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Raising or Buying Cows.

Which is the more desirable, raising cows or buying them?

The answer to this question must be to some extent conditional. There are farmers so situated that they need the full stock-carrying capacity of their farms for cows in milk. Dairymen who have to furnish a given amount of milk to supply the daily needs of a retail trade which requires all, or more, than the farm can produce, are obliged to depend on the stock market for cows to keep up their herds. It is a case of necessity with them; they have to buy and take their chances, or raise the young stock at a loss.

But these conditions are not general and do not apply to the general farmer or dairyman. For the man who is engaged in general farming there is no better course than to raise enough heifers to keep his own herd good and, also, some to sell to the milkman, who must buy. It will be readily admitted that all farmers engaged in so-called mixed farming may find a good source of income in growing a few choice cows each year. Good young cows are always in demand at prices that leave a fair margin of profit.

But this question applies with especial force to the dairyman who does business under average farm conditions. Can these men who are making milk for the wholesale market, or who sell cream, or make butter, afford to buy their cows? As a rule, I do not think they can.

We keep cows for a specific purpose. It is hard to find just what we want when we go into the market to buy. If we do find her, it takes big money to buy,—usually more than it would have cost to raise one equally as good.

In raising our cows we have a chance to breed for what we want. There is much satisfaction in a herd uniform in size, form and color; there is more in a herd in which all are good producers. By growing our heifers we stand a good chance of getting both of these satisfying qualities,—beauty and utility.

The future usefulness of any cow depends largely upon how she is brought up. By a right system of care, we can so develop the growing heifer that she will have an added value as a cow. There is much in breed and much in pedigree, but these are worthless unless the feeding and care are such as to develop the natural tendencies of the breed. You can not starve the calf and get a profitable cow.

The supply of good cows is never equal to the demand. It is then, often a choice between growing a good one, buying a poor one or going without. When it comes to this there should be no hesitation on our part, as we cannot go without nor afford to keep the poor cows. Raising them is a necessity if we are to get the most out of our herds and attain the highest success in our business.

Under normal conditions, the heifer can be raised on the farm for less than she will sell for when mature; the cost of growing is not, then, a deterrent, as we are reasonably sure of a profit on the heifer herself, besides the added value of the farm and dairy.

Every young animal growing up on the farm returns to it a large part of its cost in the form of manure. Not one farm in a hundred is stocked up to its full carrying capacity; not one in a thousand but needs the manure from all the stock that could be kept. Here is a value not easily measured in dollars, yet one, nevertheless, that is real and must not be lost sight of.

Breeding and raising stock, especially the dairy cow, not only adds to the income and increases the value of the farm, but serves a much higher purpose than either of these—it develops the man who does the breeding and feeding. When we begin to study the problems connected with the science of breeding, we begin to grow, and that is the real test of the value of any kind of work. When measuring any business, never forget to ask, What is its effect on the man engaged in it?

Breeding dairy cows is great work and develops great qualities in the man who does it.

It is then desirable to raise our cows, for these reasons: We are able to breed for what we want, and get a herd uniform in size, color, condition and productiveness; we can so feed as to develop the heifer into a good cow; we can handle her so as to make her kind and gentle; we can grow her at a profit; we can add to the fertility and productiveness of the farm; last, but not least, we make better farmers of ourselves by the study and research necessary to make us successful as breeders and feeders. Under such stimulus life looks bigger and broader, and the farm, while a money maker, has to us a value over and above that imparted to it by the dollars it can be made to pay.—E. C. Dow, Belfast, Maine, in Farm Journal.

Keep the Young Stock Growing.

Feed may be high this year and cattle may be dull sale, but no matter how high feed may be it will not pay to allow young stock to lose flesh during the winter season. If the feed is not sufficient to keep young things growing at the rate of from half a pound to a pound a day from November till June, it will pay far better to sell part of them even at a considerable sacrifice.

When young stock are kept growing even a little they go on grass in good condition, shed off early, and are able to make the best use of the luxuriant grass in May and June, making very rapid gains. If they are allowed to pass through a period of semi-starvation, when growth is checked, flesh lost, the coat becomes staring and skin harsh, it will take a month on grass to get them started and they will not make any very considerable gains even in the month of June. Flies come with July, and the result will be that they make no considerable gain during the entire season.

More than this: The quality of the beef will deteriorate from the effects of this semi-starvation. Any butcher in cutting up the carcass of an animal can tell by the tickness of the covering of the muscular portions, that the animal has passed through a period of great hardship. In the animal that is kept growing continuously it is very thin. You can pick it off with your finger; but where it has gone through a period of hardship it becomes so thick, as we once heard John Cownie remark when discussing this matter before a farmers' institute, that it would almost do for a pair of moccasins.

We urged our farmers last September to fail up their herds, and in view of the certain high prices of feed stuffs at that period to dispose in some way of all the animals that they could not carry through the winter in a condition of thrift. A young animal that comes out in the spring no heavier or not so heavy as he went into the winter quarters has been during all these months simply a manure factory—a losing instead of a gaining proposition.—Turf, Farm and Home.

We often hear a good tempered bull called the "pet of the farm," and children are allowed to play arot nd him, and even ride him around the yards. This is dangerous. Many have been injured by trusting the bull too far. I have never yet seen a bull that I would trust behind my back unless he was securely fastened.—Tribune Farmer.

A wire inserted into the holes made by tree borers will usually destroy pests and prevent further injury. Attend to this matter now.

Economical Production of Pork.

The December number of the bulletin of the Maine department of agriculture carries very interesting data relative to swine growing. The introduction by A. W. Gilman, commissioner of agriculture, is especially noteworthy, and many statements he makes should be given wide publicity. Among other things, Mr. Gilman says: There seems to be an abundance of evidence to justify the statement that the greatest returns from the swine industry can be obtained only when during the early part of the season a large per cent of the feed of the pigs is furnished by pastures.

Pigs need a variety of food and will thrive best on foods they relish. The palatable, succulent food of pastures, especially when sown with clover, rape or some of the small grains, will produce an early, rapid growth. By dividing the pasture so that while one portion is being fed the other is growing a fresh supply, and then changing from one to the other, an abundant supply of green food can be furnished during the early growth of the pigs. In this way the farm is producing the greater part of the feed. Experience of many swine growers has shown that it then requires but very little concentrated food to finish them off for the market. These pastures should be changed from year to year. The pasturing of swine adds much to the fertility of the soil.

FRESH WATER ESSENTIAL.

When in pasture, pigs should be furnished with a good supply of fresh water. On our hillside farms which have small brooks or streams running through them, if they can be located so that the pigs will have access to them, much labor will be saved.

SWINE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Continuing, Mr. Gilman says he has watched some farmers who have been raising swine in the winter season. Then the pigs must be confined to the stable during their entire growth, and they should have a warm, dry, clean, airy place in which to eat and sleep. An abundance of litter can be used and converted into manure. One of the problems to which the farmer should give his special attention is how to make the most of his stable manure and thus reduce the expense for commercial fertilizers. On those farms where barn cellars are in use, if the hogs can have access to the horse manure and be induced to work it over by occasionally dropping some corn upon it, much fertility will be added to the stable dressing from this source.

The pigs should make growth every day, and should be ready to put on the market when six to seven months old. There is a greater profit under ordinary circumstances in marketing them at this age than after a longer period of growth. Mr. Gilman says that since the advance in the price of meat products, especially of pork and lard, he is forced to the conclusion that Maine farmers have not given the subject of pork production the attention of which it is worthy. The pig will make more meat from the same quantity of food than any other animal, and when intelligently handled can be made to return a handsome profit. Through the pig the waste products of the farm and dairy can be most economically utilized.—New England Homestead.

Correct Pruning in Orcharding.

Correct pruning is necessary when the tree is first planted in the orchard, and each succeeding year thereafter. It is essential to prune the young orchard in order to obtain a perfect shaped top and to form and encourage low-headed trees. It is essential to prune the orchard regularly and quite severely each year.

Prune the young tree to have something of an open center. Start from three to five limbs as leaders. Keep these in open and symmetrical form, free from limbs crossing or lapping. By pruning each year in the bearing peach and apple orchard, the limbs in the top do not become so dense, nor crowd close together, besides keeping the tree down within easy reach.

Prune the apple tree with much care and thought to keep the tops opened up and let in all the sunlight. Prune in such a manner so as to leave the top free from large limbs crossing each other. But do not prune to form long, bare limbs in the trees, cutting away the finer limbs and fruit sprouts of an apple. The annual and sometimes severe pruning of the apple has a tendency to produce a much stronger growth of young wood on a bearing tree, giving larger and finer foliage. It produces stronger fruit buds, with a less profusion of bloom; an overabundance of blossoms seems to so exhaust the vitality that very little of the fruit sets properly.

I at one time came into possession of an old apple orchard, consisting of Baldwin, Northern Spy and Greening, which had practically received no pruning for over 25 years. This orchard would bloom very full, but seldom bear a good or heavy crop of apples. The orchard was sprayed properly, but with no beneficial results. As a last resort the trees received a heavy and most severe pruning of the tops early in the spring, taking out as much as a good wagon load of brush from some of these trees.

So I say, prune your large bearing apple orchards more thoroughly and in return receive more bountiful crops of fruit. An orchard thus pruned has a tendency to bear more annually. And by the practice of proper pruning the largest and most highly colored fruit can be produced.—Benton Gebhart in New England Homestead.

How to Select a Good Horse.

If a horse is sound, he will stand firmly upon his legs, with his feet flat on the ground. If the foot is lifted from the ground, or is thrown forward with toe pointing to the ground, and heel raised, be on the lookout for disease of the navicular bone.

If toe is raised and the heel brought down, the horse has laminites, founder, or the back sinews have been sprained. If the horse stands with his feet drawn under him, he has weak muscles.

If he stands with his feet spread apart or straddles with his hind legs, he has weak loins and his kidneys are deranged.

If the knees are bent or tremble, he has been permanently injured by heavy pulling.

If he has a bluish or milky coat in his eyes, he will be liable to go blind at any time. A horse's mouth is not a sure index of his age, especially if he is over six or seven years old.

If a horse's legs are scarred, look out for a kicker or a stumbler.

If the respiratory organs are in any way impaired, I do not want him at any price. I want to impress on the mind of the reader the importance of buying good, sound, strong horses. A horse as described above would be money thrown away rather than invested.—R. B. Rushing in New England Homestead.

Fruit growing belongs to farming; indeed the two should go hand in hand. Both can be carried on with profit on the same farm. It is indeed poor economy to attend to one interest to neglect the other. There are numerous places upon every farm which a fruit tree exactly fits, though, for that matter, we never saw one out of place anywhere. Space being all utilized, expenses are reduced to the lowest limit, and a respectable income is virtually assured. A farm without fruit is of little comparative value. Let our farmers ponder this these long evenings, and put it in operation when tree planting time comes.—Turf, Farm and Home.

Lay in some protein feeds for winter to be fed to that brood sow. Remember when you feed the brood sow you are feeding the pig in embyro. Clover, shorts, skim-milk with some roots are all good.

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By HELEN R. MARTIN,
Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

KINROSS had time to become very restless while he waited that night in the haunted room before Eunice made her appearance. He was rather apprehensive lest the curiosity of some of the household about this room might lead to his being discovered there alone with the girl. For her sake he would greatly dislike the apparance of it.

It was quite 10 o'clock before he heard her light step in the long hall outside the room.

When at last she stood before him he was held spellbound for an instant by the radiance of her face. Warmth, color, happiness, took the place of the pale passive remote aspect she ordinarily wore. Her whole person seemed to breathe her eagerness to hear the story he had to tell her. At least so he interpreted it.

He placed a chair for her, the only one in the room, and sat down himself on the foot of the bed.

He felt rather at a loss as to how he should deal with her. It was hard to have to disappoint the bright expectation of that pretty young face.

"Would it mean anything to you, Eunice," he began, surprised at himself to note how his voice instinctively softened when he spoke to her as one would naturally modify one's tones in speaking to a timid, sensitive child, "to be told you were born of very good blood?"

"Why should it not?"

"But in your isolation from the world can you possibly have learned the significance of such a fact?"

"It means, doesn't it, that my parents were people of gentle and noble minds?"

"Well," he smiled, "we do not always attach just that meaning to it. Some very degenerate families are proud of their good blood."

"Meaning merely their inherited rank? Yes, I know," she nodded. "But—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for a' that.

"I should like to know that there is no taint of dishonor in my blood."

"You have the comforting knowledge. Your father was a New York lawyer of high standing and stainless reputation."

Her face glowed at his words.

"I have a pride in it," she answered him.

"You may well have. Now," he went on, "as to the current story about this room and its connection with you. I will tell you what it is."

He told her then nearly all that he knew, withholding only her prospects of great wealth and the source of his knowledge of her. If she knew of the existence of the "confession" he had found she would have a right to see it. He did not wish her to see it until he had ascertained what the probability was that her aunt would recognize her claims.

Eunice heard him with breathless attention. But the break in the continuity of his story bewildered her. "But how, then, did you come to learn what you say is unknown to all others—that this man and woman who brought me here were not my parents and that I am the daughter of a New York lawyer, from whom they stole me away from my home?"

"I can't tell you that tonight, Eunice, how I came by my knowledge. It is better that I do not—just yet. Trust me and have patience."

She looked at him, the brightness of her face unclouded by his denial, but she did not reply.

"You do trust me?"

"Why should I not?" she asked, with naive surprise.

"In fact," he responded, "I don't know just why you should. You don't know anything about me."

"I know everything about you," sprang from her, "and nothing."

"Now," he protested, "that sounds as subtle as though it came from Georgiana. What does it mean?"

"With my heart I know you. With my head I don't understand you at all."

"You pay me the highest compliment if your unsullied heart teaches you an instinctive trust of me. With your head you don't understand me?" he questioned her curiously.

"I don't understand why, if you love Miss Ellery, you should go out of your way to avoid her, even disguising yourself and feigning uncouthness."

Her simplicity afforded him the liveliest entertainment.

"So that has been bothering you, has it? Well, you see, I came here to be quiet, and Miss Ellery isn't, just to say, a restful person."

She looked unenlightened. "But you love people who are not restful?"

"I don't always love to be with them."

"Am I restful?"

She asked it with her look and tone of wistfulness which he was learning to watch for in talking to her.

"If I told you you were, what inference would you draw? You are such an alarmingly logical little person one has to be wary or be trapped into all sorts of admissions one wouldn't dream of making."

"Is it a commendation to be told you are 'restful?' I would suppose that people who count for something in our lives do not rest us. They stir us."

She spoke with evident feeling. Surely, surely, she was not thinking of Abe! He would not believe it.

"And we like to be stirred, don't we?" he acquiesced. "That's what we live for—to experience moments or hours of thrilling sensations."

"Does Miss Ellery make you experience those?"

"Those?"

"Moments or hours of thrilling sensations?"

His shoulders shook with soundless laughter. But he pulled himself together. "I have reason to believe she would if she could."

He read in her open countenance that he spoke in enigmas. But he did not offer to explain. He vaguely wondered why she seemed to want to talk of Miss Ellery with her own exciting story so freshly put to her.

He watched her without speaking, as, looking away from him, she toyed thoughtfully with her apron strings. Presently she drew a long breath, lifted her hand to push a strand of hair from her forehead and again rested her eyes upon his face.

"I don't even know my own name!" she said. "Even that I must learn from you. What is it?"

"I understand you have always been called Eunice Morningstar?"

"Yes."

"Will you have patience with me? I don't want to tell you even that just yet."

"Will it be long before you tell me?"

"I will tell you everything just as soon as I possibly can. I know it must be maddening to you to be put off like this, but it is out of consideration for you (for no other reason) that I want to postpone telling you some things."

"I will wait."

"Thank you—for your trust in me."

"So many things puzzle me, though."

"Necessarily!"

"I can't see why Mr. and Mrs. Morningstar have thought it necessary to keep the story of this room from me. How could it have harmed them to let me know?"

"They have kept it from you because there was one phase of it which, from their standpoint, it was very necessary that you should not know. It was for fear that you should hear this from the neighbors that they have always kept you isolated. Listen to me. Eunice, if I came back with a position for you at teaching school? Well, well, everything depends upon one's point of view, of course. There are some young women to whom that would appear a 'pale drab.' I shouldn't wish it to my meanest enemy."

