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Sheep Breeding.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON OUT-CROSSES AND IN-BREEDING.

I do not deem an out-cross a violent one, even though not the most remote relationship exists, if only the out-crossing animal is identical in type, rendered so by some generations of ancestors of similar conformation and character. Such out-crosses are most desirous, and if the breeder could always obtain them there would be no necessity for in-breeding. On the other hand, any animal of the line, however near he may be related if the type is wrong, the cross, with him, is more or less violent in degree, dependent upon the remoteness to the type he represents in his make-up.

Type to type, with an ever watchful and zealous effort to improve health, constitution, feeding qualities and character, is the motto that I would adopt, and let relationship take care of itself in the main; but, when possible, introduce unrelated animals to compromise with the project we all entertain, regarding near relationship, but never sacrifice one single iota of the original purpose of individual stamp for an out-cross that may do incalculable harm in the way of set-backs that will take years to correct.

I have been wholly unable to see how animals of perfect health, perfect digestion, perfect form, perfect disposition, perfect reproductive powers and prepotency, can deteriorate, however much they may be in-bred, if only all these attributes are kept intact by proper care and attention, always discarding those that are not so endowed, if by accident they happen to be produced from the breeding herd.

The most successful flock of Lincoln sheep I ever bred were lambs out of ewes with a common sire. I hazarded the risk because the ram was great in all essentials and very prepotent. Those lambs were subsequently bred to unrelated sires and the best results followed, in that the most desirable attributes of the old sire were manifest in the out-crossed offsprings; and the flock has continued to this day to breed back his type, leaving out the individual make-up, in a great measure, the characteristics of the intervening sires, and I have recently made up my mind to cast about for a son of the old ram, in the hope that I may more securely fasten his good points on to the flock. It is needless to say that the son must possess unmistakable evidence of perfect health and vigor of constitution.

It is a dangerous thing to select sires haphazard, and I think I would advise, if I advise at all, that the breeder with ambition to be a leader should not go outside of his own herd to get them, but I would have him deliberately set about to breed them for his own use out of the best he has at hand from animals whose capabilities and breed qualities and prepotency are a part of his intimate and certain knowledge, based upon a close scrutiny for years together.—H. M. Brown in Indiana Farmer.

Feeds for the Dairy.

In the past year all the foodstuffs on the market have been analyzed by us at the experiment station and were found in the case of mixed feeds to contain just what was claimed by the companies which was not the case a few weeks ago, with two exceptions. One mixed feed contained breweries grain and the other kaffir corn. In buying these mixed feeds I would advise to buy in sacks that are marked, assuring reliability. The cottonseed meal on the market at the present time is good and has the right yellow color. The oil or gluten foodstuffs are not up to the standard and care should be taken in buying them, and the same can be said of the distillers' grain. The dairy feeds are being made mostly from waste cereal products and some of them contain of a lot of fine grain ground clover.

The class of feeds that are fast gaining popularity among the dairymen are the so-called molasses feeds, which are extremely palatable, and are made from screenings from cereals and well-cured corn stover soaked in molasses. They have also found in some, a large amount of weed seed, which is the screening of the wheat of the West. These feeds, however, contain the amount of protein and fats that are guaranteed. The poultry feeds are fairly up to the standard but contain some ground oat hulls. I do not favor the buying of any of the new class of mixed feeds as they are not always what they are said to be and in case of mixed feed it is better to do the mixing yourself. Stick to the old reliable brands and let the others go by.—Turf, Farm and Home.

Ridding Land of Quack Grass.

Many methods are advocated in the papers for eradicating quack grass, but none is quite so feasible and efficient, I think, as the following that I practice. I plow sod or other land late in the fall, about 6 inches deep, the next spring fit the same thoroughly and deep, and sow to barley or oats as early as possible. After the grain is harvested, I plow again about the same depth and disk and harrow thoroughly; then rake out with a horse rake all loose roots and burn if the weather is dry, otherwise draw and pile in some place where they will do no harm. In a few days or before the quack grass shows green, disk and harrow thoroughly again, deeper, if possible, and rake and burn as before.

In a short time, but before the quack grass gets a start, plow again and disk, harrow, rake and burn as before. If necessary, repeat the process the third time. The land should be plowed as late in the fall as possible and left in a light, loose condition, in which condition freezing will very materially help in killing the quack grass. By the above method I have in two years completely killed quack grass in fields very badly infected and raised a good crop of grain each year, a no small item in meeting the expense of extra tillage. The tillage also greatly benefits the land.—James K. Bigelow, Jefferson County, N. Y., in New England Homestead.

What is Needed.

Here is something that G. P. Adams says in the Jersey Bulletin that rich men who play at dairy farming would do well to heed:

Build the best barns money can put up, buy the best herd of cows you can select, and turn them over to ignorant and careless people, and you will certainly fail. Expensive barns are not necessary, though they are nice to have. Good stock on which to build your herd is absolutely essential. They must be bred to produce, have the finish that attracts, and be good individuals.

And that makes us think of what a wealthy man who has a fine herd of dairy cattle said to us a few months since:

"I wish you would talk to the agricultural colleges loud and long on educating their young men to be honest and trustworthy as well as competent. The great cry everywhere is for men who can be trusted with other people's money and property. There are too many men who have no conscience, no solid steadfastness of character."

That's true. The old-fashioned spirit of trustworthiness is getting too scarce. We must put more conscience in our work.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Watch the faces of your cows. The ears especially tell much about the health of an animal. Drooping ears, drooping spirits.

Height, Size, Substance.

Probably every one interested in horses, who is not an absolute tyro, is able to distinguish between height, size and substance, as they apply to horses, says a horse exchange. The height of a horse is generally understood to mean the distance from the level floor upon which the animal stands, to the top of the withers, and is expressed in hands. A hand signifies a space of four inches, hence a horse that stands 15-2 measures 62 inches on a straight line from the soles of his forward feet to the top of his withers, and a 16-hand horse 64 inches.

In measuring to get the exact height, the horse should stand squarely and naturally on his feet, the forward ones near together and the hind ones not so far back as to cause him to appear stretched.

A horse may be tall and yet his barrel may lack depth so that some animals which stand 16 hands high will not weigh more than 950 pounds. Such animals are not well proportioned. There is "too much daylight under them," as old horsemen define such a conformation. An animal of that description is seldom of much value for any kind of service. He will soon break down if used for saddle purposes, is apt to tire on the road if driven to harness, is not adapted to pull heavy loads, is generally a shy feeder, and lacking in endurance. A well-proportioned 15-1hand horse that weighs from 1000 to 1025 will outwear two of the long-legged, light-barrelled and light-waisted kind.

Size as applied to horses includes their height, the length and depth of their barrels, their girth around the chest just back of the fore legs, and around their barrel just in front of their hind legs, or flanks, the girth around the forearms at the elbows, stifles and gaskins, also just above and below the knees and hocks. A horse may lack heighth and still be termed a large horse or he may have more than the average height and still be a small or delicate horse.

Substance, as generally understood, refers to the abundance of muscular tissue. A horse of substance is one whose framework is heavily clothed with muscle. The animal may have a high-boned frame, with the bones of the legs large, and still not be a horse of substance. He may simply be a coarse, raw-boned animal. On the other hand the bones of his frame may be only of medium size and yet so abundantly covered with muscle that he may properly be called a horse of good substance. A horse that lacks substance may be so heavily covered with fat that to the inexperienced eye he may pass for a horse of substance when he is deficient in that respect. There is a vast difference between adipose tissue and muscular tissue.

The point of the horse are best observed when the animal is out of harness and is a trifle thin in flesh, for if he is inclined to be slack in the coupling, or weak in the loin, it can then be easily detected. As was recently stated, horses whose muscles are fine-grained and firm to the touch, possess quality. Such animals usually have fine short coats of hair, their skins are thin and are tightly drawn on the bones of their legs, and the cords of their legs are so clearly defined that their legs below the knees and hocks have the appearance of being fluted. The man who claims that because a long-legged, light-barrelled horse is 16 hands high he is of horse substance simply makes himself a laughing stock among those who have learned the first rudiments of horsemanship.—Maine Farmer.

A Good Profit from Hens.

We will write up a little on poulty of our experience for the year of 1908. We wintered 225 hens. What we received for eggs and chickens was $465 and we paid out for feed $245, leaving a balance of $220 as profit or about $1.00 per hen but will say we buy but little of the hen feeds advertised in the poultry papers. Perhaps it pays but we never thought it would pay us, but we buy oyster shells by the half ton. It cost us last year about $45 for feed more than a year ago. Still we are not discouraged with the hen business. It takes a sight of steps to look after 225 hens and yet we have never known any business to run itself and pay. Some how we do not take to horses and of course we could't make it pay but we do like the biddies and think they like us. Perhaps we are not like most poultry men. We like a variety of breeds and colors and all run together. We will say we set but a few of our own eggs. We don't set a mixed lot of eggs. We set full blood of some breed. Most of our hens now are R. I. Reds, Barred Plymouth Rocks and White Plymouth Rocks. Our fancy runs more on the White Plymouth Rocks. All the fault we find with the Rocks, they get too fat if you don't look out. We don't like the Leghorns. Eggs too small and white for the Boston market. We will say here we shipped all our eggs to Massachusetts. Our eggs and eggs we bought last year and shipped was about six thousand dozen.—Samuel York, New Sharon, in Turf, Farm and Home.

Walk of the Horse.

There is much difference in different individual horses of the same and every breed in the matter of walking, some having quicker steps and a longer stride, which means the covering of greater distance in less time. I have found that there are slow, medium and fast walkers in every breed, says a writer in Farmers' Review. As in running, pacing and trotting the walk can be made faster by proper handling in nearly all cases, but some animals improve more than others. It would be impossible to make a good fast walker out of a horse whose step was very short. I have noticed no difference in speed at the walk in the light breeds of horses and others that were fast walkers. The action in walk, as in trot or other gaits, is largely inherited. I have owned many horses that came from the same family, running first, second, third and fourth generation, almost all of them having the same kind of action, both in walk, trot and the saddle gaits. I am, however, unable to say all were good at flat-foot walk, but many of them were, and it is my opinion that while I think the good walk is largely inherited, it can be much improved by a good rider or driver. I do not think the feed given a horse can affect his walk. Of course a horse in good condition feels well and will travel faster than one not well fed, but this is as far as feed would enter into the question.

Check Rein Cruelties.

The New York Herald gives in a late issue the attitude of the humane horse friends of the metropolis in regard to the matter of check reins. It says:

"An active crusade is waging just now in New York against the severe checking of carriage horses, and it is said that a body of some twenty members of the S. P. C. A. has agreed actively to combat the custom. As members of that society, it would seem only needful for them to keep their own agents up to their work, and at all events it is to be hoped that the work will not be done in the same spasmodic fashion as heretofore. It is, however, safe to say that this committee can stand for half an hour on any street corner and see more suffering, uncomfortable and unfit animals pass them than they can discover too sharply checked up in the whole city in a week—horses that suffer all day long and every day of their lives, and not for an hour or two, as the avenue carriage horse does, perhaps, if too sharply borne up on the bearing rein." This probably applies with equal truth to any city, for tight check reins are not responsible for more than a small part of the cruelty city horses suffer.—Maine Farmer.

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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Chapter 9

MRS. ESS KAY had a headache next morning and stopped in bed. She couldn't speak or be spoken to, and so we couldn't possibly ask her advice about going to Bailey's beach for a dip in the sea. Potter, whose proposal it was, said that this was perhaps providential, as she was almost certain to want me to stay in till I could be taken out officially. "But you don't need to know that," he added.

I looked at Sally, and she laughed, so I knew that I was to go.

"Oh, but what about bathing clothes!" I exclaimed on sudden thought. "How stupid of me not to have remembered that I would want them before I left home or in New York!"

"I reckon it would have been stupid of us if we hadn't remembered," said Sally. Then she went on, irrelevantly, it seemed at first, "What day of the month is tomorrow?"

"The 29th of July," said Potter promptly, while I was resigning myself, after a slight struggle, to the fact that I had lost track of dates.

"Seems to me that's somebody's birthday, isn't it?" Sally appeared to address her remark to the ceiling.

"How did you know?" I exclaimed.

"A little bird told me. The kind that builds in birthday books. It lives on a table in Lady Victoria's 'den.'"

"Fancy your keeping the date in your head all this time!"

"I've a weakness for remembering birthdays—when I'm fond of the people who own them. You see, everybody thinks about Christmas, and I don't want to be confused with everybody in the minds of just those special people. Now, the truth is, I've got a little birthday present upstairs which I didn't mean you should see until tomorrow, but as part of it may come in rather handy this morning, perhaps we might run up and have a look at it."

"Oh, Sally, you dear!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Sally, you wretch, to have kept that birthday to yourself! I want to be in on this act," grumbled Potter. But I hardly heard him, I was so excited about what I was going to find upstairs.

We went to my room, Sally and I, and she rang for Louise, who was told to fetch from what Sally called her "closet" a certain black "trunk" of whose existence Louise was evidently already aware.

It was a good sized box, big enough to hold two or three dresses. And when it was opened by Sally after Louise had gone it proved to contain three and a half.

One of the three was a blue gauze ball gown, embroidered with patterns of thistles in tiny sparkling things that looked like diamonds. The second was pink tulle, with garlands of tiny roses. The third was a white linen, made as only Americans know how to make up linens, and the half was—well, I was not quite sure what it was at first, though I could see that it was pretty. It was pale green, and there were two parts of it. The bigger of the two (it was not very big) was of soft silk and extremely fluffy. It had a low necked and short sleeved bodice, and attached to that was a skirt—or something that would have been a skirt if it had had more time to grow. The second part was silk, too, but more difficult to describe. Perhaps I'd do best to say that it was like long stockings, only it was in one piece and evidently meant to fasten around the waist.

"There's also a pair of sandals and a really sweet cap, deah," Sally explained.

"Is it a fancy dress for a little girl?" I asked puzzled.

"For a little girl about your size. Why, you funny child, it's your bathing dress. I had to get it and all the other things ready made, for there wasn't time for anything more than having them altered to your measurement if they were to be ready for your birthday."

"Oh, Sally, are they all for me?"

"Well, they're for nobody else. It's your birthday."

Of course I told her she was an angel, and so she was, quite an exceptional kind of an angel, and I kissed her and was saying a great many things when she stopped me. "So glad you like them, deah. But now we must be moving if we're to have our bath this morning. Louise can't leave Katherine, but we'll have one of the other maids come with our things. It's getting late."

I felt frightfully. "It is late, isn't it?" said I hopefully, looking at my watch. "Perhaps it's too late to go this morning, after all."

"Not a bit of it," said Sally. "Come along."

"I'm not sure but that I'd better stop in if Mr. Parker thinks Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox would want me to," I floundered on.

"She won't mind—not much, anyway, if we don't take you to the Casino without her," Sally tried to reassure me. But her eyes had begun to twinkle.

"Don't you think she might? There are a lot of letters I ought"—

"Now, child, out with it. Don't you like the bathing dress?"

"Oh, I admire it immensely," I stammered. "It's like a—a picture. But—I can't see myself wearing it. That is, I can't bear to think of any one else seeing me wear it."

Sally went off into a fit of musical southern laughter. "You poor baby. I forgot the shock it might be to you if you're accustomed only to English bathing clothes. They certainly are the limit! Have you never been to Trouville or Ostend?"

I shook my head, sad at having to seem ungrateful. But how could I help it?

"Well, they have this kind there, and so they do here. Everybody has it. My prettiest one is much like yours, only it's poppy colored. Katherine's is cornflower blue this year, and she's got a black one and a lilac one. When you see all the others prancing about in the same sort of things you won't feel a bit funny."

I was far from sure that I should attain to such a peaceful state of mind as not to "feel funny." But Sally had called me a baby, and I had to redeem myself from that aspersion at any price. So I tried to compose my countenance over a beating heart and think about other things on the way to the beach, as you do if you are going to the dentist's.

