was fast yielding to the shadows of a cloudy night, the big man from the Grange House drove into Scarsdale. He pulled up at the Fox and Hounds public house. He wanted Mr. Green.

Anson's valet came.

"Your master says you are to bring his portmanteau to the Grange House tonight. He intends remaining there. You must get the landlord to sit up until you return. It will take you an hour and a half to drive both ways."

Green was ready in five minutes. He learned that a stable boy must crouch at their feet to bring the dogcart back. It was the property of the Fox and Hounds proprietor.

Very unwillingly the horse swung off again toward the moor. There was little conversation. The driver was taciturn, the Londoner somewhat scared by the dark loneliness.

At the Grange House they were met by Philip Anson. He stood in the open doorway. He held a handkerchief to his lips and spoke in a husky voice, the voice of one under the stress of great agitation.

"That you, Green? Just give my bag to the driver and return to the village. Here is a five pound note. Pay your bill and go back to London by the first train tomorrow. I stop here some few days."

The astonished servant took the note. Before he could reply his master turned, crossed a room feebly lighted by a dull lamp and passed through a curtained doorway.

Green was staring perplexedly at the house, the kitchen, his ill favored companion carrying Philip's portmanteau within, when he heard his master's voice again and saw him standing between the partly drawn curtains, with his face quite visible in the dim rays of the lamp.

"Green?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here are my keys. Unlock the bag and take the keys with you. You remember the small portmanteau in my safe at Park lane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Open the safe, get that bag and send it to me tomorrow night by train to the Station hotel, York."

"Tomorrow night, sir?"

"Yes."

The keys were thrown with a rattle on to a broad kitchen table. Evidently Mr. Anson would not brook questions as to his movements, though his few words sounded contradictory. Green got down, unfastened the portmanteau and went back to the dogcart.

"They're queer folk i' t' Grange," said the stable boy as they drove way. "There's a barrow night and a lady as nobody ever sees, an' a dochtor, an' a man—him as kem for ye."

"Surely they are well known here?"

"Not a bit of it. On'y bin here about a week. T' doctor chap's very chirpy, but yon uther is a rum 'un."

Green was certainly puzzled very greatly by the unexpected developments of the last few minutes, but he was discreet and well trained.

He liked his young master and would do anything to serve his interests. Moreover, the ways of millionaires were not the ways of other men. All he could do was to hear and obey.

He slept none the less soundly because his master chose voluntarily to bury himself, even for a little while, in such a weirdly tumbledown old mansion as the Grange House.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"CAN'T I have a light?" said Philip, with head screwed round to ascertain if the doctor were following him.

Some sense, whether of sight or hearing he knew not, warned him of movement near at hand, an impalpable effort, a physical tension as of a man laboring under extreme but repressed excitement.

He paid little heed to it. All the surroundings in this weird dwelling were so greatly at variance with his anticipations that he partly expected to find further surprises.

Dr. Williams did not answer. Philip advanced a halting foot, a hesitating hand groping for a door.

Instantly a stout rope fell over his shoulders, a noose was tightly drawn, and he was jerked violently to the stone floor of the passage. He fell prone on his face, hurting his nose and mouth. The shock jarred him greatly, but his hands, if not his arms, were free, and, with the instinct of self preservation that replaces all other sensations in moments of extreme peril, he strove valiantly to rise.

But he was grasped by the neck with brutal force and some one knelt on his back.

"Philip Anson," hissed a man's voice, "do you remember Jocky Mason?"

So he had fallen into a trap, cunningly prepared by what fiendish combination of fact and artifice he had yet to learn. Jocky Mason, the skulking criminal of Johnson's Mews. Was he in that man's power?

Under such conditions a man thinks quickly. Philip's first ordered thought was one of relief. He had fallen into the clutches of an English brigand. Money would settle this difficulty if all other means failed.

"Yes, yes," he gurgled, half strangled by the fierce pressure on his throat.

"You hit me once from behind. You can't complain if I do the same. You sent me to a living hell for ten years—not your fault that it wasn't forever. Lie still! Not all your money can save you now. I am judge and jury and hell itself. You are dying—dying—dead!"

And with the final words drawled into his ears with b

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 15, 1907.

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

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

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

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

Coming Events.

Oct. 15, 16.—Oxford Conference of Congregational Churches, Oxford.
Nov. 5.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Oxford.
Nov. 12, 13.—Oxford Association of Universalist, Turner Center.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fall Season.
Horse Blankets.
The Bass Shoe.
Life is a Blank.
For Sale.
J. Pledge.
For Sale.
Edison Phonographs.
Good Horse for Sale.
Notice of Bankruptcy.
Petition for Discharge.
Parker's Hair Balsam.
Crawford Ranges.

Here and There.

The desire for speed, not satisfied with the swiftness of an expert operator on a modern typewriter, has produced a machine which writes whole words at once. Twenty-four of the most common words appear entire, and the stroke of a key writes a word.

Speaking of invention, it is now some time since anything has been produced which is apparently destined to work a revolution of any sort, but there is no knowing when some such thing will make its appearance. A few years since the writer was passing a building where a big placard on the wall announced the presence of a phonograph inside, where one could hear selections—not, as now, in superabundance, at nominal cost, but through ear-tubes, at five cents per tune. A man of scientific attainments, walking just ahead with his head bowed in thought, suddenly raised his eyes and caught sight of the placard, and exclaimed, "What do you suppose the next thing will be—some devilish contrivance to find out what a man's thinking about?"

An aeronaut who nearly got drowned the other day in making an ascension from the Jamestown exposition, is frank enough to go contrary to the popular trend of thought and talk, and declare that navigation of the air is still in its infancy, and still an occupation accompanied with much danger. And so it will continue to be, for many years yet.

English as she is wrote gets some illumination in a current paragraph reading as follows—except that the italics are our own for the purpose of suggestion: "The increased price of milk did not *go down* in Belfast, and the price has been put back to six cents."

The Democrats of Massachusetts, at their state convention, manifested the party's fatal capacity for blundering, and the action of the Bartlett forces, in jamming through their programme by force, resulted in the Whitney forces, who were really in the majority, holding another convention in the rear of the hall and declaring Whitney the nominee. The affair is everywhere roundly condemned. The really funny thing about it is the position of some of the Democratic papers that it ought not to make votes for Guild, the Republican candidate, but ought to make Whitney governor of Massachusetts. But those papers are old enough to know that things don't work that way in politics. It is the party that blunders that suffers for the blunder, as a rule, not the other party.

Steadfastness to Law.

(President Roosevelt's Keokuk speech.)

You know that I believe that the National government, in the interests of the people, should assume much the same supervision and control of the interstate common carriers that it now exercises over the national banks. You know furthermore that I believe that this supervision and control should be exercised in a spirit of rigid fairness toward the corporations, exacting justice from them on behalf of the people but giving them justice in return. Therefore we need wise laws, and we need to have them resolutely administered. We can get such laws, such administration only if the people are alive to their interests.

Each man here knows that he himself has been able to use his freedom to advantage only provided that he could master himself, that he could control his own passions and direct his own faculties. Each of you fathers and mothers here knows that if your sons are to do well in the world they must know how to master themselves. Every man must have a master; if he is not his own master, then somebody else will be. This is just as true of public life as of private life. If we can not master ourselves, control ourselves, then sooner or later we shall have to submit to outside control. One way of exercising such control is through the laws of the land. Ours is a government of liberty, but it is a government of that orderly liberty which comes by and through the honest enforcement of and obedience to the law.

At intervals during the last few months the appeal has been made to me not to enforce the law against certain wrongdoers of great wealth because to do so would interfere with the business prosperity of the country. Under the effects of that kind of fright which when sufficiently acute we call panic, this appeal has been made to me even by men who ordinarily behave as decent citizens. One newspaper which has itself strongly advanced this view gave prominence to the statement of a certain man of great wealth to the effect that the so-called financial weakness was due entirely to the admitted intention of President Roosevelt to punish the large moneyed interests which had transgressed the laws. If that be so, while I do not admit it, as far as I am concerned it must be accepted as a disagreeable but unavoidable feature in a course of policy which as long as I am President will not be changed.

In any great movement for righteousness, where the forces of evil are strongly intrenched, it is unfortunately inevitable that some unoffending people should suffer in company with the real offenders. This is not our fault. It is the fault of those to whose deceptive action these innocent people owe their false position. A year or two ago certain representatives of labor called upon me and in the course of a very pleasant conversation told me that they regarded me as the friend of labor. I answered that I certainly was, and that I would do everything in my power for the laboring man except anything wrong. I have the same answer to make to the business man. I will do everything I can to help business conditions, except anything that is wrong. And it would be not merely wrong but infamous to fail to do all that can be done to secure the punishment of those wrongdoers whose deeds are peculiarly reprehensible because they are not committed under the stress of want.

Last Tuesday's southwest gale was the hardest October blow Maine has seen for some years. No large single items of damage were done, but considerable in minor lines, trees blown down, fruit blown off, wires taken down, and so on.

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.

A cement walk has been laid from the front door of the academy building to the sidewalk.

More or less people were employed on Sunday, not in the Scriptural occupation of pulling their ox out of a pit into which he had fallen on the Sabbath day, but in the no less necessary work of getting the apples where they will be safe. Apples are too good property to risk freezing this year.

Hon. Prentiss Cummings of Boston, who has recently returned from a European tour, is at his summer place, the "Owl's Nest," in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Davies closed their summer home and returned to New York last Saturday.

Clayton K. Brooks of Cambridge, Mass., was a guest at George M. Atwood's Thursday, having been called to Maine on a business trip.

Lewis M. Brown and family moved from "Old Brick" to "Lyonsden" Saturday, and are entertaining as a guest Capt. William W. Kimball, U. S. N.

Hon. Edward L. Parris is having an extensive job of repairing done to his summer home here.

Carroll I. Hooper of Boston was at Paris Hill several days last week.

Mrs. E. H. Guyer of Rock Island, Ill., is a guest at The Beeches.

Mrs. E. H. Jackson and Mrs. Atwood attended the Maine Music Festival at Portland last week.

Bryant's Pond.

Mrs. Lizzie Lane of Portland is keeping house for her father, A. S. Bryant, and her sister, Mrs. Georgia Stone, has returned to the city for the winter.

Fred S. Soule of Freeport was in town this week calling on old acquaintances. Mr. Soule was a resident here back in the '70s, having been employed for several years in the store of the late Fred M. Bartlett. For a number of years he has been engaged in the clothing business in his native town and has been very successful.

The remains of Mrs. Martha A. Swan were brought here Oct. 4th from Augusta, and were buried on the Lapham lot in Lakeside cemetery. Mrs. Swan was the youngest child of the late John Lapham. She was born in 1851 and her early life was passed in this town. She married Dennis Swan, son of Samuel S. Swan, an old resident of Woodstock.

The Rostell Stock Co. will be at the Opera House one night this week, presenting "Hearts of the Blue Ridge." This is their third appearance here this season. One special feature of their appearance here will be "The Great Hoodana," Famous Handcuff King and Jail Breaker.

Money is being raised to build an independent telephone line in the village, starting in with about a dozen instruments.

Samuel Estes is completing the brick work for the foundation of the new Baptist parsonage.

J. B. Farrar has finished work at the spool mill and will engage in logging this winter off from his lot in the east part of the town.

Mrs. Norman McAllister is in town arranging for the removal of her household goods to Woodfords.

Horace Littlefield has purchased Geo. W. Waterhouse's apples.

The building of the Hose Co. is soon to be thoroughly repaired, inside and out. The room in the upper story will be fitted up in shape for the V. I. S. to hold entertainments, also to be occupied as a reading room for members of the company.

No reports yet of deer killing in Woodstock. During past seasons several have been killed here the first week of open time.

Isaac Lapham of Litchfield, Bert Young and Mrs. George Davis of Auburn were at A. C. Ricker's Sunday.

Edwin J. Mann is having his store house repaired and painted.

It is rumored that another mill will be erected by the Manns on the site of the one burned last March.

Mr. David Hayes, now a resident of Panama, was in town Thursday. He is on a four weeks' visit to Maine.

Hebron.

The Z. L. Packard Relief Corps was entertained by the Relief Corps of Oxford Saturday of last week.

Rev. Mr. Bock of Kennebunkport gave a very interesting sermon here Sunday. Mr. Bock graduated from Hebron Academy several years ago and left many warm friends here who were glad to welcome him back.

The ball game at Auburn Saturday between Edward Little High School and Hebron scored 6 to 4 in favor of Hebron.