"Why should I mind it?"

nice! When that woman died the sum of $4,000 was found pinned to your dress; it was of course manifestly to pay those who should take care of you. The Morningstars kept this fact from you, making believe you owed them a great debt for their charity toward you."

Eunice gazed at him in amazement, an intensified excitement in her eyes.

"I am not, then, under the least obligation to them?" she said breathlessly. "It is this, then, which Abe has meant by his many insinuations that if I knew a certain thing he knew I would defy his parents. I never dreamed of anything like this. Then I am free—free and not a slave!"

"So then," he abruptly asked, unable to repress the question that sprang to his lips, "you will defy them and marry Abe? It has been your supposed obligation to them that has held you back from doing what they disapproved?"

She looked at him, an expression in her eyes that was inexplicable to him. She did not answer him. Suddenly her lashes drooped, and to his consternation he saw two great tears roll over her face. Her relation with Abe was actually a matter of deep feeling. It was, to be sure, not more impossible than everything else about her. There might be plenty of excuse for her being in love with Abe in view of her lifelong environment, but he felt an intolerance, almost a disgust, with it that rather dampened his enthusiasm in championing her cause. She didn't seem worth while if she were capable of that. At the same time her distress gave him an impulse to go to her, child that she was, take out his handkerchief and wipe away her tears. Being kind to her was a luxurious pleasure, she was so grateful for kindness. But he felt the need of restraining himself. He abruptly asked her a question.

"Why do you bear it so meekly when Mrs. Morningstar browbeats and insults you before other people too? Why do you allow her to?"

She had sunk back in her chair limply. The warmth and color had all gone from her. She looked up at him, but the fire had died out of her eyes.

"Why should I mind it? It is to me as a hen's cackle."

Her words gave Kinross a shock of astonishment. He felt a thrill of pride in her, mingled with a humorous sense of her remoteness from all ordinary standards. So it was not poverty of spirit that made her so forbearing, but a largeness of mind that made the woman's noisy upbraidings of no least moment to her.

"You are happy, indeed, to be able to rise above it instead of letting it make you suffer misery and rage."

She did not answer. The subject was evidently without interest to her.

"But let us not speak of her," he said, anxious to restore the radiance that had so suddenly and mysteriously left her. "I have a notion that I want to examine you—may I?—as to your knowledge of these books," glancing toward the bookcase, "with a view to getting you employment if it prove necessary."

"If it prove necessary? You mean," she asked, her voice subdued, her eyes again downcast, "if I don't marry Abe?"

"Well, yes," he lied.

Her lip quivered, but she caught it under her teeth and after an instant answered him quietly.

"I am ready to be examined."

Evidently he wounded her by his references to Abe. He did not understand it. However, he would avoid that subject, too, hereafter.

He told her then what he had not mentioned before to any of the family—that he held the chair of psychology in the college of the nearby city, and he explained to her that by virtue of his profession he could the better "examine" her.

When he spoke of himself she listened with an interest that brought back to her face some of the brightness which had momentarily left it.

The examination which followed proved to be the first in his experience in which he found enjoyment. It was not quite the conventional examination. It soon degenerated into a form, at least, of a talk about books, though Kinross' mental attitude the while continued to be that of a schoolmaster examining a pupil. He had never before found any pupil quite so interesting. Her quaint talk revealed to him how much more real to her were the dream creatures of her books than were the people of her actual world.

"It seems so strange, so unreal, to me that I should be speaking out like this of my secret thoughts of things," she said, a light of wonder in her eyes when he had led her on to talk of the tragic mating of Lydgate with Rosamond in "Middlemarch;" of the irony of fate in the gifted doctor's so narrowly missing his true mate, the high minded Dorothea; of the horror it must have been to the mother heart of Mrs. Copperfield to die and leave David to the mercy of that dreadful stepfather; of the deep significance of that cry wrung from Guido in the hour of his extremity, in which when all other sources of help are closed to him he calls upon Pompilia for mercy, confessing in that cry what only his fear of the gallows could extort from him—his faith that when all others failed him she whom he had traduced before all Rome would surely come to his aid; of the penalty which life exacts for indecision of purpose or failure to respond to the vital call of nature through cowardice or other weakness, as in "The Statue and the Bust." He was astonished to find how keenly she felt and saw much which he would have deemed impossible to one of such limited experiences. Untrammeled by the world's conventions in forming her opinions or in taking impressions of things, there were a freedom and a breadth in her way of looking at life (the life of her world, peopled by characters out of books) and a candor in her speech that were refreshing, to say the least. Her own delight in speaking for the first time with one who could understand her "secret life," as she called it, was evident in her beaming countenance.

There was an excitement to him, too, in their communion. For the first time in his experience he was talking to a woman with a spontaneity, a naturalness, that seemed to open up the floodgates of his soul.

He had never before met any woman who seemed to him to combine such evident ardor of temperament with such finesse. Surely here was a unique individuality, he thought, with a thrill of happy anticipation, the long hunger of his unsatisfied manhood leaping to meet the vague yearning for life which he read in her strangely expressive eyes, with their passionate fire.

He was warned at length by the sputtering of the wick in his lamp how the hours had flown.

"It is goodby as well as good night," he said as he rose and held out his hand to her. "I am going away tomorrow."

The sudden blankness of her face almost alarmed him. She turned white, and she seemed unable to speak.

"But I shall be back within a week," he hastened to reassure her. "And I shall be able to tell you everything then, I hope. Did you think I meant I was going to break my promise to you?"

"Going away?" she repeated dully, ignoring his question. "You are going away?"

"Believe me," he begged her, "that I shall keep my promise to you. You shall know all that I know within a week."

"I do believe it. It is not that. It is—that you are going away."

He was puzzled. "It will be dull for you, you mean, after the excitement of our talks in this room."

She drew a long breath, and her eyes fell from their intent gaze into his.

"I mean—since you came here the world has seemed full of light. When you go no doubt it will return to its original color."

"What color is that?" he asked, smiling.

"A pale drab."

He did not for an instant give a sentimental interpretation to her words.

"Perhaps it will be well for your eyes to have a week's rest from the lurid light of my presence, for I hope to bring back news to you that will dazzle you sure enough unless I am greatly disappointed."

"News that will dazzle me? You mean that you are going to try to secure me a teacher's position?" she asked, with humble gratefulness.

"You would call that dazzling news, Eunice, if I came back with a position for you at teaching school? Well, well, everything depends upon one's point of view, of course. There are some young women to whom that would appear a 'pale drab.' I shouldn't wish it to my meanest enemy."

"Then that isn't what you meant?"

"You will be disappointed if I say no?"

"I am in such suspense about my future. I am quite determined to leave here and it would be a relief to me to have something definite in view."

"You may feel entirely at peace about that, Eunice. I promise you I'll take care of it for you."

"You are sure you can find me a place and that I am not imposing on your kindness to ask it of you?"

"If I take a day off and roll up my sleeves to it I may be able to accomplish it—don't give it a moment's anxiety!"

The contrast between the prosaic lot of a teacher to which she looked as a good almost too great to be hoped for and the brilliant fate he knew to be possibly hers struck him dramatically.

All the while he had been talking to her tonight he had been trying to catch sight of that index to her identity given in the "confession"—the two little moles under her left ear. He had not been able to see them, and the fear began to trouble him that they were not there to be seen. He now decided that he could not go on his errand to her aunt without this proof to add to all his other evidence.

He put his question with a directness that startled her.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness, but do you have two small moles on your neck under your left ear?"

His inquiry seemed to her irrelevant to the point of madness.

"What has that to do with it?"

"To do with what?"

"With anything. I mean what do you want to know for?"

"To be able to identify you as the daughter of your father. Please tell me."

"Yes, I have."

"May I see them?"

She turned her head and he saw the small dark spots on her white neck.

"Thank you. If you had the least idea what those two spots may mean to you, little girl!—now, if I don't go away at once I shall be tempted to tell you the whole thing. It will be an infinitely better story, I confidently believe, if I keep it until my return."

He clasped her hand, which rested cold in his own. Then he left her for a few hours' sleep before his departure in the early morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. AND MRS. MORNINGSTAR held counsel together and came to some astute conclusions.

"If that there Doc didn't have somepin up his sleeve to down us with he wouldn't have the dare to speak up to us so positive," Mr. Morningstar gloomily reasoned. "To be sure, I wouldn't give in to him and make over all that there money to the girl if I didn't have afraid he'd squeeze me fur more'n that yet—like what he sayed he'd do."

"Abram Morningstar, you ain't going to up and throw $3,000 at that girl!" his wife exclaimed incredulously.

"Will you leave me know, then, how I'm gettin' out of it?" he demanded.

They were together in the kitchen just after Kinross' departure on his week's absence. Mr. Morningstar was still too ill from his cold to leave the settee, and his wife was in the act of putting a mustard plaster on him when he opened up the discussion of what lay so heavily on their hearts.

"He must have took a shine to Eunice," Mrs. Morningstar lamented, "to be takin' up fur her like what he's doin'. I don't know what's got into the men, such dumm taste as they all show. There's Ollie—she's twicet as fat and has nicer cloes and near twicet the schoolin' as what Eunice's got. The girl's just that tricky she makes eyes at the men behind our backs, pop, that's wot!"

"I've been thinkin' it out how we could spite him back," Mr. Morningstar said, lowering his voice and indicating with a twirl of his thumb the departed boarder. "If we do have to give Eunice them $3,000 we kin keep it in the family and get ahead of that darned towner by marryin' her to Abe right aways. Ain't? You see, what that city sharper's after is to git them $3,000 fur hisself. It ain't often a girl—even a towner—has that much to bring to her mister. Abe couldn't git no girl round here with that much. If we do have to give her the money we couldn't do better by Abe than to leave him marry her."

"Well, mebbe," Mrs. Morningstar answered, considering the matter as she buttoned her husband's shirt over the plaster. "But it would rile me to have to marry our Abe to a girl we brang up on charity."

"That ain't neither here nor there," Mr. Morningstar sneered irritably at this sentiment. "What we want is to settle these here finances without no more loss than we can't help."

"There's this to say," Mrs. Morningstar added—"if she marries Abe mebbe that underhanded Hen Mucklehenny will be comin' back to our Ollie when he sees he can't have Eunice."

"Yes, we'd be spitin' him too." Mr. Morningstar fairly smacked his lips with satisfaction. "The hand of Providence would be in it, and it would all work out for his honor and glory. Yes, I tell you the Lord sees a many a thing head of hisself that way!"

"You're spitin' every one but the one I'd like to spite," snapped Mrs. Morningstar, "and that's that deceitful girl, with her sneakin' ways and her playin' her tricks behind a body's back after all we done fur her a'ready!"

"Seems we haven't darst to talk about that no more—what we done fur her. Seems she done everything fur us," Mr. Morningstar sarcastically added. "Now, look a-here, mom; we'll fix it up between Abe and Eunice before the Doc gits back. See? I'll go ahead and tell Abe he has the dare to pass his promise to Eunice, and you kin tell her she dare have Abe now without workin' no more tricks to git him."

It was a bitter thing to Mrs. Morningstar, this task allotted to her, but it was to become more bitter still before she was through with it.

It appeared for a moment that it was going to be made easy. Abe, entirely unsuspicious of what was brewing, came to his mother that very evening after his day's work was over with a passionate protest against her opposition to his marrying Eunice and a plea that she "leave" him have the girl.

"To be sure, Eunice she knows you're agin it, so she purtends she don't want me. You go tell her you're in fur it—our gettin' promised together—and certainly then she'll be only too glad to git me."

This was Abe's point of view.

"Glad to git you! Well, I guess mebbe!" Mrs. Morningstar retorted. "It's a wonder you wouldn't look higher, Abe Morningstar."

"I have wonderful tired, mom, of hearin' of this 'lookin' higher.' I got my age—I'm a man—and it's my own affairs if I look high or low for my wife. Eunice she suits me all right. Even if she won't have no aussteuer and ain't got nothin' comin' to her, she's anyhow not one to spend at the clocs or to run, and she's so handy at the work I'd never have to hire fur her. So if I am lookin' low, I ain't doin so bad, takin' it all in all. If you and pop would only stop kickin' I'd soon git her to pass her promise. And I tell you right here, mom, I'm goin' to marry her, anyhow—whether yous like it or whether yous don't. So yous might as well stop your kickin.' To be sure it would make me less work persuadin' Eunice if yous would stop kickin'. She's awful stubborn headed about it."

Mrs. Morningstar sniffed contemptuously.

"Och, but men is dumm things! Her stubborn headed about takin' you!—when she's been makin' eyes at you and trying to git you ever since you was in long pants a'ready and she was in long frocks!"

"I ain't took notice she was tryin' to git me," Abe answered sullenly. "I can't never git her to be even sociable with me. And before she'd go buggy ridin' or to a circus with me! Cert'nly that was because she had afraid of yous."

"Welf, Abe, seein' this here's the way you feel and you bein' my own son that way, I'll put to aside my regrets and leave her have you. I'll tell her tomorrow."

Abe was astonished at his easy success with his mother. He had anticipated a complete routing.

"Will you make it all right with pop?" he eagerly and gratefully inquired.

With subtle diplomacy she answered that she would.

It was not until the next evening that she brought herself to broach the subject with Eunice.

When the evening chores were finished and the girl was about to take her lamp to go up to bed, she stopped her and made her sit down with her in the kitchen.

"I got to speak somepin to you," she began in a tone of sullen reluctance, her whole person bristling with the antagonism she felt against her enforced concession. "Me and pop's been talkin' it over, and we conceited we'd tell you that you'd worked pretty good and steady fur us and now that you're got your age and ain't got no more claim on us we wouldn't like to see you throwed out on the world neither, seein' how we brang you up like our own. So we just conceited that rather'n let you unpurtected on the world we'd keep on bein' parents to you, though, to be sure, we thought to look higher fur our Abe, him bein' our only son."

Eunice, sitting opposite her at the kitchen table, was looking at her rather vaguely. But at this reference to Abe her eyes lost their absent gaze, and she met her foster mother's eyes with a fixity which the latter found almost disconcerting.

She made no reply, but waited in silence for Mrs. Morningstar's ramblings to come to a focus.

"To be sure, our Abe could do a lot better. But then, seein' you've got him so's he thinks he wants you, why, us we're not puttin' no hindrance in your way. You kin have him."

She looked for some joy or gratitude from Eunice, but the girl continued to regard her fixedly and without replying.

"We mean it," she said testily. "You're got the dare to marry him, seein' you want him so bad. To be sure, I guess it's hard fur you to take it in that we're leavin' you have your way!"

Still the girl had nothing to say.

"Well?" cried Mrs. Morningstar impatiently. "What are you got to say fur yourself? Can't you even speak saddy (thank you) to a body?"

"I wonder what you expect me to say"—the girl's soft voice at last answered the woman's rough tones—"to thank you for offering me your son?"

"That's little enough to expect anyhow," Mrs. Morningstar retorted.

Eunice rose slowly and stood resting her hand on the table. "Had you anything else to say to me?"

"You needn't go right aways. Set awhile," she commanded. "There's some things we'd better talk out now we're at it."

"What things?" Eunice asked hesitatingly, not sitting down.

"Och, I'd like to know how soon you and Abe thinks yous would like to stand up to say 'Yes' (get married), and when you'll want to be buyin' your aussteuer, and when yous want to go to housekeepin'—things like them."

"Had you anything else to say to me?"

"We need not discuss those things. I will not marry Abe."

Mrs. Morningstar stared at her uncomprehendingly. Eunice waited.

"What d'you say?"

"I will not marry Abe."

"Och," the woman said impatiently, "what's the use foolin' time away with purtendin' and talkin' so dumm?"

"I am feigning nothing. I would not dream of marrying Abe."

"Is it that you want to be coaxed or whatever?" Mrs. Morningstar demanded, an angry red in her cheeks. "There I am fur stoppin' when it would come to coaxin'. I ain't coaxin' you any."

"It would be useless, certainly."

"What do you mean?" asked the woman, fairly bewildered at such unexpected and incredible behavior.