Potter went with us, though I supposed that when we came to the end he would bid us goodby and trot off to the place where the men bathed, wherever that might be. Our things had been taken on ahead by a servant or two, and we walked, as the day was perfect, and I was thankful to get a little exercise.

We met a great many people whom Sally and Potter knew, and just as Potter had said, "Here we are at Bailey's beach," that handsome Mrs. Pitchley and her stepdaughter, with Mr. Doremus came up. They called to us, so we stopped to speak, and I was pleased, because I'd been wanting to know them. We were introduced, and I was wondering what Mrs. Ess Kay would do if she could see us chatting with the Pitchleys in sight of all Newport when a little thin man, looking perfectly furious, with a striped bathing suit rolled up under his arm, came hopping along toward us as if he were a cricket ball that somebody had batted off the beach.

His panama hat was on the back of his head. His single eyeglass on its chain was flying out behind him in the breeze, and my first thought was how comical he looked. My second, as he came nearer, was something quite different.

"Why, Mohunsleigh!" I cried.

He stopped hopping so abruptly that he stumbled and nearly fell down.

"Hello, Betty!" he growled, hauling off his hat as if he hated the bother of doing it. "Where did you spring from?"

"Home. Where on earth did you spring from?" I echoed.

"They've sprung me off their beastly beach," said he, glaring and sticking in his eyeglass. Then he almost waved his hideous little bathing suit at me. "Wouldn't let me bathe, the bounders!"

"Wouldn't let you bathe?"

"Why, Mohunsleigh!" I cried.

"No. Said: 'You can't get in here. This beach is for millionaires.' I'm blest if I don't shake the sand off my feet as soon as I can pack up and get out."

"No, no! Don't do that," I begged. "There's some mistake perhaps."

"No, there isn't," said he. "I'm not a millionaire. But I did think I looked as if I could afford a bath."

"Sally, dear, do let me introduce my cousin, Lord Mohunsleigh," I said in a great hurry.

Potter opened his eyes at the thin little man, and Mrs. and Miss Pitchley looked at him with interest.

"Do introduce us all," laughed Mrs. Pitchley, "and then we can sympathize with Lord—Lord—oh, but I can never learn to pronounce him!"

I introduced him to the mother and stepdaughter then, though I hadn't thought of its being necessary, and explained that my cousin, though spelled very elaborately, was pronounced Moonslee.

He had evidently abandoned all intention of immediate flight now, and his rage was visibly cooling. He was looking at Mrs. Pitchley with quite as much interest as she showed in him and with even more at the girl, although he talked to Potter Parker and answered his questions quite civilly. He explained that he had actually been ordered away from the beach, bathing suit and all, by some "impertinent ass of an official."

Potter was hospitably distressed, but Mrs. Pitchley was moved to laughter.

"Ha, ha, won't the man be sick when he sees you coming back with us and hears us call you Lord Mohunsleigh?—for if you'll point him out in time, that's what I shall call you, right under his nose. You see, this is a private beach. We all subscribe for our bath houses, but you'll be our guest, of course, and I'll put Mr. Pitchley's box at your service. He's gone off fishing for a few days. Only to think of the Earl of Mohunsleigh being turned back. Delicious!"

"Can't say I thought of it that way till now," said Mohunsleigh, pulling his wiry mustache and condescending to grin slightly at last. "But it's true I'm not a millionaire you know."

"You're an earl. You can't say you're not, for I read in the Flashlight only the other day that the Earl of Mohunsleigh had sailed for America, though it couldn't be ascertained on what ship."

"Didn't know there was any particular reason why it should be ascertained," said Mohunsleigh. "I've run over to visit a chap in California—dashed nice chap, too, but thought I'd have a shot at New York first, and blest if I could stand it. Never could stand being grilled since a sunstroke I got when I was serving in India."

"Dear me, who and what does a lord serve?" broke in Miss Pitchley, which surprised Mohunsleigh and me both so much that he stared and I blushed. But she didn't, though no girl under Vic's age at least would think of cutting in like that with a stranger at home. Mohunsleigh was delighted to be spoken to by her, though, one could see. His eyes brightened up and he smiled, looking straight at her as if she were a new and absolutely desirable kind of rifle. I say rifle because Mohunsleigh is a great shot and would rather spend his money (what he has of it) on a new invention by way of a gun than anything else.

"Used to be in the army. I've chucked it now," he explained affably, beginning to look quite nice, for really, though small and wiry, with ginger colored hair and mustache and no colored eyes, Mohunsleigh isn't an ugly man when you come to notice his nice, sharp features. He's only a distant cousin of mine and so old (he's nearly forty) that in the first years of our acquaintance he made himself agreeable by teaching me to ride on his foot, but I always liked him—whenever I remembered his existence. Naturally, though, this hasn't been often, as one of his many eccentricities is to be continually prowling at the ends of the earth—anywhere where there may be animals to shoot. What kind he doesn't seem to care if they are only large enough. Once he was fond of tigers, but the last thing he had a fad for was polar bears, and he sent mother a skin, which makes the oak room smell strongly of camphor.

"I hope, anyhow, you're going to pay a good long visit to Newport," said Mrs. Pitchley.

"I meant to go back tomorrow morning," replied Mohunsleigh, "but perhaps I might stop on a bit longer."

"We'll give you some fun," volunteered Miss Pitchley, looking frightfully pretty.

"Will you?" said Mohunsleigh. "Jolly nice of you. I must think about it." Then he deigned to remember that I was his little long lost cousin, asked when I'd arrived on this side the water and a few other things, but he looked more at Miss Pitchley than at me. I suppose it is difficult to be much excited about a person who has taken riding lessons on your foot.

Potter asked Mohunsleigh where he was staying, and when he heard it was at a hotel he said his sister wouldn't allow that to go on. Lord Mohunsleigh would have to come to the Moorings, that was settled, and his man must be told to pack up his things directly. Mignon't word be sent by messenger at once?

"Haven't brought a man, thanks awfully. Shed that habit long ago," said my cousin. "I've got precious little luggage, too; picked this thing up in a shop as I came along and they charged me the deuce of a lot for it. You're awfully good, you know, and all that, to offer to put me up, but I only came prepared to spend a night or two."

Then Potter insisted and blew all Mohunsleigh's objections away one by one as if they had been threads of cobweb, still my cousin wouldn't give a definite answer, perhaps not understanding American hospitality, or perhaps having other ideas which he preferred. At all events we went to the bathing machines (which weren't bathing machines at all, but dear little houses) without anything being decided. The only invitation which Mohunsleigh had really accepted was Mrs. Pitchley's, for her husband's bathing box.

She kept her word and called him "Lord Mohunsleigh" in quite a high voice, just as we passed the man who had refused to let him go on to the beach before, but the man didn't seem impressed in the least. I think he didn't even recognize Mohunsleigh as the same person, or if he did he pretended very cleverly not to.

I had forgotten the horror of the bathing dress in my surprise at meeting Mohunsleigh, but it fell over me again like a cloud as soon as I was shut up in the bathing box with those wisps of green silk. I wouldn't have the maid help me and wrestled with the ordeal alone. It took me some time, but when everything was on (there were only four things, counting the cap and smart little sandals) I couldn't say to myself that the effect wasn't attractive. It was, and I did approve of myself in the quaint headdress, which was more like a fetching silk toque with an Alsatian bow in front than a mere cap.

But the awful moment came when I was ready, with my hand on the door I'm sure Joan of Arc must have felt like that when she had let her hair down and put on that graceful white dress of hers one sees in the pictures, to be burned. She may have been dimly aware that she was looking quite her best, as I was, but even that couldn't have buoyed her up much at the moment, and it didn't me.

As I stood hesitating, somebody knocked. I peeped out, and it was Sally—quiet, unassuming little Sally, with her middle aged airs—looking like one of Stan's gaiety girl photographs, in a short, low necked dress of bright poppy color, with silk legs as shiny as an archdeacon's, only with quite a different effect.

"Come on, my green Undine," said she, and I came, because she pulled me so suddenly that otherwise I should have fallen flat on my nose.

Having seen her dressed so much in my style, it wasn't quite as bad as before, and when I was out of my box—like one of those little barometer women that tell fair weather—there was Mrs. Pitchley in crimson and Carolyn Pitchley in white, and lots of pretty women, all with the same lovely stockings. There hadn't been any standing about when we arrived, because we were early, not having gone to the Casino first as the others had, and it was a relief to find them, or it was, until I had a great shock.

Instead of the men being away at a separate beach of their own, they were put with us, and kept popping out of boxes every minute, and running up to talk to the girls they knew, just as calmly as if they were in evening dress. My eyes almost came out of my head for an instant. Then I just swallowed hard and leaped over about five centuries of prejudice as if I were jumping across a tiny beck.

"Everything's a matter of custom," said I to myself, and in another minute I was racing gayly down to the water, hand in hand with Sally, as if we had been little girls with sand pails and shovels.

I expected to feel as if I had plunged into a million gallon bath of iced water, when I got out among the creamy breakers, but, judging from the sensation, Americans have had their part of the Atlantic beautifully warmed from underneath with some patent heating apparatus. It would be just like them!

The sandy beach is so level you can patter out ever so far until you finally have to bob up and down for the rolling waves as if they were royalties.

I can swim a little, and Potter took me beyond the breakers. It was great fun under that arch of turquoise sky, with the sun dancing on the clear green water as if the millionaires of Newport had been sprinkling gold pieces. But the best of all was the floating platform about a hundred yards from the beach, where we sat and let the emeralds and pearls spray over us.

At home when you are at the sea your governess or some other person who thinks enjoyment ought to be measured off by rule sits on the shore looking at her watch, and when you have been in exactly twenty minutes she tells you to come out directly or you will catch a chill. I've always wondered what it would do to you if you stopped in for twenty-one minutes, though I never had the chance to try, but in America all that is quite different, as different as the very way they say "seaside," with their accent on the first instead of the last syllable.

Nobody thinks about watches. You just bathe and bathe as long as you feel like it. When you are tired or it you come out. Then you bake yourself in the sand for a little while if you like and run back to begin over again. It is heavenly. No other adjective half expresses it.

When we did really make up our minds to stop out for good and had dressed ourselves, feeling like goddesses just born of the foam (or gods as the case might be), we all met—our party, the Pitchleys and my cousin—to arrange about what Mohunsleigh would do.

It seemed that Mrs. Pitchley had invited him to lunch, and as she had been so kind about the bathhouse he explained to Potter he thought that he couldn't very well refuse. About stopping on he would decide later, but he consented to drive with us in the afternoon in a motor car of Potter's that holds six. By that time he would have had time to send a wire to a friend of his in New York and to make up his mind what he had better do about going back.

When we got home we found Mrs. Ess Kay much better and up. She was inclined at first to be cross with Sally and Potter for taking me to the beach, but when she heard about Mohunsleigh, she forgot to be vexed, and seemed almost excited about him. I can't think why.

She asked lots of questions, very quickly, one after the other, brightening up when Potter told how he had invited Mohunsleigh to come to the Moorings, but looking quite strained and wild at the news about his lunching with the Pitchleys.

"You oughtn't to have let him go, Potter," she said.

Potter shrugged his shoulders—those square American shoulders of his. "Strange as it may seem to you, he wanted to. That settled it. I didn't monkey with the gunpowder."

Mrs. Ess Kay's lips went down at the corners and her eyes flashed.

"How easy it is to see that woman's game," said she. "Cora Pitchley knows that Mrs. Van der Windt and the committee will be only too anxious for us to go to the pink ball now, and she thinks she sees a way of getting there, too, after all. Mark my words, she's got her earl; it'll go hard with her if she doesn't stick to him. Betty, can't you do something? He's your cousin. You've a right to him."

"I don't know that I want him particularly," I confessed. "Mohunsleigh's a dear, queer old thing, and I'm fond of him, but we haven't seen much of him at home for years. And I know he can't be bothered with me."

"Anyhow, he certainly ought to be here," said Mrs. Ess Kay anxiously. "It will be perfectly loathsome if we have to sit still and see the Pitchleys gobble him up."

"Poor Mohunsleigh!" I exclaimed. "Why, what will they do with him?" And for a lurid instant I beheld Miss Pitchley and Carolyn as beautiful ogresses, with their lips red—too red

"They'll go to the pink ball with him and by him They couldn't without him. That's what they'll do," said Mrs. Ess Kay, as if she saw my cousin's whitening bones picked clean by the Pitchley family. "And we shall have to be intimate with them the whole time he stays."

"Oh, you needn't feel bound to for my sake. It isn't as though Mohunsleigh"— I began, but Mrs. Ess Kay snapped my poor sentence in two, as if it had been cotton on a reel.

"I have to think for all of us," said she. "Cora Pitchley is a climber."

We changed our dresses (Sally says one must be forever changing one's dress at Newport), lunched, and then at the door appeared a gorgeous white

As I stood hesitating, somebody knocked.

motor car lined with scarlet, which I had never seen before. As we all had on white, from head to foot, we matched it beautifully, and, feeling that we looked nice enough even to grace an accident, if it must come, we started to pick up Carolyn Pitchley and my cousin.

Mrs. Ess Kay didn't go, for she wasn't quite herself yet, and, besides, she perhaps thought that in the circumstances Mohunsleigh ought to be brought to call before she met him informally. I don't know that any of us were as sorry as we ought to have been not to have her.

The Pitchley house, which is called the Chateau de Plaisance, is on a much grander scale than the Moorings. It thinks it is an old French chateau and tries to convey the same impression to beholders, as do several others of more or less the same sort. But it's a hopeless effort. The poor dears might as well give up and resign themselves once for all to being a blot on the exquisite blue and gold landscape, though perhaps if they can hold out for two or three hundred years they may do better. The farther we went, along a glorious road called the Cliff Drive, and the more charming colonial houses and delightful "cottages" I saw, the more I felt that the regular palaces were mistakes, with Newport for a setting and the sea for a background. I am glad that I didn't live at the time when all the real castles of the world were young and awkward. Perhaps they looked just as crude as these at first, though it's hard to imagine it.

When we went back the first thing that Mrs. Ess Kay asked was, "Well, what about Lord Mohunsleigh?"

"He's made up his mind to stop and send for his things," said I.

"You gave him my note? He's coming to us?"

"I gave him the note, and he's coming around presently to thank you for being so kind. But—he feels he had better stay with the Pitchleys. You see, it's like this. They happen to be sending a servant to New York today to do some commissions for Mrs. Pitchley, so the man will go to Mohunsleigh's hotel too. And as they're doing so much for him and Mrs. Pitchley and her husband know some friends of his at home, he thinks—but he'll tell you all about it himself."

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Ess Kay.

Chapter 10

WHILE we were motoring Mrs. Ess Kay had been terribly busy with her secretary, getting invitations ready for a violet tea.

She was giving the tea, she explained, to introduce me to Newport society, and she was having a violet one because it was not the right time of year for violets.

I meekly suggested that as a reason for giving some other kind of tea, but she said not at all. She wished to have that kind because violets were hard to get, though not impossible. I would see when the time came that she could get them. And I should also see, if it were indeed true that I did not know, what a violet tea was. She wanted it to be a surprise for me. She thought I would like it.

I hadn't long to wait before learning the true inwardness of a violet tea, for Mrs. Ess Kay was determined to get me "out" as soon as possible, and it seems that in America the time to bring a girl out is at a tea. At least that is one way, and as Mrs. Ess Kay was even then planning to give something very big just before the much talked about "pink ball," so as to "take the shine off that grand affair," she wished to get the teacups washed up before she sent out the next invitations.

I'm sure mother wouldn't take as much trouble for a house party to meet the king and queen as Mrs. Ess Kay did for that violet tea, and I daren't think even now, though it happened weeks ago, of the money she must have spent.

For one thing, she and Sally and I had to have violet dresses. She would buy mine (I don't see how I should have done it if she hadn't, especially as Vic wrote just then that mother felt poorer than ever, and that man hadn't yet proposed), and it was beautiful; pale violet silk muslin, trimmed with violets and their leaves. Then violet and silver livery was ordered in a great hurry for the four footmen—to be worn on one afternoon, and no more! But these things were merely sketchy details, compared to other preparations.