Mrs. J. D. Sturtevant went to West Peru Monday to visit her son, Ernest Sturtevant.

How many line storms are we to have this fall?

There was quite a killing frost here Tuesday night, the first bad one of the season.

North Buckfield.

Died, in North Buckfield, Oct. 10, James F. Bicknell, aged 80 years, 5 mo., 3 days.

B. F. Heald has put in a new safe.

David Record has got his new house plastered.

Charles Tucker and wife are at work for Albion Ricker picking apples.

Washington Heald, wife, and daughter, Carolyn, visited friends at Rumford Falls last week.

Mrs. Melissa Cressey is visiting her sister, Mrs. Martha Record, in this place.

Fred Harlow is at work for Mert Warren.

The hail storm last August hurt the apples in our vicinity so badly they are not salable.

Charles Philbrook and wife and Norman Philbrook of Norway have been visiting their grandparents in our place the past week.

Lovell.

Many apples are being sold to H. C. Baxter & Co. at the corn shop for canning purposes. They pay $1.60 per barrel, and the barrels returned.

Mrs. F. H. Swett, who has been away from here since the fire which destroyed her home, is now at Lloyd Poor's, and her household goods, which have been stored at John B. Kimball's, are to be sold at auction, to-day, Saturday.

Mrs. Cassie Smith, who has been away for a few weeks on a visit, has returned to her home.

Mellen Eastman, who has been sick for a few weeks, is out and about again.

Repairs are being made on the grist and dowel mill at the village, where considerable damage was done by a washout in the summer.

Marshall McAllister has bought a fine looking horse, brought from Jackson, N. H.

Josiah H. Stearns is stopping for a while with his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Walker, at the village.

Isaac Hobbs has finished six months' work for H. W. Palmer and returned to the village.

James H. Walker and daughter Nellie have been at Portland a few days.

Dr. C. P. Hubbard and wife have returned from a visit of a number of weeks at South Paris, Portland and Hiram.

East Waterford.

Geo. Stuart, wife and two children, of Portland, have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Will McGowan, and sister, Mrs. Dana Berry.

Mrs. Will Chadbourne and son Philip have returned from a visit to relatives in Penobscot.

Mrs. Sidney Hall's brother, Chester Brown, wife and two children, of Twin Mountain, N. H., are with her for a time.

Henry O. Rolfe crushed his little finger in the dowel lathe in his mill Tuesday.

Bethel.

Hon. Liberty Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, a former student of Gould Academy fifty years ago, recently visited Bethel and has again shown his interest in the institution which was his alma mater and has purchased the residence of E. C. Bowler, which joins the academy property, and presented it to the academy for a dormitory, a need much felt as the school has increased in numbers. Two years ago he gave the "Principal's Home," and certainly his generosity is fully appreciated by the friends of the academy who are interested in its future growth, and also by the students who receive a new inspiration in the knowledge that one who has once been a student here is helping them to lay the foundation for the success in life which has crowned his efforts.

The Bethel library has received the gift of $500 from Mr. William Hastings. The need of reference books has long been felt and no sooner was the need of our library made known to Mr. Hastings than his check for $500 was at once given. It is hoped other friends will manifest a generous spirit. Those who have worked diligently for the library have realized its needs the most and most deeply appreciate Mr. Hastings' kindly generosity, and to him the library is indebted for the making possible many improvements its friends have so long desired.

Mrs. E. C. Rowe, Mrs. F. L. Edwards, Mrs. J. M. Philbrook and Miss Belle Purington were among the number who attended the music festival in Portland.

Station Agent W. A. Bunting is moving into the rent in Kimball Park, recently vacated by E. C. Vandenkerckhoven.

Mr. Eli Stearns has sold to the Soldiers' Monument Association a portion of land on the corner of Main, High and Mechanic Streets and the foundation for the monument will be laid at once.

It is reported that Mr. Daniel Hastings has purchased the lot, corner of Main and Church Streets, where Bean's store formerly stood.

Last Saturday, Oct. 5th, Mrs. Louisa B., widow of the late Stephen Packard, died at the home of her son, H. A. Packard. Funeral services were held in the M. E. church Tuesday conducted by Rev. F. B. Schoonover. Interment in the family lot at North Paris.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Packard in the loss of their infant daughter, Thelma Louise, last Sunday.

Miss Sarah Hall died last Monday after a long illness. Funeral services were held at her late home Thursday and the abundance of flowers were an expression of sympathy and a loving tribute to one who has left many friends who will long cherish her memory. Rev. C. N. Gleason, her pastor, officiated.

Mr. E. C. Bowler and party started Wednesday for the Jamestown Exposition. Mr. and Mrs. Davis Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Upton, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Thurston, daughter Edith and son Wade, and Mr. Lee Thurston of Bethel were in the party.

Services were resumed at the Congregational church Sunday, the pastor returning from his vacation Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Schoonover are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a little daughter.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Mrs. Louisa B. Packard, widow of the late Stephen Packard, passed away Oct. 5, after a long life of activity, being nearly 90 years of age. She was the daughter of Joseph and Lovina Penley of Paris. She was a deep mourner of the death of her husband, who died about nine years ago. He formed her acquaintance while teaching school in Paris in his younger years.

Mrs. Packard died at the home of her son, A. H. Packard. She retained her faculties until the last and knew her children who stood by her bedside. She leaves a son and daughter who reside in Bethel, one son in Monmouth, one at West Paris, and a daughter in Philadelphia, who was with her mother in her last illness, also a daughter in Kingston, N. H., and one in Corinna, Me., and a son, S. G. Packard, in Elmira, N. Y., being next younger than Ellen P. Kimball of Bethel. Though of ripe years and it was her time to die, she will be much missed by all of her children, especially the daughter who resides in Bethel and stood by her bedside until the last, and her brother who lives in Bethel, who cared for his mother until the last.

"Dearest mother, thou hast left us,
And thy loss is great, we feel,
But 'tis God that has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal."

Funeral services conducted by Rev. F. B. Schoonover. Interment at North Paris by the side of her husband and children.

West Sumner.

T. J. Cate, a senior of Bates College, Lewiston, supplied in the Baptist church Sunday.

Mrs. Omittie Robbins leaves for Lynn, Mass., Saturday, to spend the winter with her daughter.

Miss Helen Rowe left Friday for her home in Minot. She will return to her school Monday.

Clinton Bisbee of Auburn is boarding at John Heald's.

E. L. Philbrook of Livermore, cattle buyer, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. John Knowlton of Strickland's Ferry is visiting Mrs. Freeman Farrar.

Miss Flossie Farrar, who has been spending a few weeks at Livermore Falls visiting friends, has returned home.

Frank Chandler and lady friend of Salem, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Chandler.

Mrs. Clementia Abbott, who has spent the summer with relatives here, has returned to Rumford Falls where she will spend the winter with her daughter, who is the wife of Dr. C. M. Bisbee.

Mrs. Maggie Heald had the misfortune to step on a rusty nail about a week ago. The nail penetrated the sole of her boot and made an ugly wound in her foot. She was confined to her bed for several days with it.

Apple pickers are in good demand. Owners of orchards are offering $2.00 and $2.50 per day and boarded, and no men to be had at that. Some farmers fear their apples will freeze on the trees before they are able to gather them.

E. G. Doble recently shipped 16 barrels of Wolf River apples for which he received $57.23 net, after all expenses were paid. Culverts brought only $1.28 per barrel.

James Tuell had an ill turn last Saturday while driving his baker's cart at East Sumner. Mrs. Tuell was telephoned for and Dr. Marston was summoned from Buckfield. They brought him home and at this writing he is much better, but is not able to drive his cart again.

Mrs. Hiram Howe has a rose begonia that has several leaves that measure 16 1-2 by 13 inches. It completely covers the top of a small stand. This beautiful plant has grown from a one leaf slip which Mrs. Howe set out last spring.

Mr. Hiram Howe, who has just passed his 82d birthday, is suffering with a severe cold. At last accounts he was gaining and we hope soon to see him out again.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Beck of Norway were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Tuell one day this week.

East Brownfield.

The W. C. T. U. held its regular meeting at Mrs. Julia Bean's last Friday.

The Congregational Circle served a harvest supper at Bradbury Hall last Wednesday evening. About eighteen dollars were received.

Mrs. Ethel Stickney and children, who have spent the summer at the Stickney homestead, have returned to Beverly.

Miss Isabel Stickney is in Boston for a few days.

C. E. Gibson of New York was in town last Saturday.

Mrs. Emily Hamilton of Waterboro was entertained in several homes here last week.

The G. A. R. campfire last Saturday was a very successful affair.

West Lovell.

Dana McAllister has sold his Smith horse and bought one of Geo. Harriman.

Several have bad colds.

Picking apples seems to be the order of the day.

C. D. Lord came home to help dig potatoes.

G. C. Lord and nieces, Lillian and Nellie, visited at his brother Millard's in Albany over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Guptill of Chatham visited Mrs. Guptill's parents, Alexander Laroque and wife, last Sunday.

Buckfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Packard returned Saturday from a visit to their daughter at Fairfield.

Nezinscot Lodge, No. 104, I. O. O. F., worked the third degree on three candidates Saturday night.

John H. Fletcher of Norway has recently purchased a ledge containing a mineral vein of O. G. Turner. Mr. Perien Dudley has been working this vein for Mr. Fletcher for two weeks and has been very successful, having taken out some very fine specimens of blue, white and green beryls which will be sent to New York to be finished. The indications are very promising for a good yield from this vein.

F. R. Dyer attended the funeral of E. H. Gleason at Rumford Falls Sunday. Mr. Dyer and Mr. Gleason were roommates at the last session of the legislature at Augusta.

The funeral of Mr. Chas. B. Atwood was held from the M. E. church Tuesday noon, Rev. Mr. Webber of Rumford Falls officiating, assisted by Rev. A. W. Pottle, pastor of the church. Mr. Atwood was sick only a few weeks, and was, up to the time of his sickness, one of our most active and robust citizens. He was nearly 83 years of age and has been engaged in business in this town for many years, holding the respect of all who knew him. He is survived by a wife and two sons, F. H. and E. F. Atwood.

Monday night, Oct. 7, Mayflower Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, was formally instituted by Grand Patron, A. H. Totman, of Fairfield, who also installed the following officers for the ensuing year:

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Belle Nulty.
Worthy Patron—F. R. Dyer.
Associate Matron—Miss Margaret Heald.
Secretary—Miss Lizzie Allen.
Treasurer—Mrs. Carrie Rawson.
Chaplain—Mrs. Eunice Prince.
Conductress—Mrs. Gertrude Heald.
Associate Conductress—Mrs. Mary Warren.
Adah—Mrs. Laura Murch.
Ruth—Mrs. Mattie Conant.
Esther—Mrs. Julia Shaw.
Martha—Mrs. Lela Rawson.
Electa—Mrs. Maude Morrill.
Warden—Miss Annie Cole.
Sentinel—Mr. H. A. Murch.

This chapter was organized last spring with about thirty charter members and has been working under a dispensation until now. After the meeting an oyster supper was served. The new chapter starts with very favorable prospects for a successful organization.

Apple picking and packing are the leading occupations at this time. Several car loads have already been shipped from this station.

Mrs. Horace A. Irish attended the Maine Music Festival in Portland the past week.

Mr. Benjamin Spaulding returned Wednesday from a visit with his brother, W. C. Spaulding, of Caribou.

I. M. Irish, of Whitman, Mass., is visiting friends in town.

Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Ulrich left Wednesday morning for their home in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. A. A. Towne, principal of the high school, has moved his family from Norway and occupies the house owned by Mrs. Abel Irish.

Mr. J. H. Carey has a stalk of corn on exhibition which measures ten feet tall, raised by Mr. Pearl of Morrill Street.

Miss Laura Dean has returned from her summer home at Old Orchard.

Mrs. Bessie Caldwell Buck of Traverse City, Michigan, and her two children, are visiting Mrs. Buck's father, Dr. J. C. Caldwell.

Levi Turner caught a fine specimen of fisher in a trap set for mink a few nights ago.

After Saturday, Oct. 12, the stage line between Buckfield and Turner is to be discontinued.

The local lodge of Masons conducted the burial service at the cemetery Saturday, Oct. 12, over the remains of J. F. Bicknell of North Buckfield.

Greenwood.

"These are the days of purple, misty hills,
Of meadows sleeping to the charm of rills;
Of stubble brown and tottering cornstalks sere,
Of withered grasses decking nature's bier."