"Why should you think I want to marry Abe?" the girl suddenly asked. "I have long wondered why you thought I must necessarily wish to"—she hesitated an instant, while Mrs. Morningstar could only stare at her in blank amazement—"because," continued Eunice, "there is no fate which I would think more tragic than being married to your son."

"You ain't talkin' sincere!" the woman cried. "I'd like to know how you think you could do better or half as good?"

"I think I could not do worse."

"Couldn't do worse'n marry our Abe! You!"

The girl was patiently silent. Something convincing in her bearing made Mrs. Morningstar begin to suspect that she actually meant what she said, and even greater than her indignation at this unbelievable slight to her son was her sudden dread of having that $3,000 go out of the family.

"It's her thinkin' that there money's comin' to her makes her so sassy and high minded about Abe," she thought, "or mebbe Hen Mucklehenny got a chanct to see her unbeknownst to me, and she thinks she'd be doin' better to take him."

"So this here's your gratefulness fur all we done fur you a'ready!" she upbraided the girl.

A look of weariness came into Eunice's eyes. She took up her lamp and turned away from the table.

"Who do you want to marry, then?" Mrs. Morningstar stopped her with the question.

"That is not a matter that it is necessary to discuss."

"Don't give me none of your back talk! And what do you do with usin' high language as if you was educated yet?"

Eunice did not answer.

"Is it Hen Mucklehenny you're after?

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Buckfield, Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
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Coming Events.

March 3.—Oxford Pomona Grange, West Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

2 Notices of Foreclosure.
You May.
Trained Nurse.
Statement Aachen & Munich Fire Insurance Company.
Statement Queen Insurance Company of America.
Statement London Assurance Corporation.
Statement Phoenix Assurance Company.
Towels and Crash.
Rheumatism Cannot be Cured Unless Uric-O is Used.
To Let.

Greatest Lumber Cut.

More lumber was cut in the United States last year than in any other year in its history. The enormous amount of 37,555,736,000 board feet was produced, and its mill value was $621,151,388. In addition, there were produced 11,858,260,000 shingles, valued at $24,155,555, and 3,812,807,000 lath, valued at $11,490,570. On the whole, it is safe to say that the present annual lumber cut of the United States approximates 40 billion feet, and that the total mill value of the lumber, lath, and shingles each year produced is not less than $700,000,000. These figures give some idea of how vast is the lumber industry and how great is the demand for its products.

A glance at the kinds of lumber produced shows very clearly the passing of white pine and oak, one the greatest softwood and the other the greatest hardwood which the forest has ever grown. Since 1899 the cut of white pine has fallen off more than 40 per cent, while that of white oak has fallen off more than 36 per cent. To-day yellow pine leads all other woods in amount cut, while Douglas fir—and this will be a surprise to many—comes second. Since 1899 the cut of Douglas fir has increased 186 per cent. Louisiana is the foremost yellow pine State, with Texas, Mississippi, and Arkansas following in order. Washington produces by far the greatest amount of Douglas fir.

A comparison of the lumber-producing States shows that since 1899 there have been many changes in their relative rank. Washington, which in 1899 stood sixth, now leads, while Wisconsin, which eight years ago led all others, is now third. In the same period Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Idaho, and California made great strides as lumber-producing states, though, on the other hand, the amount produced in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio fell off anywhere from 29 to 54 per cent.

The highest priced native woods are walnut, hickory, and ash, and the cheapest are larch and white fir. From the fact, however, that since 1899 the average increase in the price of lumber has been 49 per cent, it will not be long before cheap woods are few and far between.

Figures upon the lumber cut of the United States in 1906 are contained in Circular 122 of the Forest Service, which can be had upon application to the Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

John's Letter.

We have lately read the two volumes of "War Papers" presented to the readers of the Zadoc Long library books by Hon. G. D. Bisbee. They are papers written and read before some society and are of vital interest, being experiences of some of our most noted commanders. No mistake will be made, and no disappointment to him who takes them out, unless he be disappointed because they are so much better than he expected.

Have just received from Amelia, Ohio, a letter from one who was a young girl that we met in Kentucky fifty years ago. Add twelve to fifty and you will have her age. That insatiable half century has hidden from sight in the dust of the earth O, so many that we used to know—there as well as here. So long a silence had fallen between those of the West and us of the East that we did not know there were so many vacant chairs, and it came as a shock. It is difficult getting seasoned to such things, frequently as they occur. Job claims that better is the day of one's death than birth, but the generality of people take a different view of the occurrence. There is a wide difference of expression on the face of the young father when told that he is a father and when his child has passed beyond his care or need of care.

Well, say, Miss B.—we didn't ask your age, for it isn't considered good taste to inquire—not always. 1870. We never can forget that date, not because a girl babe was born in Paris, but because a beautiful life was ended in Rumford. The date is fixed in our consciousness. It is also on the family register. It is also cut in granite "where the houses are thatched with grass and flowers."

"I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where love has put off in the land of its birth
The stains it had gathered in this;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I hear ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still."

JOHN.

Here and There.

Earthquakes in divers places are being reported during the past few days, accompanied by the cracking of the surface of the ground, and some people seem really to regard them as something serious. It is altogether probable that they are not deep seismic disturbances, but simply the violent contraction of the surface by the intense cold we have had. The first one generally observed in the vicinity of South Paris was in the early morning of Feb. 1st, when there was a booming rumble, and the houses shook and loose articles rattled. Some observers, however, had noted smaller shocks of the same kind the preceding evening. The ground was at that time almost entirely bare, and the cold intense. Other shocks of a similar character have been reported from other places since, and seem to be a sort of basso profundo accompaniment of the shrill music of the cold north wind.

According to a current paragraph, it has been discovered that the laws of Maine "forbid the buying of coal to run the fires under the boilers in the State House heating plant." This is based on the ground that the law enacted in the early days of the state provides that the superintendent of public buildings and grounds shall procure "wood, lights and such things as are necessary for the comfort and convenience of the departments." Another law forbids the incurring of any expenses other than those specifically authorized by statute. We have not yet heard that the state house had frozen up, and do not expect to hear it, as long as there is coal to be bought.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

Paris Hill.

A change is announced in the mail service between Paris Hill and South Paris, the evening mail leaving the Hill at 6 o'clock instead of 7. There is no other change in the service.

The marriage of Grant C. Royal of Paris and Miss Alma Gertrude Warren of Waterville took place in Lewiston on the evening of Saturday, Feb. 1. Mr. Royal has always lived in town, and has many friends. Mrs. Royal has been a teacher in the public schools of Waterville for some time. They will reside at the Royal home in Paris.

The subscription list of nine magazines for 1908 at Hamlin Memorial Hall has been increased by two, Scribner's and Harper's Bazar, the gift of Mrs. Chas. L. Case, a constant friend of the library.

Austin P. Stearns, Jr., cut his leg quite badly with an ax Saturday while cutting wood.

The schools closed a successful term Friday. Miss Edna M. Luce, who has taught two terms here, has proved a very excellent teacher, and it is hoped she may be retained. The following pupils received certificates for punctuality:

Howard Cole. Leon Proctor.
Walter Woodward. Henry Shaw.
Lois Curtis. Ronald Shaw.
Austin Stearns.

Mrs. Edwin C. Slattery met with a serious and painful accident last week. Slipping on a small piece of ice near her home, Mrs. Slattery broke the hip bone. Mrs. Mary J. Daniels is here caring for her. Mr. and Mrs. Slattery have recently moved here from their farm in Sumner, thinking to live with less hard work during their remaining years. Much sympathy is expressed for their misfortune.

Two Paris Hill "schoolmarms" married within little more than a week and the matrimonial microbe is still at large. It is evident that the only way to escape is in flight to some point not nearer than the Pacific coast, and even that is not guaranteed. The superintendent of schools now threatens to hitch a bulldog at the school house door.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Case arrived from New York last Thursday and are living at Mr. Case's "Little White House" for about ten days and enjoying the beauties of a Maine winter.

Mr. Albert E. Davies of New York, who has a summer place here, has given up his position with the Home Life Insurance Company at its New York office, and taken an insurance business in Concord, N. H., where the family will make their permanent home, coming to Paris Hill during the summer months as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Burke, who have been stopping at H. P. Hammond's, have returned to their home in West Newton, Mass.

Chandler Garland of Boston was at Paris Hill last week to see his mother, who is eighty-seven years old and in failing health.

Miss Mary Pierce is doing quite a business making hand painted valentines. They are artistic and as cute as anything you ever saw. They are on sale at John Pierce's store at South Paris and at the Paris Hill post office.

Bryant's Pond.

Ronello C. Davis has been chosen a director of the Farmers' Protective Association.

The selectmen have been in session the past week making their annual settlement of town business.

The section hands on the Grand Trunk have received a cut down in wages, amounting to 28 cents a day. They are now allowed $1.10 per day.

F. P. Cole returned Wednesday from a business trip to New Jersey.

An infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Farnum died suddenly Wednesday morning.

Capt. William F. Jones, an aged resident of the Gore, died Feb. 4th of pneumonia. Capt. Jones was an honest, upright man. His native home was Sweden, but he left that country when twelve years of age and followed the sea for many years. At one time he was master of a merchant ship. He has been a resident of the Gore district for above 30 years, where he has been a prudent, hard working farmer. He was a member of Franklin Grange. His age was about 76 years.

Oxford Pomona met here Feb. 4th, one of the severest days of the winter, yet it was one of the most successful meetings ever held. Over eighty came by train, and there was a large turn out from the local grange.

East Sumner.

The Congregational Circle are to give a supper and a sociable at the vestry on Thursday evening, Feb. 13th.

The annual town meeting of Sumner is to be held at the Congregational vestry and the grange ladies are to serve a dinner at Grange Hall on that day.

Union Grange is to visit Mountain Grange at North Buckfield on Saturday, Feb. 15, and present the comedy entitled the "Old Maids' Convention." It is a comedy, all right.

Brownfield.

Died in this village Sunday morning, at the home of her son, Mrs. H. Harnden. The remains were taken to Denmark for interment.

Terribly cold weather, 30 below.

There is 15 inches of snow and still snowing hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rowe have returned home from quite a protracted visit in Massachusetts.

George Rowe is failing.

The primary school closed last week. The high school is to close this week Friday.

Dr. Marston is soon to move into his new home at East Brownfield.

There is a great deal of sickness in town. Grippe and bad colds.

Lovell.

Mrs. Otis Andrews has returned from a visit in Lawrence.

Owing to the sickness of Miss Olive Benton the drama was postponed until Wednesday evening, the 12th inst.

Many are suffering from colds and grippe.

The wild land lying in West Stoneham and belonging to the estate of the late Barnes Walker has been sold to Jonathan Bartlett.

The roads have been well rolled but the traveling is still hard.

There was a foot of snow in the storm of a week ago, and six inches Thursday, which makes something like an old-fashioned winter.

Hebron.

The basket ball game played here last week between Westbrook and Hebron scored 31 to 14 in favor of Hebron.

Monday, the seniors went to Poland Spring on their class ride.

Mr. W. A. Bartlett attended the campfire at South Paris Saturday, and also Pomona Grange at Bryant's Pond Tuesday. Mr. Bartlett is one of our most active old men.

The Ladies' Circle had a supper Tuesday evening.

Miss Grace Bumpus goes to New York this week, the guest of Mrs. Jennie Packard Hanscom. Miss Bumpus will stop on her way at Lawrence, Mass., to visit her classmate, Miss Georgie Lawrence, a graduate of Hebron Academy.

Plenty of snow just now.

Last weeks' item should read subordinate instead of substantial officer, but he proved substantial, although but a boy of 22.

Greenwood.

Ralph Richardson was operated upon Monday for appendicitis at the Central Maine General Hospital, Lewiston. He is doing as well as could be expected.

Hannah Emmons is quite sick with the grippe.

Gilbert Yates is recovering from an attack of pneumonia. His nurse from Norway has returned home.

The town farm house was burned Monday night at about 9 o'clock. No household goods were saved to speak of. Stillman Cole and wife are the overseers of the farm and poor. It is understood they will occupy the house owned by Ed Pike on Patch Mountain, until further arrangements are made.

Ruth Berryment is at work for Mrs. Robert Morgan.

West Paris.

Last Thursday evening, despite the unfavorable weather quite a company of interested citizens gathered at Dunham's Hall in the interest of fire protection for our village. The meeting was called by the committee of the Village Fire Association for the purpose of promoting the organization of a fire company. After due consideration the following officers were elected:

Chief Engineer—Alfred C. Perham.
1st Asst. Engineer—Chester H. Lane.
2d Asst.—Dexter W. Gray.

The chief engineer and his assistants were invested with authority to organize a volunteer fire company which will be an important division of the West Paris Fire Department, and they will proceed to make arrangements as rapidly as possible. The department is already equipped with one chemical fire engine, a good assortment of ladders and buckets and 1000 feet of hose. The hose can be readily attached to the powerful steam pump at the mill of the Paris Manufacturing Co. and would do effective work in the business center of the village. It is believed this would reach an area to include the Maple House, Dunham's Hall, and the Baptist church, and later a demonstration trial will be made. The village will be divided into sections, and a system of fire alarm arranged which will be fully explained later. It now appears likely that our village is to have definite and valuable protection from fire. Every thoughtful citizen should deeply appreciate the labors of this volunteer fire company and in every possible way encourage and assist it.

At the W. C. T. U. meeting last week it was voted to hold a union public Willard service which will be at the Baptist church on Sunday evening, probably Feb. 23d, and a good programme will be arranged by the committee in charge.

The regular W. C. T. U. meeting in March will be held with Mrs. C. Howard Lane.

Mr. George W. Ridlon has been here for a short visit with relatives. His family expect to remain in Portland until April when they intend to return to their home here.

The school closed last Friday and there will probably be a vacation until the first of April. The teachers, Miss Price, Miss Thayer and Miss Swett, have returned to their homes.

Mr. Jerry H Cole is working on the interior of his new house this winter, and is doing some nice finishing, which will greatly add to the value of the building.

It was with regret that we noted the death of Mr. Alden E. Doughty, a native of Greenwood. As we recollect him he was a young man of promise with Christian ideals, and thus the world is the loser by his early death.

Mrs. Frank P. McKenney is visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

Rehearsals are in progress for the drama "A Woman's Honor." This will be under the auspices of the Masons. It is a good play and has a cast of ten characters.

Mr. Elmer E. Tuell, who for two years has had an agency for a fine line of wall papers and mouldings, has got the season's stock of about 1000 samples with a great variety of styles and prices. He will be glad to show them to any one interested.

Many of our people are rather discouraged over the freezing of the water pipes. During the last few days the water supply has been cut off from many houses, including the Maple House, Shurtleff Block, etc.

Mr. F. S. Farnum has had quite a severe attack of grippe, but is now improved.

Mrs. Elvesa Dennen has returned home from Mr. Davis' in Woodstock.

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

There will be a leap year dance at the hall Friday evening, Feb. 14. Valentines will be expected. An oyster supper will be served at intermission.

Mrs. Chandler Curtis, Jr., was taken to the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston about a week ago for treatment.

Mrs. Ella Z. Berry and Rev. Franklin Van Gordon went to Canton Tuesday of last week to attend the Free Baptist Quarterly Meeting.

Rev. I. S. Macduff was called last Thursday to Grafton where she officiated on Friday at the funeral of Mr. George Otis. Mr. Otis was a brother-in-law of the well known lumberman, E. I. Brown.

Mr. H. R. Dunham, of Waterville, and Mr. G. L. Dunham of Brattleboro, Vt., have just spent a few days in town with relatives. On Saturday, the 8th, they were joined at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dunham, by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Dunham, of North Paris. These three sons united in celebrating the 80th birthday of our well-known citizen, Mr. Samuel W. Dunham, who is a remarkably well preserved man for his years. The other two sons and the daughter, Mrs. Hamilton, were not present. A bountiful dinner was served, which, if judged by the sample of birthday cake donated to your correspondent, left nothing to be desired.

West Sumner.

Mr. and Mrs. Naaman Burgess of Hartford, who have been at work for R. N. Stetson, have returned to their home. Mrs. Burgess is in very poor health.