One room, where tea was to be served, was entirely draped with violet silk, from the palest to the darkest shades, and for the smaller of the two drawing rooms—the one where Mrs. Ess Kay would stand to receive her guests—wire frames were made from measurements to fit and cover all four walls. I couldn't imagine what these frames were for at first, but when their hour came they were padded with moss and covered with fresh violets. The curtains were taken down from the windows, and a net work of violets was hung up in their place, with an effect of great loveliness when the light streamed through the screen of flowers. And even this was not all, for a soft thick mat of grass and moss was spread over the polished floor, with a sprinkling of violets. All of the furniture was taken away and instead, along the wall, were placed banks of artificial moss and violets. No doubt these would have been real, too, but when crushed they would have stained the dresses of those that sat upon them. Altogether, the room was turned into a woodsy bower of violets, and I was given a great bunch of the dear flowers to carry.

There had been only a week in which to prepare these sensational effects, but everything was finished in time and without flurry. Already I knew a great many of Mrs. Ess Kay's friends and on the day of the tea it seemed that each person whose acquaintance I had made had remembered me with a cartwheel of violets. All my flowers were placed in vases on tables in the big drawing room, adjoining the bower of violets, and as a card was attached to each bunch, pinned on the masses of violet satin ribbon which trailed from it, each giver could have the pleasure of seeing how his gift compared with his neighbor's. It was a wonderful display—a violet show. And, as Mrs. Ess Kay had said, "it was not the right time of the year for violets."

We stood on our feet for hours, smiled yards of smiles, and said the same things over and over again so many times that I began to feel like a phonograph doll which I saw in my first New York shop. Only when I ran down nobody wound me up, and I had to go on by myself as best I could, which was fatiguing and made the machinery squeak.

But everybody said it was a huge success. The New York papers had each more than a column about the "function," as they called it, and Mrs Ess Kay was piously happy.

I had thought we were very gay before, but after the violet tea, from getting up to going to bed, we never had a moment that hadn't its own appointed place in the procession of hours, like the bead in a long rosary.

After breakfast we went to the Casino to play tennis

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, FEB. 9, 1909.

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

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

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Coming Events.

March 1.—Town Meeting.
March 2.—Oxford Pomona Grange, West Paris.
March 9.—Supreme Judicial Court, South Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stock Taking.
The Rainy Day.
Fur Coat Sale.
Bargain Sale of Post Cards.
This Week.
Criminal Costs.
They Injure Children.
Relieves Stomach Misery.
There is a Lot.
Appointment of Administrator.
Fidelity and Deposit Co.
Legislative Notice.
Notice of Bankruptcy.
A Cash Sale Thursday.
Hat at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Notes from the Legislature.

A definite result was reached by the Republican caucus of Tuesday evening which considered the Sturgis law and allied measures. The decision was practically in accordance with the scheme prepared by the committee of the former caucus, the substance of what it was determined to do being as follows:

1. To pass a bill authorizing the governor to remove delinquent county attorneys and to appoint successors from the same party which elected the delinquent official.
2. To submit to the people a constitutional amendment authorizing the governor to remove delinquent sheriffs and appoint their successors from the same political party.
3. To repeal the Sturgis law, the repeal to take effect if the constitutional amendment is adopted but not otherwise.

"All Hancock County" was present at the hearing of Wednesday afternoon on the bill which would exclude automobiles from the towns which make up Mount Desert Island. The hearing lasted for four hours, before the judiciary committee, and was held in the senate chamber, which was packed all the afternoon. This bill is asked for by numbers of the wealthy summer residents of Bar Harbor and the other towns on the island, who desire to keep the roads free for driving, and say the roads are not adapted to autos. Not all the residents are agreed upon the question, and there is considerable opposition to the measure from Mount Desert, as well as from automobile owners and people generally through the state, who perceive danger in the precedent which would be established by such legislation. The committee has not yet reported on the bill.

The first really extended debate of the session took place in the house Wednesday, on the Pattangall order to request the Supreme Court for an opinion as to the constitutionality of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad rebate bill now before the legislature. The result was the indefinite postponement of the order by a vote of 79 to 55, the vote being nearly on party lines, most of the Republicans voting for indefinite postponement, and most of the Democrats against it.

A resolve has been introduced for the appointment of a commission to serve without pay to investigate the judicial system of the state, with a view to expediting business in the courts. It is well known that in the present condition of the Maine courts there is long delay before the final decision of a great many cases, and it is for the purpose of learning the best method of enlarging the courts to do away with this that the investigation is designed.

Mr. Pattangall's latest is a bill to abolish the bureau of industrial and labor statistics.

Senator Reynolds of Kennebec last week introduced a bill which stipulates that no savings bank or trust company organized under the laws of the state shall pay dividends or interest on deposits at a higher rate than three and one-half per cent. There is provision made in the bill that when the reserve fund of a savings bank or the surplus of a trust company equals ten per cent of the deposits, the net profits shall be divided among the depositors as extra dividends.

A resolve providing for an amendment to the constitution which will change the date of the state election from September to November was presented Wednesday by Senator Donigan of Somerset.

The judiciary committee has made a favorable report on the bill to create a state board of charities and corrections, this board to serve without pay. This bill, if passed, would make quite a change in the administration of a number of state institutions, as the state prison, jails, reform schools and hospitals would be placed directly in charge of this board.

Mr. Stanley has introduced a bill to provide for ice fishing in accordance with the general law of the state, in Spectacle, the Stanleys, Trafton and J. Bird Ponds in Oxford County.

Two of the tax bills presented by the tax commission have encountered quite vigorous opposition. One was the bill to make the poll tax uniform at $3.00 throughout the state. This was favorably reported, but on its passage was hung up, and is now on the table. The bill to tax savings deposits in national banks is opposed by the banks, and it was declared at the hearing on the bill Thursday that if the legislature passes the bill imposing a tax of one-half of one per cent on such deposits, there won't be a national bank left in Maine in ten years.

The two "bridge bills" now before the legislature, putting the maintenance of highway bridges, or a portion of it, upon the state, had a field day before the committee Thursday, and while they were vigorously supported, they were almost as vigorously opposed. Portland is particularly strong in opposition.

One new town may result from this session of the legislature, the town of Arundel, to be carved out of Kennebunkport. There are two sides to the matter, and considerable said on both sides.

The Bangor and Aroostook rebate measure met its anticipated fate Thursday morning. The railroad committee reported to the house that the bill ought to be indefinitely postponed, and it was done. The report coming in this form, in advance of a hearing, indicates that the bill was withdrawn at the request of its promoters, a condition which was foreshadowed by the remarks of Mr. Montgomery, who introduced the bill, when he spoke in the house in Wednesday's debate. The house then immediately passed the resolution introduced by Mr. Davies on Wednesday, giving it as the sense of the legislature that rebates of taxes to railroads are inexpedient. Only one member voted against this, it being passed by a vote of 133 to 1.

A bill introduced by Senator Hamilton on Thursday, and said to be the "Fernald bill," because prepared in accordance with Governor Fernald's ideas, provides for the appointment of a water storage commission, composed of the governor, the state land agent, and three citizens, one of whom shall be a civil engineer. Only the engineer is to receive any salary. The commission is authorized and directed to devise plans for the progressive development of the water powers of the state under state ownership, control and maintenance for the public use and benefit, and for the increase of the public revenue. The commission is to report to the next legislature immediately after it assembles.

The finishing touch to the Bangor and Aroostook rebate bill was given in the senate Friday, when it was indefinitely postponed in concurrence with the house, without a word except the usual formula in such cases.

A large party of the legislators visited Portland Friday on invitation of the Portland delegation, for the special purpose of seeing Portland's situation in the matter of bridges, and the effect that the passage of either of the "bridge bills" would have upon the city. The party attended the Jefferson Theatre in the evening.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

Paris Hill.

First Baptist Church, Rev. G. W. F. Hill, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12. Sabbath evening service at 7:30. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Covenant Meeting the last Friday before the 1st Sunday of the month at 2:30 P. M. All not otherwise connected are cordially invited.

Miss Mildred Parlin of South Paris is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Albion W. Andrews.

Misses Helen and Josie Cole are at home from Gorham Normal School.

William E. Atwood was at home from Bowdoin College Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Shaw entertained three tables of the young people at whist Saturday evening.

Miss Hattie A. Hooper, who has been with Mr. and Mrs. William Hooper, has returned to Boston.

The school will observe Lincoln Day with appropriate exercises under the direction of Miss Edna M. Luce.

Rev. G. W. F. Hill preached a very able sermon at the Baptist church Sunday morning, taking as his topic, Abraham Lincoln.

The members of the Five Hundred Club were entertained by Mrs. John Pierce Wednesday evening, the occasion being the celebration of Mrs. Pierce's birthday. Light refreshments were served and the evening enjoyed by all.

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold their usual circle on Friday evening of this week. Supper will be served promptly at six o'clock. Admission ten cents. Supper free to all who contribute to the tables. A small fee will be charged others. The exercises will have reference to the Lincoln Centennial. All are cordially invited.

Members of Paris Grange will present the drama, "Old Acre Folk," at Academy Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 17. The play will be followed by a dance. Cast of the play is as follows:

The Deacon, Caleb Evans, A. L. Holmes.
The Deacon's wife, Emma Eliza, Mrs. Kate Hammond.
The Deacon's son, Jaffray, A. N. Cairns.
The Deacon's daughter, Mary Jane, Mrs. Ada King.
The Squire, Aaron Playfair, J. F. King.
The Squire's daughter, Lizbeth Ann, Bessie Haggett
The Squire's housekeeper, Priscilla Prim, Mrs. Abbie Abbott.
The Country Boy, Ebenezer Ham, Raymond Gates.
The Stranger, Job Hardy, Francis Shaw.
The Constable, Ike Johnson, Albion Abbott.

Greenwood.

Last Friday, Wesley Ring went to West Paris on the forenoon train, bought a cow and started for home soon after noon, a distance of more than seven miles. Perhaps some will recall the fact that it snowed on Jan. 29, and still more in the afternoon. Arriving here about four o'clock, he reported both he and the cow about the same as played out, and proposed to stop and rest a while before proceeding farther. An hour later, having replenished the inner man and animal in question, he started again for home and was so well pleased when getting there that he telephoned the news back to us. But the remarks he made about himself for doing such a job in a driving snow storm it would be better perhaps not to give away.

Accidents continue to happen and probably will to the end of time, if anybody knows when that is to be. This time it is Frank Morgan. In falling a tree it took a different turn from what he expected, prostrating him, and he considers himself fortunate in escaping with so little injury. He is now at the Bennett place undergoing repairs, and expects to resume work Friday.

Losses will also occur. Herbert Ring worked his span of horses the day previous, nothing abnormal apparently in either of them. Going to the barn in the morning to fodder up, he found one of them had done his last work, and the only remaining thing to do was to take him away and give him a horse burial. Mr. Ring's actual loss was not great since "Old Chubby" was well stricken in years and could not have stood the wear of time and hard work much longer at any rate.

Adoniram Swan has been living with his son-in-law, Wesley Ring, ever since the latter bought the Harry Cole farm, and has been showing signs of insanity all the way along. He has been in the habit of leaving home without informing the folks where he was going, and if they asked any questions some evasive answer would generally be given. In the summer time he often amused himself by looking upon the hillside, where he sees, or thinks he sees, scores of spirits flitting about, and wonders why others cannot see them the same as himself.

Recently, a post card was received from Willie, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Morgan, being a small section of what was formerly Bryant's Pond, but now known by the more dignified name of Lake Christopher. Considering the boy's age, only nine years, the writing is really fine.

Yes, our climate may well be said to be one of extremes. February came in with a temperature six below, followed by three zero mornings, when on the fifth it softened up to 22, thus giving Mrs. Whitman a good day for her auction.

One month more and our chief magistrate will step down and out, thus becoming a private citizen, while William H. will step up and in, thus taking his place—if.

The item in the Democrat for Dec. 2nd relating to the departure of F. H. Maxfield for Connecticut was erroneously stated. Mr. Maxfield, while still retaining his farm in Greenwood, where he has resided for the past three years, having had a liberal offer in the insurance business at Derby, Ct., has gone to that place for the winter, with the idea of locating there if conditions are as favorable as would appear from correspondence he has had with officials of the company. Mrs. Maxfield, three weeks after his departure, with her oldest child, Violet, made Mr. Maxfield a visit at Derby and also renewed acquaintance with old friends she had not seen for years.

Clinton Cole, nearly 83 years of age, is quite sick with heart trouble. His brother Emery is with him at present.

Celia Pike is at work for Mrs. Wallace Whitman. Winnie is staying with her grandparents during Celia's absence.

Merton, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgerly, is quite sick at this writing.

Mrs. Cynthia Curtis sold her flock of sheep to Quinby Perham of Woodstock, and her cows to D. P. Curtis, West Paris.

Mrs. Lydia Pierce of Norway is at work at A. R. Allen's, Bryant's Pond.

Pearl Whitman froze his face quite badly Monday, but with no lasting bad effects.

Will Yates was here Sunday, said he had nearly completed his job at Norway.

Emma Whitman is visiting friends in town.

The R. F. D. carriers did not make the journey Monday, as some of the roads were not broken.

Chas. Richardson's breaking team came through to the eastern part of the town Monday morning.

Denmark.

Wilbur Kenison is hauling ice.

We received news that Cordelia Smith in Bridgton, formerly of Denmark, has had a shock.

Vesta Jope spent the day with Jennie Small Thursday.

Harry Small sold a new milch cow to Gus Schupinsky this week.

E. W. Berry spent Thursday at Sanburn's camp.

Alvira Small is demonstrating Rogers' paste and silverware.

Oxford.

Feb. 12th, Lincoln Day, will be observed by the schools with appropriate exercises.

Miss H. E. Hersey of Boston is suffering from a broken arm, caused by a fall on the ice.

Henry Bowker is still quite sick.

Leon Crockett is improving.

Herbert Denning has finished his work at the Hebron Sanatorium and is at home.

The Congregationalist Ladies' Circle will meet Wednesday, Feb. 10, with Mrs. C. S. Hayes.

There were no services at the Congregationalist church Sunday owing to the severity of the weather.

West Paris.

Mr. Clarence E. Stearns has bought half of the livery stable outfit and business which has been owned and run this winter by Mr. Carlton P. Dunham and Mr. Stearns and Mr. Dunham have entered into partnership, which dates from Monday of this week. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they jointly own the business as it now exists, and they now have seven or eight horses, with the prospect of adding more if business through the summer season demands it. They also intend to purchase more carriages. Mr. Stearns, who for several years has given excellent satisfaction as mail carrier on route No. 1, will be able to arrange his work to better advantage, as he will not be obliged to return to Stearns Hill at night but will remain here at West Paris all of the time. He is boarding this winter with his aunt, Mrs. Frank L. Willis. Mr. Dunham will act as substitute on the mail route and together Messrs. Stearns and Dunham will be able to handle their work to good advantage, and as both are pleasant and accommodating will no doubt be pleasing to the public and successful.

H. B. Holden, who was formerly in the livery stable, is working this winter for A. R. Bucknam.

The epidemic of mumps still continues and the schools have been shut down a week or two on account of them.

A little daughter arrived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Farrar on Feb. 2, weight 10 1-2 pounds.

A committee from the Universalist society are arranging for the presentation of the drama Bar Haven. Rehearsals have begun and it is hoped to have the play in about four weeks.

The last night of the singing school will be held Wednesday evening of this week, Feb. 10, at Dunham's Hall and the public are invited to hear the singing.

The dramatic club from Bryant's Pond played the drama, "Our Jim," to a good sized audience at Dunham's Hall last Thursday evening. Those who attended were pleased with the play which was presented in a most excellent manner.

Rev. L. W. Raymond has begun his pastorate at the Baptist church. His household goods have been stored here and he will not begin housekeeping until spring.

Mrs. S. T. White spent the most of last week visiting her sister at South Paris.

The W. C. T. U. met Thursday afternoon of last week with Mrs. David Emmons.