Monday evening Frank Brooks made us a friendly visit and gave an account of how his watermelons came back on him this year. A year ago he planted quite a quantity and raised so fine a crop that he carried a load of them to market and had good success. That induced him to try the same again this year, and the result was a total failure. A few of them attained a fair size, and the other day thinking he would have a feast of melon once more, he cut open one of the largest and best looking, when, instead of a juicy and red interior with black seeds it was all solid; not a shade of red, nor had the seeds begun to change their color. Of course the cold and backward season is responsible, and whether he will try the same crop again next year remains to be seen.

Last week mention was made of potatoes rotting badly in some places, and now the report comes that beans are rusting equally as badly, and one man who planted an acre with his corn lost his whole crop in that way.

Another "wet rain" Tuesday forenoon, followed by a high wind, which broke telephone wires by blowing down trees on to them. No other damage reported up to date, other than blowing off a good many apples.

Our young craft attended the fair at Waterford, Saturday, and remained in town over night. They reported a large number of people on the ground and some very fine stock, among the rest a yoke of oxen owned here two years ago. The folks put up with the widow Kimball, a prospective family relative.

The death of Benjamin Bacon caused little surprise since he was very poorly when we visited him one year ago. He was a first cousin to Mrs. L. Dunham, their mothers being twin sisters, and daughters of the late Samuel Bryant. Mr. Bacon was a shoemaker by trade, and it seems but a few years ago that he lived at West Paris, and then the sign over his shop door read, B. Bacon 3d. Now the name, so far as known, has become extinct.

Oxford.

Miss Corning and her uncle, Mr. Spring, and Nellie Hayes have gone to Hartford, Ct., for the winter.

T. A. Roberts Post and Corps held a campfire Saturday. The Posts and Corps from Norway, Paris, Mechanic Falls, Hebron and Casco were invited and a good number were present. Dinner was served to about two hundred visitors and residents. An entertainment followed. Music, A Maid's Modes and Manners, flag drill, selections by Mr. Morse, the humorist, and brief remarks. It was a very pleasant occasion.

Miss Christiania Cook is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hazen.

The Congregationalist Ladies' Circle met with Mrs. E. W. Edwards Wednesday.

North Waterford.

Walter Douglas is here buying apples.

The school here is closed for a week or more on account of the case of diphtheria.

Lizzie Dresser died Sunday, the 6th, after a short illness of a little over a week. They had called it tonsilitis, but now say it was black diphtheria, which is giving quite a scare around, as she lived right where the fair was and very near the crowd. Hope it will only be a scare.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones intend taking their baby to Portland hospital for an operation.

H. M. Elliott visited at Stoneham a few days last week.

The fair is over and every one is glad, I guess.

Mrs. Leslie Hobson's sister and husband and baby, also her brother and niece visited her and went to the fair here.

Mr. George Hobson seems to be failing slowly.

Locke's Mills.

The V. I. S. sewing circle met with Mrs. Dana Grant Wednesday afternoon. There was a good attendance and it was decided to have the sale for which they are working in November.

Mr. Fred Whitman and Miss Keene of Mechanic Falls are visiting at C. E. Stowell's and Geo. Woodsum's.

Mrs. Abbie Trask and Lola Foster spent Sunday, Oct. 6, at Gorham, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Jones are the guests of Willard Cobb and wife at West Paris.

Mrs. Ida Crooker is confined to the house with a severe cold.

Mrs. F. E. Purington is visiting relatives at Yarmouth.

West Paris.

Remember the harvest dinner and supper at Good Will Hall Thursday of this week, Oct. 17th. A good variety of appetizing food will be furnished and a generous patronage is solicited.

Sunday, Oct. 6th, at the morning service at the Universalist church there was a baptism, and a solo was beautifully sung by Miss Jane Tonks of Washington, D. C., a vocal teacher of that city, who was a guest of Rev. Miss Macduff. In the evening the union service at the Methodist church under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. was well attended. Good music was furnished by a choir: Mrs. F. S. Farnum, soprano; Mrs. C. E. Chase, alto; Mr. H. R. Tuell, bass; Rev. D. L. Joslin, tenor. Interesting remarks were made by Rev. Isabella S. Macduff and Rev. D. L. Joslin, Scripture reading and prayer by Rev. Mr. McKenzie of the Baptist church.

Mr. S. T. White was away Thursday and Friday of last week on a visit to Lewiston and to the Topsham fair.

Business is lively at Mr. R. L. Cummings' farm where he has a crew of about twenty men picking his apple orchard. Mrs. W. G. Hammond and Miss Jennie L. Bradbury are working in the house. W. G. Hammond is packing apples for Mr. Cummings, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett are staying at their place and caring for their stock in their absence. Miss Hazel Hammond is boarding at H. G. Brown's and attending school.

Mr. Henry Bates of New Haven, Conn., came here recently. He is having a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Jennie M. Brown, who was recently called to Rumford Falls by the illness of her brother's wife, returned home last week. Mrs. Brown is somewhat improved in health.

Much to the regret of the Baptist people Mr. S. Evans has resigned his pastorate of the Free Baptist church here and preached his last sermon last Sunday. He has been much liked during his stay here.

The Murray-Rostell Stock Co. again presented a play at Dunham's Hall last Friday evening. They were just from Rumford Falls where they had played for several nights.

Miss Helen Dexter is the happy possessor of a new Krakaur piano.

Dr. F. H. Packard and family returned some time since from their camp and are now occupying their house here. The doctor was called Tuesday of last week to Bethel to attend his mother's funeral. The body was brought here and carried to North Paris for burial in the family lot.

Allan Cole and Samuel B. Ellingwood have gone to Dummer and Millsfield, N. H., on a fall hunting trip. They will be gone a month or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bowker are having a two weeks hunting trip in the lake region. Newie Rowe is clerking for G. A. Smith during Mr. Bowker's absence.

Unclaimed letters in West Paris post office Oct. 11:

Mr. Tom Noble.
Miss Alnilda Hatt.
Mr. A. D. Hale.
Mr. J. Arthur Mascotte.

POST CARDS:

Mr. J. Arthur Mascotte.
Mr. G. E. Tyler, 2.
Mr. C. L. Huston.
Mrs. Helen Moore.

Miss Ethel Goss of Berlin, N. H., was the guest of Rev. I. S. Macduff a few days last week.

The new addition is being built on the side of Masonic Hall.

North Stoneham.

Beryl McKeen was at home from Norway High School over Saturday and Sunday.

H. B. McKeen is at South Paris as juryman.

Lizzie Dill from Portland visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Adams, last week.

Solon McAllister has finished work for I. A. Andrews and gone to his home at East Stoneham.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin McKeen of East Stoneham visited at their son's, H. B. McKeen's, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lawrence visited her mother, Mrs. L. J. Gammon, Sunday.

Lon Brown of East Stoneham is making cider in the cider mill here.

East Bethel.

Most of the farmers have their potatoes in the cellars. Nearly half of the crops were left in the fields rotted.

Mrs. H. E. Bartlett will visit relatives in Massachusetts excursion week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kimball returned home to Boston Saturday, the 12th.

Miss Rose Greenwood, who has been visiting friends here, is working for Mrs. W. O. Straw at the village.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hastings and two sons visited Portland Saturday and passed Sunday with relatives in South Paris.

North Paris.

Mrs. Louisa B. Packard of Bethel passed away last week and the remains were brought to North Paris for burial in the family lot. She was the widow of the late Stephen Packard and died of old age.

Mrs. Alfred Parker was called to her daughter's by the sickness of her little boy, who is now much better.

Mrs. Leroy Abbott visited her parents in Sanford over Sunday, Oct. 6th. Her mother, Mrs. Spinney, returned home with her.

O. D. Ellingwood has moved to North Paris for the winter.

Frank Webb is packing apples for F. A. Dunham.

Harrison Littlehale, while picking apples at South Paris, stuck a limb in his eye. He went to Auburn to consult Dr. Pennell.

H. W. Dunham has sold his stock of goods to Howard McAlister.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bessey and Mrs. Robbins of West Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Westcott of Portland visited at B. K. Dow's Oct. 9th.

F. E. Gowell has gone to South Paris to pick apples for his brother.

Rev. Seth Benson has bought the Newell Young place at West Paris.

Mrs. Rosetta Ryerson of West Sumner, Mrs. Janette Pinkham of Lincoln, and Mrs. Hanson of Haverhill, Mass., visited at A. T. Hollis' recently.

Charlie Ryerson of West Sumner is picking apples for Mr. Hollis.

West Buckfield.

Heavy wind blow and rainfall Oct. 8. Ground frozen hard the morning of the 9th.

Mrs. Emma Bonney was the guest of S. E. Briggs' family Tuesday night and Wednesday.

Miss Ladd went to Byron Saturday and returned Monday night. No school Monday.

An all day meeting of Buckfield Grange Saturday, the 5th.

Mrs. James Usher of Norway and Misses Jennie and Jessie Bonney of Dixfield spent part of last week with their mother, Mrs. Emma Bonney.

The farmers are busy picking apples and digging potatoes.

Dickvale.

We are having a powerful storm this Tuesday.

Fred Lovejoy has sold his apples to Farmington parties for a good price.

R. S. Tracy has sold his Snow apples for $2.50 per barrel.

I have had my vacation and attended county fair, also Canton fair, and had a good time as I had previously planned. I think if one plans to have a good time he will have it. Now I work for a living.

Charles Martel, a Lewiston druggist, proposes to test the constitutionality of a recent law which provides that in case of an appeal, sentence shall be imposed before the case goes to the law court, by the justice before whom the case is heard. Martel was sentenced under this law to a fine and imprisonment in a liquor case, and the sentence was affirmed by the law court on the appeal. He will now contest the sentence on the ground of unconstitutionality of the law.

Two New Gloucester young ladies recently picked for Wm. H. H. Goding in six hours 72 bushels of apples and they had to climb the trees at that. This is said to be the greatest record in New Gloucester.

There are eleven "express" companies doing business in Portland, and the officers say that to their knowledge six of them carry nothing but liquor.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

Time, first Tuesday in November; place, Oxford Grange, Oxford.

FORENOON.

Opening Grange in 5th degree.
Routine work.
Conferring 5th degree.
Woman's half hour. Question: "Which does the most for prosperity, a man or his wife, on the farm?" Opened by Sister Hunting.
Music by Choir.
Recess.

AFTERNOON.

Music by Choir.
A speaker to be supplied.
Song by Paris Grange.
Reading by Norway Grange.
Music by Choir.
Reading by West Paris Grange.
Music by Choir.
Question: "What are the purposes of Farmers' Institutes and is their value appreciated?" Opened by W. W. Andrews.
One-half hour in charge of Lecturer of Oxford Grange.

SECRETARY.

In the Aroostook County court at Houlton Saturday, John Roberts, as he is commonly known, or Juan Robens, as he gives his name—he was born in New Mexico—was convicted of the murder of Edgar Dickinson at Smyrna Mills on Oct. 18, 1906. The jury was out ten hours. At a previous trial the jury disagreed.

OUT OF SIGHT.

"Out of sight, out of mind," is an old saying which applies with special force to a sore, burn or wound that's been treated with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's out of sight, out of mind and out of existence. Piles too and chilblains disappear under its healing influence. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., Druggists. 25c.

Every Woman in Paris

will be glad to know that local grocers now have in stock "OUR-PIE" a preparation in three varieties for making Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies. Each 10-cent package makes two pies. Be sure and order to-day. 42 45

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of
CHARLES A. DARRINGTON, } *In Bankruptcy.*
Bankrupt.

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

CHARLES A. DARRINGTON of Canton, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 22nd day of Dec., 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 26th day of Sept., A. D. 1907.

CHARLES A. DARRINGTON, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 12th day of Oct., A. D. 1907, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 1st day of Nov., 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 12th day of Oct., A. D. 1907.

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

A true copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

FALL SEASON

New Goods New Styles

We can truthfully say that we have one of the best assortments of Fall Display that can be found anywhere. We will speak of a few at random to give you an idea. And while style and quality are the keynote of these gatherings, ECONOMY IS THE BASIS.

Suits and Coats

that we are showing this fall are not only smart and beautifully made, but they are very moderately priced.