Roy Bisbee is boarding at Mrs. John Heald's.

The sudden drop of the mercury Sunday night made people feel as though they had been transported in the night to the north pole and had awakened Monday morning to find themselves in the frigid zone. February has brought us the coldest weather ever known in this section within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Although the glass has been known to run lower, fifteen below being the coldest recorded so far as we have been informed. The extreme cold weather with but little snow on the ground has caused many water pipes to freeze and nearly half the village is without aqueduct water.

Miss Bessie Hazelton is confined to the house with the pinkeye.

Mrs. Geo. Curtis is ill in bed with the grippe.

Kenneth, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pulsifer, is sick with the croup. Dr. Wheeler of West Paris is in attendance.

Mrs. James Buck left Thursday for Rumford Falls, where she will do dressmaking.

Mrs. Hattie Young was taken suddenly ill Sunday night with pleurisy. Being all alone in the house at the time she placed a light in the window. This was seen by neighbors who quickly went to her assistance.

Mr. and Mrs Geo. Packard are in town, called here by the illness of Mrs. Hattie Young.

Peru.

Mrs Melly Ames of Livermore Centre is visiting at her uncle's, J. E. Conant's.

Well, that snow that we have been looking for has come at last. We are all pleased. We cannot slip down now.

The teamsters are all busy.

Mrs. May Robinson is on the sick list, and Edna Howard is at work for her.

Marshall Babb is at work with his team for William Paul of Dixfield.

S. A. Gatchell has gone to work on his job in Hartford hauling birch and pulp wood.

The dramatic club is rehearsing getting ready to play a drama in the near future.

Albany.

About fourteen inches of snow Feb. 1st. Roads were all broken for the first time this winter Feb. 2d. Rollers are used which will make fine roads if it ever thaws enough so that the snow will pack down. The snow was quite welcome, but we should just as soon have dispensed with the extra cold weather.

Quite a lot of sickness round about town, but at this writing all seem to be on the gain.

More snow which makes it unpleasant and hard for all who have to be out of doors.

Norway Lake.

A dearth of news.

Most of the folks seem to be recovering.

Mrs. C. F. Whitney is not gaining as fast as her friends would like to have her.

Mr. Elmer Dunn, who has been very sick, seems to be gaining now.

Mrs. C. A. Stephens is at home now.

It is a great relief to be able to walk on snow instead of ice.

Bethel.

Rev. C. W. Curtis of Waldoboro, who has received a call to become the pastor of the Congregational church, preached here last Sunday, but will not come to remain permanently until the middle of March.

There was no preaching service at the M. E. church last Sunday, and none of the churches held evening services on account of the storm and blow.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wheeler are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a little daughter.

Mrs. Bliss of New York, who has been spending several months at Dr. Gehring's, is to return to her home in New York Saturday.

Mr. E. C. Vandenkerckhoven went to Hebron Thursday to receive treatment at the sanatorium. His host of friends hope for his permanent recovery.

Thursday afternoon and evening the students of Gould Academy held their annual fair and supper in Garland Chapel. The booths arranged by the several classes were attractive and well patronized. In the evening a very pleasing farce was given, also a reading by Miss Chase illustrated by shadow pantomime which proved very entertaining.

The Gould Academy basket ball team went to Westbrook Friday to play with the Westbrook team.

The whistle of the chair shop was a welcome sound Tuesday. Portland parties, who now control the property, came to Bethel Saturday and engaged Mr. E. Arno to oversee the sawing of the long lumber and birch, which will take several weeks. Mr. Bert Young is the present book-keeper. The final settlement of the business is still in doubt.

Mr. L. B. Hopkins, who was called to Bethel by the death of Mrs. Olive Young, started for the West Saturday. Mrs. Hopkins will go later.

Mrs. F. B. Tuell and her sister from Pawtucket, R. I., start for California Monday to visit their sisters and brother who went with the "Bethel colony" to Pomona twenty years ago.

The prize speaking of Gould Academy will be held Feb. 28.

Feb. 14, a "prize fund supper" will be held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Society.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Lena Farwell is visiting friends in Berlin, N. H.

Feb. 4th was breaking roads day here in earnest.

The big snow and storm prevented our mail carrier from getting through here the 3d inst.

Eva Farwell recently closed a successful term of school here. Although a young teacher we could not help noticing precision and neatness and marked promptness among the pupils, and teacher in particular.

H. M. Osgood has moved to Bethel Hill.

Considerable cord wood has been hauled from here and vicinity to Bethel Hill.

Salathiel Osgood's last housekeeper has gone away on a visit, and returned to keep house for his brother Henry.

Enough snow now for the growlers.

Stella Kerwin is at the Maple and Pine Farm House taking lessons of a private teacher.

Buckfield.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Shearman and two children of Portland, Me., spent the past week with Mrs. Shearman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Prince.

Rev. Edwin A. Mason of South Bristol occupied the Baptist pulpit Sunday, Feb. 2d, at the morning and evening services, and preached at East Sumner in the afternoon.

The Presiding Elder of this district, the Rev. Mr. Parsons, spent Sunday with Rev. Mr. Pottle and the M. E. church here.

Nezinscot Lodge of Odd Fellows conferred the initiatory and first degrees at their regular meeting Saturday night and the second on three candidates at a special meeting Monday night.

The friends of Mrs. Ralph Morrill will be glad to know that she is making rapid progress toward recovery. Her sister, Miss Iona Russell, is now with her.

The No Name Whist Club has now been entertained at the home of each member and is on the second round, having been entertained on Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tuttle, who entertained first.

Mayflower Chapter, O. E. S., initiated one candidate at a special meeting on Tuesday evening. A supper was served after the meeting.

Prof. Harrell, the magician, gave a pleasing entertainment at Nezinscot Hall on Thursday evening under the auspices of the High School League. A good audience was present in spite of the storm.

There is to be an old folks' ball at Nezinscot Hall Thursday evening, Feb. 13. Music is to furnished by Paine of Lewiston and a supper will be served.

Dr. W. P. Bridgham is reported as slightly improved at this time. He is being cared for by Romanzo Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Irish went to West Paris Saturday, from which place they start Monday over the Grand Trunk Railroad for California. Mr. Irish has a sister in Redlands, Mrs. Albert Austin, whom they will visit. They will be gone about two months. During their absence Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Withington will occupy their house.

Mrs. Geo. Hersey went to New York Saturday morning for a stay of a few weeks.

A district meeting of the Odd Fellows was held with Nezinscot Lodge on Friday evening. The district is composed of Nezinscot Lodge of this place, Monami Lodge of Mechanic Falls and Blake Lodge of Turner. The third degree was conferred on seven candidates by the degree staff of Monami Lodge in a highly creditable manner. There were speeches by visiting and local brothers followed by a banquet in the lower hall. There were representatives of eight different lodges present and all had an enjoyable time.

Rev. C. F. Parsons held quarterly meeting at the Methodist church last Sabbath, preaching at the East in the morning and at the village afternoon and evening. Progress was reported and the pastor's claim paid to date, and the presiding elder's claim paid in full.

Miss Madolin Whitman was the guest of Miss Flora Whitman Thursday and Friday, at Mrs. Pottle's, where Miss Flora boards. Both are members of the high school.

Miss Cleora DeCoster graduates from Leavitt Institute in June, and contemplates entering Bates College this fall.

Locke's Mills.

The funeral services of Hon. Eben E. Rand were held at the church Sunday, Feb. 2, and were conducted by Rev. G. B. Hannaford. Mr. Rand was well-known here and respected by all. There were several beautiful floral tributes.

Mr. William Jones passed away Feb. 4 after a short illness of pneumonia. The funeral was at the house Feb. 6th. Rev. Seth Benson conducted the services and the music was by a quartet consisting of Mrs. Abbie Trask, Lola Foster, Mr. C. E. Stowell and Mr. A. W. Andrews. There was a floral piece from Franklin Grange, and several bouquets from friends. He is survived by a widow. Burial at Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Chas. Bartlett and Mrs. Earl Farrington attended Pomona Grange at Bryant's Pond Tuesday.

The V. I. S. Sewing Circle met with Mrs. Earl Farrington Wednesday afternoon. They meet in two weeks with Mrs. James Crooker.

Howard Maxim lost one of his valuable work horses last week.

Denmark.

Mr. Willard J. Swan, after a long and painful sickness, died at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jones, where he has been since July, 1907. He has been a patient sufferer. He was a member of a Masonic lodge in Philadelphia, and in high standing in that order. He was also a member of a Baptist church in Boston. For three years he has had some of the most skillful physicians, but all have failed to help him. He leaves an aged father, Mr. P. W. Swan, a former resident of this town, now in Florida, and three brothers. He will be taken to Winchester, Mass., for burial, upon the arrival of his brother from Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Harry Harnden, who died in Brownfield, was brought here for burial Tuesday afternoon and the funeral was held in Odd Fellows' Hall.

North Waterford.

W. S. Perkins injured his knee so he could hardly get around.

Henry Elliott has gone to work at Tuskahola in the mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Sawin and daughter Hazel visited their daughter, Mrs. Hiram Holt, Sunday.

A great many of the water pipes are frozen up so the people are obliged to bring the water.

Hiram Holt is having quite a serious time with rheumatism in his eyes so he has been confined to a dark room over a week now and still no better.

Nancy Stone visited at her home in Albany, Sunday, the 2d.

Ida Holt has gone to Farmington to attend school.

David Lebroke has been hauling hay from his barn in Bisbeetown.

Ernest McGray and Noah York are cutting timber for John York.

They had quite a job with the rollers breaking roads after the snow storm.

East Bethel.

Miss Katie Haines is visiting friends in Hanover.

Mr. Z. W. Bartlett visited Canton last week.

Mr. Guy Bartlett was sick with the mumps all last week, which proved very painful, being on both sides of his face.

Mr. Will Holt had the great misfortune to have a valuable two-year-old colt die last week. About two weeks ago he lost a valuable horse.

A number of aqueducts are frozen up. Z. W. Bartlett, L. E. Cole, Will Holt and others are without water.

Mr. J. S. Hutchins, mail carrier on R. F. D. Route 1, is suffering with a severe attack of the grippe. His assistant, L. E. Brown, is delivering the mail.

Maine News Notes.

Considerable damage to wharves, summer cottages, fishing craft, and other property, was done along the Maine coast by the storm and high sea of the first of last week.

Since the Portland city hall fire about 100 men have been busy removing the debris and over 1500 loads have been hauled away from the ruins. The clearing up is now practically completed.

The decision of the referee in the bankruptcy case of Roscoe C. Penney of Augusta orders that Penney pay over the sum of $6,890. Penney claimed that the money was stolen from him in a sale stable in Boston last spring.

In a fire in a boarding house at Millinocket Saturday, Joseph Perry, a member of the fire company, was killed by the collapsing of the second floor. Two others who were with him escaped without serious injury. Perry was about 33 years of age and unmarried.

Suggestions of foul play in the case of Charles Brawn of Brunswick, cook in a lumber camp in Bowdoinham, who was found dead in his bunk, were quickly set at rest. The coroner's jury found that death was due to natural causes, probably aggravated by cold weather and bad liquor.

An acquittal resulted in the trial of Conductor B. D. Dunbar and Engineer H. E. Thayer of the Maine Central, tried at Augusta for manslaughter in connection with a railroad accident at Benton in which a brakeman was killed. This is the first case of the kind ever tried in Maine, and the verdict is generally accepted as correct, but it is thought that the prosecution of the matter will have a good effect on the matter of railroad safety, both as regards the trainmen and the railroad management.

As showing that athletic activity does not of necessity interfere greatly with the more serious lines of college work, it may be mentioned that among the eight young men just chosen at Bowdoin by competition from a large number of principals and alternates in the annual Bradbury Prize debate, there are the captain of the track team, the college tennis champion, a member of last spring's championship nine, the manager of the track team, the college tennis champion and a football man. Six of the eight are prominently connected with the athletic work of the college.

The Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes Railroad Co. has been organized at Gardiner with a capital stock of $241,699 to take over all the narrow gauge railroads in Franklin County. The Sandy River, the Franklin & Megantic and the Kingfield & Dead River railroads have been taken into the new company and in about sixty days the Phillips & Rangeley railroad, which includes the Eustis and Madrid railroad, will be taken over. The Phillips & Rangeley railroad has been in the hands of Seth Carter of Lewiston as receiver for three years All these roads are of narrow gauge construction. The Sandy River road was opened in November, 1879, and was the first two-foot gauge railroad in Maine.

Jeremiah C. McCarthy, who some years ago was a well known contractor in Boston and Roxbury, and worth $50,000, is under arrest on the charge of manslaughter for the killing at Portland on Sunday of Arthur Norton, aged 60, at the large farm of Col. H. M. Castner, proprietor of the West End Hotel. Norton died on the way to the hospital, shortly after he had been knocked down, according to witnesses, by a blow from McCarthy's fist and kicked in the jaw. The police were informed that McCarthy had been drinking and was ugly. Norton for three years had been employed on the farm, having charge of the cows, while McCarthy, who in his day owned some fast horses and was a devotee of the race track, had been in charge of the horses since early last month.

Quarter-Million Fire at Berlin.

Berlin, N. H., suffered a fire Tuesday night which destroyed eight buildings in the business section, causing a property loss of something like $250,000, and turning a number of families into the street. In the midst of fighting the first fire, a second one broke out, and a serious conflagration was threatened.

The steam fire engine broke down early in the progress of the fire, and the hydrant streams were utterly inadequate, but the powerful fire pumps of the paper mills were set to work pumping directly into the mains.

It was one of the worst nights imaginable to fight fire, the temperature being in the vicinity of thirty below zero, and efficient work was almost impossible.

When the conflagration threatened, help was summoned from Portland and Lewiston, and an engine and men were sent from each city. When they arrived both engines were found to be frozen up and they had to be thawed out. By that time the fire was fairly under control, but in the forenoon of Wednesday one of them worked for several hours when a fresh blaze started up among the ruins.

The heaviest loser is the Berlin National Bank, which owned one of the burned buildings. Its loss is reckoned at $25,000. The other losses are of various business concerns large and small, and of families, the upper portions of most of the burned buildings being occupied as tenements. The total insurance is about $100,000, which is about two-fifths of the loss.

The burned district is nearly the same that was burned over in the fire of Jan. 4, 1905, and most of the buildings burned in this fire were erected since the former one.

An Appreciation of "John."

The Portland Advertiser shows appreciation of a good thing. In its issue of a few days since it quotes "John's Letter" of recent date in the Democrat, in which John comments on his arrival at threescore and ten. The Advertiser has this to say in connection with it:

The weekly press of Maine has developed not a few writers who have woven into their news budgets a homespun philosophy as fine as anything that Donald G. Mitchell ever did.

Notable among these countryside writers is "John," who for years has been a regular writer in the Oxford Democrat.

In all the years that "John" has been mingling news and philosophy for Oxford County readers he has never penned a cynical paragraph. Cynicism belongs to a world apart from the invigorating breezes of the Oxford hills, and at the end of the Biblical period "John" still sees cheerful pictures in the twilight of life.

KEEPING OPEN HOUSE.

Everybody is welcome when we feel good; and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly, one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store.

Aunty's Valentines

Three sorrowful little faces appeared at Aunt Flora's door at a quarter after 7 on Wednesday morning. They had listened outside to be sure that she was really awake, then softly tapped on the door. Aunt Flora called, "Come in!" with her cheerliest voice, and the procession entered.

"You dear little chicks!" she said, as she hurried across the room and bestowed on each pitiful face a morning kiss. "Now, what is the trouble this morning? Why, it looks quite as much like rain right here in this room as it does outdoors!"

"Well, Aunty, it's raining," volunteered Alice, the oldest.

"And you know what you said," added Frank.

"Sure enough, we were going to the store this morning to buy valentines,

AUNT FLORA SHOWED THEM HOW TO MAKE VALENTINES.

and it is raining and looks as if it might continue all day. Now let me think." And for a very long minute, as it seemed to the children, Aunt Flora's face was puzzled.

"I've thought of a plan," she said at last, "but first let me tell you a story. A very long time ago, when I was a little girl"—

"How long ago?" inquired little Dick.