Albany.

Henry Rugg is very ill of hemorrhage of the lungs.

Dr. Tibbetts was in town last week.

We were very sorry to hear of the death last week of Mr. Melvin Coburn, formerly of this town.

J. W. Cummings' family all had the prevailing bad colds.

Maud Beckler, who has been ill, is so as to be out again.

Mrs. O. J. Cross is rather poorly.

Viola Dunham, who has been visiting her parents for several weeks, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Ora Saunders, who has been ill for some time, is some better.

Charlie Dunham, who has been working for Allen Cummings, has returned home.

Locke's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett and Mrs. Mabel Farrington attended Pomona Grange at Bryant's Pond last Tuesday.

Twenty of our people attended "Our Jim" at Bryant Pond Jan. 29. All pronounced the entertainment first-class.

Mrs. James Crooker was in Lewiston Wednesday.

Helen Bryant and Lola Foster were at Bryant Pond Thursday to attend the installation of officers of the Pythian Sisters. Refreshments were served, and a good time enjoyed by all.

Hiram.

Mr. L. E. Clay of Fryeburg Center, agent for the New England Homestead, was in town Saturday.

Mr. Eli C. Wadsworth went to Cornish and Baldwin Monday, and to Brownfield Tuesday on real estate business.

On Thursday, Miss Lizzie M. Clemons closed a very pleasant and successful term of school on Hiram Hill.

Miss Jessie Kimball is teaching in Gardiner.

Mr. Alfred Goodwin is working in Parsonsfield.

Mr. Isaac S. Lowell is removing to the Geo. W. Clifford stand at Hiram village, recently purchased by him of The Strout Farm Agency at Hiram.

Mr. Joseph Parker is severely afflicted with rheumatism.

Mr. Albert F. Howard is working on a lumber job in Sebago.

Byron.

John E. Shaw has been on the sick list for a week. Dr. Twitchell was called to attend him. He is improving, we are glad to report.

John Hodsdon returned from Kingfield sick, and George Thomas is out from the woods where he has been scaling, on account of sickness.

Dr. Austin W. Taylor, pastor of the A. C. Church at Friendship, has recently visited his brother, Dr. Stephen Taylor.

Bernard Andrews, of Canton, has recently been in town looking after his logging business on the Whitney place.

Bernard Kennedy and his brother from Phillips are hauling wood from the Whitney place to the railroad siding.

The biggest storm and wind of the season recently caused a blockade of the roads for two or three days recently.

East Sumner.

Thursday morning, the heat indicated 28 below zero. But that was nothing compared with the state of the roads.

On Tuesday occurred a meeting of the Cow Testing Association, which though not largely attended was quite interesting. Leon S. Merrill, state dairy inspector, was present and presented some valuable thoughts on the dairy interests. The next meeting will be held at Canton on the first Tuesday in March.

Mrs. Amanda Ripley has gone to a hospital in Lewiston for treatment, we hear.

Several of our farmers have had a lot of baled hay shipped to them. It is selling here for about $18 per ton.

North Paris.

Abner Benson had a birthday party Jan. 28th, it being the occasion of his 89th birthday. About 26 persons were present.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church held a grand millinery opening the evening of Feb. 3. The ladies carried hats for the gentlemen to trim. Some of the hats were trimmed very artistically. The first prize was awarded to Charles Child. The booby to Master Elmer Dunham. After the hat trimming games were played by all. A nice treat of apples, corn balls and home-made candies was furnished. All appeared to enjoy themselves, and we hope they will have another one of their good times soon.

Dickvale.

The heavy storms of late have nearly put a stop to all teaming, making the roads very bad.

Mrs. E. G. Child is ill with neuralgia.

D. C. Chenery is working for L. K. Lovejoy.

News was received yesterday of the suicide of A. B. Walker of Peru by shooting on Feb. 4. Mr. Walker had been suffering with a mental trouble for a year or two. He was one of the leading men of the town and the Grange before failing health prevented, and many a spirited speech and to the point have I listened to from him.

D. W. Oldham is hauling hay from the E. T. Abbott farm.

Ira B. Wing is cutting pine for Bert Davis.

Perley B. Child has gone to Livermore Falls to work.

North Stoneham.

Beryl McKeen came home from her school at Norway Friday, and owing to the storm and blow was not able to get back until Wednesday.

Lewis McAllister of North Lovell with his gasoline engine, is cutting wood for the people of this place.

Zeno Fontaine is cutting his ice. He hauls it from Kezar Lake.

Jim Vance is staying at Wm. Gammon's.

Miles Adams is at home from his work in Waterford.

Bethel.

There was no preaching service at the M. E. church Sunday morning on account of the storm. The evening meetings were held as usual.

Tuesday the W. C. T. U. held a meeting at the M. E. parsonage with Mrs. Banghart. A service of song, "The Saving of Daddy," will be given under the auspices of the union Feb. 21st.

Mr. F. L. Edwards has purchased of J. M. Philbrook the shops occupied by Gilbert Tuell and F. N. Brown and the rent occupied by Mr. Lowe.

Schools will close next Friday with Lincoln exercises in the grammar school.

Mrs. F. S. Chandler was called to South Paris Friday on account of the illness of her daughter, Mrs. F. P. Chandler.

Mr. M. Coburn passed away Tuesday. Funeral services were held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Isaac Morrill, Thursday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Barton officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr. Banghart.

There will be a public meeting in Odeon Hall Friday evening to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

W. A. Bragg, representing the Grand Union Tea Co., also carrying a full line of fancy groceries, was here the 4th. He is punctual on his route and always obliging and honest. The writer remembers his family, sisters and brothers as pupils in earlier years in Errol, N. H., when teaching her first school, and they were all good people and first-class pupils. The tea man was one of them.

Now some are scattered, some dead. Oh, the change! But there are some things that live. We always remember a kind word, a constant friend and a true scholar.

The big snow storm has called out teams breaking roads. Old Sol is out now, and the ice and cold give way to his touch.

There is considerable lumbering here and people keep busy.

Charles Capen has recently bought some hay of Ellen P. Kimball.

Eva Farwell has closed another successful term of school here, where she has taught before with good success.

President Conwell's sermon comes every week to us from Philadelphia, sent by sister Rose P. Houghtaling, an Oxford Co. girl. She says the Oxford Democrat is a welcome guest to her.

Bryant's Pond.

Mr. Hannibal Andrews, a native of Bethel and for many years a resident of Milton Plantation, passed away at the home of Otis Estes Feb. 3, aged about 84 years. Mr. Audrews was a man well known to the older people of Paris and Woodstock, where for years he worked at his trade, that of a brick mason. He was a member of Blazing Star Lodge, F. and A. M. Mrs. Andrews, who was Calista Hilborn of Paris, died some four years ago.

Charles G. Hill, who was operated on last Saturday night for appendicitis by Drs. Oakes and Bucknam, is reported as doing well.

Mrs. Wm. H. Cole is very low, having been in a half conscious state for several days.

Arthur F. Cushman left for Boston Wednesday where he will pass several months studying music.

A moving picture show is booked here for Feb. 24, to be given under the auspices of Fraternal Lodge, K. of P.

The mumps have arrived at the south end of the town and the village people are looking for a big bunch of them in the near future.

Our dramatic club was at West Paris Thursday evening and presented the drama, "Our Jim," at Dunham's Hall. They had a fair audience, though many were kept away by the prevalence of the mumps in that section. Their presentation of the play here last Friday night was all that could be desired. They certainly rendered the play in a manner acceptable to the large audience present.

West Sumner.

Dr. Whitman was in town Monday.

Geo. Morrill is critically ill of the grippe, followed by pneumonia.

Geo. Clark is having a light run of the grippe. He is not yet able to be out.

Mrs. Helen Chandler has gone to East Sumner to visit friends and expects to remain several days.

Thursday morning was the coldest for the winter in this part of the town, the glass registering 14 below.

Charles Starbird has taken the place of Cyrus Hazelton as cream gatherer on the route in and near this village and made his first round Monday, Feb. 1st.

The heavy snow storm on Saturday followed by the fierce gale on Sunday completely blocked the roads and the R. F. D. carrier was unable to deliver his mail on by-roads Monday. A part of Saturday's mail was delayed on the regular route and did not reach here until Monday.

Elias Johnson was obliged to shut down his mill for want of water. Mr. Johnson made an unsuccessful attempt to dig out the dam in the hope of getting a little more water. He left for his home in Strickland's Ferry Wednesday. Chas. Silver, who has been running the mill for Mr. Johnson, has gone to Lewiston.

Eddie Bisbee, Clayton Lothrop and Harry Hazelton went to Lewiston Saturday to see the sights in the city, intending to return on the late train. The severe snow storm cut short their pleasures and sent them home at an early hour.

Arrangements are being made by the W. R. Corps to observe the Lincoln centennial Friday, Feb. 12. Appropriate exercises will be held in the Baptist church on the preceding Sunday.

Your correspondent wishes to rectify an error in the list of officers elected by the Oxford County Telephone Company at a meeting held here recently. On the board of directors read Orlando Irish instead of Frank Warren and Chas. Dudley's name should appear on the finance committee. We aim to be accurate.

W. E. Doble is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

Dot Heald is under the care of Dr. Atwood. She is suffering from an attack of jaundice.

News has been received of the death of Mrs. Amasa R. Heald of Grinnell, Iowa. We quote the following from Our Church Greeting, published at Grinnell, Iowa, for Jan. 24th. "The church mourns the loss of an honored member in the death of Mrs. Julia Prentiss (Howe) Heald last Thursday afternoon, Jan. 21. Mrs. Heald was born July 27th, 1843, in Paris Hill, Maine, was married to Amasa R. Heald July 18th, 1861, and since 1867 has shared in the activities of the Chester and Grinnell churches. For about twenty-five years her membership has been with us, where her zeal in Sunday School and missionary work and her simple, beautiful faith in her God have greatly endeared her to this people." Mrs. Heald is survived by a husband and eight children.

Hebron.

The Ladies' Circle dinner Tuesday was well attended.

Dea. David Cummings, who has been quite sick, is gaining.

Mr. W. A. Bartlett was able to resume his trips to South Paris Thursday of this week.

Mrs. Bracy Bean has been quite sick for a few days. Her mother, Mrs. Joseph Hibbs, is with her.

Hebron Grange are invited to West Minot Saturday, Feb. 6th.

The Z. L. Packard W. R. C. will give an entertainment Thursday evening, Feb. 11th. Admission 10 cents.

On Friday morning, Feb. 12th, there will be exercises in the morning at the academy in memory of Lincoln. The Relief Corps are invited to be present at the exercises.

Sumner.

Mrs. Ames of Buckfield is visiting at Willis Ames'.

Mrs. Arabine Abbott is working for U. M. Beckler.

George Morrill is sick with pneumonia.

C. F. Reed stopped a few days at H. A. Sturtevant's on account of the big snow storm.

Mrs. Harriet Abbott has gone to North Abington, Mass., to visit her son, Chas. Abbott, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Morrill are stopping at his father's, G. C. Morrill's.

Frances Benson visited Mrs. George Spaulding a few days last week.

Harry Tibbetts and wife visited at South Paris last week.

Buckfield.

Miss Elizabeth Pettengill of Rumford has been the guest of Miss Amy Shaw during the week.

24 degrees below zero was the record here Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Waite visited their daughter, Mrs. Ernest Gould, in Freeport last week.

Mr. Hathaway, the overseer of the town farm, had a lively runaway Wednesday, caused by the breaking of the breeching, while coming down the hill from the station. Mr. Hathaway was thrown out and the horse ran quite a distance, spreading a load of grain, but no serious damage was done.

Roads are improving somewhat since the big storm of Saturday.

Willard Conant of Hebron has been visiting at A. F. Warren's this week.

Mrs. Arlington Damon returned from the hospital in Lewiston Wednesday, accompanied by a nurse.

Mrs. C. H. Prince has returned from Waterville accompanied by Master Evan Shearman of Portland.

Mrs. Adelbert Parsons returned from the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston Saturday much improved.

The selectmen are busy with town reports these days.

Rev. A. W. Pottle was in Portland and Westbrook this week, and was accompanied home by his granddaughter, Miss Jeanette Warren, of Westbrook.

The Progressive Club held a successful whist party and dance at Nezinscot Hall Friday night. Whist was played from eight to half past nine and dancing until twelve. A good number were present and a good time enjoyed. There will be another party, Thursday, the 18th.

Fryeburg.

Feb. 5. Included in a lot of books, pamphlets, broadsides, maps and other literary property sold at auction in Boston on Wednesday was a copy of the poetic 16mo. volume entitled "The Village," which was written by Enoch Lincoln when he resided here, and which was published in 1816 in Portland. Fryeburg village is—or was—the village of which the volume treats, and which gave the book its title. Copies of this book are now quite rare, and the one sold on Wednesday, though considerably dilapidated as to its covers, brought $3.75. Shortly after the publication of "The Village" the author entered political life, and was successively a member of Congress and governor of the state, being an incumbent of the latter office at the time of his death, Oct. 8, 1829. He belonged to a distinguished family, his father, Levi Lincoln, and a brother, also bearing the name of Levi, successively filling the office of governor of Massachusetts. On pages 75-79 of "The Village" some sixty lines are devoted to a severe and scathing philippic against intemperance and its resultant evils. Was this denunciation of the excessive use of spirituous drinks and their train of evils an exemplification of the truth of the old saying that it is easier to preach than to practice? There is a tradition that Governor Lincoln himself indulged too freely in the use of intoxicating drinks, and this tradition makes the foregoing query pertinent. Can any reader of the Democrat tell whether this tradition is based upon fact? At about the time when Governor Lincoln entered political life he removed from Fryeburg to Paris, where he resided several years, and then removed to Portland, which was his place of residence at the time of his death.

Norway Lake.

The sick and disabled seem to be improving.

C. A. Stephens, M. D., returned from Boston, Jan. 29th.

We have been having a taste of an old-fashioned winter. The morning of Feb. 1st one mail carrier failed to appear at the usual time and it was about half after one o'clock, P. M., when he arrived.

Thursday morning, Feb. 4th, was the coldest yet. It ranged from 26 to 30 below zero.

As our stage driver, Mr. Charles, was coming from Norway in the storm Jan. 30th, he discovered a small dog in a hole where he could not get out. As the snow was rapidly drifting around him he would have perished if he had not been helped out.

North Waterford.

Jan. 24 a baby girl came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chadler Merrill.

Mrs. Lucinda Spears was on the sick list Sunday so a physician was called. She is better at this writing.

Bad colds seem to be the order of the day here.

Mrs. P. W. Saunders is at Portland for treatment. Her son Hersey went with her but returned Tuesday night.

Guy Bancroft's little girl, Velma, visited him at Wallace Jones' a few days.

Sumner Grover has been away looking for cows.

On account of bad roads the Lovell stage could not get through Monday so the driver had to snowshoe it out. The other stage made its trip and return after that.

East Bethel.

No school Monday, Feb. 1st, on account of the storm.

Miss Blanche Bartlett is entertaining a friend from away.

Miss Sylvia Swan visited at Z. W. Bartlett's a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bartlett took a walk on snowshoes last Sunday while others had to stay indoors.

Among those who attended Pomona at Bryant's Pond were Mrs. L. C. Bartlett, D. C. Foster, Mrs. G. E. Farrar and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barker.

Mr. Fritz Vail closed a very successful term of school here Friday afternoon, Feb. 5th. All enjoyed a treat of confectionery, nuts, etc. In the evening a very pleasing entertainment consisting of music, tableaux, dialogues and readings was presented for the benefit of the "Dewey League" at Grange Hall to a large audience. This was followed by a social dance, with about forty couples in the grand march, many coming from Bethel, Rumford, Hanover and Locke's Mills.

Here and There.

The Kennebec Journal had a nodding spell the other day, when it commented upon the recent postmaster caucus at West Paris as a novel method of selecting a candidate for West Point.