SUITS, invisible stripes in blue and brown, 34 inch coat trimmed with buttons and silk braid, grey Skinner satin lined, full plaited skirt with fold, $20.00

SUITS in grey serge, 32 inch semi-fitted coat with pocket, notched collar, velvet trimmed, turned back cuff; 13 gored side plaited skirt with wide fold, $18.00

SUITS in blue and garnet Venetian, 27 inch coat, satin lined, fly front, plaited skirt with fold, . . . $15.00

BROADCLOTH SUITS in blue, garnet and black, semi-fitted coat with welted seams, trimmed with buttons and silk cord, double breasted, satin lined, plaited skirt, . . . $12.50

SUITS in black mixtures, 27 inch semi-fitted, double breasted coat, grey satin lined, plaited skirt with fold, . $10.00

BLACK CRUSHED PLUSH COATS, handsomely trimmed with wide silk pull braid, fancy buttons, lined throughout with grey Skinner satin, $20.00

LADIES' FUR COATS AND CAPS in several styles.

BROADCLOTH COATS, black and castor, stitched strap down back, trimmed with silk pull braid and velvet, collar and cuffs trimmed with velvet, braid and buttons, lined throughout, $16.50

COATS in garnet, brown and navy broadcloth, handsomely trimmed with pull braid, collar and patch pockets trimmed with velvet and

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing Sept. 29, 1907,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:36 A. M., daily; 9:50 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4 33 P. M., daily.
Going up (west)—9:50 A. M., daily; 3:26 P. M., daily except Sunday; 8:47 P. M., daily.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. K. Baldwin, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sunday School 12 M.; Vespers 4:30 P. M.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 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 venine 7:30.

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 20, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Cyrene Bean is visiting in Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. Angie W. Bolster is visiting friends in Auburn for a few days.

Don't fail to hear Mrs. Ida Jenness Moulton at the Baptist church Tuesday evening.

Mrs. E. R. Merry has broken up housekeeping and gone to live with her sister at Brunswick.

Mrs. A. B. Wilson returned Friday from Brookton, where she had spent a number of weeks.

Miss Ruth Tucker of West Paris is tending telephone at the court house as usual during this term.

Tuesday, Oct. 22, the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church will give their annual harvest supper.

Mrs. Peter Kane returned Friday from the hospital at Lewiston, where she has been for a number of weeks.

Mrs. J. P. Richardson, Mrs. Mary Haugh and Miss Georgie Sheldon attended the fair at Topsham last Friday.

By vote of the school board the length of term for the common schools of the town this fall will be but ten weeks.

Mrs. Haskell, who has been visiting her son, George W. Haskell, for several weeks, returns Tuesday to her home in Malden, Mass.

Judge Strout, who is presiding at this term of court, is accompanied by Mrs. Strout. They are stopping at Hotel Andrews.

The Epworth League of the South Paris Methodist church will visit the League at Norway by invitation Thursday evening of this week.

Gilbert Swett, who has been with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Nichols, for some months, returns Tuesday to his home in Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Cora S. Briggs and Mrs. George I. Burnham were in attendance on the music festival at Portland last week, in addition to those previously mentioned.

Mrs. Clara Howard has been chosen delegate from Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge to the State Rebekah Assembly, which meets in Portland Tuesday of this week.

At its regular meeting on the 25th of this month, Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge will entertain Onward Lodge of West Paris and Good Faith Lodge of Buckfield.

Miss C. A. Ellis, who has been visiting John Bennett, started on her journey home to Warsaw, N. Y., last week, stopping at Hyde Park, her old home, to visit friends.

The Congregational parish, at a meeting last week, concurred with the church in extending a call to Rev. Andrew T. McWhorter of Standish, and the call has been formally extended.

Frank E. Kimball and E. H. Dorr represent Mt. Mica Lodge at the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows in Portland this week, and Carl Mason and Sanford M. Brown represent Aurora Encampment.

The Universalist Sunday School will have a sociable in Good Cheer Hall, Thursday evening, this week. Everybody invited to come and enjoy the evening. Sociable from 7:45 to 9:45 P. M.

There will be a rehearsal of Mount Pleasant Rebekah degree team Friday evening of this week, and it is asked that all members of the team be present, as the team is to do the work before visitors the Friday following.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Oct. 14:

Mrs. J. H. Pickel.
Mrs. Amy Clifford.
Mr. Bennie K. Spiller.
Mr. J. F. Wilson.
Bertha Pickel.
Mr. Roy Hitchcock.
Lake & Sassr.

On account of the wild, rough weather of the evening, the temperance meeting announced for Tuesday evening at the court house was canceled, and the room was not lighted up. The meeting will be held on Tuesday evening of this week, at half-past seven.

"Penley & Plummer" is the name on a new sign at the grocery store near the depot purchased some weeks since by A. J. Penley. Frank H. Plummer is the other member of the firm, who has been with Mr. Penley since he went in there. They are doing a good business.

An exchange in central Maine learns that "Most of the apples in the Maine orchards were blown off in the big storm of Monday night." The statement may be true as a whole, but the orchardists in this vicinity, who are straining every nerve to get their apples under cover, are satisfied that there are still a few left on the trees.

Hiram Pulsifer returned home last Monday night, after some seven weeks spent in visiting his sons in Massachusetts. Though lacking only a little of 82 years of age, Mr. Pulsifer has done quite a lot of traveling about Massachusetts during these weeks, and is in good condition and feeling well.

It was a most excellent harvest supper that was served by the Congregational ladies at their vestry Thursday evening. The tables were well filled, and there were baked beans and brown bread, Indian pudding, red flannel hash, old fashioned pumpkin pie, and all the fixins, in abundance and to spare. A good programme of music and readings was given following the supper.

The women of the Baptist church met last Wednesday afternoon and reorganized their Social Circle adopting a new constitution and renaming the society "The Ladies' Aid Society." Mrs. L. C. Morton was chosen president; Mrs. J. W. Chesbro, vice-president; Mrs. F. A. Kimball, secretary; Mrs. Chas. Hemmingway, treasurer. The society voted to hold a sale the second Tuesday in November.

M. C. Titus of South Paris is in Toronto as a member of a general committee of the Grand Trunk Telegraph operators, in conference with the officers of the road regarding an increase of pay for the telegraphers. Nothing is yet finally decided, but it is expected by the operators that they will secure an increase of ten or fifteen per cent. The minimum is now $42.50 on the main lines and $39.50 on branches.

George A. Wilson was at home from Brookton over Sunday.

Miss Lillian Waldron is visiting in Buckfield for a few days.

Less than the usual number went from South Paris to Boston on the Grand Trunk's annual excursion Monday.

Alpheus Fuller of Pomeroy, Iowa, arrived at the home of Chas. Edwards Wednesday evening. He is now visiting his sister, Mrs. America Andrews, of North Paris, and will remain in the East several weeks, visiting relatives, friends, and old comrades of the war of '61-'65.

Charles H. Sessions died Sunday morning at his home on Hillside Avenue, aged 74 years, 6 months, 7 days. The funeral service of Mr. Sessions will be at the house at 8:30 A. M., Tuesday, and the burial will be at Bryant's Pond. The service is appointed at this early hour to enable the family to take the 9:50 A. M. train to Bryant's Pond. The cause of Mr. Sessions' death was heart disease, from which he had been a great sufferer. He is survived by a widow and five sons, Charles I., of Providence, R. I., Samuel D., of Providence, Randall H., of Rumford, Asa H., of Milton Plantation, and Walter S., of Providence. Mr. Sessions formerly worked as a machinist for a while, but for most of his life was a farmer, starting in the wilderness in Woodstock and carving out a home. About ten years ago the family moved to Milton Plantation, and in March, 1905, to South Paris, which has since been their home.

Recent Deaths in Buckfield.

In the death of Charles B. Atwood, Sunday, Oct. 6th, and James F. Bicknell, Thursday, Oct. 10th, Buckfield loses two of its most aged and respected citizens.

CHARLES BARRELL ATWOOD.

Charles Barrell Atwood, aged 82 years, died at his home in Buckfield Sunday morning, Oct. 6, after an illness of a few weeks. His death removes a well-known factor in the business interests of the town, in which for more than two generations he has been a prominent figure. He was a son of Nathan Atwood, who moved to Buckfield from Livermore in the early part of the last century and became prominently identified with trade interests of the village. His son Charles was born there April 8, 1825. In his youth he made a whaling voyage with Capt. Seth B. Horton of Buckfield, visiting many foreign ports and participating in the adventures of sailor life. On his return he became a clerk in a country store and soon developed an aptitude for trade, which soon made him a leader in the business interests of the town. After many years in trade here he opened a grocery store in Chicago, but on account of illness he soon returned. He was for several years a member of the firm of Atwood & Co., wholesale dealers in Portland, and for several years was in the dry goods business in Auburn.

Returning to Buckfield he again opened a country store and after several years, his sons with whom he was associated, forming other engagements, he retired from business. But he was soon ill at ease away from trade, and notwithstanding his advancing years, he once more opened a shop on a limited scale in his native town, where he continued to serve his old customers until within a few weeks of his death.

Mr. Atwood had strong convictions of right and wrong, but never indulged in controversies. He was always strictly devoted to business, and during the years of his activity was a liberal patron of all local charities and improvements.

Mr. Atwood was married Aug. 22, 1847, to Emily C. Irish of this town, with whom he had pleasantly journeyed just past their sixtieth wedding anniversary, which was this year happily observed by a gathering of the descendants at their quiet hillside home. Six children came to this union, only two of whom now survive, namely, Fred H., postmaster at Rumford Falls, with whom the aged mother now resides, and Edwin F., with the Carleton Furniture Co., Portland. Funeral services Tuesday at the Methodist church, Rev. Mr. Webber of Rumford Falls, and Rev. A. W. Pottle of Buckfield officiating. Burial under the ceremonial of Evening Star Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, of which the deceased was a charter and honorary member.

JAMES FRANCIS BICKNELL

Was a native of Buckfield and the second in a family of nine children, sons and daughters of James Bicknell, a prosperous farmer in the western part of the town. He was born May 7, 1828, and at the time of his death he was nearing the last milestone of 80 years. His youth was passed on his father's farm, where he learned the lessons of toil, and he availed himself of the best educational advantages the community then afforded. About 1856 he went to Minnesota, remaining a resident of that state about four years, engaged in carpentering and other employments. Returning to Buckfield he made a home and other provisions for his family and in the early sixties he went to California and cast his lot in its adventurous gold fields. He engaged in mining and lumbering about twelve years before returning home. He remained East about two years, then the call of the far West won him back to the lumber camps and mountains of California. This time he was absent about thirteen years, when he returned for a final residence at North Buckfield in his native town. He passed the remainder of his life in farming and mechanical work.

Mr. Bicknell was a man of positive nature and strong personality, and he was resolute in all his undertakings. He was socially inclined, and greatly enjoyed the amenities of life. He was well informed on the affairs of the world, was a reader of many books and a constant patron of the public library.

Mr. Bicknell was twice married, first to Rebecca Fletcher of this town, who died in 1904, and second to Mrs. Emily C. Turner, widow of the late Luther Turner, whom he married in 1906, and who survives him. By his first wife he had two children, a daughter, born in Minnesota, who died young, and Everett F., now a merchant at Norway. Funeral services were held at the home Saturday, Rev. S. G. Davis of Norway officiating, and Masonic burial services were conducted at the grave by Evening Star Lodge, of which Mr. Bicknell was a devoted and honored member.

Resolutions

of Buckfield Grange, No. 438.

Whereas, In view of the loss this Grange has sustained in the passing away of one of its best loved members, Sister Helen Childs Withington, and the heavier loss suffered by those that are nearer and dearer; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting her removal from our midst, we grieve for one who was in every way worthy of our love and respect.

Resolved, That in our sorrow for the loss of a faithful and beloved sister, we find consolation in the belief it is well with her for whom we mourn.

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of this Grange be extended to her family in their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on our records, a copy be sent to the family, and that they be published in the Oxford Democrat.

ESTHER J. WAITE,
HARRIET HAYES,
CYNTHIA LIBBY, } Committee on Resolutions.

Auction of Livery Stock.

At his stable in Oxford next Saturday, Oct. 19, J. H. Glover will sell at auction a lot of livery stock, including four horses, carriages, express wagons, sleighs, harnesses, etc., etc. Also a lot of household goods.

Bar Harbor is "talking up" a new town hall. The site of the old Rodick house is considered desirable, but with a new $90,000 schoolhouse, a bill for sewer construction and repairs in prospect, and an already high tax rate, the conservative element urges patience with regard to a municipal building though the need is recognized.

The contract for the superstructure of the municipal building at Skowhegan has been awarded by the committee to Smith and Rumery of Portland, the price being $46,000. This does not include the heating, lighting or plumbing. It is hoped to have it completed early in the fall of 1908.

Supreme Judicial Court.