"Oh, a very long time ago, chick," replied Aunt Flora, "longer than any of you are old."

"Aren't you an old, old lady?" remarked Alice.

"Yes, very old," laughed Aunt Flora, who had just celebrated her twenty-eighth birthday.

"But as I was saying," she continued, "when I was a little girl we couldn't buy such pretty valentines as you can today, so we had to make them."

"Make 'em?" inquired Frank.

"Yes; we made them out of paper and drew or painted pictures upon them and wrote verses, and they were pretty too."

"Why can't we do that?" asked Alice.

"Yes, that's just why I told you the story. But now skip to the nursery, and after breakfast I'll come and show you how," said Aunt Flora.

Just as the clock was striking 9 Aunt Flora entered the nursery equipped with paper, scissors, glue, paints and brushes and all kinds of pretty ribbons. Nurse drew the big table over by the window, and they all sat down while Aunt Flora showed them how to make pretty valentines out of paper. There were heart shapes with smaller red hearts in the center, hearts with flowers painted upon them, hearts with verses written upon them, squares with frilled edges decorated with hearts and cruel arrows and tokens of love of all sorts. One by one as they were finished they were tied with the pretty ribbons and hung on the curtain rod to dry.

Little Dick made a protest at first because Alice refused to allow him to help decorate her valentines on the plea of his lack of experience and soiled hands, but Aunt Flora suggested that Dick make some all by himself and pin them on the window sill. This suggestion was gratefully received, and such works of art as he conceived! At times he forgot to decorate the paper and adorned his hair, his face and hands and his clothing with large supplies of the red paint.

All day while the rain pattered on the roof the children worked diligently, making valentines for their little friends, and when nurse came to call them to tea they all declared they never had such a fine time on a rainy day

"Mamma," cried Frank when bedtime came, "you will get something to morrow! It's round like a heart and says, 'I love you,' but I shall not tell you what it is!"—Youth's Companion.

OBSERVANCE OF EASTER.

Discrepancy In Computing the Date Not Corrected Until 1752.

The observance of Easter dates back to about the year 68, at which time there was much contention among the eastern and western churches as to what day the festival should be observed. It was finally ordained at the council of Nice in the year 325 that it must be observed throughout the Christian world on the same day. This decision settled that Easter should be kept upon the Sunday first after the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, but no general conclusion was arrived at as to the cycle by which the festival was to be regulated, and some churches adopted one rule and some another. This diversity of usage was put an end to, and the Roman rule making Easter the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon was established in England in 669. After nine centuries a discrepancy in the keeping of Easter was caused by the authorities of the English church declining to adopt the reformation of the Gregorian calendar in 1582. The difference was settled in 1752 by the adoption of the rule which makes Easter day always the first Sunday after the full moon which appears on or next after the twenty-first day of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after.

The Story Telling Club.

Elsie suggested it, and as Elsie led all things the other girls were as quick to follow. There were soon a dozen choice spirits who met only on rainy days for the special manufacture of indoor sunshine.

The club at each meeting was given the names of twelve popular stories. Each member selected one, which she was bound to read before the next meeting. She was also required to carry out the end into a new story of her own writing. This continuation might be as fanciful as she liked, but 500 words were her full allowance.

When the club met each time there were twelve short stories to be read, and the girl at whose house the meeting took place was allowed to choose a judge who was to give an impartial opinion as to the merits of all.

The best story was awarded a prize, and as they were all unsigned and distributed indiscriminately among the members, who did not know whose production they were required to read aloud, the judge was unbiased.

The man who is always on time has a big advantage in the struggle for success.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sitting on a High Hat.

"If I were to offer to wager that I could sit squarely on my silk hat without crushing it, you would take me up, I suppose," said a clubman to a fellow member. "Well, you would lose," he continued. "A good silk hat should support the weight of a man say 140 pounds without yielding, providing the weight is applied gradually and carefully. The way to do it is to place the hat on a smooth, strongly supported surface, crown downward, and lay a board across the rim, in the hollow. On this seat yourself steadily and slowly, and you will find the hat does not yield. Of course, a hat that has once been bent or broken will not do. Nor is the rule invariable. It applies only to good hats. Have I ever tried it? Yes, I have, but not on my own hat."—Philadelphia Record.

Queer Names.

"We Chinese," said the law student, "give our children queer names. Our girls, for instance, are not called Mabel, Jenny or Matilda, but Cloudy Moon, Celestial Happiness, Spring Peach or Casket of Perfumes.

"Our boys get less delicious names. Boys are made for work and wisdom rather than for dancing and pleasure, and their names show this, as Practical Industry, Ancestral Knowledge, Complete Virtue, Ancestral Piety, Discreet Valor.

"To our slaves we give still another set of names. Yes, those dear, pathetic little slaves of ours, some girls, some boys, who do a hundred various little tasks about the house, these lowly

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)—5:26 A. M., daily; 9:50 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:33 P. M., daily.
Going up (west)—9:50 A. M., daily; 3:28 P. M., daily except Sunday; 8:47 P. M., daily.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. T. McWhorter, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sunday School 11:45 A. M.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:00 P. M.; Evening service 7:00 P. M.; Church prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 30, 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.

S. of V.—Joshua L. Chamberlain Camp meets first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

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.

No lack of real old fashioned weather for the past week.

Miss Wilma Morrill of Westbrook was in town last week, coming to attend the clerks' ball.

Mrs. A. C. Jones is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Walker, at Woodfords, for a week or two.

Hamlin Lodge, K. of P., is to observe ladies' night Tuesday evening, Feb. 18. The supper will be served by the Good Cheer Society in Good Cheer Hall.

Mrs. J. H. Bean entertained the flinch club known as the Wicked Six at her home Wednesday afternoon. Dainty refreshments were served and a very pleasant afternoon enjoyed.

At the regular meeting of Paris Lodge, F. and A. M., Tuesday evening of this week, District Deputy Benton L. Swift will be present for his official visit and will install the officers for the coming year.

The first degree will be worked again at the regular meeting of Mt. Mica Lodge Thursday of this week, upon one candidate from Norway. Members of the team are requested to notice the change in the plans whereby the first degree will be worked at this time instead of the second, as originally intended.

The February meeting of the Euterpean Club was held with Miss S. M. Wheeler last Monday afternoon. Bohemian Girl was the opera studied. The programme as carried out was:

Roll Call, ... Current musical events.
Story of the Opera, ... Mrs. Penfold.
Overture, four hands, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Wheeler.
Piano solo, "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," ..... Mrs. Brickett.
Vocal solo, "Then You'll Remember Me," ..... Miss Barnes.
Essay, Balfe, ... Mrs. Noyes.

A South Paris man took a woodsaw into a local filing shop the other day, and remarked, "I took this saw out of the frame and brought it in here to be filed, but the thing doesn't cut worth a—cent, so I thought I'd bring it frame and all this time and see if you would have any better luck with it." The filer took it up and looked at it and remarked, "You blithering idiot, how can you expect a saw to cut if you hang it wrong end to?"

South Paris has a bid on the champion absent minded man. This candidate, who is a business man, fell in with a friend who was on his way to the barber shop the other night, and went along with him, and when his turn came, got into the chair. The barber had nearly finished spreading the lather, when the shavee suddenly exclaimed, "Didn't I get shaved in this shop to-day noon?" And the barber assured him that he did, and proceedings were suspended.

Miss Mary H. Taylor was here a short time last week, and returned to Bangor, from which place she starts Monday morning on a trip with three children of whom she is in charge, to San Diego, Calif., where her sister, Miss Una P. Taylor, has been for the past two years. She expects to remain there until June. On Tuesday of this week she will be joined in Boston by Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Morton of this place. Mrs. Morton is to go to Sour Lake, Texas, to visit the Heidners, and will travel as far as Kansas City in company with Miss Taylor. Mr. Morton, after a business trip through the South, will join her at Sour Lake.

Mrs. Elizabeth Edgerley is interested with her brother, S. Augustus Lord of Auburn, in the purchase of the island in Island Pond, on which a summer camp is to be erected this season. Island Pond is situated on the line between Waterford and Harrison, about ten miles from South Paris, and a short distance from the old home of Mr. Lord and Mrs. Edgerley in Waterford. The island purchased is only a short distance from the shore, and contains something like three acres, well supplied with trees and springs of water. The lumber is already landed on the island for the camp, which will be built in bungalow style, with a large general room, kitchen and verandas on the ground floor, and four chambers above.

It is considered worthy of note that a lumberman has recently presented the state forestry museum with a souvenir in the form of a horseshoe embedded in a piece of a small beech tree. Now if any one is looking for curious things of that sort, the writer of this paragraph can show him a little spot on the bark of a tree beneath which, if he will dig into the wood, he will find the tip end of a hammock hook, several inches in length, once in use but now entirely encased in the wood and out of sight. It is not likely that that hammock hook will ever see the inside of a museum, but it may nevertheless play a part in the moral history of the wood. As it is a shade tree in which it is buried, probably no one of this generation will ever see it, but very likely some time, in the course of natural events, when the tree completes its term of years, some one will discover the iron hook by the aid of some steel tool, and a supersensitive person might not want to be within earshot of the finder when that happens.

Under the auspices of the Epworth League the following excellent programme has been arranged for the musicale to be given at the home of Geo. Burnham on Tuesday evening, Feb. 11th:

Piano solo, ... Selected
Miss Jackson.
Duet, ... Selected
Miss Leach, Miss Noble.
Good-bye, ... Tosti
Mrs. Smiley.
Piano quartette,
Mrs. Penfold, Miss Jackson,
Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Smiley.
Reading, ... Mr. Morse.
Piano solo, Song of the Brook, ... Warren
Miss Edith Marsden.
I Mind the Day, ... Willeby
Miss Noble.
Piano quartette, Valse Brillante, ... Moszkowski
Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Briggs,
Mrs. Brickett, Mrs. Wheeler.
Absent, ... Metcalf
Mrs. Bradbury.
The Oars are Plashing, ... Glebel
Miss Leach, Miss Noble,
Mrs. Smiley, Mrs. Burnham.
Solo, ... Selected
Mr. Pike.
Piano duet, ... Selected
Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Jackson.
Cradle song, ... Norris
Miss Leach, Mrs. Smiley, Mrs. Burnham.
Piano quartette, Peer Gynt Suite, ... Grieg
(By request.)
Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Burnham,
Mrs. Brickett, Mrs. Wheeler.

Admission 15 cents.

The Seneca Club will be entertained by Mrs. Barnes at her home this Monday evening.

N. Dayton Bolster & Co. will close their store all day Tuesday, Feb. 18th, to take stock.

The Bereans will meet at Dr. Buck's office this Monday evening, and a full attendance is desired.

A valentine sociable will be held at the M. E. church vestry Thursday evening, Feb. 13th. Admission 5 cents.

After the regular meeting of Mt. Pleasant Rebekah Lodge Friday evening of this week a valentine social will be held.

The selectmen expect to close the warrant for the annual town meeting at once, probably to-day, Monday, Feb. 10th.

It is desired that all Pythian Sisters of Hamlin Temple, No. 44, be present at the next meeting Thursday evening, Feb. 13th.

The factory of the Paris Manufacturing Co. was shut down Saturday, and the men took a day's vacation, while repairs were made on the boilers.

Rev. T. N. Kewley is confined to the house by illness, and the pulpit at the Methodist church was occupied Sunday by C. Elwood Brooks of Norway.

Miss Hattie Bray has gone to the hospital for treatment, and Mrs. Percy P. Allen of Portland is here as assistant in the post office during her absence.

The Fan-Tans will hold one of their enjoyable meetings at the club room Tuesday of this week, Feb. 11th. Supper at 6:30. The first division will entertain.

The Ladies' Aid will serve a supper at the Baptist vestry Tuesday evening, followed by a valentine social. Those attending are requested to bring pencils. Supper 15 cents, social 10.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its February meeting with Mrs. Rounds, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. An offering for the Frances Willard Memorial will be taken. Mrs. Rounds has the programme.

A novel and pleasing affair will be the calendar luncheon given at the Congregational vestry on Thursday evening, February 13th. The twelve tables representing the months of the year will be adorned each with its appropriate decoration. Following the supper, an entertainment will be given, entitled the Reception of the Months. Supper at 6:45. Supper and entertainment, 25 cents.

Mrs. Mary A. Blossom, after a long illness, died Sunday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Jenne, with whom her home has been for many years. Mrs. Blossom was 88 years of age. She was the daughter of David Bolster of Paris, and was born in this town. She married Noble Blossom of Turner. In 1839 she became a member of the South Paris Congregational church, her membership in that church thus covering a period of nearly seventy years. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Jenne, she leaves two sons, who are in St. Paul, Minn. The funeral will be at Mr. Jenne's, at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Asaph H. Witham, formerly of South Paris and later of Norway, died Wednesday night at the home of his daughter, Miss A. D. Witham, in Portland, after a long illness. Mr. and Mrs. Witham had been with their daughter at 48 State Street for about two years. The funeral was held there on Saturday, and interment was in Forest Hills cemetery. Mr. Witham was 74 years of age. He served in Co. H, Tenth Maine, and was a member of Wm. K. Kimball Post of South Paris. He was a blacksmith, and worked at that trade during his residence in these towns. He leaves a widow, two sons, Dr. A. N. Witham of Cumberland Mills and A. E. Witham of Portland, and one daughter, Miss A. D. Witham of Portland.

The lyceum association of Paris High School, called The Forum, which was recently organized, held its first lyceum in the high school assembly room Friday evening. It was well attended, not only by students but by others, and a good programme was presented, the debate being especially complimented by those present as one of the best they ever heard in a high school society. The programme was as follows:

Duet, ... Misses Grace and Ida Dean.
Solo, ... Miss Lilla Farrar.
Duet, ... Miss Kendrick and Miss Whittum.
Duet, ... Misses Dean.
Debate,—Question, Is a college education beneficial to a boy or a girl?
Aff. ..... Neg.
Miss Marshall, ... Miss Churchill,
Mr. Pike, ... Mr. Kimball,
Mr. B. Curtis. ..... Mr. Littlehale.
Decided in affirmative on the merits of the question by vote of the house.
Duet, ... Misses Dean.

The officers of The Forum are:

President—Shirley Rawson.
Vice President—Ina Marshall.
Secretary—Ida M. Field.
Treasurer—Stanley Shurtleff.
Executive Committee—Shirley Rawson, Stanley Bennett, Bert Curtis, Charles Akers, Mina Greeley.

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

Miss Eva Allen of Buckfield is working at F. R. Witham's.

Mrs. A. B. Talbot has been confined to the house by illness the past week.

Mrs. Nelson Lapham is slowly recovering from her recent illness. Mrs. Nettie Briggs is caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brown and A. B. Talbot attended Pomona Grange at Bryant Pond last Tuesday.

We are informed that Mrs. F. R. Witham, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is steadily improving.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

The March meeting of Oxford Pomona will be held at West Paris the 1st Tuesday. Program:

A. M.
Opening Ceremony. ..... Grange.
Music, America, ... West Paris Grange.
Paper, ... Bethel Grange.
Reading,
Recess.

P. M.
Music by choir.
Paper, ... Norway Grange.
Lecture,
N. J. Bachelder, Master National Grange.
Music by choir.
Poem, ... Harry Farrar.
Reading, ... West Paris Grange.
Music by choir.
Closing in form.
Music in charge of Clayton Churchill of West Paris Grange.
SEC.

Death of A. Russell King.

The Democrat has received a marked copy of the Westborough (Mass.) Chronotype, containing a report of the accidental death in New York city of A. Russell King of Westborough. Mr. King was 33 years of age, and was a valve inspector for the Standard Plunger Elevator Co. of Worcester, meeting with the accident while engaged at his business. Although the Democrat has not been able to ascertain anything regarding Mr. King, the fact that the marked paper was sent to this office indicates that he was connected with the Kings of Oxford County.

Notice to Paris Teachers.

The teachers in all rural schools, not now closed, will be expected to teach full time this week, including Friday, two sessions per day, unless granted permission to do otherwise by the school board.

ALBERT D. PARK, Superintendent.

Fort Fairfield Review: Efforts are being made by the State Federation of Women's Clubs for the preservation of Mt. Katahdin as a public forest park and a state or national reservation. Success to the Federation in this most worthy object.