Seems as if there must be one unpopular feature about the bill introduced in the legislature last week to reorganize the National Guard of Maine. It reduces the rank and title of nearly if not quite every general officer, from the adjutant-general down.

Railroad tax rebates in Maine seem to be a dead issue, at least for a long time to come. The proposition to extend for a term of ten years the ninety-five per cent rebate of taxes to the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, conditioned upon its building the Allagash branch, encountered so much opposition from the start that it was abandoned and withdrawn by its promoters, and the house has passed a resolution declaring such rebates inequitable and unjust. While this binds nobody for the future, it undoubtedly voices the general sentiment of the people of the state. The development of Maine's resources by railroad building will now proceed by the perhaps slower but healthier method of growth according to the legitimate demands of business, without favors granted by the state.

On Wednesday of this week the votes will be counted by congress, and then we shall know for certain who has been elected president of the United States.

SOLDIER BALKS DEATH PLOT.

It seemed to J. A. Stone, a civil war veteran of Kemp, Tex., that a plot existed between a desperate lung trouble and the grave to cause his death. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough that stuck to me, in spite of all remedies for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which restored my health completely. I now weigh 178 pounds." For severe Colds, obstinate Coughs, Hemorrhages, Asthma, and to prevent Pneumonia it's unrivaled. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to Have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.

If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of to well, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "waeter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v" and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetir," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

THE SUBTLE FEMALE.

How She Wheedles and Bullies the Poor Man Creature.

As woman gradually impressed upon man the futility of strutting around in finery and the necessity of being practically useful his garb has become more and more sober and workaday in appearance. Ethnologists tell us that the decorations of primitive man were intended to fascinate feminine eyes, but woman presently began to make it clear that she was not hunting for "a fine, showy article," but something solid and plain and useful, warranted to stand wear and tear. As for the ornamental role, she was going to represent the family herself in that line.

In fact, when one reflects how man has been stripped of gauds and wheedled out of his finperies one by one, one cannot help feeling a tender pity for this victim of feminine self aggrandizement. Poor, timid trembler! A vague, general fear of the female sex haunts him. Afraid of being married against his will, he is circumvented by some subtle female creature who makes him think that it is his will to marry her. An observer remarks that a man very often in running away from the right woman runs straight into the arms of the wrong woman. And the wrong woman, that great opportunist, is always waiting there to block his headlong flight and switch it toward the altar.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Easy Job.

Indifference displayed in the face of the uncertainties and dangers of life is characteristic of the Wessex dwellers in the "Islands of the Vale," according to Eleanor G. Hayden, the author of the book of the title, who supports her statement with a story of humorous turn.

A certain cottage and its old mistress had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy ne'er do well, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's in work now," said the smiling old mother. "Takes good money, he does, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of the time he has to himself."

Not Infectious.

I used to be very much afraid that my children while playing with others would be exposed to some contagious disease, and they were constantly on the lookout for trouble of this kind.

One day little Louise, aged four, came rushing in from the street where she had been playing with a crowd of children. In a very excited manner she burst out, "Well, mother, two of the Meyers children have something, but sister says she don't think we'll catch it, though."

"Well, what is it, darling?" I asked.

"It's the pigeon toes," she replied.—Delineator.

How Pike Kill Perch.

From careful observation I am satisfied that pike kill their prey before swallowing them, and they do this by holding whatever fish they have secured crossways in their powerful jaws for some time before bolting it. I once watched a pike hold a perch in this way for twenty minutes, and then he moved off out of sight, but from five to ten minutes is the usual time.—W. H. Armistead in "Trout Waters, Management and Angling."

Information Wanted.

Mrs. Benham—Before we were married you said that life would be one grand, sweet song. Benham—Well, what of it? Mrs. Benham—I'd like to know where you do your singing.—New York Press.

An Added Attraction.

"Ah, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform and so many decorations!"

"Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a band at his funeral."—Wahre Jacob.

The Other Course.

Solicitor—And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the best course to adopt in the event of your friendly letter failing to produce the effect we desire. Client—Yes, I see, Mr. Jones. If I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands.—Punch.

If thou continuest to take delight in idle argumentation thou mayest be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to love with men.—Socrates.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of KILBON PERHAM, late of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

Jan. 19th, 1909. GEORGE W. Q. PERHAM.

Save Money at the
BARGAIN SALE OF POST CARDS
Week of Feb. 8th.
We have a most interesting exhibit of cards collected for this sale—open evenings.
COTTAGE STUDIO, NORWAY, MAINE.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

They Injure Children.

ORDINARY CARTHARTICS AND PILLS AND HARSH PHYSIC CAUSE DISTRESSING COMPLAINTS.

You cannot be over-careful in the selection of medicine for children. Only the very gentlest bowel medicine should ever be given. Ordinary pills, cathartics and purgatives are too apt to do more harm than good. They cause griping, nausea and other distressing after-effects that are frequently health destroying and a life-lasting annoyance.

We personally recommend and guarantee Rexall Orderlies as the safest and most dependable remedy for constipation and associate b

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing September 27, 1908,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down(east)—5:36 A. M., daily; 9:50 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:33 P. M., daily.
Going up (west)—9:50 A. M., daily; 3:26 P. M., daily except Sunday; 5:47 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 evening 7:30.

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

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

G. A. R.—W. 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.

Mrs. W. B. Stirckland visited in Auburn a few days last week.

J. Arthur Colley has been with friends in Portland for a few days.

Mrs. F. S. Chandler of Bethel is with her daughter, Mrs. F. P. Chandler, who is ill.

Walter L. Gray and John J. Emeley were in Augusta a few days during the past week.

Miss Wilma Morrill of Westbrook was here last week to attend the clerks' ball, a guest at W. J. Wheeler's.

Miss S. M. Wheeler entertains the Seneca Club this Monday evening, when the topic studied will be Eugene Field.

Samuel M. King, who has had a trouble with his heart for some time, has gone to Dr. King's Hospital in Portland for treatment.

Selectman Charles W. Bowker was in Gardiner and Augusta Thursday on business for the town in connection with a pauper case.

Miss Kendrick, assistant in the high school, has been out of school with the mumps for a few days, and Miss S. L. Rounds has been taking her place in the school.

Arthur E. Forbes of the Democrat attended a portion of the sessions of the Maine Press Association at Augusta last week, and was re-elected to the responsible position of vice-president of that organization.

J. F. McArdle was arrested for intoxication Friday, and on Saturday in the Norway Municipal Court received a sentence of ninety days in jail, beginning it just three weeks from the expiration of his last sentence.

Rev. J. W. Chesbro went to Boston Saturday to attend the Chapman evangelistic meetings, will return some day this week. His pulpit at the Baptist church was supplied on Sunday by D. L. Joslin of Norway.

Stanley M. Wheeler came home from the University of Maine about a week since, and last Wednesday went to Dr. King's hospital in Portland, where he underwent a serious surgical operation the next day. Although doing well, he will have to remain in the hospital for about a month.

Walter L. Gray has received notice of his appointment as special aid on the staff of Edgar Allen, Jr., of Reading, Pa., commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans of the United States. The commission dates from Aug. 27, 1908. Mr. Gray, who is junior vice commander of Joshua L. Chamberlain Camp, S. of V., received the appointment without solicitation on his part.

The scholars of the eighth and ninth grades gave a reception at Grand Army Hall Friday evening to the members of the sophomore and freshman classes in the high school, with whom they expect to be fellow students later in their course. An entertainment of music and readings was given, ice cream and cake were served, and "trip the willow" and other games were played. The evening was enjoyed by a large party.

The Ladies' Flinch Club met with Mrs. N. D. Bolster Thursday afternoon. In the course of their session the ladies were surprised by strains of music (? !), and discovered that they were the objects of a serenade by the Blue Vase Band, sent by A. E. Morse in gratitude for the prompt recovery of so large a number of that beautiful blue heirloom recently advertised in these columns. The serenade was fully appreciated by the ladies.

"Fair to-morrow, with rising temperature." See weather forecast, almost any time last week. And meanwhile the mercury hovered in the lower part of the tube, and Thursday morning it cleared a new channel in the bottom of some of the thermometers. Readings of anywhere from 18 to 38 below are reported in different parts of the village, and a number say that the mark reached was the lowest ever indicated by their thermometers where they now hang.

At the meeting of Paris Lodge, F. and A. M., Tuesday evening, the officers for the year were installed by District Deputy Lee M. Smith of Norway, and a lunch was served after the close of the lodge. The officers are:

W. M.—L. L. Briggs.
S. W.—Sanford M. Brown.
J. W.—J. N. Horr.
Treasurer—W. O. Frothingham.
Secretary—Walter L. Gray.
Chaplain—Rev. J. W. Chesbro.
Marshal—Charles H. George.
S. D.—L. L. Powers.
J. D.—Ernest J. Record.
Tyler—W. A. Porter.

As usual, a considerable number of dancers from this village attended the clerks' ball at Norway Tuesday evening, and there were also a good number who went as spectators and occupied seats in the gallery. Those who danced the ball through don't have much to say when asked about the walking between here and Norway. The snow had been sifting into the street car track, and the car which started over here after the ball stuck its nose into a snow bank near Alpine Street and couldn't get through. After the passengers had made quite a lengthy stay, part of them walked home, and part of them rode back to Norway on the car and somewhat later came over on the steam train when it made its trip for the early morning train.

"The Deacon," which is going to be presented Feb. 19, by the senior class of Paris High School, has the following cast of characters:

Deacon Thornton, Mrs. Thornton's brother-in-law, S. J. Rawson.
George Graef, Mrs. Thornton's nephew, S. Shurtleff.
George Darrah, alias Matt Wheeler, H. J. Cutting.
James Reed, a friend of Darrah, R. Jenne.
Pedro, an organ grinder, R. H. Haggett.
Pete, Mrs. Thornton's servant, C. O. Cutting.
Billy, the Deacon's boy, A. D. Andrews.
Parson Brownlow, E. B. Curtis.
Officer, Miss I. M. Field.
Mrs. Thornton. Miss I. M. Marshall.
Helen, her daughter, Mrs. Thornton's maiden sister, Miss S. J. Everett.
Miss Amelia Fawcett,
Mrs. Darras, George Darrah's wife, Miss A. K. Thayer.
Nellie, her child, Miss M. C. Newton.
Daisy, Mrs. Thornton's servant, Miss L. B. Haskell.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, 15 cents. All seats reserved. Tickets on sale at Shurtleff's drug store Saturday, Feb. 13, at 9 o'clock A. M.

The "Sports" meet with Miss Myrtle Buck this Monday evening.

Adjourned meeting of the Citizens' Telephone Co. this Monday evening.

The Baptist Ladies' Aid meets at the parsonage Tuesday afternoon for work.

Rev. J. H. Little of the Universalist church exchanged pulpits on Sunday with Rev. Merrill C. Wardof the Norway church.

Mrs. Belle Jones, *nee* Corbett, who has been in Texas for some years, is with her relatives here, and expects to remain at least until fall.

There will be work in Hamlin Temple Tuesday night. Members of the degree staff are requested to be present at quarter of seven for rehearsal.

H. W. Dennison has purchased of N. D. Bolster a house lot on Park Street next Mr. Dennison's residence, and will build a house on it during the coming season.

Sunday was a beautiful winter day, and Monday is another, even if they do tell us that a storm with another cold wave behind it is on its way from the Rocky Mountains, headed straight for New England.

The Y. P. C. U. of the Universalist church has accepted an invitation to a banquet to be given by the Norway Y. P. C. U. at Concert Hall, Thursday evening of this week. Members will leave South Paris on the 6:15 car.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Gray gave a whist party at their home Friday evening, at which seven tables were filled, and the evening was pleasantly passed. A buffet lunch of dainty refreshments was served in the dining room.

One of the most attractive window displays in town is at the store of John Pierce, and is made up of valentines in water colors, the work of Miss Mary A. Pierce. There are a number of very "cute" designs, and all are exceedingly well done.

About thirty-five of the adult members of the Methodist Sunday School, included in the Bereans and the Careful Gleaners, were entertained by Rev. and Mrs. T. N. Kewley at the parsonage Tuesday evening, and a very social and pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Feb. 8, 1909:

Mrs. Lucius Turple.
Miss Bessie Phillips Cox.
Miss Flora M. Reynolds.
Miss Marie Abbott.
Mr. Melvin C. Fox, (3).
E. H. Hale.
S. Chapel.

S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

"A Box of Monkeys," the farce presented as the entertainment at the Good Cheer supper last Tuesday evening, is reported as one of the best of the short entertainments of the winter. There were also two or three selections of vocal music. There was a good audience, notwithstanding other attractions and distractions on the same evening.

The Oxford County Fruit Growers' Association will hold a meeting in Paris Grange Hall, Feb. 24th at 10 A. M. Prof. E. F. Hitchings, State Entomologist, will lecture. Paris Grange will furnish dinner at noon for twenty cents. The lecture is free to all, and it is hoped that there will be a large attendance. Everyone interested in fruit growing should hear his lecture.

All roads will lead to the Congregational vestry Thursday evening, Feb. 14th. At 6:45 the ladies will serve an excellent supper. Following is the menu:

Beans, Brown Bread.
Pickles.
Scalloped Oysters, Hot Rolls.
Cream Pies, Custard Pies, Lemon Pies.
Cake, Tarts, Doughnuts.
Coffee.

After supper you will want to remain and meet Jerusha Dow who has kindly consented to exhibit to us her family album. Supper and entertainment 25 cents. Supper 15 cents; entertainment 10.

The Abraham Lincoln Centenary will be observed at New Hall, South Paris, on the evening of the 12th of February at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all, especially to teachers and their pupils. Anyone having a book of war songs please leave with Mrs. Rounds.

PROGRAMME.

Prayer, Mr. Little.
Singing, America.
Reading, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Walter L. Gray.
Singing, Miss Wheeler.
Remarks, Mr. McWhorter.
Reading, Bowhood of Lincoln, Clyde Hebbard.
Toast to the Flag, Vernon Curtis.
Singing, Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Remarks, Mr. Kewley.
Reading, Eva Walker.
Singing, Mr. Chesbro.
Reading, Mrs. Ordway.
Remarks, James S. Wright.
Humorous stories, Mrs. Curtis.
Singing, Tenting To-Night.
Remarks, Mr. Little.
God Be with You Till We Meet Again.

The pupils of Mrs. Cora S. Briggs held their regular monthly recital Saturday evening, Feb. 6th, at Highland cottage. The following programme was played:

Dance on the Green, Bohm.
Marion Gray.
Pussy Willows Polka, Smith.
Ruth Akers.
In Twilight, Heins.
Florence Harriman.
Spring Greeting Duett, Behr.
Rena Tribou and Iva Merrill.
Bright Star of Hope, Zeller.
Mildred Curtis
Nearer My God to Thee, with variations,
Belle Ames.
By the Mill Stream, Ganschall.
Elsie Gray.
Duett, Silvery Waves, Wyman.
Geneva Young and Eva Abbott.
Fairy Polka, Spindler.
Francis Andrews.
Song, The Horn the Little Boy Blew, Spaulding.
Sung and played by Florence Harriman.
Purple Pansies Waltz, Fearis.
Donald Andrews.
The Witches' Flight, Russell.
Lillian Powers.
Hunter's Return, Rohde.
Ruth Cummings.
Dance of the Nymphs, Wehricke.
Beatrice Swett.
In the Silver Moonlight, Gray.
Howard Chick.
Whisperings of Love, Kinkell.
Lida Hutchins.
Wedding March, Mendelssohn.
Eddie Chick.
March of the Flower Girls, Wachs.
Berenice Nash.
Violin and Piano, Slumber Song, Hauser.
Grace and Ida Dean.

Punch and fancy crackers were served by six young ladies, and the company dispersed, voting it the best time of the season.

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Talbot took a sleigh ride to Oxford last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Lovejoy passed the day at Mechanic Falls last Wednesday.

J. H. Clark, who has been confined to the house by illness for several weeks, is improving.

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

W. H. Swett is keeping "Bachelor's hall." Mrs. Swett went to Boston last Tuesday to spend a week with friends and relatives.