OCTOBER TERM, 1907.

Hon. S. C. Strout, Justice Presiding.
Charles F. Whitman, Clerk.
A. H. Whitman, Stenographer.
Charles P. Barnes, County Attorney.
Hiram R. Hubbard, Sheriff.
H. E. Hammond, Crier.
W. A. Barrows, Messenger.
Walter L. Gray, Librarian.

In the olden days it was traditional that court week always brought a big storm. The tradition, like other things in the realm of fable, has somewhat faded, but we occasionally get a reminder of it, as we did in the fierce southwest storm which accompanied the opening of the October term of court Tuesday morning.

But a little storm does not delay the wheels of justice, and so the stroke of ten found Judge Strout ascending the bench, in his silken robe, and the machinery of the court was set in motion.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Chesbro of the South Paris Baptist church, and Crier Hammond made the usual formal proclamations. The grand jury was then empaneled and organized, as follows:

GRAND JURY.

Arthur W. Sadler, Hiram, Foreman.
Will W. Waite, Dixfield, Clerk.
Frank E. Akers, Andover.
George A. Briggs, Paris.
Llewellyn H. Cushman, Norway.
James M. Day, Woodstock.
Charles R. Ellis, Canton.
Walter G. Emery, Bethel.
Fred E. Goding, Rumford.
Charles Goodrich, Mexico.
James E. Irish, Hartford.
William H. Irish, Buckfield.
Charles Linscott, Brownfield.
George Morris, Oxford.
Bennett Morse, Upton.
Lewis A. Sawin, Waterford.
Preston Warren, Porter.

Judge Strout instructed the grand jury at no great length but very clearly, as to their duties, and they retired to their room to begin their work. The traverse juries were then empaneled:

FIRST JURY.

N. Dayton Bolster, Paris, Foreman.
Frank E. Bean, Albany.
Leslie D. Brown, Bethel.
W. C. Cross, Greenwood.
W. M. Flint, Sweden.
Frank Gilcrease, Dixfield.
Charles E. Freeman, Norway.
Thomas B. Goodwin, Bethel.
George W. Hall, Peru.
Simeon Harriman, Norway.
L. D. Howard, Mexico.
Irving K. Ingalls, Denmark.

SECOND JURY.

Harry B. McKeen, Stoneham, Foreman.
A. A. Keen, Buckfield.
Chester H. Lane, Paris.
Jacob M. Ludden, Canton.
George B. McMennamin, Rumford.
Henry H. Merrill, Hebron.
Frank A. Noble, Waterford.
Frank E. Quint, Brownfield.
Herbert L. Ridlon, Porter.
Preston H. Spencer, Hiram.
Roscoe G. Stephens, Sumner.
A. D. Thayer, Oxford.

SUPERNUMERARIES.

Arthur S. Tucker, Rumford.
Elvern E. Whitman, Woodstock.
A. D. Wight, Gilead.

Arthur S. Tucker of Rumford, one of the supernumeraries, was immediately excused from service.

As it appeared that nothing would be ready for trial that day, the jurors were all excused until Wednesday, and the call of the docket was taken up. This resulted in a trial list of about twenty-five cases, and at the afternoon session these were assigned to the remaining days of the first week and Monday and Tuesday of the second week.

The one case assigned for Wednesday was Norman S. Perry of Mexico vs. the American Gas and Gasoline Engine Co. of Portland. Swasey for plaintiff, Wright & Wheeler for defendant. The suit was to recover fifty dollars paid by the plaintiff on the price of a gasoline engine which, according to the plaintiff's declaration, had not been delivered. At the opening of court Wednesday morning negotiations for a settlement of the case were in progress, and after the court had waited about three-quarters of an hour, it was disposed of by entering a default for fifty dollars.

As this was the only case for the day, there was but little done on Wednesday.

REDDING VS. SKILLINGS.

Thursday morning work was begun on the case, Isabel S. Redding vs. J. P. Skillings. This was an action of trespass brought to recover for white birch cut and other growth broken down and destroyed by the defendant on land claimed by the plaintiff, also for damage done to growing crops of the plaintiff by the defendant's stock. Swasey for plaintiff, Wright & Wheeler for defendant.

Mrs. Redding, the plaintiff, was formerly a resident of that section in the northwestern part of the town of Sumner formerly generally known as Farrar's Mills, now known as Redding, the Redding family having occupied the same farm for twenty-five years or more. Since the suit was commenced, Mrs. Redding has died, and the suit is now prosecuted by her son and administrator, John F. Redding.

In 1902, J. P. Skillings of Bethel, the defendant, purchased the Freeman Farrar farm, adjoining the Redding farm on the east, and built there a birch mill, which he has since operated to some extent. The cutting of birch complained of in the writ was done in the year 1903, on land which is a part of the pasture on the Redding farm, as it had been used for many years, and which was claimed as a part of the Redding farm. The amount cut was testified to as having been somewhere between fifty and a hundred cords.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to state further that this was a "line case," the real question being who was the real owner of the land on which the birch was cut. As in most such cases, the evidence presented not only included the recollections of witnesses as to the occupancy of the land, but also a vast number of deeds, two or three surveyors' plans, and a great deal of testimony relating to monuments, spotted trees, stones, fences, etc. In the course of the years since Mr. Skillings purchased the Farrar farm and this cutting was done, two surveyors, Henry Nelson of Rumford Falls and W. H. Jenne of Paris, have on several different occasions done surveying, individally or together, for the parties to this suit, and have gone pretty well over the portion of the earth's surface which is in the vicinity of Redding. Both these surveyors were witnesses in the case. There was also a long list of deeds introduced, the plaintiff having several to support the claim of that side of the case, while the defence introduced the record of a chain of twelve or fifteen deeds beginning with one of the original proprietors of the town of Sumner under the grant from Massachusetts.

This case, though tried with thorough preparation and great skill on both sides, dragged its slow length along, as such cases invariably do, and when Thursday, Friday and Saturday had been used up, and it was time for the Saturday afternoon trains, the arguments were just finished. The jury was then excused, and at the opening of court Monday morning Judge Strout instructed the jury, and the case was given to them about 11 o'clock.

Verdict for plaintiff, $75.00.

The grand jury made long days and worked hard until Friday afternoon, when they reported and were excused. The following indictments were made public, and it is understood that there are quite a number more in the list:

Wallace G. Everett of Paris. Murder.
Jesse S. Estes of Woodstock. Breaking and entering.
Louis Olum of Auburn. Receiving stolen goods.
Wilfred Ouilette and Louis Monchamp of Rumford. Three indictments for breaking and entering and larceny.
John Loblkis, Charles Ploplis and Mike Gustilis of Rumford. Two indictments for assault.
Philip DeCoteau of Norway. Common seller, and single sale.
Warren Cook of Rumford. Larceny.
Onofrio Montisano of Rumford. Nuisance.
Ernest White of Rumford. Larceny.
Guiseppe Regetano and Dominico Galati of Rumford. Felonious assault.
Charles J. Harmon of Mexico. Larceny.
Adelard Dargie of Rumford. Larceny.
Roland McPhee of Rumford. Nuisance.
Charles Randall of Hebron. Assault.
Dominick Lankahae and John Samilus of Rumford. Nuisance.
Vito Buccina and Gloussi Cocolle of Rumford. Nuisance.
Edmund Bowers and Charles Vallee. Nuisance.
Fred E. Tucker. Nuisance.
Paul Ross. Nuisance.
William M. Ross. Nuisance.
W. P. McDonald. Nuisance.
Paul Procopio. Nuisance.
Daniel H. McCafferty. Nuisance.
Victor Losier and Joe Davis. Nuisance.
J. L. LeClair. Illegal transportation.
Larry A. Roux. Forgery.

Divorces have been decreed in the following cases:

Tina M. Thomas vs. Samuel D. Thomas. Desertion.
McCarthy.
Katherine R. Carver vs. William N. Carver. Habits of intoxication.
Walker & Pike.
Sarah E. Stone vs. Austin Stone. Habits of intoxication. Name of libelant changed to Sarah E. Dinsmore, her maiden name.
Walker & Pike.
Zella Heald vs. Carl M. Heald. Cruel and abusive treatment.
Dyer.

THE EVERETT CASE.

Undoubtedly the most interest of the term will center in the trial of Wallace G. Everett of Paris, indicted for the murder of Edgar L. Ratcliff of the same town. This trial will open on Tuesday of this week, and will probably occupy several days. For the state, County Attorney Barnes will be assisted by Hon. W. C. Philbrook of Waterville, assistant attorney general of Maine, who was here in the Chick murder trial in March of last year. Everett will be defended by Hon. John P. Swasey, and Hon. A. S. Kimball will be associated with him after his return from Boston, where he has gone on business.

The main facts of this peculiar case are doubtless well remembered. On the night of the 13th of June the small dynamite house at the mine on Crocker Hill in Paris was blown up, and Ratcliff was found among the ruins, still breathing, but with one foot entirely blown off and with other injuries, from which he died shortly after.

The affair was reported over the telephone by Everett, who was cook and watchman at the mine, and the only person who stayed there during the night. The story that he told was in brief that he had discovered a man prowling about the buildings; that he had followed him, and saw him go into the dynamite house, whereupon Everett closed the door of the house and fastened it on the outside. A few minutes later the explosion occurred, whereupon Everett summoned assistance from Paris Hill.

An inquest was held by Coroner William J. Wheeler, and a verdict was returned that Ratcliff died as the result of an explosion from some unknown cause. Later it was discovered that there was a cut in the throat of Ratcliff which, according to the testimony of physicians, was made with some sharp instrument. It was also learned that there was a life insurance policy on Ratcliff's life in which Everett was named as the beneficiary, and on which he had for some time been paying the premiums. A stained knife was found near the scene of the explosion. These facts and others which were discovered led to the arrest of Everett and his being held for the action of the grand jury. Since his arrest he has been confined in jail, seeing no visitors except members of his family and his counsel.

NOTES.

The deputy sheriffs in attendance at this term are Jailer Wilbur L. Farrar, William A. Bicknell of Norway, John F. Phillips of Fryeburg, and Albert F. Berry of Hiram.

In preparation for the trial of Wallace G. Everett of Paris for murder, thirty-eight extra jurymen have been summoned. They are from the towns of Bethel, Buckfield, Greenwood, Hebron, Oxford, Sumner, Waterford and Woodstock, and are summond to be here Tuesday morning of this week.

At a meeting of the bar association Tuesday afternoon, a committee was chosen to prepare resolutions on the death of Elwin H. Gleason, and as there would be scant time to prepare for a memorial service at this term, the committee will report on the afternoon of the first day of the next May term, at Rumford Falls. The committee consists of Ralph T. Parker, Fred R. Dyer and A. E. Stearns.

Bennett—Brann.

In Central Church, Bangor, Wednesday evening, occurred the marriage of Guy Alfred Bennett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett of Paris, and Miss Laura Bernice Brann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur N. Brann of Bangor.

The ceremony was performed at 8:30 o'clock by Rev. C. A. Moore, pastor of the church, the double ring Episcopal service being used. The bride entered the church accompanied by her father, and was attended by Miss Rachel A. Jordan of Bangor, as maid of honor; and Miss Lucie F. Newcomb of Quincy, Mass., Miss Margaret E. Brann and Miss Dorrice C. Brann, sisters of the bride as bridesmaids. The bride wore a Princess gown of ivory white messaline satin and Maltese lace. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses.

Miss Jordan, the maid of honor, wore an empire gown of pink brocaded messaline, and carried white chrysanthemums.

The bridesmaids wore Princess gowns of pink and white silk mull, with white sashes in empire effect. They wore coronet wreaths of maiden-hair fern and carried pink chrysanthemums.

The groom was attended by William E. Stone of Hartford, Conn., as groomsman; the ushers were Thomas A. Smart of Dexter, William A. Cobb of Auburn, Dayton J. Edwards of the University of Maine, and Cecil S. French of Kingfield, Me.

The church was undecorated, save for bunches of pink and white chrysanthemums in the chancel.

Miss Lena Beane rendered a wedding recital on the organ.

Miss Brann is well known and popular in Bangor, where she has been prominent in musical and social circles, and church work.

Mr. Bennett is an alumnus of the University of Maine in the class of 1906. He is an electrical engineer, rapidly rising in his profession, and is connected with the McCall's Ferry Power Co. of McCall's Ferry, Penn., where the young couple will reside.