F. E. B.

We heard a man say the other morning that the abbreviation for February—Feb.—means *Freeze every body*, and that man looked frozen in his ulster. It was apparent that he needed the kind of warmth that stays, the warmth that reaches from head to foot, all over the body. We could have told him from personal knowledge that Hood's Sarsaparilla gives permanent warmth, it invigorates the blood and speeds it along through artery and vein, and really fits men and women, boys and girls, to enjoy cold weather and resist the attacks of disease. It gives the right kind of warmth, stimulates and strengthens at the same time, and all its benefits are lasting. There may be a suggestion in this for you.

Rankin-Walker.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Walker, in South Paris, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 4, Miss Alta Claire Walker was united in marriage with Percy H. Rankin of Wells.

The decorations were of white carnations and smilax, these being effectively used in the dining-room, while the ceremony took place under an arch of the same, from which a white wedding bell was suspended, in the bay window of the parlor.

The bridal party entered the parlor at the stroke of three, to the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march played by Mrs. George W. Treat of Portland, a room-mate of the bride during her college course. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Eva E. Walker, as maid of honor, and the best man was Charles Thomas of Caribou. The bride was gowned in white messaline over white taffeta, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor wore white mohair and carried red roses. Rev. A. T. McWhorter performed the ceremony, using the ring service. Only the immediate relatives and a few intimate friends were present.

After the ceremony an informal reception was held, and refreshments were served in the dining room, Miss Ethel Bennett and Miss Ruth Bolster doing the serving.

The bridal couple left on the afternoon train, accompanied by a due amount of rice and confetti, for a short bridal trip in Massachusetts. On their return they will spend a few days at South Paris before going to reside at Wells, where a home is all ready for them.

Mr. Rankin is the son of John Rankin of Wells, and is in the grocery business in that town. The bride is a graduate of Bates College in the class of 1904, and since graduation has been engaged in teaching in Wells, where she was assistant in the high school, until within a few months. She is highly esteemed and has a great many friends.

Among those who were present at the wedding from out of town were Miss Virabel Morrison of Livermore Falls and Miss A. Louise Barker of Turner Center.

The Seneca Club's Birthday Party.

Although the streets were heavy with snow which had not entirely ceased falling, a surprisingly large number assembled in Pythian Hall Thursday evening at the birthday party given by the Seneca Club for the benefit of the reading room.

Nominally at least, each comer deposited a little bag containing a cent for each year of his life in a basket at the door. As the door tender accepted them on faith, without any curious investigation of the bags, it is not to be presumed that there was any considerable excess in the bags.

Tables for various diversions were arranged about the hall, and the ladies of the club were very active in getting all the guests engaged in something. Flinch seemed to be the favorite, though there were a few tables of whist and some of dominoes.

The recently organized orchestra composed of Miss Grace Dean violin, Miss Ida Dean piano, Ralph Penfold cornet, and Howard Shaw clarionet, played during the evening, and its playing was excellent and well appreciated.

After an hour of games a programme of entertainment was given, which included vocal solos by Miss Barnes and Miss Wheeler, a piano duet by Miss Barnes and Miss Clark, a vocal duet by Mrs. Penfold and Mr. Penfold, and two readings by Mrs. Dr. Bartlett of Norway, closing with a song by Miss Marie Newton and Ralph Andrews. It was a good and entertaining programme, and was received with marked approval.

Refreshments of punch, sandwiches, coffee, cake and ice cream were then served, and the rest of the evening until quite a late hour was spent in dancing and general sociability. All seemed to enjoy the occasion greatly, and socially it was a great success.

Some over forty dollars was received at the door, and as many of those nearest the century mark obeyed the summons literally, and brought as many cents as they had years, the club had quite a load of copper. The expenses will reduce it, but there will be a fair sum left to be applied to the reading room.

Fourteenth Annual Clerks' Ball.

An annual event always anticipated with great pleasure is the ball of the Norway Clerks' Association. The fourteenth annual ball was held last Tuesday at the Norway Opera House, and was as brilliant and as enjoyable as those which have preceded it.

The decorations have always been an important feature of the affair, and this year they were more elaborate than ever. Artistic shades of red and green were the colors used for the decorations, and thousands of yards of crepe paper and many electric lights of the same colors were used in a very attractive scheme. Over the proscenium arch the words, "Clerks' Ball," appeared in electric lights. Deers' heads at a number of places about the walls added to the effect.

Stearns' Orchestra, re-enforced by a number of out-of-town players, to the number of thirteen in all, began a short concert at 8:15, and after a few selections, struck up the grand march. This was led by Floor Manager Edmond Boucher and Miss Clara Whalen. The aids were Carl W. Boynton, Stuart W. Goodwin, Carl Harmon, Lester V. Ashton, G. Ralph Harriman, and Lewis J. Brooks. About eighty couples were on the floor, and the gallery was filled with spectators.

An order of twenty dances and several extras, with most excellent music by the orchestra, kept things moving until nearly 3 o'clock.

At intermission cake and ices were served. Many handsome gowns were worn by the ladies. Besides those in attendance from Norway and South Paris, a number were present from Waterford, and some from Bridgton, Westbrook and other places.

Round-up of Liquor Sellers.

THIRTEEN OF THE RUMFORD FALLS BUNCH IN COURT.

As the result of "spotter" work done at the instance of County Attorney Barnes, thirteen men were arrested in Rumford Falls Tuesday afternoon for violation of the liquor laws, and all the cases were heard before Judge Stearns in the Rumford Falls Municipal Court Wednesday afternoon and evening. County Attorney Barnes prosecuted the cases, and Attorney Matthew McCarthy appeared in behalf of most of the respondents.

The principal witness was C. E. Herman of Westbrook, an employe of the S. D. Warren Paper Co. He did not testify to finding any open bars, but in the cases where he bought liquor, it was procured from an outside hide, or from the pocket of a third party.

Three cases against Ed Casey were nol prossed for lack of evidence, and he was discharged.

Joseph Bougay pleaded guilty to single sale, and was fined $50 and costs which he paid. This was his first appearance in court.

Edmund Tardiffe was fined $50 and costs and 30 days in jail on single sale. He appealed. He was also bound over on a nuisance complaint.

Joseph Dube, Simon Laroche, James McGee, Charles Hammond and Harry Delong were fined each $50 and costs for single sale, and appealed. Each was also bound over on nuisance and common seller complaints.

Joseph Paradis, Joseph Mitchell, James Gallagher and Peter Perry were each fined $50 and costs and given 30 days additional for single sale. All appealed. Each was also bound over on common seller and nuisance complaints.

THE JUMPING OFF PLACE.

"Consumption had me in its grasp; and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore of Grimesland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c and $1.00 at F. A. Shurtleff & Co., Druggists. Trial bottle free.

Fort Fairfield scores low, with an official reading of 45 degrees below zero last Wednesday.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Friday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Royal Arch Chapter, No. 23, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, after full moon. Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, Wednesday evening after full moon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The February term of the Norway Municipal Court was held by Judge Jones at his office on Bridge Street, Tuesday. Several new entries and some old matters adjusted.

Howard D. Smith and George W. Holmes left for Cambridge, Mass., Thursday morning on a business trip of several days.

The citizens, members of Co. D, 1st Regt., N. G. S. M., and school authorities are agitating the proposition for the erection of a building in the village by the town to be used for assessors' office, drill hall for Co. D, and two school rooms. It is understood that such a building could be erected at an expense not exceeding $8000. It is understood that other and improved accommodations must in the near future be provided for the company and schools. Is it best for the town to build?

The ladies' night at the Knights Templar Association of Oxford County at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, was the event of the winter. Frederic A. Kennedy, tenor; Howard R. Stevens, baritone; Howard W. Clark, pianist, of Portland, furnished a most pleasing musical entertainment. The evening's banquet was served in I. O. O. F. Hall, below Masonic Hall, at which the following Sir Knights and ladies were present:

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis I. Gilbert.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Stearns.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sargent.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Smith.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kimball.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sanborn.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Hathaway.
Dr. and Mrs. Harry P. Jones.
Mrs. O. N. Bradbury.
Mrs. Geo. W. Holmes.
Rev. J. H. Little.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Foster.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Gray.
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Wheeler.
Dr. and Mrs. Fred E. Drake.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Edwards.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Ridlon.
Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn H. Cushman.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Record.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Andrews.
Nellie L. Andrews.
Mrs. A. F. Andrews.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Scott.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Young.
Mrs. Ashton.
Dr. and Mrs. Frank N. Barker.
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brown.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mann.
Mr. and Mrs. John Walker.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Cole.
Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Howe.
Mrs. A. E. Morrison.
Mr. and Mrs. Allie L. Cook.
Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cole.
Ernest Bennett and ladies.
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Andrews.

Albert J. Stearns, toastmaster, introduced the speakers in a most pleasing manner. The speeches were witty and interesting. After a social hour the company dispersed about twelve.

John Haselton of Westbrook made his Norway friends a visit last week. John always comes up to assist in the clerks' ball.

James N. Usher has leased the tenement over A. L. Sanborn & Co.'s store. He moved in last week.

The stated annual convocation of the Sovereign College of Allied Masonic and Christian Degrees for America was held at the banking rooms of the Norway National Bank Wednesday evening, Feb. 5th. Sovereign Grand Master Alfred S. Kimball read his annual report. Committee on Foreign Correspondence Merton A. Kimball and Grand Burser Frank N. Barker submitted their respective reports. Charters were granted to Half Moon Lodge, New York City, N. Y., and to Maranacook Lodge. New members were admitted and officers elected for the ensuing term.

Ben Bicknell, we understand, is in the entertainment business, moving pictures, etc. He was at Rumford Falls last week.

Fred H. Kelley has accepted a position at Auburn as shoe cutter.

The officers elect of Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, for the ensuing year are:

Ven. Pat.—George W. Holmes.
Ark Master—Dr. Herman L. Bartlett.
Ark Mate—Hal F. Bradbury.
Treas.—Charles H. Adams.
Sec.—Merton L. Kimball.
Tyler—Thaddeus Cross.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the society of Christian Endeavor was observed Sunday evening at the Congregational church with an appropriate programme, in which the society, the pastor, Rev. B. S. Rideout, Miss M. Blackwood, Grace Goodwin, W. Stanley, Geneva Barker and Herman L. Horne took part.

On the evening of Feb. 11th, Tuesday, Rev. Herbert F. Moulton of Biddeford will give his illustrated lecture at the Opera House. Mr. Moulton is a well known lecturer, most pleasing and entertaining, and will instruct as well as delight his audience during the evening.

Gentlemen's night at the mid-winter meeting of the Norway Federation of Women's Clubs will be held at Concert Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 20th. There will be a supper and entertainment. State Superintendent of Schools, Payson Smith, will give an address.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee Russell and family, formerly of Norway, are soon to start for Los Angeles, Calif., where they will make their home.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 12th, the W. C. T. U. will have an apron sale and supper at Concert Hall. Supper will be served at 6:45, followed by an old folks' concert.

A company of about thirty Modern Woodmen visited Bridgton camp Tuesday evening. They report a most excellent trip.

Mrs. Dorcas Chamberlain Barrows, widow of the late Benjamin Grosvenor Barrows, died at her daughter's, Mrs. Winfield S. Partridge's, Norway Lake, Sunday morning, after a long sickness. She was born in Auburn, Apr. 23, 1830, the daughter of Aaron and Jane Chamberlain. She married Mr. Barrows, June 30, 1850. Two daughters survive her, Mrs. Partridge and Jennie L. Barrows. Mrs. Barrows was a member of the Congregational church and Woman's Relief Corps. The services were held by Rev. B. S. Rideout at her late residence.

The calico ball to be given by the Veranda Club at the Opera House, Friday evening, Feb. 14th, will be one of the most pleasing affairs of the season. Floor manager John P. Cullinan, with W. C. Cole, Alton Curtis, Horace Cole and Herbert Bradbury as aids. Music by Stearns' Orchestra.

Robley Morrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Morrison of this place, has been selected as president of the Glee Club at the University of Maine.

To Break In New Shoes Always Use
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It prevents Tightness and Blistering, cures Swollen, Sweating, Aching feet. At all Druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Dream of the Past.

In looking backward it has all the semblance of a dream. It comes back to me in all its vividness to-night, that early April morning when I started out to seek my fortune in the great Southwest, and the disastrous results of that seeking.

That one long year of languishing in an uncongenial clime! Too proud to return when return was possible. The long closed passages of that wonderful and peculiar dream open up to me, one by one, as I sit and muse in the gathering twilight of this chill December day.

After the hills of my nativity had been hidden by other hills, I recall nothing that was particularly noticeable and grand until I stood, an enchanted youth, in Portland harbor, and for the first time looked out upon the sea. Its vastness filled my soul completely. I think that my mind has not shrunk to its earlier proportions since that first glimpse of the vasty deep.

Took passage on the U. S. mail packet Chesapeake, that plied between Portland and New York city in those days. Out on the ocean sailing! Jolly, isn't it? Only that heaviness that clogs your internal contrivances, and will neither come up nor go down, will neither sink nor swim, detracts largely from your jollity. You also have an abiding conviction that He who made the sea, who comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, has you cornered where you can't run. This, also, curbs your jollity slightly. Should the bottom of the frail tub drop out—why, there you are, a floating suckerpot, a defunct meandering mariner, forever on the go, a rare and peculiar specimen from the "greatest show on earth," passing in eternal review before the fish-eyed monsters of the deep. You are on the ragged edge, over a horrible hole, and the determination flames up within you that, if permitted to set your "youthful brogans" on solid soil, from that time forth you will foot it in ways that are clean. You feel that you would pay boot for a "dry death."

At 9 o'clock A. M., through a dense forest of shipping, we steamed into New York harbor after two nights and a day on the deep. Such a proceeding differs entirely from the school-boy act of poling your raft through cat-tails up the diminutive bay that makes out of "Lowell's Brook." But for down-right comfort give me the raft, the cat-tails, the little cove and the wonderful brook of my childhood.

That morning brought to me the first glimpse of poverty and dirt, in the form and the performance of an old mother in Israel industriously winging flour from the filthy wharf to a dingy pail. To be exact, she winged it with a knife. As it was before the days of microbes—or the baking cooked them into harmlessness.

A misty, moisty, drizzly day. Didn't give up the ship till the day was far spent, then took a hack, or rather a hack took me, to some station somewhere. In the cars at last with a thankful heart and a ticket for Parkersburg. Shall I ever forget that wild night ride of the past? that troubled dream of long ago, with the nightmares galloping by? Dying for a wink of sleep, but never a wink "wank" I.

A hasty overflow from the cars at midnight into a what-was-it. I did not realize at the time, but now I know we were merely crossing the Delaware—not as Washington crossed it, but on a bridge. Tramp, tramp, tramp. Hollow the echoes of hurrying feet. The air was chill. The passage was dimly lighted. On either hand, in black, these warning words: Look Out for Pickpockets! ! ! A new experience that produced new sensations. Had the atmosphere been muggy and strongly impregnated with the fumes of burning brimstone, it would have been easy as sneezing to fancy that we were drawing fearfully near the everlasting bonfire, as Shakespeare burningly remarks.

At the mouth of the hole were carriages in waiting. My first entrance into the city of Brotherly Love differed from that of Ben Franklin. Packed like sardines in a box I looked out on broad and brightly illuminated streets, and that alone is my dream of Philadelphia.

On the train again, and ho! for Baltimore. Three o'clock in the chill, grey morning. Bobbing for a nod before a barroom fire in Baltimore. And has it come to this? Nodding has become a lost art to me. Nine o'clock, and the city of monuments is a thing of the past, and none too soon. My dream of Baltimore left the impression forever, when awake, that every other man you met would esteem it a privilege to cut your throat. (The murderous spirit broke loose three Aprils later.)

This train is an exasperatingly accommodating train, stopping at every miserable hovel the entire length of the "Mother of Presidents" to let off and to let on humanity, and wait for the hens to lay and the chickens to hatch.

Grafton. Here I slept the sleep of the just, which went far toward "knitting up the raveled sleeve of care."