Miss Dora Parsons, who has employment in the dry goods department in the store of N. D. Bolster & Co., was at home last Sunday.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

Oxford Pomona will hold its next meeting Tuesday, March 2d, at West Paris, with the following programme:

Opening ceremony.
Business.
Closing in fifth degree and opening in fourth.
Music by choir.
Reading, Sister Cartie of Augusta
Talk, Brother F. L. Wyman of West Paris on "The best varieties of apples to plant at the present time, with samples of same." Cora Perham.
Music, solo, Mildred Curtis
Talk on packing and marketing by R. L. Cummings.
"Use of Commercial Fertilizers," V. P. DeCoster,
Buckfield.
Reading, Sister Cartie.
Music by choir.

Time and place of meetings for the year: April, 1st Tuesday, South Paris. May, 1st Tuesday, Bethel. June, 1st Tuesday, Frederick Robie, Otisfield. June 29th, Tuesday, Oxford. August, 1st Tuesday, Bear Mountain, South Waterford. September, 1st Tuesday, Crooked River, Bolster's Mills. October, 1st Tuesday, Hebron. November, 1st Tuesday, North Waterford. December, 1st Tuesday, South Paris.

SECRETARY.

John E. Stephens of Rumford Falls has the agency for Oxford County for the Reo and half of the county for the Maxwell. He wants a few good, live agents.

A Million Robins Annually.

FOREIGNERS KILL THAT NUMBER OF OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

Many good people were horrified when they read the statement published in the press a year ago that a million robins were killed each year by the southern people. Nevertheless I have no doubt that within recent years a million robins have been killed annually in the north by our foreign-born population and their children. A few figures may be needed to convince the reader. The people of eastern and southern Europe are largely bird killers; they shoot, trap and net birds to eat, or for millinery purposes. Game officers in this country frequently find Italians, Greeks and Slavs with large bags of small birds. A party of Greeks who had lined up to drive the woods of a New Hampshire town were taken in the act. Such people go out in gangs and use all sorts of means to evade the officers. Robins, meadow larks, cuckoos, thrushes, bluebirds, swallows, sparrows and all kinds of small birds are taken. Some of these people work quietly with nets, snares and bird lime. The Metropolitan Police arrested two Italians near Boston several years ago with a bag full of birds taken with bird-lime. A game warden within ten miles of Boston found that a gang of contract laborers practically cleared the woods of all birds in a section of his town, leaving the earth about their camps strewn with feathers. Their chief game bird, the robin, now has a market value of sixty cents a dozen. Within a few miles of the capitol building of one New England state six "Polackers," armed with pistols and small guns loaded with fine shot sat under the wild cherry trees one Saturday afternoon and early Sunday morning and shot robins. The next day the heads of 105 robins were counted where the women had plucked and dressed them for the pot. These things are done regularly and frequently. Immigrants from northwestern Europe are not as a rule of the bird-killing class, but a great part of our immigration now comes from southern and eastern Europe. Taking foreign-born persons as a whole, it is safe to assume from our knowledge of hunting statistics that three per cent kill birds, and it is within bounds to say that each bird killer will destroy fifty birds per year. We need not reckon the number of birds destroyed by their children or by our native men and boys. I have known a native boy to kill fifty small birds in a day with a shot gun.

The census of 1900 enumerated 8,921,270 foreign-born persons in the more northern and eastern states. Three per cent of this number would be 267,367 foreign born bird hunters and trappers in the north, without taking account of those in the states of Nevada, Idaho and Washington. If each of these people kills but fifty birds each year we have 13,381,850 birds killed in the northern and eastern states. It is certainly within bounds to say that one million of these would be their favorite robins. The number of immigrants is constantly increasing, and the number of birds killed by them would continue to increase were not our people beginning to apply the remedy in the shape of a high license law for the alien hunter and its supplemental and necessary statute the license for the resident hunter. Within a few years all the northern states will have such laws upon their statute books, and then and not until then shall we be able to check this slaughter of the innocents.

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH,
New England Agent, National Association of Audubon Societies.

The Clerks' Annual Ball.

As brilliant an affair as any of the brilliant line of its predecessors was the annual ball of the Clerk' Association at Norway given at the Opera House last Tuesday evening. The decorations were in charge of Elmer E. Brown of Portland, a professional decorator, who did an elaborate piece of work. The color scheme was red, white and blue, which was well worked out.

Nearly one hundred couples were in the march, and the scene was an attractive one, with the varied gowns of the ladies contrasting with the dark attire of the gentlemen. Spectators filled the gallery to the limit of its space.

Stearns' Orchestra, assisted by Frank Holding, the well known violinist, and other talent from Portland and Lewiston, making a full orchestra of fourteen pieces, made fine music for the dancing, and their playing was much complimented.

Stuart W. Goodwin acted as floor manager, with an efficient corps of aids, and as usual, the lady clerks acted as reception committee.

At intermission a turkey supper was served at the Elm House by Landlord Young, and the dancing continued thereafter till well into the small hours of the morning.

The clerks' ball began as an institution in 1894, and has ever since been the leading social event of the winter in Norway.

While the net receipts have frequently been given for some worthy cause, it has always been the intention first of all to make the affair one which will be creditable and enjoyable in all respects, and this principle has always been well carried out.

"The White Man's First Love."

A story with this title was published in a magazine some time since, relating how a white man turned his back upon a wealthy sweetheart of slightly mixed race, and a life of luxurious ease in a tropical clime, for the sake of fighting in a hard and dangerous campaign, because "the white man's first love" is a fight. A local newsgatherer of the Democrat had a little reminder of the *motif* of this story the other day, on questioning a youngster with a view of getting information regarding a reception given by some of the classes in school to other classes. The conversation ran something like this, though the full effect of it can not possibly be given without the accompaniment of the facial expressions and the tones of the voice:

"Well, John, were you in this scrape last night?"

(With a real sunburst of a smile) "Yes, sir!"

"What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Nothing? Didn't you play any games or anything?"

(After a long pause, during which his far-away expression indicated that he was engaged in a mental search) "Oh, you mean this up here. I thought you meant fight."

"Oh, was there a fight?

"Yep."

"Where was it?"

"Just up here."

"Who was scrapping?"

"Smithy and I."

"Did you lick him?"

"Knocked him down."

And after some further conversation the information regarding the reception was slowly milked out of the youth, but the details of the scrap came freely and without urging.

Farm Buildings Burned at Frye.

The buildings of Charles F. Taylor at Frye were entirely burned early in the morning of Tuesday, Feb. 2, together with fifteen tons of hay, forty hens, a large amount of grain and potatoes, and the contents of the cook room and pantry. A portion of the furniture was saved, and all the stock except the hens. The origin of the fire is not known. Insurance on the buildings is about $1500.

Frank Lycette committed suicide by shooting at Houlton Monday, after he had been summoned by an officer to appear in court on a writ in a civil action. He leaves a widow and two brothers. Lycette borrowed a mileage book from a friend and when he failed to return it legal proceedings were instituted. He was to appear at a lawyer's office, but instead of going to the office he shot himself.

Bazaar and promenade concert by the ladies of St. Catherine's Church at Norway Opera House Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10 and 11. The Bazaar opens at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon and closes Thursday evening with the promenade concert. Admission to the Bazaar free. Promenade concert 25 cents.

The Reo Company have orders now for 6000 cars. Almost their entire output for 1909 is already sold.

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. 29, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, after full moon. Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, Wednesday evening after full moon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 coldest morning Thursday, Feb. 4th, from 18 to 34 degrees below.

It is reported that some of the young people who attend services at the M. E. church are having some difficulty in explaining their restlessness in meeting.

The banquet at the regular monthly meeting of R. A. Chapter, No. 29, was well attended Wednesday evening.

The electric car people have experienced some trouble in keeping the line open to the head of Main Street. For some days after the big storm the cars found it convenient to end the trip opposite the Beal's House.

The February term of the Norway Municipal Court was held at Judge Jones' office on Tuesday of last week. The docket shows a few new entries.

Oxford Lodge, No. 18, F. and A. M., at the stated communication Friday evening worked the Master Mason's Degree. A banquet was enjoyed by a large attendance following the work. This meeting was the regular past masters' meeting for the winter. All the offices were filled by past masters of the lodge as follows:

Wor. C. M. Smith, Master in 1879 as W. M.
Wor. S. G. Hatch, Master in 1884 as S. W.
Rt. Wor. H. D. Smith, Master in 1889 as J. W.
Wor. Freeland Howe, Master in 1876 as Treas.
Wor. E. F. Bicknell Master in 1891 as Sec.
Wor. Irving Frost, Master in 1889 as Chap.
Rt. Wor. G. W. Holmes, Master in 1888 as S. D.
Wor. G. A. Cole, Master in 1882 as J. D.
Wor. C. F. Ridlon, Master in 1896 as S. S.
Wor. V. W. Hills, Master in 1892 as J. S.
Wor. E. F. Smith, Master in 1898 as Mar.
Wor. B. F. Bradbury, Master in 1895 as Org.
Wor. H. F. Andrews, Master in 1897 as Tyler.
Wor. F. N. Barker, Master in 1901 as 1st R.
Wor. H. R. Farris, Master in 1905 as 2d R.
Wor. A. J. Stearns, Master in 1903 as 3d R.
Rt. Wor. L. M. Smith, Master in 1893 as F. C.
Wor. H. L. Bartlett, Master in 1900 as F. C.
Wor. Geo. Hazen, Master in 1902 as F. C.

A large company of the members of the New England Order of Protection visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Frost, Frost Hill, Friday evening. Entertainment with dancing, cards, etc., was of much pleasure during the evening. Most excellent refreshments were served. The company presented Mrs. Frost a very pretty gold ring as a souvenir of the occasion.

Stanley G. Spear of Dexter, state president of the Young People's Christian Union, gave the young people of the Universalist church a very interesting talk Sunday evening. Although the storm made it very difficult to attend the house was well filled.

The thoughtfulness of Ed Rich in providing two teams without cost for the help in the stitching room to reach their homes Saturday evening, when the streets were well nigh impassable, was greatly appreciated.

Assistant Attorney General C. P. Barnes has tendered his resignation as superintendent of the Norway schools on account of his forced absence from town. The resignation has not been accepted but is now in the hands of the S. S. Committee.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Ridlon were in Portland several days last week.

St. Catherine's society on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10th and 11th, will hold a fair at the opera house. Promenade concert Thursday evening.

Rev. Merrill C. Ward of the Universalist church has extended to Frank T. Bartlett Camp, No. 8, U. S. W. V., an invitation to attend services at his church Feb. 14, together with the G. A. R. and W. R. C. to commemorate the centennial of the birth of Lincoln.

Thursday, Feb. 18th, at the opera house will be given the sixth annual calico ball by the Veranda Club. Music by Stearns' Orchestra. John P. Cullinan, floor manager. Aids, Wallace W. Sheen, Alton Curtis, Oscar Burgess and Herbert Bradbury.

W. C. Brown of the Novelty Turning Company, who for some days has been suffering with a severe illness, is improving.

By recent order for inspection of the N. G. S. M., Co. D of the Second Regiment, stationed at Norway, will be inspected April 23d.

The North Waterford stage drove into town Monday at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Blizzard.

John Briggs of South Paris is the new clerk at the Smiley dry goods store.

A military ball and drama will be given by the members of Co. D sometime in the near future to raise funds for company expenses.

The members of N. H. S. senior class will present the three-act drama, "Our Folks," at the opera house Tuesday evening, Feb. 16. It will be a first class entertainment and the hall will be filled without doubt.

The Coming Flood of Immigrants.

We shall probably see a considerable increase of immigration in the spring. Calabria and Sicily will doubtless send us an army of refugees from the earthquake region, and if business keeps on improving the influx from all sources is likely to be greater than that of last year. In 1907 we got 1,285,000 immigrants; in 1908, 782,870; and these figures were offset by a strong human current running from our ports back to Europe. Out of last year's total, Austria-Hungary sent 168,000; Italy, including Sicily, 128,000; the Russian Empire and Finland, 156,000; over three-fifths of the total number thus coming from southern and southeastern Europe. There is a prospect of a Russian emigration of a higher quality than we have had heretofore, from the reformer and high-grade revolutionist class—discouraged patriots, such somewhat as came here from Germany—Carl Schurz among them—after the troubles of 1848. It has often been said that that suppressed revolution gave us the very pick of Germany. Now if we are to get the chosen best of Russia it will be a considerable solace to the keepers of our gate, albeit Russia can ill spare them to us.—Harper's Weekly.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But long ago millions of Americans had proved Electric Bitters prolonged life and makes it worth living. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, rebuilds wasted nerve cells, imparts life and tone to the entire system. It's a godsend to weak, sick and debilitated people. "Kidney trouble had blighted my life for months," writes W. M. Sherman of Cushing, Me., "but Electric Bitters cured me entirely." Only 50c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by sprinkling Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c.

Maine News Notes.

Miss Geraldine Farrar is to be the star of the Maine Music Festival this year, in her native state.

The storm of a week ago is said to have been the worst one along the coast since the Portland went down in 1898.

According to the reports, there is a good prospect that Old Town will have an $800,000 cotton mill plant before long.

State Treasurer Gilmore's report shows that on Jan. 1st the state debt was $698,000, with a cash balance in the treasury of $568,534.

The 18th and 19th of March have been determined as the dates of the dedication of the new Kora Temple of the Mystic Shrine at Lewiston.

There is a suspicion that President-elect Taft has engaged the Vanderbilt cottage at Bar Harbor for the summer. It is only a suspicion as yet.

Ex-Governor Cobb is one of the men who are working to have Charles W. Morse admitted to bail pending the appeal which is now in the United States court.

Fred Beals of Bowdoinham was killed in the Moosehead region Thursday while attempting to save a fellow workman from being struck down by a pile of logs. He was about thirty-five years of age.

Governor Fernald stated last week that he and his staff would not attend the inauguration of President Taft. He said, "It will cost $3000 for all the staff to make the trip, and I do not believe that it can be afforded at the present time."

One of last week's legislative bills which attracts attention is to create the office of "State Commissioner of Publicity," or as he might more popularly be known, State Advertising Agent, it being his business to advertise the state and its advantages.

Peter Malone was killed in a junk shop in Portland Saturday afternoon. He was operating a pair of heavy shears used to break up old metal into scrap for sale, when he was caught in the gear, which is operated by electricity, and drawn in. Death was apparently instantaneous.

C. H. Mitchell, yard foreman of the International Paper Co. at Livermore Falls, was struck by a box car and killed while walking on the Maine Central Railroad track at that place Tuesday. He was a veteran of the Civil War, 65 years of age, and is survived by a widow and several adult children.

The Maine Daily Newspapers' Association met at Augusta Wednesday, and J. Norman Towle of the Bangor News was elected president. The Maine Press Association also met at Augusta Wednesday and Thursday. Arnold H. Jones of the Rockland Courier-Gazette was re-elected president. Vigorous resolutions were passed opposing the enactment into law by congress of the present regulations of the post office department in reference to extension of credit to subscribers. The annual excursion of the association will be made to Portland or Old Orchard and vicinity. Wednesday evening the members of the association attended a reception given them and the members of the legislature and state officials by Ex-Governor and Mrs. John F. Hill at their beautiful home on State Street.

REVOLTS AT COLD STEEL.

"Your only hope," said three doctors to Mrs. M. E. Fisher, Detroit, Mich., suffering from severe rectal trouble "lies in an operation," "then I used Dr. King's New Life Pills," she writes, "till wholly cured." They prevent Appendicitis, cure Constipation, Headache. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store.

WASHINGTON ONCE GAVE UP

to three doctors; was kept in bed for five weeks. Blood poison from a spider's bite caused large, deep sores to cover his leg. The doctors failed, then "Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured me," writes John Washington of Bosqueville, Tex. For eczema, boils, burns and piles it's supreme. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store.

Every Woman Will Be Interested.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's **Australian-Leaf**. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy N. Y. 3-6

Born.