The following from out of town attended the wedding: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett of Paris, parents of the groom; Mr. Leslie Bennett, brother of groom; Miss Grace B. Bicknell of Roxbury, Mass.; Miss Lucie F. Newcomb of Quincy, Mass.; Miss Jean Allan of Dennysville; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Smart, Miss Grace Smart, Mr. Thomas A. Smart, Dexter; Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Mooney, Island Falls.

Robbins—Chase.

There was a quiet wedding Thursday evening, Oct. 10, at 8 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Chase of Paris Hill, when their daughter, Miss Louisa E., was united in marriage with Mr. Dermont H. Robbins. The house was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves. Rev. E. S. Cotton of Norway impressively performed the ceremony, following which the young couple received congratulations, and refreshments were served. A number of family friends were present. Beautiful and useful gifts were received in good numbers. For the present Mr. and Mrs. Robbins will remain with the bride's parents.

Adams-Kimball.

A very quiet wedding occurred in Cornish Sept. 22, when Mrs. Margaret Kimball and Mr. Orison W. Adams, both of Hiram, were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Eldridge, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. Mr. Adams is one of our most progressive and successful farmers, while Mrs. Adams is well fitted for her position as mistress of their fine home. Mr. and Mrs. Adams have the good wishes and congratulations of a large circle of friends.

Southwest Harbor at last has its glue factory controversy satisfactorily settled with apparent satisfaction to all parties. A permanent injunction has been issued by Chief Justice Emery of the Supreme Court, forbidding the operation of a factory between June 25 and Sept. 15. This compromise is mutually agreeable to both the summer visitors and the permanent residents, and seems to insure business for the town all through the year.

HARD TIMES IN KANSAS.

The old days of grasshoppers and drouth are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of to-day; although a citizen of Codell, Earl Shamburg, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold remedy and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

NORWAY.

Many attorneys receive excellent accommodations at the Beal's Hotel during court time. Those who, for a long time, have stopped at the Elm House miss the first-class entertainment.

The road commissioner has filled the space opposite the Crooker place on Bridge street, and at last there is some prospect of a sidewalk construction.

The Everets brothers are at work on the Smith Bartlett property, corner Main and Bridge Streets, doing careful repairs.

The winter arrangements of mails for Norway do not bring the Boston morning papers in the forenoon as for some months has been the order. In this respect the winter arrangements are not as satisfactory as the summer.

Harry Horne is the new clerk in the telephone office. The management desire to secure the best help possible.

Dr. Staples, of Dr. F. E. Drake's office, is enjoying his vacation this week. He was at his Brunswick home during the week and took in the Topsham fair.

Quite a number of Norway's music loving people attended the festival at Portland this week.

The boys of Co. D are to shoot a series of three contests next June with the Ottawa, P. Q., team. The scores will be reported by telegraph, each team of twenty-five men to shoot at their home range.

Albert P. Bassett and company are at his camp at Lovell for a hunting trip. Mr. Bassett has a most delightful place at Lovell.

Sarah L. Staples of Auburn is in charge of the Norway Savings Bank during Treasurer Tubbs' outing at Camp Pappoose, Waterford, for ten days. Mr. Tubbs has in his company E. B. Tubbs of Norway, H. C. Harmon, Nate Stewart, Dr. E. E. Barker and J. W. Slattery of Portland, and W. C. Libby of Gorham, N. H.

Mrs. Addie Huxford fell from her carriage at North Waterford fair and broke her shoulder. She did not discover the extent of the injury until she consulted a physician on Monday when the injury was attended to for the first time.

Dr. Bartlett as well as Dr. Barker brought home from their Upton trip a deer. Both were shot at about the same time at about the same place.

A company consisting of Capt. Wright Bisbee, Henry B. Foster, Will Libby and Clarence M. Smith left for Camp Cinnamon Saturday for a few days' outing.

An electric car was thrown from the track Monday afternoon and an axle was broken. Some delay in the service was caused but no one of the passengers or help was injured.

A benefit supper will be given at Concert Hall Thursday evening, Oct. 17th, for the benefit of the junior class of Norway High School. It will be followed by a sociable.

After an absence of forty years Nathan P. Richardson of Digby, N. S., visited in Norway. The many changes in the place greatly surprised him. The marked prosperity of the place caused him to express himself frequently.

The little son of Albert Payne, who was run over by the L. E. Perkins team last week, is very little the worse for the accident which nearly cost him his life. A few black and blue places and an extremely narrow escape were the whole.

Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Bradbury and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Edwards were at Rumford Falls Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cowan.

The scholars at the high school building enjoyed an outing Thursday by reason of the inspection of the boiler used for heating the building.

The members of the Rebekah Lodge will hold a fair at Concert Hall Nov. 19 and 20. Wednesday the supper will be followed by an entertainment.

The Board of Trade meeting Tuesday evening was well attended. E. N. Swett, vice-president, presided. The matter of entertainment of those who will attend the Maine Dairymen's Association meeting Dec. 3, 4, and 5 was discussed, and a committee consisting of W. C. Leavitt, A. L. Sanborn and G. L. Curtis appointed to look up rooms, board, etc.

Mrs. Abbie L. Johnson, who fell down stairs last week and broke her wrists, is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Devine are in Boston for a week. They were married at Freeport Monday by Rev. C. E. Angell. Mrs. Devine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Frost, a graduate of Norway High, '07.

Maine News Notes.

On account of diphtheria Bridgton Academy has been closed for a week. There has been one death and several cases among the pupils.

Fred Harmon of Hollis committed suicide by shooting himself with a shot gun at his home Friday. He was 53 years of age and lived alone.

The heavy rains have practically filled the Rangeley Lake system, ensuring an ample supply of water for the winter to all the mills on the Androscoggin River.

There are 19 young women among the new students at the University of Maine this fall, but as yet there are not enough of them at the institution to bring up any serious coeducational problems.

At the close of a very successful music festival at Portland last week, Manager William R. Chapman presented his resignation, on account of lack of enthusiasm and support. The directors refused to consider it, and a meeting is to be held to endeavor to make arrangements for continuing and strengthening the association.

Phineas Whittier, the apple king of Chesterville, has solved the labor problem question in picking his apples. He went to Boston and engaged a dozen Italians and they are now hard at the job. Mr. Whittier says that while they are not the best of help they are more satisfactory than hunting and begging for native help.

Loomis Farrington Goodale, a native of Lincoln, Me., a member of the class of '79 of the University of Maine, is supervising railway expert to the Philippine Commissioners, a position of great responsibility in the development of the railways of the islands and carrying with it a salary of $12,000 with $4,000 for an assistant.

In memory of my beloved mother, Mrs. Harriet Howard Pulsifer.

From life to life she passed; no death is here;
This is a step of progress; not the end;
I hear her saying in a voice of cheer,
'Tis of life's nature ever to ascend!

From love to love she passed; sweet love she knew,
And breathed it here as freely as the air;
A love so dear; a love long tried and true
Which blesses us and helps this loss to bear.

From song to song she passed; above earth's strife
She heard the music that is prophecy;
This music wrought she into heart and life,
And caught the key of heaven's own harmony.

From good to good she passed; her gentle heart
Found good in others, passed the evil by;
So of the good she grew to be a part,
And 'mid the good her pathway still must lie.

'Tis passing, then, not dying, we behold;
And who would shun a destiny like this,
T' escape the feebleness of growing old,
And find ourselves forever young in bliss?

Life's lessons she had learned; had drained the cup
Of earth's experiences of smiles and tears;
It was her time then gladly to take up
The higher labors of her grander years.

And though oft times the tides of sorrow rush
Across our hearts at thought of our great loss,
Yet for her sake, our own grief we will hush
And for her crown will patient bear our cross

So, beloved mother, though unseen the chain
That binds us to thee, it will never break;
We'll follow thee, nor shall it be in vain;
Thou'lt hear our call: "Wait till we overtake!"

Meantime we'll pitch our lines into the key
Of that thou'rt living; so one music sweet
We'll make until our earthly harmony
Shall blend with thine and make one song complete

SUNNY SIDE, WINDSOR, VT., Sept. 27, 1907.

HIS DEAR OLD MOTHER.

"My dear old mother, who is now eighty-three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak, puny children too, are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., Druggists. 50c.

John's Letter.

Well, young Sir! I wonder if it be a fact, as reported, that you are acquiring the habit of taking a little something now and then, braiding the tiny strands into fetters too strong to break by-and-by. Have you been, and are you now, an inspector of open-topped glass-ware, holding it up meditatively to your eye at an angle of about forty-five degrees? At that angle and with the rim of the ware pressing the lower lip there is danger of the contents slipping down your throat and all along your alimentary canal. If it be water you are all right, but if it happen to be pig-wash take an emetic. There is death in it—and the devil. 'Tis a hell brewed mixture.

It may be that you take pride in being regarded as a hard old "party." If that be so, and God Almighty does not interfere, you are ruined for all time. The bud will never arrive at manhood's flower and manhood's fruit. The promise will never reach fulfillment.

"Oh, I can leave it alone now or any future time."

No such thing. You can not or you will not, and in this case there is no practical difference between can not and will not, for either leads direct to hidden remorse and open shame. Can not you believe at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, without a personal trial? Is the written testimony false and human experience a lie?

"A little something bracing for dog-days and a little something warming when nights are frosty and days are cool, is the proper thing, you know. A glass of toddy now and then is relished by our leading men. It can work no harm to me."

O, no! You were not built on the same plan as other men. You are a leathern man with copper toes—no passions—no powers to pervert—no appetite to pamper and no taste to please—no growth in you for good or ill. What an admirable sign to set up for a cigar factory, if only you had the red man's falcon glance and lion bearing!

"When I find it harmful at all I will stay my hand and drink no more."

I have heard that note struck before. It has a familiar sound, like a half forgotten thing of long ago. I knew him and he loved the creature dearly and would frequently take a smile.

"O, he could leave it any time easily."

But he was not put together like you. His internal arrangements were not tinlined, and the vitriol ate a way through somewhere and—puff! out he went. Years ago I saw a young man take his first nip of the ardent. "Just a swallow, thank you. It is enough for me. I don't propose to make a swill bucket of my corporal system." A few years afterwards I witnessed a like performance by the same performer and I could but notice how wonderfully his capacities and capabilities had increased. This time his little glass ware was full to the rim, and he tossed it off like an old stager, tipped his glossy beaver over his ear, and strode down Evergreen Avenue like a man who has been to Bawston and seen service.

"Well, what of him? Is—is he dead?"

Dead! no! like you he is a leathern man, with swine-skin nerves and bowels of pig-iron. Not dead, but he ought to be. All that makes life desirable and well worth the living burned to ashes on the altar of his thirsty Moloch.

Apples of Sondom, my boy, apples of Sodom, but go right on chewing just the same. It is noticeable that the current generation lays not to heart the warnings of the past generations of men. That seems to have been the arrangement from the beginning, and has not been departed from univers

Send Your Work to

Wayside Laundry,

Hebron, Maine.

EDWARD C. BEAN,

MANAGER.

First-class work done.

Family Washings a Specialty.

Steam Engine and Boiler

For Sale Cheap.

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

Work Horse for Sale.

I have a moderate priced work horse for sale, weighing about 1300. Extra good worker. Will sell or exchange for good cows or young stock.

J. M. THAYER,
Paris Hill, Me.

MYRON H. WATSON,

Piano Tuning and Fine Repairing.

TEACHER OF TROMBONE.

Refers to Charles D. Stacy, Boston.

Maxim Block, - South Paris. 38tf

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

NOTICE TO WATER TAKERS.

All water rentals now due including the July bills which have been sent out, must be settled by Nov. 1st, or the water will be shut off.

NORWAY WATER CO.,
Per S. D. Andrews, Supt.

Norway, Maine, Oct. 2, 1907.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of HERBERT CLINCH, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

HERBERT CLINCH, of Rumford Falls, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 29th day of September, 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 18th day of Sept., A. D. 1907.

HERBERT CLINCH, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 5th day of Oct., A. D. 1907, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 25th day of Oct., 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 5th day of Oct., A. D. 1907.

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

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest:—JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of GEORGE C. AYLES, of Mexico, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of George C. Ayles, in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 5th day of October, A. D. 1907, the said George C. Ayles was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 8 Market Square, South Paris, on the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, Oct. 7, 1907.

WALTER L. GRAY,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DAILY NEWS-PAPER.

The New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune

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

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

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

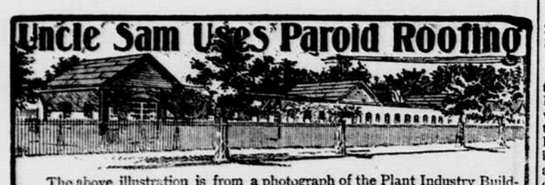
The regular price of THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, The Oxford Democrat,

Both Papers One Year for $2.25.