Parkersburg. Is there anything desirable about it? Not a thing as I dream of it. And this then is the Ohio, the placid, soft Ohio. All hail, river of my dreams and my geography. The "Swallow" is waiting to give me pleasure on its bosom—tawny as the Tiber. How gladly would I recall the oft-recurring changes in that wonderful dream as we went gliding down, but cannot now. Nature was just as lavish on the Kentucky shore as on the Ohio, but on the one side was the black rot of slavery, on the other the bloom of freedom.

Left the steamer at Maysville, Ky., on the very spot where Daniel Boone first landed from Virginia, just 89 years before. I stood upon the green hills of Kentucky, that overlooked the city and a wide expanse of as delightful scenery as e'er the sun shone on. The grandest feature in the landscape is the placid, soft Ohio, moving in grand and voiceless majesty to the warm waters of the Gulf. I could but recall the words of Boone and catch somewhat of his enthusiasm as he stood there and viewed the landscape o'er. But he saw not the cultivated farms and the abodes of men except with prophetic eye.

But 'twill never do to linger here and break to pieces among strangers. Eight days from home with dry eyeballs, forsaken by sleep. The kith and kin are twelve miles away on the North Fork of the Licking River. What a dead-rat smell clings close to that same N. F., through evil report and through good report. There is no dream about that. 'Tis a sober reality. Can smell it now as I snuff athwart the years.

The journey is ended. Can now break down. I broke. A ten days' blank is patched in here quite nicely. Three months follow, replete now with pleasant reminiscences; then climatic fever and a host of whims and fancies dancing the "Devil's Dream" in a sick boy's brain.

October. Sitting wan and languid on the piazza—"poarch" they call it—watching the broad, green leaves of the linn trees down the long avenue, that float and fly like banners as the soft south wind sinks and swells. Up the river-road I catch a glimpse of one all travel-worn, and I know him from afar. Forgotten the beauty of the linn-leaves now. Father has come to bury me or take me home.

What staunch old fellows these fathers are! And how they compass earth and sea to reach the boys who languish in a far country! To fill the gap of time between when I would and when I could return, he took up the burden of teaching that he had long before laid down, and when the spring-time came, "Gentle Annie," when the bluegrass was waving and the peach trees were in bloom, we turned our footsteps toward a dearer and a more congenial clime.

Don't you tell me that these grey old fathers, with hearts so tender and true, when they totter down the incline, worn out with life's labors, who wander away and are lost in the mist that hangs over the valley—don't you tell me that they will forever fail to find a heart that matches their own for tenderness. Don't you tell me that the Infinite Father can find no possible excuse for the errors and the blunders of a darkened state of existence, when He subjected the creature and "included all in unbelief."

I read that immortality is a free gift and is in no wise dependent upon works. It is too precious a thing and too awful to be left in hands so frail. Yet it is folly not to work while the day lasts. Labor has its own most precious reward, and it is sure. It isn't on the long term of credit system either. And you are not paid off in old scrap iron, and are not compelled to take "store pay." You receive the durable dollars, the true coin that is always at par and is never discounted. Let us live in the light and then we cannot die in the dark.

When our footsteps turn into the valley, flash a light across the gloom, O, Father! Set thy lamp above our heads! Shed thy radiance about our path, that we may fear no evil! Help us so to live that in the sweet by-and-by we may look back and find some sunny passages in our Dream of the Past.

JOHN.

NEIGHBORHOOD FAVORITE.

Mrs. E. D. Charles of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a neighborhood favorite here with us." It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medic

Gasoline Engines,

Gasoline Cylinder Oil.

Manure Spreaders,
Disk Harrows,
Sulky Plows.

General Line Farm Machinery.

A. W. WALKER & SON,
SOUTH PARIS.

E. W. CHANDLER,

Builders' Finish!

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.

Planing, Sawing and Job Work

Matched Hard Wood Floor Boards for sale.

E. W. CHANDLER,
West Sumner, - - - - Maine.

W. A. Porter,
SOUTH PARIS,
Is Agent for
Wayside Laundry,
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EDWARD C. BEAN,
MANAGER.
First-class work done.
Family Washings a Specialty.

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.

Picture Frames
and Pictures,
Mats, Mirrors
& Mouldings in all Styles.
High Grade Portrait Work
in Crayon, Water color,
Sepia and Oil a specialty.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

L. M. TUFTS,
Nichols St., - SOUTH PARIS

ASTHMA or Hay Fever
I WANT TO TELL ALL who are afflicted with Asthma and Hay Fever what cured me after 46 years of suffering. Write me and learn something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life.
G. F. ALEXANDER,
5-8 41 Exchange St., PORTLAND, ME.

REMEMBER!
Morris Klain, Norway, Me.
Can afford to and will pay more for rags, rubbers, and metal than any stranger that calls to your house.
He pays from $5 to $9 per ton for iron delivered to him here.
He buys folded newspapers.
He is paying for mixed rags, 1 cent a pound.
Rubbers according to market. Pays market price for bran sacks.

THE LARGE YIELD OF
Sweet Corn,
— AND —
Apples
means that the farmers will receive large sums of money in payment. Probably a large share of this will be paid out in a short time and there is no safer place to keep it and no better way to pay it out than by opening a checking account in
... THE ...
Norway National Bank,
Norway, Me.
The check serves as a receipt. There is no danger of loss by fire or theft. You can always make the correct change. You can always obtain cash at the bank. There is nothing complicated or hard to understand in keeping a bank account. When you receive your checks for apples and sweet corn, call in and let us convince you that it is for your interest and profit to open an account with us.
☞ Thirty-five years of successful service to depositors.

I have just received a stock of the new
Edison Phonographs
— WITH THE —
Latest Improved Horn.
Come in and hear them.
W. A. PORTER,
SOUTH PARIS. 42tf

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of AUGUSTUS L. MITCHELL, Bankrupt. } *In Bankruptcy.*

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

AUGUSTUS L. MITCHELL, of Mexico, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 9th day of February, 1907, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

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

Dated this 22nd day of Jan., A. D. 1908.
AUGUSTUS L. MITCHELL, Bankrupt

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 25th day of Jan., A. D. 1908, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 14th day of Feb., A. D. 1908, 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 stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 29th day of Jan., A. D. 1908.

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

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of JOHN MCNIEL, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

JOHN MCNIEL, of Mexico, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 11th day of March, 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 29th day of Jan., A. D. 1908.
JOHN MCNIEL, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 1st day of Feb., A. D. 1908, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 21st day of Feb., A. D. 1908, 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 1st day of Feb., A. D. 1908.

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

CAUTION.

My wife, Ruth E. Sanborn, having left me without sufficient cause, I caution and forbid any one trusting or harboring her on my account, as I shall pay none of her bills after this date.

Hiram, Maine, Jan. 28th, 1908.
5-7 CHESTER B. SANBORN.

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.

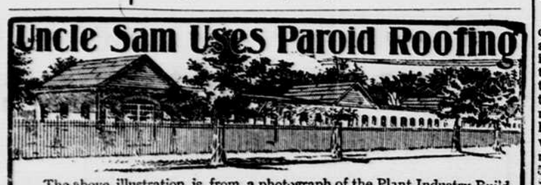
The regular price of THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, The Oxford Democrat,

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.

The Puzzler

No. 16.—Triangle.

1. Full of heed. 2. Wooden supports with movable pegs, upon which pictures are painted. 3. To exert one's power or faculties upon. 4. Precious. 5. An insect. 6. A pronoun. 7. A letter.

No. 17.—The Idle Cart.

Find the horses.

No. 18.—Primal Acrostic.

1. To include. 2. Preceding all others. 3. To make longer. 4. To relieve of a load. 5. Mixing. 6. An unmarried man. 7. The world. 8. Uncertainty.

Initials, a famous explorer.

No. 19.—Broken Words.

1. Above and a child's toy.
2. A part of the body and to consume.
3. A negative and a piece of furniture.

No. 20.—Missing Presidents.

(Fill blanks with names of presidents in the proper order.)

First stands the fifty ——,
The noble, great, immortal one.
The elder —— next we see,
And —— makes the number three.
Then —— is fourth, you know;
The fifth one on the list, ——;
The sixth and —— comes again,
With —— seventh in the train.
—— eighth falls into line,
And —— makes number nine.
The tenth is —— in his turn,
And ——, eleventh, as we learn.
The twelfth is —— in rotation,
——, thirteenth, in succession.
Fourteenth, ——, has been selected;
——, fifteenth, is elected.
As sixteenth, ——, rules the nation,
And ——, seventeenth, fills the station.
The eighteenth then is ——, you know;
And, nineteenth, —— from Ohio.
Then comes another Buckeye son,
——, the loved and martyred one
(Whose term was filled by ——, though).
Then —— comes as twenty-two,
And —— as twenty-third;
Then —— once again is heard.
As twenty-fifth, ——, great,
Who, too, has shared the martyr's fate;
And though the deepest grief was felt,
We hailed the gallant ——.

No. 21.—Added Syllables.

Add a syllable and change a verb into plentiful, a murmuring noise into a color, obscure into a small cavity.

No. 22.—Odd Tables.

1. This table is enjoyable.
2. This table is always movable.
3. This table is obedient.
4. This table is one that changes.

No. 23.—Riddle.

You find me in the army
And weary is my march.
I'm in the mighty forest
And on triumphal arch.
I'm always on the go,
Though I never leave my place.
I'm useful to the merchant
Who ribbon sells and lace.
I'm part of you, and also
You see me in this line.
And some must sit beside me
When you all sit down to dine.

No. 24.—Enigmatical Cities.

(Found in Europe and Asia.)

1. A preposition and what farmers usually keep.
2. A young girl and an article.
3. One thousand, a pronoun and a domestic animal.
4. A sack and a relative.
5. Found on stones and an animal.
6. Part of the body and a musical instrument.
7. Cooking utensils and an obstruction.
8. State of equality and a relative.

Key to the Puzzler.

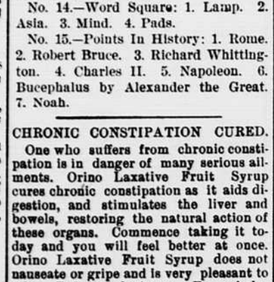
No. 7.—Around the World: 1. Combination. 2. Consternation. 3. Imagination. 4. Germination. 5. Fascination.

No. 8.—Charade: Rhode Island.

No. 9.—Subtractions: 1. Sepal, seal. 2. Thin, tin.

No. 10.—Riddle: Umbrella.

No. 11.—Geographical Cube:



No. 12.—Name Puzzle: 1. Janet. 2. Pauline. 3. Virginia. 4. Ellen.

No. 13.—Diamond: 1. T. 2. Tea. 3. Texas. 4. Tag. 5. S.

No. 14.—Word Square: 1. Lamp. 2. Asia. 3. Mind. 4. Pads.

No. 15.—Points In History: 1. Rome. 2. Robert Bruce. 3. Richard Whittington. 4. Charles II. 5. Napoleon. 6. Bucephalus by Alexander the Great. 7. Noah.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION CURED.

One who suffers from chronic constipation is in danger of many serious ailments. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation as it aids digestion, and stimulates the liver and bowels, restoring the natural action of these organs. Commence taking it today and you will feel better at once. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is very pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all druggists.

"Judge," said the colored prisoner, "is I expected ter tell de truth?"

"Why of course you are."

"Well, then, des go ahead an' sentence me fust!"

Nasal catarrh, an inflammation of the delicate membrane lining the air-passages is not cured by any mixtures taken into the stomach. Don't waste time on them. Take Ely's Cream Balm through the nostrils, so that the fevered, swollen tissues are relieved at once. Never mind how long you have suffered, nor how often you have been disappointed, we know Ely's Cream Balm is the remedy you should use. All druggists, 50c. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Knicker—What are you sighing for?

Bock—Thinking how the snow stays on the street while five plates of ice cream melt before Stella.

The editor of the Memphis, Tenn., "Times" writes: "In my opinion Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and lung trouble, and to my own personal knowledge Foley's Honey and Tar has accomplished many permanent cures that have been little short of marvelous." Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. For sale by all druggists.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

The Glove Question.

It is often said that a woman is judged by her shoes and gloves. Run-down heels are supposed to denote the poor housekeeper, and shabby gloves the woman who is indifferent to her appearance. Certainly both are telltale marks of carelessness or downright shiftlessness and should be conscientiously avoided.

Just how many pairs of gloves a woman will need during the year is really a question of how many she can afford. Many women would think that a dozen new pairs were not enough, while others can get through the year very comfortably with two or three. A pair of heavy dogskin walking gloves is, however, a necessity for every woman for ordinary wear. These gloves can be bought for from one dollar up to three a pair, but those for a dollar meet every requirement of cut, wear and appearance. In the colder sections of our country these gloves are lined for extra warmth with silk or fur. The silk-lined gloves cost a dollar and a half, and the fur-lined two dollars. The latter is an excellent glove for winter driving or riding, but is rather clumsy for ordinary wear. Besides her walking-gloves a woman should have finer-grade, though not necessarily more expensive, gloves for Sundays and other occasions. Many women use white gloves entirely for such wear, and they are, of course, the correct dress glove. In buying white gloves it is wise to choose the dollar and a half or two dollar quality, as they have to be cleaned so often that it requires a good glove to stand the wear. Short gloves can be cleaned for five or ten cents a pair at a cleaning-establishment, or they can be cleaned at home with gasoline or naphtha.

For the spring and summer one should have either light-weight kid or silk gloves. The latter are now made with buttons or clasps and stitching like the kid glove, and are both good-looking and comfortable for warm weather.

White chamois gloves are excellent for summer wear. They are almost as cool as silk, and while they do not keep clean very long they can be readily washed with ordinary soap and warm water.

While it is nice when possible to have your gloves match your suit, it must be remembered that green, purple, red and blue gloves are not in good taste. Black suede or undressed kid should be worn with suits of these colors. On the other hand, with evening gowns the light blue, pink, and green suede gloves are in excellent style. Such gloves vary in cost with their length. The French long gloves are superior to any other and should be chosen in preference to gloves of domestic manufacture.—Ex.

Cakes for all Uses.

SPICED SNAPS.

Heat one cupful of molasses, and half a cupful of brown sugar together, until the sugar is melted. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and stir it quickly into the hot molasses; now add half a cupful of butter slightly warmed, and stir in slowly one pint of flour, adding during the process one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of ginger and half a nutmeg. If needed add enough more flour to roll out thin. Cut in shapes and bake in quick oven.

SOFT MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.

Stir together one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one tablespoonful of butter; then pour on this half a cupful of boiling water and flour enough to make a thin batter. Bake about one inch deep. This is very nice if pains are taken to have the water boiling, and to beat it well when the flour is added.

HARRISON CAKE.

One cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, two eggs, and three cupfuls of flour, one pound of stoned raisins (or less if desired), one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda.

DUTCH TEA CAKE.

Quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour and four well-beaten eggs; beat butter and sugar together; beat the whites and yolks separately, stirring in the whites the last thing. Spread this mixture on a pan, not having it quite so thin as for wafers. Cover the top with chopped almonds, ground cinnamon and a little sugar. Bake a light brown.

POUND CAKE.

One and a half cupfuls of butter beaten to a cream with three cupfuls of sugar, ten eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), four cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of mace. Bake in a rather quick oven forty minutes.

LOAF CAKE.

One cupful of butter rubbed with two and a half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sour milk, three eggs, one scant teaspoonful of saleratus, four cupfuls of flour. Flavor to taste. This will make two large loaves.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE.

Bake a cake in three round tins as for jelly cake. (Almost any plain cake rule will do.) Frost two of the cakes with chocolate frosting and spread the third (just before serving) with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla. Put the layers together with the cream in the middle.

ORANGE CAKE.

Half a cupful of butter rubbed with two cupfuls of sugar until creamy; three small cupfuls of flour, four eggs well beaten, one cupful of milk and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour. Bake in three layers.

FILLING FOR CAKE.

White of one egg well beaten with enough sugar to make a frostiug. Take out one-half to ice the top of the cake, then add to the remainder the grated rind and juice of one small orange and enough more sugar to make it thick. Place this between the cakes.

YANKEE CHOCOLATE CAKE.