In Paris, Jan. 18, to the wife of Carl H. McKeen, a daughter.
In Paris, Jan. 31, to the wife of Fremont H. Field, a daughter.
In West Paris, Feb. 1, to the wife of Hezekiah Farrar, a daughter.
In West Paris, Feb. 1, to the wife of George Damon, a daughter.
In South Paris, Feb. 1, to the wife of Henry G. Fleming, a son.
In West Porter, Jan. 30, to the wife of L. L. Thompson, a daughter.
In Norway, Jan. 28, to the wife of Harry F. Whitredge, a daughter, Virginia.
In North Waterford, Jan. 24, to the wife of Chandler Merrill, a daughter.

Married.

In West Paris, Jan. 16, by O. K. Yates, Esq., Mr. Joseph T. Bryant and Mrs. Sadie E. Peabody, both of Woodstock.
In Lovell, Jan. 27, by Rev. F. H. Reeves, Mr. H. Delbert Pike of Sweden and Miss Evelyn Mae Farrington of Boston.
In Mexico, Jan. 31, by Rev. J. G. Fisher, Mr. Ernest O. Nichols and Miss Vere Mae Lovejoy, both of Mexico.

Died.

In Magalloway Plantation, Feb. 1, William L. Fickett, aged 64 years.
In Woodstock, Feb. 3, Hannibal Andrews, aged about 84 years.
In Peru, Feb. 4, A. B. Walker.
In Mexico, Jan. 31, Asa West, aged 79 years.
In Mexico, Jan. 28, Mrs. Joseph Cameron.

MI-O-NA

RELIEVES STOMACH MISERY ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

If the food you ate at your last meal did not digest, but laid for a long time like lead on your stomach, then you have indigestion and must act quickly.

Of course there are many other symptoms of indigestion, such as belching up sour food, heartburn, dizziness, shortness of breath, and foul breath, and if you have any of them, your stomach is out of order and should be corrected.

Mi-o-na tablets have cured thousands of cases of indigestion and stomach trouble. If you have any stomach distress, Mi-o-na will relieve instantly.

But Mi-o-na unlike most so called dyspepsia remedies, does more than relieve; it permanently cures dyspepsia or any stomach trouble by putting energy and strength into the walls of the stomach.

A large box of Mi-o-na tablets costs but 50 cents at F. A. Shurtleff's & Co.'s and are guaranteed to cure or money back. When others fail, Mi-o-na cures. It is a producer of flesh when the body is thin; it cleanses the stomach and bowels; purifies the blood and makes rich red blood.

HYOMEI

(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)

CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back. Sold and guaranteed by F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

NOTICE.

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

In the matter of
GUY C. STANCHFIELD, } In Bankruptcy.
of Rumford, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Guy C. Stanchfield, in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of Feb., A. D. 1909, the said Guy C. Stanchfield was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 8 Market Square, South Paris, on the 24th day of Feb., A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, Feb. 6, 1909.
WALTER L. GRAY,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

BLUE STORES.

Is There Any Reason Why You Should Not Have the New Suit or Overcoat---NOW?

We have been changing our prices on all our WINTER CLOTHING so that now if low prices are any inducement to you there is no reason why we cannot sell you at once.

Our Reduced Prices Make a Saving to You of

$2.00 to $6.00 on a Suit or Overcoat.
40c. to $1.00 on a Pair or Trousers.
10c. to 25c. on each Piece of Underwear.

Fur Coats at Big Reductions.

Reefers, Ulsters, Work Coats are cut. Youths' and Children's Clothing at Real Bargains.

HELP US CLEAN UP STOCK.

F. H. NOYES CO.

South Paris - - Norway

... HATS ...

at Greatly Reduced Prices.

— Also a Complete Line of —

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S Underwear and Hosiery.

Miss S. M. Wheeler,
MARKET SQUARE, SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Now is the Time to Buy a Horse Blanket Cheap.

I shall give 10 per cent. off on all

Avoid the thin Ice

Of sickness by keeping stomach, liver, bowels and blood in a state of good health. An occasional dose of the true **"L. F." Atwood's Bitters** is all you need. They strengthen the weakened organs and tone up the whole system to a condition of perfect health. Relieve constipation when all else fails. *35 cents a bottle at your dealer's.*

To the Horse and Dairy Men!

I have the facilities for handling

GRAIN

cheaper than any other mill in town. Call and get my prices and convince your self.

I am agent for SUCRENE Dairy Feed and SCHUMACHER Stock Feed. I call your attention to these two feeds as they have stood the test and cannot be surpassed.

I have a car of Cotton Seed Meal that is odd weight, so am making the price low to cut it off.

Be sure and get my prices on Hay before buying.

A. C. Maxim,

Two Mills, { South Paris. West Paris.

A. C. LORD,

15 years expert Watchmaker with Bigelow, Kennard & Co, Boston.

All Work Guaranteed.

A little out of the way but it pays to walk.

GEMS, WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

With Dr. Parmenter, Norway, Maine.

GOODYEAR Glove Rubbers

Best Fitting

— AND —

Best Wearing Rubbers made.

W. O. Frothingham,

South Paris.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

The Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1908.

Real Estate,	$ 200,000 00
Mortage Loans,	46,335 00
Collateral Loans,	none
Stocks and Bonds,	2,308,225 00
Cash in Office and Bank,	101,614 93
Agents' Balances,	144,078 69
Bills Receivable,	none
Interest and Rents,	731 02
All other Assets,	495 00
Gross Assets,	$2,701,379 66
LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1908.	
Net Unpaid Losses,	$ 86,248 60
Unearned Premiums,	1,029,919 31
All other Liabilities,	13,643 13
Cash Capital,	400,000 00
Surplus over all Liabilities,	561,568 62
Total Liabilities and Surplus,	$2,701,379 66

WM. J. WHEELER & CO., Agents, South Paris, Maine.

4-6

ALL RHEUMATICS INVITED TODAY

TO TEST URIC-O FREE

A 75-Cent Bottle Given Free to All Who Apply.

If there are still any sufferers from Rheumatism in this country or wherever this paper reaches, that have not yet tried the wonderful Rheumatic Remedy, Uric-O, we want them to try it now at our expense. We firmly believe that there is not a case of Rheumatism in the world that will not yield to the wonderful effects of Uric-O, and we want to prove it to every doubter beyond all possibility. The best way to do this is to give a large bottle of this remedy to every sufferer and let him test and try it to his satisfaction. If you suffer from Rheumatism, no matter what form, just cut this notice out of the paper and send it, together with your name and address, also the name of your Druggist, to the Smith Drug Co., 220 Smith Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y., and they will send you by return mail an order on your Druggist for a 75c. bottle free.

We ask as a special request, that you purchase a 25c. package of Uva-Lax Pills when receiving the free bottle, as the pills greatly assist Uric-O. Use them together and be convinced of their great merit.

We know from experience that personal recommendation is the most valuable advertising, and that is the way we intend to acquaint the world with Uric-O. Send for Uric-O, no matter where you live. It is sold by druggists all over this country at 75c. and $1.00 per bottle, and we want you to have a bottle free. Uric-O is sold and personally recommended by F. A. Shurtleff & Company.

Home for Sale.

On street going from South Paris to Norway, nearly opposite fair ground buildings. A good chance to take a few boarders. Well watered, electric passes the door. Stable, hen houses and a large garden with some good bearing apple trees. A good trade to desirable parties. Call at house or write for particulars.

MRS. C. C. DEARBORN,
South Paris, Maine.

3tf

FOR SALE.

A well established business. The A. C. Jones Machine and Plumbing Business, situated on Main Street, South Paris, Maine.

THE SHOP, LOT, MACHINERY, TOOLS, STOCK, AND ENTIRE EQUIPMENT.

A good stock of Machine Screws, Bolts, Nuts, Etc. Pipe, Fittings, Valves and Plumbing Supplies. Electric Power and Light. City Water. All in running order and doing a good business in general repairing of machine work and plumbing. Address,

W. S. Jones, Executor of A. C. Jones Estate.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DAILY NEWSPAPER.

The New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune

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

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

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

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

Both Papers One Year for $2.25.

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

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

Pianos AND Organs.

Large Stock of New Pianos and Organs.

Good second hand organs from $15 to $40. Nice trade for anyone to buy for New Year's present. Second hand pianos from $125 to $175. Nice instruments. Square pianos for $15, $25, $35. Stools, Chairs and other musical merchandise. Write for catalog of playerpianos. Here is a good trade in musical instruments.

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

PLEASE Keep in MIND!

When in want of anything in our lines give us a call.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. WE SELL

Doors, Windows, Frames, Builders' Finish, Glass, Putty, Nails, Builders' Hardware, Sheathing Paper,

House Paints, Barn Paints, Roof Paints, Wagon Paints, Floor Paints, Floor Dressing, Floor Finish, Liquid Filler, Linseed Oil, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes.

Our paints include Impervious, Heath & Milligan, and Sherwin-Williams.

Paroid Roofing—The best of all roofings. THE TIME TESTED KIND. Don't try imitations.

Screen Doors and Window Screens—We make to order. The kind that lasts. Regular sizes of doors in stock. Have your veranda screened in. We sell wire screen cloth, spring hinges, &c.

Wheelbarrows—We have a few first class wheelbarrows. Call and see them.

Telephones and Electrical Supplies—We sell "Columbia Ignition Batteries" the best for automobiles and telephones.

S. P. MAXIM & SON,
South Paris.

The Puzzler

No. 382.—Diamond.

1. A letter in Florida. 2. Sound made by a certain domestic animal. 3. A king of France. 4. Established. 5. A relict. 6. To use a needle. 7. A letter in Florida.

No. 383.—Rebus Puzzle.

No. 384.—Word Chains.

[Words of six letters. The first syllable of the first word forms the first of the next, and so on.]

I.

The name of an English poet; to allow; a cover for the hand; one who rents; capers.

II.

Not rare; a day of the week; city in Ohio; an organ of the body; visitors.

III.

Covering for the hands; pure; ability; the whole.

No. 385.—Charades.

I.

My first is stretched along the shore,
Where youngsters run or sprawl,
While, oddly patterned, you may view
My last in room or hall.
The carpenter oft through the day
My sanded side will wear away.

II.

My first, I'm sure, will never be out,
Though my third in my second may run about,
And my fourth has done beyond a doubt.
My whole of complaisance is full plain,
And a sentence clear it will remain
As you speak it over and yet again.

—Youth's Companion.

No. 386.—Vegetable Extracts.

1. Extract a great actor from a plant and leave the result of rain. 2. Extract a vase from a vegetable and leave an end. 3. Extract everything from a flower and leave to cut grass. 4. Extract a floor covering from a fruit and leave also. 5. Extract a bark from a fruit and leave a tree. 6. Extract a small insect from an herb and leave simple. 7. Extract aloft from a plant and leave a cord. 8. Extract raced from a fruit and leave short speech. 9. Extract the edge from a flower and leave ordinary language. 10. Extract exists from a flower and leave a period of time.

No. 387.—Hidden Proverb Puzzle.

A well known proverb is hidden in the following sentences. Each sentence contains but one word of the proverb, and the words appear in their rightful order:

It never pays to attend to another's business.

What is life without love?

A man would better be good than great.

You should go to your elders for advice.

Let the right hand give without the left hand's knowledge.

One child is not born better than another.

Take a stitch in time to save nine.

Be thankful for the many blessings you receive.

No. 388.—Additions.

1. Add 50 to a girl's name and make a marine product. 2. Add 50 to a young child and make a scene of noise and confusion. 3. Add 50 to a fruit and make a jewel. 4. Add 50 to the ancient capital of Navarre and make a man's name. 5. Add 50 to a mist and make a nut. 6. Add 50 to a common dog and make a spiral. 7. Add 50 to a part of the body and make a nobleman.

Who Can Tell?

We are airy little creatures.
All have different forms and features.
One of us in glass is set,
Another you will find in jet;
A third, less bright, is set in tin,
A fourth a shining box within,
And the fifth, if you pursue,
It will never fly from you.
Answer.—Vowels.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 377—A Riddle: The letter "I."

No. 378.—Riddles: 1. Seat (country seat; seat in congress). 2. Frame.

No. 379.—Division Puzzle: The problem requires some nice figuring, but the answer is that Tom gets two full bottles, three half full and two empty ones; Dick gets the same, and Harry gets three full ones, one half full and three empty ones. Thus each receives seven bottles, containing three and a half bottles of sarsaparilla.

No. 380.—Charade: Apple-latch-eye-coal-ah—Apalachicola.

No. 381.—A Crowned Head: A tooth.

C. R. Kluger, the Jeweler, 1060 Virginia Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was so weak from kidney trouble that I could hardly walk a hundred feet. Four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy cleared my complexion, cured my backache and the irregularities disappeared, and I can now attend to business every day, and recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy to all sufferers, as it cured me after the doctors and other remedies had failed." F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Do you think that most people nowadays worship money?"

"No; I won't go as far as that," answered the home-grown philosopher, "but I will say that the love of money is seldom platonic."

Beer drinkers and others who suffer with Bright's Disase, Diabetes, Back Ache, or any Kidney or Bladder Trouble can be cured if they will take Bloodine Blood and Kidney Tablets. 50 cents a box, mailed by The Bloodine Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

Tom—I don't like the sheath gown at all. Now how would you look in one?"

Dick—"Why, through the slits in the side."

Foley's Orino Laxative cures constipation and liver trouble and makes the bowels healthy and regular. Orino is superior to pills and tablets as it does not gripe or nauseate. Why take anything else? F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Now, suppose a man loves a certain woman—"

"There ain't no such thing. They're the uncertainest critters there is."—

What will you take for that Cough you have, Bill? I don't want it, but if I had it I would take Bloodine Cough Checker, a 25c. bottle will cure you.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Art in Manicuring the Nails.

With a short orange stick, a sandpaper chip and a bit of chamois—all of which may be conveniently carried in an ordinary shopping bag—the finger nails may be kept in an ideal condition without the aid of a professional manicure. But they should be attended to directly after the hands are washed, no matter how often that may seem to be necessary, and the process requires three minutes' time. While drying the hands, take care to press the cuticle at the nails' base as far back as possible. This will develop the desirable white crescents, which are a distinguishing mark of the regularly cared-for hands, and as nail cultivation begins at their base, one should avoid bruising the cuticle at that place, lest hangnails ensue.

When the fingers are thoroughly dried probe and clean the upper portion of the nails with the orange stick, taking pains not to tear the flesh of the fingers or to scratch the inside of the nails, as the white border at the top, to be beautiful, must be transparent and absolutely flawless.

Even if the surface of the nails is slightly discolored or stained, do not be tempted into using the end of the orange stick upon them. They should never be scraped with any sort of hard instrument, as their enamel is so exceedingly delicate that it may not resume its normal condition for a long time. Far better to patiently scrub them with a soap or a little pumice and endure the temporary mortification than to run the risk of permanently injuring them. Likewise, if the stick is pressed into their base and under the flesh it will cause a soft place in the growing portion of the nail and in time an unsightly scar will appear on the part above the moon, which should be kept delicately pink, as is the heart of a white rose.

To keep the nails any longer than the finger tips is a mistake, as they are then liable to break or to crack. Neither is it a good plan to sharply point them. They would better be gradually curved to follow the natural shape of the finger tips. This may be accomplished by running the sandpaper chip over them once or twice after each hand washing. It will be found that the practice will do away with the necessity of using scissors, which in the hands of an amateur manicurist and even of one supposed to be an expert, often work more evil than good, as there is always a temptation to shape the tips of the nails with them. This habit will soon render them tough and brittle, rather than thin and flexible. Nor should bits of semi-detached cuticle be clipped, for that will thicken the flesh at the top of the fingers.

The chamois rag used regularly will polish the nails quite as satisfactorily as the manicure powders, and by inducing circulation will bring the blood to the finger tips. That will cause them to grow prettily and deliciously color nails that are maintained in the correct state of tissue-paper transparency.—Ex.

Recipes.

SARDINE OMELET.