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

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

Uncle Sam Uses Paroid Roofing



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

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

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

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

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

PIANOS.

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

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

THE CARE OF LIVESTOCK.

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

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

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

For Service

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

A. K. JACKSON,
South Paris, Me.

Desirable Residence for Sale.

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

JAMES S. WRIGHT, Adm.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge,

In the matter of PETER AYOTTE, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

PETER AYOTTE, of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 24th day of Nov., 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 30th day of Sept., A. D. 1907.

his
PETER (X) AYOTTE, Bankrupt.
mark

Witness: Matthew McCarthy.

Order of Notice Thereon.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 5th day of Oct., A. D. 1907, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 25th day of Oct., 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 5th day of Oct., A. D. 1907.

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

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of GEORGE H. PACKARD, of Buckfield, Bankrupt. } *In Bankruptcy.*

To the creditors of George H. Packard, in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 5th day of Oct., A. D. 1907, the said George H. Packard was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 8 Market Square, South Paris, on the 23rd day of Oct., A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, Oct. 7, 1907.

WALTER L. GRAY,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

The Puzzler

No. 263.—Printers' Pi.

1. Two presidents of the United States: ERETLSOLCLOONINV.

2. Two kinds of fruit: SASPHCEPALEPE.

No. 264.—Anagrams.

[Boys' names.]

He comes HERE TO DO chores for us;
Not A CHORE does he leave undone.
O what a MESS! O what a muss!
When he shot the LOONS with his gun.

At first he'd SIT AND LIE round and shirk
And TOOT on his silver horn,
And so MA thought he'd better work.
"UP, LA!" he cries at morn.

No. 265.—Proverb Puzzle.

[Vowels are omitted.]

Sm**th r*ns th* w*t*r wh*r* th* br**k *s d**p.

No. 266.—Charade.

My FIRST the wisest animal
That walks this mundane sphere;
My SECOND is the place wherein
He stores his wealth so dear.
My THIRD, although it is a word,
Is just a single letter;
My WHOLE the ladies wear in Spain,
And what could they do better?

No. 267.—Riddle.

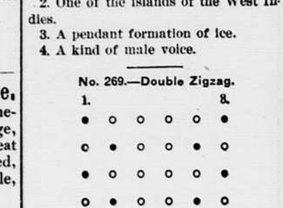
Rosy and pink I should always be,
Yet houses get their support from me.
I close the barrel and fasten the box.
I am often thought much firmer than locks.
But frail am I and easily break.
A part of the body I always make.
I am always found in a home of ten,
I am sold by thousands and aid all men.

No. 268.—Double Acrostic.

The initials spell a small quantity; the finals, one of the rows of things placed one above another, and the initials and finals together, the name of an American poet.

1. One of the most nutritious grains.
2. One of the islands of the West Indies.
3. A pendant formation of ice.
4. A kind of male voice.

No. 269.—Double Zigzag.



Crosswords: 1. A wooden hammer. 2. To tease. 3. Usage. 4. Sudden. 5. To coax. 6. To bear witness. 7. A famous play.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a famous play.

No. 270.—Map Puzzle.

1. An important populous island. 2. A province of Canada. 3. A great inland sea.

No. 271.—Musical Festival.

(Fill blanks with musical terms.)

A firm of housefurnishers advertise as follows:

1. Our teakettles —— a good song.
2. Our pocketknives are very ——.
3. Our carpets will please whether for mansion, villa or ——.
4. Our feather beds will —— the weary body and —— up new every morning.
5. Our table forks will help to —— you up.
6. Our family —— are a —— but useful article.
7. Our —— have no ——.
8. Our —— is excellent, and we keep good ——.

In Summer Time.

Why do the honeybees suck from the clover
Sweets upon sweets through the long summer day?
They work to have honey, a plenty and over.
When all the bright summer has vanished away.

The Pointer.

Nine times out of ten the fellow who is let in on the ground floor falls between the girders and lands in the cellar.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 255.—Triangle: 1. Nation. 2 Acorn. 3. Tone. 4. Ire. 5. On. 6. N.

No. 256.—Towns In England: Blackpool, Maidstone.

No. 257.—Divided Words: 1. Notwithstanding. 2. Am-bush.

No. 258.—Numerical Enigma: "If it is right, there is no other way."

No. 259.—Curtailments: Sight, sigh; coral, Cora; crown, crow; heath, heat; night, nigh; heron, hero.

No. 260.—Missing Vegetables: Cabbage, onion, peppers, beets, kale, popcorn, pumpkin.

No. 261.—Triple Beheadings: 1. Candid. 2. Lem-on. 3. Org-an.

No. 262.—A Train of Cars: 1. Car-pet. 2. Car-at. 3. Car-away. 4. Car-mine. 5. Car-go. 6. Car-boy. 7. Car-o-line.

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 inflamed stuffed up air-passages. Price 50c. If you prefer to use an atomizer, ask for Liquid Cream Balm. It has all the good qualities of the solid form of this remedy and will rid you of catarrh or hay fever. No cocaine to breed a dreadful habit. No mercury to dry out the secretion. Price 75c., with spraying tube. All druggists, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

One on Ade.

A young man was sitting in a barber shop looking at a magazine when an old farmer, with little knowledge or appreciation of literary people, stepped up behind his chair and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's them?" he inquired, pointing to a group of portraits.

"Well-known authors and playwrights," was the reply.

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer contemptuously. "Jist writin' fellers, eh?" Then he caught sight of George Ade's long, solemn face, and his eye lighted up. "That's the one I like," he said with decision, putting his finger on Mr. Ade's mournful countenance.

"O, yes; nearly every one likes George Ade," agreed the young man. "His humorous writings are—"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout his writin', but I like his face."

"Why so?"—curiously.

"'Cause he's the only feller that looks like he was sorry for what he'd done."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"How did he die?" "He died game. He was mistaken for a deer while hunting."

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Practical Hints.

SMALL, BUT IMPORTANT.

There is a small detail in regard to preserving the purity of food which housewives have in their own hands if they so choose, but as to which they are most astoundingly careless and willing to be imposed upon. This is simply the matter of having the meat which is sent home from the butcher's properly wrapped up. It is the exception when this is done. Generally a single sheet of coarse paper under your steak or roast is all you need expect. If it is a near-by delivery, the boy carries it in an open basket through the streets, exposed to all the dust and germs the four winds may choose to season it with. Errand boys have been known also to set down the basket on the ground for a few minutes, play or other interruption, collecting a little grime on the fingers with which they hand the steak in at your door. It would seem indeed that the steak is the most helpless victim of this maltreatment, since a leg of mutton, for instance, can be washed thoroughly, but that process would impair the flavor of a beefsteak.

Certainly meat is as hospitable to germs as many other articles which are more carefully guarded, and it is no great hardship to require of the butcher that he wrap it properly before it goes out. If he is hurried, so may any other tradesman be. The coarse paper must be very inexpensive compared to that used, sometimes quite lavishly, in other stores, and two sheets, and even a string tied around the meat would not appreciably lessen the profit on an order.

But his customers don't seem to care, and why should one expect the butcher to be a philanthropist any more than the baker and the manufacturer of candelabra? A number of customers might combine in demanding a complete change in this custom, and carry their point—but they won't, of course. However, each housekeeper can insist on what is certainly her right in this matter.

A HOME-MADE MOUSE TRAP.

Two young men were once boarding with some friends. There were mice in their room that annoyed them dreadfully, yet they hesitated to complain to their supersensitive young hostess. As they dared not purchase a trap or scatter poison about on account of the child of the household, they set their wits to work to contrive a scheme that would rid them of the nuisance.

Each night they set a well-filled water pitcher upon the floor, put a piece of paper, broken in the center, on top, and upon this sprinkled cheese. A bit of plank slanted from the floor to the top of the pitcher like a gang-plank, and a trail of cheese led the way to the summit. It worked like a charm. The mice, allured to the top, fell through the frail paper and were drowned.

A HANDY TIN-CAN HOLDER.

A certain neat housewife hangs a large sack in some convenient but inconspicuous place outside her kitchen door into which tin cans go as soon as they are emptied. A short stick run into the hem of the top makes an opening through which the cans are easily slipped. When the sack is full it is the special duty of one of the boys to cart it away to the dump in the suburbs of the small town. Thus there is never a lot of accumulated trash to make the back yard unsightly, and no much-dreaded cleaning-up day to haunt the homemaker.

A HAT LIFT.

To keep a hat from pressing upon the forehead, sew a bit of narrow ribbon inside the crown from side to side, near the front of the hat, leaving it somewhat loose, adjusting it to feel comfortable, and to lift the hat becomingly. This band, resting upon the top of the head, raises the weight from the forehead, eliminates the red dent that a stiff brim makes in the tender skin, and also leaves the hair soft and uncrushed so that a hat may be removed without fear of having the hair plastered flat in front. Many hats are heavy and droop in spite of hat pin, and when worn for several hours they cause a genuine headache. Others are of rough straw which is unpleasant in spite of linings. So once worn, a woman will always take time to sew in this useful bit of ribbon.

OF WASTE-BASKETS.

He was an inveterate smoker, and—being an absent-minded artist—he would toss burnt matches not yet extinct into his wicker waste-paper basket. As a measure of safety, the "power that was" finally contrived to replace the basket by a capacious jardiniere of plain dark red earthenware; and fire was no longer to be feared. Moreover, it was soon discovered that the big jar possessed another advantage (to housekeepers, at least) in that it never "leaked" pencil chips, charcoal dust, nutshells or scraps of any sort, when moved—and retained none of these when turned upside down for emptying.

FLOOR CUSHIONS.

A fad which after all seems to be a very sensible one is floor cushions for household use. These cushions are stuffed with straw or hair and are made of denim, heavy chintz, ticking or repp. They are very solidly stuffed and have a heavy piece of cardboard placed on the bottom to make them strong. When not in use they can be placed in a pile in the corner of the room where they do not take up much space.

GLOVES.

A piece of lump ammonia is said to keep gloves in good condition if placed in the box with them. Care must be taken, however, that the ammonia does not touch the gloves.

CARE OF LACE.

White lace should never be put away without first being cleaned and repaired. It should then be laid in a box lined with blue tissue paper and sprinkled all over with a little powdered magnesia, the paper being then wrapped around the lace so that it is completely protected from the air. When the lace is again required the magnesia can easily be shaken out.

MACHINE STITCHING.

It is a great mistake when stitching by machine to sew everything with the same length of stitch. If the material is very fine and "close," too small a stitch will tend to cause the fabric to tear at the seams. The sleeves of a bodice should always, however, be firmly sewn, many dressmakers stitching twice around the armhole; but the long skirt seams should be sewn, on the contrary, with a wider stitch.

To darn table damask, use a raveling from the cloth. If there is an actual hole, put under it a piece of the same damask, matching the pattern to a thread. Then darn backward and forward with the raveling. If the work is done right, the patch will not show after laundering except by careful scrutiny. In the past, skill in such needle craft was considered a necessary accomplishment for the "finished young lady."

A suburban woman removed every trace of a bad ink stain from a new Axminster carpet by making a thick paste of buttermilk and starch, covering the spot with it, leaving it for two days and then removing it and repeating the process. After the first application the blemish had faded nearly out. She washed it thoroughly with cold water to remove all the paste, and put on another layer. This she left three days. When she removed it and washed the place in cold water, the stain had disappeared.

Don't let buttons hang by their last thread, darn small holes, never wear dirty or tumbled lace, and bind frayed skirts.

Don't sew too much; don't embroider too many hours a day; don't do one thing exclusively and all the time, for this means a strain upon your eyes.

When pressing the dress after it has been made, the iron should be worked according to the nap, while in sponging and cleaning a similar procedure should always be followed.

Remove smoke stains from ivory by immersing it in benzine and going over it with a brush.

Merely Making Work.

"In recent years," said an ordnance officer, "everything on a war vessel gives way to target practice. The one thing a commander is more interested in than anything else is the record that his men can make at the ranges. But there was a time when the 'man behind the gun' was not recognized as the most important element in the efficiency of a fighting ship.

"To illustrate: I was junior officer on the old Essex many years ago. In those days we had target practice once a quarter. We were forced by regulations to expend so many rounds of ammunition every three months, and—well, that was about all there was to it. It was a perfunctory kind of practice, and every one was glad when it was over.