One and a half cupfuls of sugar and half a cupful of butter worked to a cream, and three well beaten eggs; into a bowl put eight tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, three of sugar, and beat in three of boiling milk. Add this to the cake mixture immediately; then add half a cupful of milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; two cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted through it. If preferred, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder may be used instead of the soda and cream of tartar.—McCall's.

The Sunday Night Supper.

The Sunday night supper has been solved in our family quite to the satisfaction of all. Our kitchen colonel, when we are unfortunate enough to be ruled by one, does not have to greet her on Monday morning the cold remains of a supper that was.

A family of six has made the serving and clearing of this meal by no means a restful end to the day. A light salad or quickly prepared hot dish is usually planned for, and this with sandwiches, cakes, and drinks to meet the various tastes, together with a required number of trays, are placed on the big kitchen table, where each member of the family arranges his or her own tray, and all are carried to the porch in summer, or about the sitting-room fire in winter.

And quite the best part of the plan is that each one, be he host or small boy, is cordially invited to wash his own dishes and return to its allotted place the little tray; and it is little short of miraculous to learn how few dishes are really necessary to the happiness and comfort of a well-regulated family who, under other conditions, would use them very freely.

It must be confessed there are drones in our hive, who are not above bribe-giving, but the bribe-taker is also there, so the law of the hive is worked out and a bugbear of years is lost sight of.—Harper's Bazar.

Don't throw away burnt milk, instead pour into a clean jug and stand in cold water. By the time the milk is quite cold the scorched taste will have entirely gone.

Mount Katahdin Reservation.

(Bangor Commercial.)

One of the most gratifying things in connection with the new public spirit which has been created in recent years in behalf of forestry, the conservation and reforesting of wooded areas, and the establishment of national forest preserves in many states, is that the efforts now being made in a modest way by the association or Federation of the Women's Clubs of the state for the preservation of Mount Katahdin as a public forest park and State or National reservation for the use of the people, was first started by the Commercial more than ten years ago. To this plan, the women of the state—foremost in every good work—and also a few of the men of the State, are beginning to give earnest and serious attention; although when first started by the Commercial it met with little response.

At the meeting of the women's clubs of Maine at Lewiston this week, the subject of a Mount Katahdin State forest reserve formed one of the subjects of greatest interest. It was urged by Mr. John Appleton and Mrs. Grace H. Thompson of this city; by Miss Elizabeth K. Hobbs, by Mrs. George D. Armstrong and by other speakers. Mr. Appleton said the region of Mount Katahdin is ideal for the purposes of a great state forest reservation and the way to mainfain its beauty and value for the uses of the public is to put it under forest management as the only way to preserve it from destruction by the axe. Miss Hobbs favored the creation of a State reserve of Mount Katahdin and the adjoining region. In the course of her address Miss Hobbs said:

"We have in Maine in the region of Mount Katahdin a tract of land wholly unsuited to farming, but well adapted to the growth of timber, a region, moreover, which is one of the pleasure grounds not only of the state but of the nation. Can this federation undertake any better work than that of agitation to make this territory including Mount Katahdin a state forest reserve, not only for the sake of its beauty, but as a source of timber supply for the state? I am told, the system of stripping so well known to us all is rapidly going on at Mount Katahdin. The Maine Federation of Women's Clubs should give its support to a movement for making Mount Katahdin and the adjoining region a state forest reserve."

We are glad to see this movement taking to itself greater unity, push, and spirit than has before been given to it. The state of New York is creating a magnificent forest reserve in the Adirondack region, and the general government is also establishing national forest parks throughout the Far West. Mount Katahdin, however, is more favorably located for such a great park, forest reservation, or pleasure ground for the people than can be any similar region in the country. No eastern state has the great area of natural forest, lake, mountain and wild wood scenery as is possessed by Maine. Mount Katahdin, although beautiful and wild in its virgin condition, is within easy reach of half a dozen of the largest cities of the Atlantic States whose residents can enjoy its delights as a natural park for the entire year; while the great national parks of the West are so far from the great cities as to be of little value to those who would most enjoy them—the people of the large cities.

Miss Hobbs says the system of stripping the woods is going on rapidly at Mount Katahdin. There is nothing unreasonable in this. Its owners are simply using their own property as they have a right. Being men of great wealth, however, and of large public spirit, and devoted to the welfare of our state, we believe they would welcome any substantial movement having for its object the purchase of one or two townships, including that of Mount Katahdin, for a public reservation to be kept for the benefit, pleasure and use of the people of the nation, forever.

Quite a Nice Game.

The other day Miss Fannie Lomer ran across the road to see an intimate friend. As is usual with young ladies, they had a good deal to tell one another. In the course of the conversation Fannie said:

"I used to think that Gus Simpson was a nice young man, but I just hate him now."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He's treated me shamefully."

"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening at a party I said to him: 'Let's play the old game of temptation. If I say "Yes" or "No" to your questions, I'll owe you a box of gloves, and if you say "Yes" or "No" you'll give me a box.'"

"Then what?"

"Well, after the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked as sweetly as could be about love and that men should not live alone, and all that. And when we got to the front gate he said, 'Fannie, I have waited for this opportunity a long time—will you marry me?' I whispered 'Yes' in a low voice, and"—(Here her sobs choked her)—

"And what did he do then?" inquired her listener eagerly.

"He—just—chuckled and said, 'You have lost, Fannie; I take No. 9's,' then laughed with all his might. That's what he did."—London Answers.

Only Marked It Out.

A lovelorn youth had quarreled with his lady love, and with bitter, angry words they parted, and he decided that life was no longer worth living. Abruptly turning into a barber's, he sat in a vacant chair and calmly requested the barber to cut his throat. The barber acquiesced and, tucking the cloth round his neck, fixed the head rest so that the customer's chin was well elevated. Then, drawing a stout pin from the corner of his waistcoat and holding it firmly between his finger and thumb, he drew the pin quickly across the neck of the man. Immediately, with a scream worthy of a red Indian, the despairing one leaped from the chair, shouting:

"Surely, surely you have not done it?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said the barber. "Sit down again, sir. I've only marked it out!"

THIS MAY INTEREST YOU.

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. For sale by all druggists.

"What in the world have you got on your lips?" asked the young man after the struggle was over.

"Nothing," said the young lady indignantly. "What did you think?"

"Tasted like honey," replied the frank young man.

He didn't have to fight for the next one.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate coughs and expels the cold from the system as it is mildly laxative. It is guaranteed. The genuine is in the yellow package. For sale by all druggists.

"They look exactly alike, and you dress them exactly alike, Mrs. Highsnoggle," said the caller. "How can you tell them apart?"

"That isn't hard to do," answered the mother of the twins. "If I slap Johnny and he swears a blue streak I know it's Dick."

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR LA GRIPPE.

La Grippe coughs are dangerous as they frequently develop into pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs so that no serious results need be feared. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

Benevolent Lady—But, my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it you have never found it?

Tramp (confidentially)—It's luck, mum—just sheer good luck.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUG LAW.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug Law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. For sale by all druggists.

A Bean Bag Party

How Gertrude and Dolly Surprised Their Friends.

You can't tell how much fun this is, but when Dolly and Gertrude planned to give one the girls in school laughed and turned up their noses. The idea of girls as old as they were, twelve and fourteen years old, being so silly-and babyish!

"You can laugh and jeer," retorted Gertrude, who was the older, "and you'll be sorry if you don't come, that's all," and not another word would either say on the subject of their party.

They sent out about a dozen invitations and with each invitation a sailor suit pattern and several yards of colored cheesecloth—pink, lilac, green, yellow and red—two girls receiving the same color, the invitations requesting that the costumes be made according to the inclosed pattern. The party was to be on a Saturday afternoon, and the nursery was given up to the girls.

THE GIRLS THREW WELL.

It was an immense room on the top floor, and with the aid of two or three handy boy cousins they succeeded in decorating it most beautifully. They bought roles of crape paper in all the various shades with which to cover the ceiling and walls, and the girls' clever fingers produced really artistic effects.

The bean bags were made of colored linen to match the paper, and Gertrude and Dolly had suits of white with bands of the different colors and gay little caps made of the paper.

When all the girls had assembled, a paper cap to match her costume was presented to each one, and the colors were paired off and presented with a bag to play with. Then the fun began. The crunching of the beans made a pleasant sound in the room, for the girls threw well and evenly. There was a prize offered for the most steady throwing, and it was a pretty sight to watch the graceful, active young figures in their gay dresses. The fall of a bean bag on the floor put those two players out of the race, and as the girls grew excited those accidents occurred frequently. Every one was in a state of breathless suspense. The slightest slip of one meant victory for the other, and when at last the blues were left on the floor there were cheers that nearly raised the roof as the winners received dainty little workbaskets which Dolly and Gertrude had lined and fitted up themselves.

THEN CAME REFRESHMENTS.

There was another match played, with the two little hostesses throwing, each to a half dozen girls. This was very exciting, and Gertrude's side won after a hard tussle. The prizes were plump little apple pincushions, with long green ribbons attached, so the girls could hang them on their arms. And then, best of all, there were refreshments, cookies made by the girls themselves and lemonade for the heated players. And to wind up Brother Archie brought his banjo and played the "jiggiest" dances, which set all the feet twinkling over the floor.

Altogether the bean bag party was a great success, and the bags were put away for another frolic in the nursery. —Washington Star.

Hidden Authors.

1. In Idaho wells are rarely seen.
2. I would not like to meet a thug or a bandit.
3. On Thursdays we skip lingual lessons.
4. See Dick ensconced on the satin sofa.
5. The Hindu masters are very strict.
6. We have a co-operative store in town.
7. It is hard, yes; but try again.
8. Have you heard of the new Stockholm essayist?
9. He was carried from the church ill unto death.

Answers.—1, Howells; 2. Hugo; 3. Kipling; 4, Dickens; 5. Dumas; 6, Cooper; 7, Hardy; 8, Holmes; 9, Churchill. Find them.

Singular Plurals.

Remember, though box in the plural is boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose is not gooses nor geeses.
And remember that house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, not mouses.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,
But the plural of house should be houses, not hice,
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet,
But the plural of root should be roots and not reet.

The Shape of the Sky.

What is the apparent form of the vault of the sky? There is probably no one to whose eyes it seems a true hemisphere, with the zenith appearing as distant as the horizon. At sea or in a flat country the seeming greater distance of the horizon is best shown. Professor J. M. Pernter in discussing this subject reaches the conclusion that the form of the vault in vertical section is that of the segment of a circle the arc of which subtends at the center an angle of the order of forty degrees. If the reader will draw such a segment he may be surprised by the amount of flattening which is thus ascribed to the sky. From this optical illusion many curious effects arise, such as the seeming increased magnitude of the sun and moon when near the horizon and the apparently oval forms of halos and coronas seen at low altitudes.

The Afghans.

Native Afghan historians assert that the inhabitants of their country are the lost ten tribes of Israel. According to these chroniclers, the Afghans are descended from Afghana, the son of a certain Jeremiah, who was the son of King Saul. The eastward removal of the seed of Afghana is attributed to Nebuchadnezzar.

Savage Reciprocity.

Cannibal Queen—Well, goodby, dear. I'm going to my sewing meeting. Cannibal King—What charitable work is the meeting engaged upon now? Cannibal Queen—We are making high necked dresses for the poor society women of London.—London Tit-Bits.

Colly's Sagacity.

Stories About an Elephant of Wonderful Intelligence.

A man that bought an elephant in Calcutta and brought him by a six months' voyage to Boston tells a good story of the animal's sagacity when the time came to get him off the ship, says the Chicago News. During the long voyage the man and the elephant became good friends, and when the vessel reached Boston he thought he would have no trouble in making Colly disembark.

But, though Colly was tired to death of the ship and as anxious as the man was to be on solid ground once more, he hesitated about walking across the gangplank that had been laid from the vessel to the pier. Elephants are always timid in trusting their big bodies on frail looking supports, and Colly tested the plank very carefully with one foot before he would start. That test was enough, for the plank sagged with his weight, and the great beast drew back with an air that said: "I'll never do it. There's no use in coaxing me."

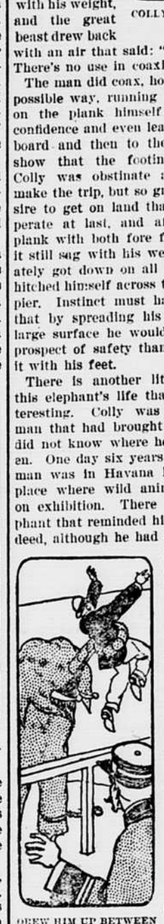
COLLY TESTED THE PLANK.

The man did coax, however, in every possible way, running back and forth on the plank himself to give Colly confidence and even leading a horse on board and then to the pier again to show that the footing was secure. Colly was obstinate and would not make the trip, but so great was his desire to get on land that he grew desperate at last, and after trying the plank with both fore feet and finding it still sag with his weight he deliberately got down on all four knees and hitched himself across the plank to the pier. Instinct must have taught him that by spreading his weight over a large surface he would have a better prospect of safety than by bearing on it with his feet.

There is another little incident in this elephant's life that is equally interesting. Colly was sold, and the man that had brought him to Boston did not know where he had been taken. One day six years later when the man was in Havana he went into a place where wild animals were kept on exhibition. There he saw an elephant that reminded him of Colly. Indeed, although he had not seen his old pet for six years, he felt sure that this was really Colly, and, approaching him, he called his name.

"Don't go near that elephant!" cried the keeper, who happened to be an American. "He's cross today, and I dare not go near him myself."

But it was then too late to retreat, for Colly had recognized his former master, and, putting his trunk around the man's waist, he drew him up between his tusks and pressed him against his forehead as tenderly as a human mother would hold her child. Having thus shown his affection for his old friend and his joy at seeing him again, Colly put him down on the ground and began searching in his pockets with his trunk for the cakes and biscuits that he used to find there. The pockets did not contain the expected treat but the man went to an old woman in the street and bought her whole stock of cakes, and, coming back, he fed them to the beast that remembered him for six years.



DREW HIM UP BETWEEN HIS TUSKS.

The elephant's keeper was speechless at all this and asked the stranger for an explanation. When he had heard it he said:

"Well, you have given me a good scare. When I saw the old fellow take you up in his trunk I wouldn't have given a penny for your life, he's been so dangerous all day!"

A STORY OF THE SEA.

The Man Who Braved the Storm and the Sailor He Rescued.

Off the coast of Ireland there was a terrible storm, and a crowd gathered on the shore to see a storm tossed vessel not far away being pounded on the rocks.

Sturdy men launched a boat and pulled away at the oars to rescue the imperilled ones.

As the boat came back the watchers on the shore cried, "Did you get them?" and they answered: "All but one. We had to leave him or risk the lives of all." And when they were landed a stalwart fellow stepped from the group and said, "Who will join me in the rescue of the remaining one?"

Then an aged woman cried out: "Oh, my son, don't go; don't go! You are all I have left. Your father was drowned at sea, and your brother William sailed away, and we never heard from him, and now if you are lost I will be left in sorrow alone."

But the man replied: "I must go, mother. Duty calls me." Then he and other brave hearts launched the boat and pulled for the wreck.

Anxiously the mother waited in tears and prayers. At last they saw the lifeboat coming nearer and nearer, and when it was in hailing distance they called, "Have you got your man?"

And the answer rang out clear above the storm, "Yes, and tell mother it's brother William!"

Gumming Postage Stamps.

After the printing great sheets of stamps are passed under a roller from which they receive a thin coating of gum. Then they are gradually dried over steam pipes. Of course care is taken to make the coating even. Tests are hourly made to see that the heat and humidity are exactly right. Then for each season of the year allowance must be made—a harder gum for summer, a thinner one for winter. In winter the gum is apt to crack, and care must be taken to prevent that. A third grade for spring and fall gum is known as "intermediate." So, you see, even so small a matter as a postage stamp is an item of interest in the country's workshop.—Washington Star.

Shaky Logic.

"You certainly told me to embrace my privileges."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No. But to embrace your daughter is a privilege."—London Express.

RELIEF FROM
CONSTIPATION
STOMACH
TROUBLES
SICK HEADACHE

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