Skin and bone six sardines; melt a very little butter in a clean frying pan and fry them lightly for one minute. Prepare an omelet and cook it in the ordinary way, and when sufficiently set to be folded over, lay the fish neatly in the center, season with pepper and salt, fold over and serve immediately. Scatter a few bits of finely chopped parsley over the omelet and put some sprigs around the dish.

TURKEY OR CHICKEN SOUFFLE.

Cook one cupful of milk with one teaspoonful of cornstarch that has been moistened with a little milk. Add to this one cupful of cold minced turkey or chicken and the yolk of one egg. Take from the fire, add pepper and celery salt, and let cook while you stir in the white of an egg. Now fill some buttered cups with the mixture and bake fifteen minutes. Serve hot.

OYSTER RAREBIT.

Put into your chafing dish or saucepan half a pint of oysters, with their own liquor, and cook a few moments (until their edges begin to curl), then turn them into a hot bowl. Now put into your pan one tablespoonful of butter, half a pound of finely crumbled or grated cheese and one saltspoonful each of salt, paprika and mustard. Beat two eggs lightly and add to the oyster liquor, which has been strained, and when the cheese is melted pour in gradually, stirring all the time. Add the oysters, and as soon as hot turn over hot toast or crisp crackers.

A SUPPER DISH.

Butter thin slices of brown bread, sprinkle them lightly with Worcestershire sauce, cover with a generous layer of grated American cheese, season with salt and paprika and bake in a hot oven until the cheese is melted. Serve a poached egg on top of each piece.

WALNUT AND CELERY SALAD.

Take equal parts of English walnuts, or blanched almonds, and tender celery cut into small pieces. Mix together. Select some firm round beets all the same size and boil until tender; skin and scoop out the inside until nothing but a red shell remains. Fill these shells with the celery and nuts and put a generous spoonful of mayonnaise on each. Make a bed of lettuce leaves on the salad plates and put a filled beet in the center.

THE FAMOUS WALDORF SALAD.

Two cupfuls of celery chopped fine, the grated rind of one orange and one cupful of apples cut in dice. Take six fine red apples and scoop out the inside, making little cups for the salad. Mix the above with the following mayonnaise: One very cold egg yolk with one teaspoonful of onion juice and the yolk of one boiled egg, one cupful of cold olive oil, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne and half a teaspoonful of mustard. Mix thoroughly by stirring the oil, drop by drop to the egg and a few drops of vinegar, lemon, salt, pepper, etc., which have previously been mixed together. Fill the cups and serve on white lettuce leaves.

SAVORY FRENCH TOAST.

Grate the rind of a lemon into two cupfuls of milk, stir in a quarter of a cupful of sugar and simmer for five minutes. Toast some slices of bread, drop them into the milk for two or three minutes, then roll them in egg and fry in butter. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon and serve.

ORANGE SHORT CAKE.

Peel six oranges, remove seeds and white skin, slice and sprinkle with sugar. Let these stand until you bake the cake. Cream together one cupful of sugar and half a cupful of butter. Stir into the mixture one well-beaten egg, half a cupful of milk and one pint of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in two sheets. When baked place the oranges between the layers and serve with a sauce made from two cupfuls of hot water, one teaspoonful of butter, half a cupful of sugar, and enough corn starch to thicken. Flavor with the juice of one orange and the grated yellow rind of two. Serve hot.

MACAROON CUSTARD.

Soak twelve macaroons for ten minutes in sherry wine. Beat two eggs slightly, add four and a half tablespoons of sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoon of salt and one cupful each of milk and thin cream; then add two tablespoons of blanched and chopped almonds, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of extract and four finely pounded macaroons. Turn the mixture into the chafing-dish, arrange the soaked macaroons on top, cover and cook over hot water thirty minutes. This pudding can also be made in the oven, putting the custard in a pudding dish, setting it uncovered in a dish of boiling water. Test it by slipping a knife into the middle of the dish; when it comes out clean the pudding is done.—McCall's.

Needlework should be ironed on the wrong side, in a piece of flannel, and it should be kept long enough under the iron to thoroughly dry it.

Man-to-Man Letters.

Nothing warms the heart of an author like the good-for-you, old chap, sort of letter which a man is moved to write sometimes when he has read a book that hits his fancy. Major Holman Day, who wrote King Spruce, a novel full of forest sights and sounds, and smells, and the offhand speech of the woodsman, has in his possession a letter from a Maine forester that sets even the common blood atingling with its spontaneity. It was written not long after the Harpers published King Spruce, which was lent to the writer as he was on his way home from a tedious winter in China and Japan. The letter says to Major Day:

"You've made a ten-strike, you've hit a brand-new chord, and we are all of us proud of you, even though you have been a little extravagant in your drawing of the timberland owners. For one, I am willing to grin at the mess you've made us out to be for the sake of the yarn, and call it poet's license. I worried for three chapters for fear you'd spoil John Barrett, forgetting that a man like John (and he's not peculiar in this) never lets his conscience give him remorse so long as he has his health and backbone. The world is full of incipient remorse. Every logging job in Maine has a Tommy Eye, and yours is a life-size Sargent that talks. We'll all forgive the 'art-for-art's-sake' impressionism of your painting of us—the lies were all right, anyhow; it's the truth that hurts. Here's my hand which, as your hero said, holds congratulations and the hopes for more along the same lines."

The Slang Evangelist.

Here is the story of David and Goliath, as told with appropriate gestures to eight thousand people by Billy Sunday, the evangelist, at his revival meeting in Spokane, Washington.

"And so David's pa comes up to him where he was working in the field and says, 'Dave, better go up to the house, your ma's anxious about the other boys fighting in the army, hasn't heard from them by phone or anything and she'd like you should go look them up.' So Dave hops on a trolley and hikes to the front and stays there with his brothers over night.

"In the morning old Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines and dares the Israelites to fight him. 'Who's that big stiff making all the big talk out there?" says Dave.

"Why, that's the head cheese, the big noise,' says his brothers.

"'Why don't some one soak him one?' says Dave.

"'We've all got cold feet,' says the Israelites.

"'You fellows make me tired,' says Dave, and he pikes out to the brook, gets four pebbles in his shepherd's sack, slams one at Goliath and soaks him in the coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat, takes the count, and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block, and the whole Philistine gang skidooed."

The Market Price.

Two men, miserably clad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York. "We are both on the verge of starvation, sir," the spokesman said. "We are well on in years, and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting room?"

The dean hesitated. "It is an odd proposition," he muttered.

"But it is occasionally done," said the spokesman, in an eager voice.

"Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?"

"Over in Philadelphia," said the spokesman, "they gave us forty dollars."

His Deficiency.

A certain Chicago merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of an extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow; but take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes.

Boston Profanity.

Success:—Katy, aged five, and a resident of America's seat of culture, ran to her father one morning, exclaiming:

"Father, Brother Howard swore"'

"Swore, did he!" inquired the parent grimly, reaching for the slipper. "What did he say?"

"He said "ain't," responded Katy solemnly.

HEXAMEHYLENETETRATMINE.

The above is the name of a German chemical, which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities, and avoid a serious malady. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

A prominent lawyer of Vicksburg, Miss., who, after two months of widowhood, took unto himself another spouse, was very indignant when he read in one of the local papers the following notice of his marriage:

"The wedding was very quiet, owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family."

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

"He's a mean man. He never buys anything for his wife that he doesn't hope to profit by himself." "Why, he got her an automobile for her exclusive use." "Yes, and he got her life insured in his favor at the same time.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes, and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

School Inspector—Now, children, what is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?

Small Girl—Please, sir, it's father when mother has been giving him a talking to.

Bloodine, The World's Tonic, is the best tonic and body builder. Free sample by mail for 10c. Address, The Bloodine Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

Bloom—I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me.

Pecque—Did she? I wish you'd met her sooner.

PNEUMONIA FOLLOWS LA GRIPPE.

Pneumonia often follows la grippe but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar, for la grippe coughs and deep seated colds. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Mr. Pedagog is an old-time teacher. He believes in the rod to brighten up dull boys."

"Well, isn't that the natural way to make them smart?"

Bloodine Liver Pills cure Sick Headaches, Biliousness, Dizziness, Dyspepsia and Constipation. 25c. a box, mailed by The Bloodine Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

"Every man has his price," quoted the wise guy.

"Well, I've noticed that a woman can generally make him feel pretty cheap," added the simple mug.

Hoarse coughs and stuffy colds that may develop into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, and it soothes inflamed membranes, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from the system. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

About the Ground Hog.

Even if you live in the city you have probably heard on the second day of February some person say smilingly: "This is ground hog day. Now we'll see how much more winter there will be." As far back as modern history goes there have been superstitions and legends attached to the second day of February. One of the old traditions is that on Feb. 2, known as Candlemas day, exactly at the hour of noon the ground hog creeps out of his winter burrow. He looks around him, and, if the sun is shining enough for him to see even the faint shadow of himself, back he pops into his hole to sleep six weeks longer, because he perceives there will yet be that much winter weather. On the other hand, if Mr. Ground Hog looks all about him and sees only cloudy sky and gloomy weather, then he concludes winter is over sufficiently for him to emerge from his den, and he stays outdoors.

Of course the meaning is that if warm weather comes too early in the season we may expect cold weather later in the spring, because apparently we are to get just so much winter anyhow. But thousands of people formerly really believed in the ground hog superstition. In Germany the badger was substituted for the ground hog, and the saying was that if on Feb. 2 the badger could see his shadow at noon the winter was only half over. In almost every country of Europe this idea of a sunny Feb. 2 being a prediction of cold weather was believed in. In Scotland they say:

If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half of winter's to come and mair.

Ground hog is one name for the woodchuck, or North American marmot. It belongs to the family of rodents or gnawers. Its scientific name is arctomys, from two Greek words which mean bear mouse. The animal's head is shaped like that of a bear, while it is an inveterate gnawer, like a

WOODCHUCK, OR GROUND HOG.

mouse. It is from fifteen to eighteen inches long. Its legs are short, and its body is stout and "chuffy." Its color is reddish brown, sometimes grizzled with gray. The woodchuck is a vegetarian, living mostly on grass and clover. Red clover it likes best of all.

The woodchuck is widely distributed over North America, from South Carolina to Hudson bay and from the Atlantic coast as far west as Missouri. It is fond of mountainous regions. Woodchucks used to be so numerous in our country that they sometimes did damage to grass and clover crops, but for two centuries a favorite sport of the American boy has been to take his dog to the fields and "dig out a woodchuck," so that the tribe has become rather shy and scarce, dodging the human species as its greatest enemy.

The woodchuck is a hibernating animal—that is, a creature that shuts itself up at the approach of winter and remains almost motionless till warm weather comes again. Whether hibernating animals sleep through the winter months nobody knows. When dug out of their dens some of them seem stupid and almost lifeless for awhile till they get warmed and waked up.

Very shortly after the middle of September, even when the weather is still warm and bright, the ground hog goes into his burrow and is hardly ever seen till mild weather comes in spring. At the end of his burrow he has a hollowed out nest of warm, dry grass, and there he lies quiet. The world is many thousand years old, but it is strange that in all these centuries nobody has yet found out whether the woodchuck lays up a store of winter provisions or whether he just lies and sleeps till the return of spring. Some naturalists declare that this interesting animal does put away a miniature cellar full of dried grass and clover for winter food. Others, equally learned, think he does not, so who can say?

Dr. Bachman, a naturalist, once had a woodchuck burrow opened in the month of November. It was twenty-five feet long.

In the autumn about the time the ground hog retires to his all winter bed he is very fat and sleek, and his flesh makes good eating for those who like it. The Indians used to be very fond of it. If good food were less plentiful in our land, no doubt woodchuck meat would be commonly eaten. The young of this family of animals appear in the month of April, when the weather is getting warm, and sometimes Mother Woodchuck has as many as half a dozen babies to take care of all at once.

What a Wind!

Mr. Froggie thinks it must be what they call a blizzard. He is in a hurry to get home, but for the last ten min-

utes he has not been able to go even a step forward. He doesn't see what you see—that there is a tree in the way.

Nonsense Rhyme.

There was a young man of the cape
Who always wore trousers of crape.
When they said, "Don't they tear?"
He replied, "Here and there,
But they keep such a beautiful shape."

Needed a Starter.

One night little Margaret, on kneeling by her mamma to say her prayers, finished, "Now I lay me," and forgot. "Mamma," she said, "you just start me, and then I can go a-whizzing."—Delineator.

Qualified.

Caller—Is the lady of the house in? Waitress (who has been given notice)—She's in, but she's no lady!—Life.

The world is upheld by the veracity of good men.—Emerson.

Cross Tig.

This is an outdoor play for boys. One of the party is appointed to be Tig. He calls out the name of the one he intends to chase and runs after him. Another player runs across between Tig and fugitive, and then Tig runs after this cross player until another player runs across between them and the second fugitive, and so on. Each time a player crosses between Tig and the player he is following he leaves that chase and pursues the player who has crossed. When he captures or "tags" the player he is chasing that player becomes Tig, and the game begins again. This game is known in and near London as "cross touch."

An Unpleasant Surprise.

Mr. Spot—No, Jacky, I really don't know what sort of plants those are in the next garden; they look like radishes. Let's go over and see.

"What's that?" said Mr. Billie Goat, looking over the fence. "Who said radishes?" And you never saw two more surprised dogs in your life.

Indian River Names.

Scores of our rivers have names of Indian origin—as Allegheny, fine river; Susquehanna, river with a muddy bottom; Keowee, river of mulberries; Saludo, corn river; Algonquin, those on the other side of the river; Niagara, thunder of waters; Chicago, river of thunder; Tonawanda, swift water; Yuma, sons of the river; Ocklawana, boggy river; Milwaukee, beautiful water or bay; Cayuga, lake in the mucky land.

Are your Kidneys sick?

If you want to get well and stay well you must make the Kidneys well. The Kidneys are the most important organs in the body; they do the most work and as a consequence get out of order quickest.

You cannot run a great piece of machinery without attention of some kind. Neither can you expect to have good health if you fail to look after your Kidney Machinery.

The blood passes through the Kidneys thousands of times a day, as often as through the heart, and this is going on every minute of our lives.

If the Kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison poisons the entire system.

When you consider their great work and the ease with which they become deranged, can you wonder at ill-health and sickness?

Can you wonder at the alarming increase and prevalency of Kidney trouble?

Bloodine cures all Kidney, Liver, Bladder, and Blood Diseases.

Bloodine contains just the nourishment required by nursing mothers.

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If run down, worn out, tire at least exertion, Bloodine is just what you need.

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A Hall's Shingle Machine with wheel edger, wooden frame, saw 33 inches, practically new and capable of cutting from 8 to 10 thousand shingles a day, so says F. L. Willis, a practical mill man at West Paris. Will be sold at a bargain for cash or a good time note. Enquire of Dr. O. K. Yates, West Paris, Maine.

4-9

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IT WILL MAKE YOUR CHILDREN WHAT THEY SHOULD BE.

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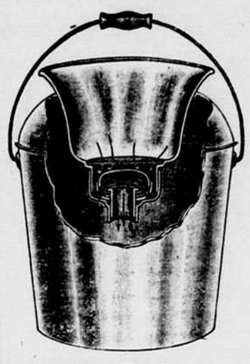

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All persons who have a bill against the town of Paris in any account, please consider it your duty to present it at once.

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PROBATE NOTICES.

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

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

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the third Tuesday of Feb., A. D. 1909, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Abijah C. Hall, late of Paris, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Mary E. Hall, the executrix therein named.

Ellen W. Bemis, late of Lovell, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Moses K. Bemis, the executor therein named.

George F. Bartlett, late of New Bedford, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased; copy of will and petition for probate thereof presented by Clarance H. Bartlett, one of the executors therein named.

Josephine E. Dudley, late of Woodstock, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Ansel Dudley, the executor therein named.

Catherine H. Severy, late of Dixfield, deceased; petition for the appointment of Byron C. Waite or some other suitable person as administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Alvah A. Waite, nephew.

Sarah D. Hawkins, late of Norway, deceased; petition for the appointment of Frank H. Beck as trust