"One day we went out for the quarterly practice, anchored the target, and went at it. The targets we used in those days were three planks fastened in a triangle, a spar stepped in the center to hold the canvas which formed the target proper.

"Now the gun captain of the forward pivot rifle was an excellent marksman, and on his first trial he sent a shell through the spar, which smashed it into flinders. That, of course, stopped the practice, and out went a boat to tow the wrecked target alongside for repairs.

"When it had been patched up, it was towed back to its place, and firing was resumed.

"Again the same gunner had the first shot and again his shell brought down both the spar and the canvas.

"The boat was again sent out, but when the repaired target was being towed back to the range, the captain, who was much out of humor by the delay, spoke his mind.

"'Tell Gunner Blank,' he commanded, 'that if he hits that target again I will put him in the brig!'"—N. Y. Times.

Is the World too Young?

If it is the belief, however whimsical, of Dr. Osler, that there would be much virtue and gain in chloroform for the man of 40, it is the belief of Dr. Elie Metchnikoff that what this world chiefly suffers from is human immaturity! In an age which for long enough has been proclaiming the inestimable value of the young man, he congratulates himself that through medical progress the balance of power may be given to those whom we now call the old.

And probably we should still continue to call them old. But we must keep in mind that the great extension would really be one of middle life. What is now a mere flattened hill-top would become a wide-stretching plateau. At present it is those still climbing who, from their egotism and short-sightedness, most largely give the law; the future would be for those standing firmly and with ripened thoughtfulness upon the upper level. Above all, indeed, does this Russian wonder worker hold to the thought that longer life will have its highest value in the restoration of the old man to his rightful position in the world. He will not only gather wisdom and experience, but he will be able to make it fall preponderantly in the governance of the family and the state. For what science is now determined to arrive at is the "healthfully old," not age that is feeble and ailing, but age such as we may see in some fine old oak or elm; having reached its maximum, it retains it, with scarcely the fore-shadowings of decline for score after score of years.—McClure's.

Illustration of Great Risk.

In a recent speech at Brooklyn, Charles E. Hughes told this:

Two Scotchmen with a thirst counted up their joint possessions and found that they could just cover the price of a drink of whiskey. They went into the nearest saloon, and ordered the one drink, Sandy putting down the money for the same. Then arose a discussion as to how it could be disposed of to the best advantage of both. Being Scotchmen it was no Alphonse and Gaston discussion. Each was disposed to stand on his own rights, while at the same time admitting the claim of the other.

At the critical moment a stranger entered the saloon. With a wink of his eye at his companion, Sandy turned to the newcomer and said: "Will you have a drink with us?"

Supposing that the other had drank before his entrance, the stranger said heartily, "I will," and emptied the glass.

There was an uncertain pause for a moment and then the third man said: "Come on, boys, and have one on me."

They had it. As they went out Sandy wiped his mouth and said: "See how it worked!"

"Yess," was the reply, "but oh! what a risk!"

Evolutionary Shopping.

Mrs. Compton looked at her patient but bewildered husband with an expression of good-natured superiority. "Dear me, George," she said, cheerfully, "I don't see the use of my trying to explain to you, but I'm pefectly willing to do it of course.

"I did intend, as you say, to buy a kitchen table, and I came home with a hall mirror. But it was an absolutely natural change.

"First I looked at kitchen tables. Then the clerk called my attention to the kitchen cabinets, with drawers and everything. Then I said how much they looked like bureaus, except that they had no glass. Then he showed me one with a glass, and then he said he had such a pretty bureau if I cared to look at it.

"So I looked at that, and it was pretty, but the glass was rather small. So then he showed me a dressing case with a good sized mirror, and I said what nice glass it was. And then he said, 'If you want to see a fine piece of glass, let me show you one of our new hall mirrors.'

"And of course, George, you can understand that when I saw that beautiful mirror I had to have it; and you know you don't like me to run up bills in new places, and I hadn't enough to buy a kitchen table, too, so—now isn't it clear?"

Common Sense in Eating.

(New York World.)

"I think a man ought to choose his own rations," says Dr. Wiley of "poison squad" fame at Washington. It is a declaration founded on many tests of many men. It is the voice of good feeding sense. Given pure food, the man's own stomach and condition will let him know very promptly what he should and should not eat. And condition is that by which physically we stand or fall.

"A good many people are vegetarians," and Dr. Wiley does not dispute their position. "I think," he says, "we eat too much meat for health." He has cut down his own meat rations to one meal a day. To get the purest food we can, to be sure it agrees with us, to chew it well and then not worry—that is the sum of our dietary science.

The New Style.

(Atchinson Globe.)

In order that the young man may know what is coming to him when he asks a girl to marry him we quote the following acceptance from a popular novel:

"She put her flowerlike face to mine.

"'My first thought of you and my last are the same, beloved,' she answered, 'and the thought is this—that you have a heart for whose belated waking queens might keep vigil.'"

Does a man, in addition to the contract to buy a woman's clothes and groceries for the rest of her life, have to stand for something like this?

A Husband's Retort.

A man accompanied by his wife visited a merchant tailor to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and the manner of making, and the wife lost her temper.

"Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself. I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes."

"Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waistcoat."

When Man Keeps House.

"I just knew Mrs. Brown was away from home," said Mrs. Smith over the back fence to Mrs. Jones as they were stretching their clothes lines last Monday.

"How did you know?"

"O, some of the window curtains were clear up to the top of the windows while others were down tight. That's a sure sign the men are trying to keep house."

MUSICAL SOUNDS.

Thinking Them as One Does Letters and Words Is Not Difficult.

To acquire the habit of thinking musical sounds, as one does letters and words, is not a difficult task. In fact, to one who undertakes it seriously there is no difficulty greater than that of learning to read literature. The usual method of tuition, which teaches the pupil to regard this, that or the other note as identical with certain positions on his instrument, is not one best calculated to make him an efficient and intelligent reader. He never attains to independence in musical thought, but must ever refer to his instrument before he can form a fairly accurate conception of the musical story that lies silent on the page before him.

As a child may learn to read the alphabet, to form letters into words and thence into sentences and so on, just so may the music student learn to combine and use the notes before him.

Strange as it may appear, the study of reading music may be carried on mentally. For instance, while I think of a melody my mind traces its flow and all the paraphernalia of the staff and notation appear as the melody passes away into time. I realize the clef, time, and key signatures, bar lines, rhythmic divisions, and in a moment I transfer the thought to paper. People in general are accustomed to the transference of their ordinary thoughts to papers and by constant practice the labor of transmittal from brain to paper is minimized so greatly as to appear almost automatic in performance. Whatever of laborious effort appear in the process of writing music is the result of want of practice and not that this form of writing is really or intrinsically more difficult than writing in words, or demands any greater mental or manual effort. The mind is here master and directs the operations of the hand; and both gain facility from the practice which comes of thinking music.—Musician.

YOUR GOLD COINS.

See if Any of Them Is Stamped With the Letter L.

"I got hold of a gold coin a short time ago, and it was marked with a letter L, which I supposed had been stamped upon it by some one who wished to keep watch as to whether he ever had it in possession again. I passed it along, to my landlord. I think, and thought nothing more about it for several months. Then I found out that I had been passing 'light' coin."

"How is that?" was the question of a listener.

"All coins, whether gold or silver, upon which a large L is stamped are light weight. When you get one of these stamped coins, the only thing to do is to take it to some assayer, who will weigh it and pay you about 10 per cent less than the face value of the coin for it. He will then place it in a crucible to be melted into gold bullion.

"The government itself mutilates these coins and in so doing turns the ruined currency right back into circulation, where some innocent party will become victimized by them.

"When the light coins are tendered for duties on imports they are weighed at the custom house, quickly stamped L for light and returned to the importer. If the latter cannot pass the coin off, he must take it to the retort to be melted.

"The light coins may be rendered light in the ordinary course of abrasion in circulation or they may have been sweated by parties who sell the gold dust thus bruised off the coin. The common mode of sweating is to place a number of gold coins in a sack and shake them up for a long time, when the gold dust will gather at the bottom of the sack."—Utica Observer.

Mules and Gray Horses.

"I wonder if that truck driver knows of any good reason for hitching that mule with the gray horse?" remarked a Georgian as he saw such a team halted at Chambers street and Broadway. "Let's ask him."

The driver only knew that the team was always driven together by order of the stable boss.

"Well," went on the southerner, "since I was a child I've always seemed to know that mules will follow a gray horse or hitch with him where they won't have any truck with a horse of any other color. I've seen the most unruly mules behave properly when in the company of a gray, but I've never heard a good reason given for the fact."—New York Sun.

For Sale.

Victoria 30-light acetylene gas machine. Used only a few months, and in first-class condition.

C. GUY BUCK, South Paris.

Every Rheumatic Invited To-day

TO TEST URIC-O FREE!

75-Cent Bottle Given Free To All Who Apply.

If there are still any sufferers from Rheumatism in this county or wherever this paper reaches, that have not yet tried the wonderful Rheumatic Remedy Uric-O, we want them to try it now at our expense. We firmly believe that there is not a case of Rheumatism in the world that will not yield to the wonderful effects of Uric-O, and we want to prove it to every doubter beyond all possibility. The best way to do this is to give a large trial bottle of this remedy outright to every sufferer and let him test and try it to his own satisfaction. If you or any of your family suffer from Rheumatism, no matter what form, just cut this notice out of the paper and send it together with your name and address, also the name of your druggist, to the Smith Drug Co., 265 Smith Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y., and they will send you by return mail a liberal trial package free of all expense. There is no reservation to this offer. You take the remedy home and use it according to directions until thoroughly satisfied of its merits.

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

Uric-O is sold and personally recommended in South Paris by F. A. Shurtleff & Co. 41-42

HORSES FOR SALE.

As I am to change my occupation I offer for sale my entire outfit of horses, wagons, sleds, harness, etc., as follows:

3 Good Horses, excellent drivers and workers. Have been used in all kinds of work and driving. They all work single or double or under the saddle.

Farm Wagon, almost new, Sulky Plow, Spring Tooth Harrow, Pair Double Sleds, Buggy Wagon, Pair Work Harness, Pair Driving Harness, Single Driving Harness.

NAPOLEON MARTELL, Paris Hill. 40tf

TOWN NOTICE.

If you have a bill against the town, either highway or poor account, the Selectmen ask you to present your account at once to the Selectman in your section of the town.

SELECTMEN OF PARIS.

South Paris, July 1, 1907.

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Family Remedy

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"Would say in regard to 'L. F.' Atwood's Bitters they are invaluable in cases of indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, etc. I would not be without them in the house for family use."

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. Mary Stevens.

The "L. F." Atwood's Bitters have earned a great reputation by relieving sickness and promoting health. They are the "family physician," the great household remedy in thousands of homes—always handy—always safe—always reliable and efficacious. At the store, 35c.

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

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He buys folded newspapers.

He is paying for mixed rags, 1 cent a pound.

Rubbers according to market. Pays market price for bran sacks.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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FOR SALE.

2 1-2 story dwelling-house, pleasantly located in the village of West Paris. Consists of nine rooms and bath-room, shed and stable. About 3-4 acre of land, with apple and pear trees. The buildings are situated high from the street, with broad piazza shaded with vines, commanding a fine view. A spring of pure water on premises. These buildings are well and prettily furnished and the owner would be glad to sell the furniture and furnishings with the house. This is a great bargain and will be sold on reasonable terms. Call on or address, W. J. Wheeler, South Paris, Maine.

HILLS,

Jeweler and Graduate Optician.

Lowest Prices in Oxford County.

NORWAY, MAINE.

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Norway National Bank invites the business of banks, corporations and business men, feeling confident that its well known facilities will render an account once established of permanent and mutual satisfaction and profit.

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I will furnish DOORS and WINDOWS of any size or Style at reasonable prices.

Also Window & Door Frames.

If in want of any kind of Finish for Inside or Outside work, send in your orders. Pine Lumber and Shingles on hand Cheap for Cash.

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Matched Hard Wood Floor Boards for sale.

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5 Horse power upright boiler and engine, in good condition.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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Maintaining the Crawford reputation for progress, we have constructed a new type of range which is better than even our heretofore best. In this new design the useless and awkward End Hearth is omitted. The ashes are disposed of by falling into a HOD far below the fire, which makes their removal easier and the grates to last longer. The Coal and Ash Hods are side by side, of the same size, and the Ash Hod being emptied can be returned full of coal. There is also more room on top of these ranges. The "Palace" is extra large size and the "Castle" smaller.

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos