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Oat Hay for Horses.

Oat hay makes an excellent feed for horses, from the pure straw point of view with the seed threshed out. Oats furnish the very best coarse cereal roughage.

Many persons feed oats unthreshed. The horses relish both straw and grain in this form. In certain sections it is quite a common custom to sow oats in the spring, and later when the crop is well advanced to cut and cure as hay, the same as one would handle timothy or other hay crops. In this case the crop is not quite so mature as it would be if to be treated for threshing out the grain.

If well cured, this makes a bright and very palatable hay. The experiment stations say oat hay is ranked as materially better than timothy, the former containing 4.3 per cent digestible protein and 46.4 per cent carbohydrates, compared with 2.8 per cent digestible protein and 43.4 digestible carbohydrates in timothy. Naturally the greener the condition of the oats when cut the poorer will be the crop in digestible food. When cut for hay, oats should be mown as any other grass and treated in a similar manner. Heavy succulent oats may be cut in the morning after the dew is off and then kept stirred to let in the air so as to cure out well. With warm, drying weather it may be cocked the same afternoon, and if opened up and exposed the next day to a bright, clear sky, possibly may be hauled in that afternoon. Of course, the essential thing is to get in the crop free of excess moisture so that it will not mildew in the mow. It will quite likely take three days to do the entire job. One of the commonest faults in feeding horses is the lack of variety in feed. Considering the number of different grains and feed stuffs, it does seem strange that every team owner should not provide for his animals a ration that would be perfectably acceptable to their systems at all times. It is a fact, however, that no more than 20 per cent give what may be termed a well-balanced ration. The other 80 per cent still cling to the old ration of corn and hay, or oats and hay, which practical experiments have long since proved to be expensive and wasteful. If you want the best results feed a ration that contains all the elements of nutrition in properly balanced portions. Corn alone is not a well balanced grain for feeding, neither is oats or barley. Of the three grains, oats is probably fed more extensively than either corn or barley combined. Barley is rapidly gaining favor as a feed, however, and when properly combined with the other grain makes an ideal ration. When you feed a ground ration, you prepare it for quick digestion. Your animals utilize it more readily and there is practically no waste. It should be remembered that the horse digests its food quickly, and whatever ration you feed should be prepared with a view to supply the nutrition the horse needs. Your horses will work better and keep in condition on five or six quarts of ground feed mixed than they will on eight quarts of whole grain. Feed a variety of grains properly balanced and have it well ground, and you will not only have better horses, but it will cost you less money to obtain this much-desired result.—Indiana Farmer.

Maple Sugar for Profit.

(From report of annual meeting of Vermont Sugar-Makers' Association.)

A. E. Sherburne of North Pomfret spoke on "Modern Methods of Sugar Making," saying that maple sugar is now classed as a luxury rather than a necessity. Granulated sugar can be bought for less money, and is pure, while the maple sugar of the market is often adulterated. Production of a pure, gilt-edged article of maple sugar is profitable. Production of an inferior article is often attended with a financial loss. He realizes twenty-five cents a pound for his product, which is sold in gallon cans of syrup and two-ounce cakes of sugar. Absolute cleanliness and celerity in handling are the two essentials in producing high-grade sugar, but more depends on the man than is ordinarily supposed. Some men cannot make good sugar under any circumstances. The boiling plant must be of ample size. Most sugar makers commit the error of building this too small. It must be of sufficient size to handle all the sap without the necessity of storing. Sap begins to deteriorate the moment it leaves the tree, and ought not to be exposed to the action of the air or sunlight. He uses spouts which enter the side of the tub, and also tight-fitting wooden covers. He uses tin tubs and keeps them bright and clean and free from rust. Contact with iron, whether in tubs, tanks or pans, will impart an objectionable color and flavor, and this will be increased if there is the least particle of rust present. He washes his tubs several times during the season, and usually reams out the holes. He boils syrup to eleven pounds to the gallon, strains through felt strainer, and seals while hot; is particular about a thermometer; uses a large instrument in order to read it clearly. It must be free from paint or varnish, or an unpleasant flavor will be given. It must be kept clean, or the incrustations of sugar mites and dirt will affect the reading.

The New Farmer.

(From the New York Independent.)

The change is overwhelming. The farmer of to-day is a new sort of man; a creator instead of a destroyer. It has dawned upon him, with astounding emphasis, that he can obliterate all the forests of a continent inside a hundred years; can exhaust the oil wells and the coal mines; can not only make a garden of a desert but can turn a garden into a desert; can even use up the nitrogen of the air. The new agriculture teaches him that he has all this to reverse, and that reverse it he can. The future farmer will subirrigate his land, and defy drought as well as floods. He will become a scientific forester, and every farm will produce wood and lumber as well as wheat and apples. A single acre will produce what ten acres yield now. Women will work out of doors as heartily as men; in fact, they will be the horticulturists and the truck gardener. There will be a closer relation between the producer and the consumer, ignoring a horde of middlemen who frequently waste more than is destroyed by ignorant help and insect foes combined. Under the alliance with the school the farm will be valued not only for its gross weight of products, but for its poems and its education. As our schools become places for applying as well as acquiring knowledge, our farm homes will become integral parts of the garden school and the school farm. The alliance between the home and the school will become very close. A valley full of farms is already the nearest to Paradise that we have, but the future will tenfold its wealth and one-hundred fold its delights.

The farm at the Maine Insane Hospital at Augusta now has in its stables 118 cows and heifers, according to the annual report of Supt. B. T. Sanborn. Fifty-six of the herd are well matured cows and are supplying milk. The rest of the herd are heifers, ten or more, however, will be giving milk during the winter and spring. Nearly 400 tons of hay are available to feed out and the superintendent suggests the continued purchase of suitable cows for milk, "as they can be bought now at very reasonable prices, and there is ample forage for the consumption of a largely increased herd."

The Sow That Raises Pigs.

THE ANIMAL THAT HAS BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED AND PROPERLY FED AND HOUSED.

We are now up to the time when the sows which are to raise the early litters must be bred. Here is where so many breeders fail. The selection of the right sort of sows means the success of your next hog crop. This selection should have been made several months ago, but many prefer to wait until about breeding time and then do it. If these sows have had the run of the feed-yards, better get them out of there, and cut down their corn allowance, and increase the alfalfa, clover and bran portion. The essential thing, after the sow is bred, is to keep her thrifty, but not overfat. I heard an old stockman say last winter at a farmers' institute that the brood sow should be given ample range all the time, and after she was bred she should be fed plenty of corn. That sort of handling will make nice looking sows, but they are never prolific, and the pigs they do farrow are unthrifty and hard to keep alive. Feed the sow rationally. Young pigs are not made out of corn; hence feed the mothers such food as will keep themselves in good condition, and at the same time supply the material necessary to frame the young. I have best success in handling sows this way: After the sows are bred they are allowed the run of the pastures during the daytime. They are comfortably housed at night, and I see that none sleep out around the straw stacks. This habit of sleeping in their houses should be well fixed as soon as possible. About two weeks before the sow is due to farrow she is put up in an individual pen and kept there until her pigs are a month old. With some sows it may take a week or more to get them quieted down so they won't fret. Be patient and be quiet. The sow must be contented by the time she farrows, and this calls for quiet, gentle handling.—L. C. Brown, La Grange, Ill., in Tribune Farmer.

Profit from Layers.

It is indeed wonderful the amount of proficiency some poultrymen reach by associating with the feathered tribe and then foist their information "corner" on the unsuspecting, humbler members of the poultry fraternity, who think they are doing quite well and making a little profit.

In one short article before me I have filled my intellectual cylinder, now if I can only retain it for reeling off, graphophone like, when I get warmed up, I flatter myself I may be of inestimable value to those whose erring ways and inattention to business have placed them outside the wall in utter darkness.

First to learn that a good hen ought to lay 100 eggs in a year, and they at 15 cents a dozen would yield $1.25 a year for that hen. I wonder where the balance of the money is coming from to feed that poor old hen. It must come from somewhere, else she would have to participate in a "Dr. Tanner fast" only extend the time an additional forty days.

I find also that there is only a small profit in hens at best after paying for winter feed. That is true unless you make them pay their winter feed and a good profit as you go along.

I learn that every farm should support 100 hens. True again if they show a profit, but if you have got to feed them a year for an income of $1.25, it would be a beautiful arrangement to work off some of your surplus cash. 100 would put you in the hole $25 to $50 a year, so if you had more money to dispose of it would be a simple matter to build more hen houses and keep more hens. In this way you could reduce the surplus.

Again I have always found it necessary in culling out the old hens to have a lantern. This writer says you can tell the old ones by the scaly appearance of the legs. Young hen's legs are soft and smooth feeling. What nonsense. I have seen pullet's legs scaly from the time they weighed two pounds, and I have seen hens four or five years old on exhibition, with legs in perfect condition. Scaly leg is not an infirmity coincident with advancing years. It is a parasitic disease contagious and common to old and young fowls in proportion to the infested condition of the quarters where they are kept.

I find that pullets will not lay until about a year old, so the old hens should be kept until spring. If he had said pullets on the average farm do not lay until about a year old, because they do not get proper feed and care, he would have hit the mark somewhere near the bullseye. I am getting nearly a forty per cent egg production and all pullets. They have been laying since the first week in November and none will be a year old till spring.

Pullets of the American breeds should be doing good business at seven months old. Many will lay at six months old but the common run of them will not get down to steady heavy laying much before they are seven months old.

Yearling hens, not to mention older ones, are very indifferent fall and early winter layers in nine cases out of ten. They may pay their feed bills but not much more. We must look to well matured pullets for our profits from November to March 1st or thereabouts.—D. J. Ryther, Yarmouth, Me., in Turf, Farm and Home.

Profit by Comparison.

Many sheep men make the mistake of sticking at home too closely. This does not mean at feeding time, for that time ought never to find the feeder anywhere else than at his post. But farmers ought to get out and visit each other, as well as successful sheep breeders, more than they do. Staying at home year in and year out, and attending to his own business too closely, a man unconsciously gets into a rut, and is likely to fail to progress, says Farm, Stock and Home. On the other hand, the man who gets out sees new ways of handling and feeding sheep, new kinds of barns, perhaps even new feeds, and also becomes familiar with types of different breeds. He profits by comparison. He sees in what respects, if any, his neighbor's methods or sheep are better than his own. Such an interchange of ideas as visiting other sheep growers brings about mutual helpfulness. The visitor and the visited are both dispensers and receivers of information. The man who gets out has the advantage in that he knows what kind of stock different growers have; he thus knows where to buy; in this way he suffers no delay, and usually gets better satisfaction. It certainly does not pay to keep too much to oneself. Old fogyism and nonprogressiveness are too likely to result. It is, moreover, often cheaper and better to profit by other people's experience than to go through the process of gaining it oneself. Receptiveness of mind is a desirable characteristic.

When we can get hold of the idea of raising more big draft and farm horses, more grain to feed them, as well as a good acreage of alfalfa and some poultry products we shall be indeed and in fact an agricultural state. The most desirable adjuncts to our present agricultural prosperities are already fairly in sight. The figures will show that more corn was planted last year than ever before and more heavy mares were bred to draft sires, while alfalfa and red clover are being experimented with on hundreds of good farms. The prevailing high prices for poultry products are sure to stimulate the poultry business, not in the form of a boom that invariably does more harm than good, but in the form of good healthy stimulation of the business along legitimate lines of operation.—Turf, Farm and Home.

A cold, uncomfortable hen will not lay. The expert poultryman knows that, and accordingly he feeds well and makes fowls work.—Farm Journal.

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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[CONTINUED.]

There were endless discussions between Mrs. Ess Kay and Potter, and, though she seemed so angry with Mrs. Van der Windt and several other members of the ball committee for trying to make a stand against her, she was perfectly ruthless about the names she would scratch off the lists her secretary was continually making out and revising for her.

I heard her say that she wouldn't have dreamed of asking the Pitchleys if they hadn't "got hold of" Mohunsleigh, and that Cora Pitchley, whatever else she might be, was the cleverest woman in Newport to have scooped in all the honors. Though to this day I can't see exactly what she meant, for she never would explain.

Anyhow, whatever the superlatively clever thing was Mrs. Pitchley had done, there was no longer a question of her being kept out from the pink ball or anything else. People were charming to her, and we met Mrs. Van der Windt herself at the chateau at a luncheon party with a vaudeville entertainment afterward and also at a dinner. Mrs. Van der Windt seemed to like my cousin, Mohunsleigh, very much, too, and gave a moonlight motor car picnic especially for him, with only a few people asked besides ourselves and the Pitchleys and Tom Doremus.

Mohunsleigh had not expected to stay more than a few days, but when he found that the friend he wanted to visit in California was detained in New York on business and Mrs. Pitchley and everybody urged him very much to stop, he decided that he would. I didn't suppose that Mohunsleigh would care for frivolities after all the years he has spent tramping about in strange countries, killing things, but he appeared to be perfectly happy and nothing bored him so long as the Pitchleys were there.

When Mrs. Ess Kay was making out the list of invitations for the great blowout, as Potter called it, Mohunsleigh happened to stroll over to the Moorings alone. He came to tell us that he had made up his mind to stay, and why.

"You see," he exclaimed, "I hadn't an invitation for any special time from Harborough. It was a sort of standing thing, given when we met in Damascus last winter. I was to come when I could, and be always welcome—that sort of thing, don't you know. I cabled the day I sailed, and didn't get any answer, but I hadn't been in New York two hours when I'm blessed if the beggar didn't walk in on me at the Waldorf. Jolly glad to see me and all that, but had to hang on in New York for a bit on some business or other. Now he thinks he can't get off for a fortnight or so, and as what he's got on isn't my sort of racket, I might as will be here as anywhere else, perhaps a little better."

"What Harborough is your friend?" inquired Mrs. Ess Kay, with interest. "The new San Francisco millionaire?"

"Don't know how new he is," said Mohunsleigh, "or even whether he's a millionaire, for it's the sort of thing one doesn't ask a chap. But if he isn't a millionaire, he can spend money like one, for I've seen him do it. A deuce of a good fellow he is; don't know a better anywhere."

"It's Jameson B. Harborough, isn't it?" asked Sally, and I was quite surprised to hear her ask the question, for she never seems to take any interest in a man just because he is a millionaire, as so many of the other people I meet do.

"Yes; those are his initials," said Mohunsleigh, looking bored.

"Then it is the millionaire, Katherine," went on Sally, quite eagerly. "Don't you think, as he's said to be such an interesting, original sort of person and such a friend of Lord Mohunsleigh's besides, that it would be nice if you gave Lord Mohunsleigh a card to send him for your party on the 22d?"

"Why, yes, that's a very good idea of yours, Sally," exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay. "I shall be delighted. I'll give you the card now, Lord Mohunsleigh, if you don't mind."

Lord Mohunsleigh said that he would be very pleased, but he couldn't tell at all whether his friend went in for that sort of thing—had an idea he didn't and rather fought shy of society shows, though, of course, Harborough was a gentleman and all that.

"Anyhow, you send him the card and write him a line saying we should like to meet him," persisted Mrs. Ess Kay.

Accordingly, Mohunsleigh slipped the card in its crested envelope into his pocket, and we heard nothing more of it for awhile. Then, when I at least had forgotten the conversation in the wild rush for pleasure in which we lived, he said one day to Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally that his friend would be so much obliged if the invitation might be kept open. Harborough couldn't be sure until the last moment whether he could come or not, but would be delighted to do so if he might be allowed to decide at the last moment.

All Newport was soon talking about Mrs. Ess Kay's mysterious fancy dress party, which wasn't exactly a ball, but was—nobody knew what. People wondered about the maze and Aladdin's cave, and those who were asked were sure they would be something to be remembered and talked of through coming seasons, while those who were not were equally certain that the great mysteries would turn out to be stupid and childish. The pink ball, which had been the one absorbing topic of conversation till Mrs. Ess Kay's invitations appeared, became a matter of secondary interest, and Mrs. Ess Kay and Mrs. Pitchley both began thus early to be avenged.

Potter surprised me one morning with the design of a fancy dress, which he announced that he'd been inspired in the night to sketch for my benefit. According to him, I was to represent the frost sprite in glittering white garments, with a long veil like a trail of sparkling mist. I thought it rather suggestive of a diamond dusted Christmas card, but Mrs. Ess Kay was so charmed with the idea that she begged me to have it. "Potter will be broken hearted if you don't, and besides it will cost you next to nothing," she said.

It was the latter consideration rather than the first which decided me to give my gracious consent. Mrs. Ess Kay telegraphed to a costumer, who was also an artist. He came, made a few practical alterations in Potter's design and arranged costumes for Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally. Afterward when my bill came in, which it didn't do till I asked for it, it certainly was ridiculously small, a mere nothing even for me, but I couldn't help having some uncomfortable suspicions, and I have them still.

Chapter II

AND now I have come to the great affair.

It is the day after, and I have been scribbling down in a hurry all the things that happened to me in Newport meanwhile, for somehow most things have seemed to lead up to that.

I knew no more than anybody outside about the mystery of the maze and Aladdin's cave. The secret was wonderfully kept, although there was a constant undertone of excitement running through the house for days beforehand, and an army of workmen were busy in "the grounds," as every one calls them, first putting up a gigantic marquee and then working inside it. One man told Mrs. Ess Kay that he had been offered a hundred dollars by a New York newspaper to tell what was the nature of his work at the Moorings, but either the bribe wasn't enough or else he was impeccable.

All under the house runs a great cellar. I knew this from the first, because one broiling hot day soon after I came Sally took me down to get cool after I had dressed for somebody's "at home" and looked like a freshly boiled lobster. It's a series of rooms, perfectly ventilated, with rough walls and cemented floors. One of the rooms is of enormous size, and there are stone pillars dotted about here and there for supports. There is one other that is rather large, but the rest are small. One is used as if it were an icehouse. There are others for wine, and there are some storerooms. For a

A young woman in white, crystal gazing as hard as she could.

week before the great affair men were working down there all day and toward the last far into the night. Big boxes and bales were lugged downstairs and didn't come up again. Not a hint went around of what was going on, but I was sure that Aladdin's cave was in mysterious process of manufacture.

There seemed quite a pressure on the atmosphere for days at the Moorings, except in Sally Woodburn's rooms, for I've noticed that she is never excited by social events. They seem of little real importance to her, I suppose, compared with the past, which she has always in her thoughts. When I was with her I felt calmer, but with others or when I was alone (which seldom happened for more than ten minutes at a stretch) I was as much excited as anybody. Partly it may have been the effect of climate, for the air in America certainly does make you feel always as if something wonderful was going to happen to you around the next corner, and partly it was the effect of Potter.

Potter was most disturbing—and is still, for that matter. He has the air of feeling that he, and he alone, has a right to me, and it's quite a lesson in tact keeping the peace between him and other men who feel it their Christian duty to be a little nice to a young foreigner.

But I am thinking now of the time before the great affair. It really was a strain wondering what it would be like and whether it would be a grand success or whether it would fall short of all the brilliant expectations when the mystery would be revealed.

At last the night came. The invitations were for 10 o'clock, and people could not resist the temptation to come soon after the hour and begin. Mrs. Ess Kay stood in the early English drawing room (that's the style it's furnished in, or she believes it is) receiving without a mask and dressed to represent Queen Margaret of Navarre, from whom she says that she is descended. She had another dress to put on afterward, so that none of the guests would recognize her and she could have fun with the rest, but no one knew about that except Sally and Potter and me.

We others didn't appear at first, because we had no costumes to change with, but by and by, when a lot of people had arrived, we mingled with them.

As soon as any one came in Mrs. Ess Kay would say, "How do you do, my Lord of Leicester, or my noble George Washington," or whatever the person might be trying to be. "So glad to see you. You must go and have a look at the maze. Do you know how to find it? Just through that curtain. You can't miss the way."

Then the gorgeous masker would cross the hall and disappear behind a great curtain of tapestry that covered an open doorway leading to the garden. But he hadn't to go out of doors. A canvas covered, winding passage took him to the vast marquee, which was, of course, the maze. But why it was the maze and what happened to you in the maze after you had got in I didn't know any more than the outsiders. That was the fun of it for me, of course, and it really was fun.

Sally had only taken enough pains about her dress to save annoying Mrs. Ess Kay. She was a White Carmelite, with a veil over her face instead of a mask. But Potter had made a tremendous fuss about himself. He was Flame, which he said was appropriate in the circumstances, as he had got so used to playing Fire to my Frost he felt quite at home in the character. And he was very magnificent. He had designed the costume himself, for he fancies himself at that sort of thing, and my white sparkling robes and his scarlet satin and carbuncle embroidery and copper and gold fringes did look rather effective side by side.

He made that an excuse for insisting that I should go with him into the maze, although a tall Hamlet and a Henry V. of England both wanted to take me.

Celebrated Japanese artists did your portrait in five minutes.

Potter whisked me away from them somehow, and we passed under the tapestry curtains while one of the two Hungarian bands Mrs. Ess Kay had hired played a waltz which made me long to dance.

"This way to the maze; this way to the maze," a man dressed like a beefeater was continually saying. He stood just outside the door, in a kind of canvas vestibule lined with greenery, so that it looked like the entrance to a bower.

The passage to the marquee had been made so beautiful that I couldn't help crying out to Potter with admiration. Not an inch of the canvas showed, for we walked through a sort of tunnel of roses all lit up with invisible electric lights. It was like the way to fairyland, and the floor was covered with a mat of artificial grass, like they have for stage lawns, Potter said.

I thought when we came to the end of the rose tunnel we should find ourselves in a big open space in the marquee, but when the tunnel stopped we were in a narrow alley between tall green bushes, set so thickly and so close together that we couldn't see what was on the other side. Above us, instead of the canvas roof of the marquee (which must have been over all), a violet mist seemed to float, with a very faint, soft light filtering through it, like blue moonlight. I suppose it must have been ever and ever so many thicknesses of blue gauze, with shaded lights hanging above, but the effect was mysterious and alluring.

We had only gone a little way when we arrived at a tiny house built apparently of red flowers, and there was a red light coming out of the one little window. "The Witch of the Woods Lives Here," said a card on the door.

We pushed, and inside was a room with a young woman in white, crystal gazing as hard as she could. She had also a velvet cushion on which you laid your hand, and she told your character and your fortune. Some people in historical dress were ready to come out just as we were going in, and one of them said: "It's Mme. Cortelyn. Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox must have given her at least $500 or she wouldn't have come a step."

We had our hands done, and the Witch of the Woods told me that I had come from "across the water," but that I would marry a man on this side, and then she saw some one in the crystal who looked so exactly like Potter Parker that I wished I had stopped outside her red house.

After this we kept losing ourselves in different green walled paths and suddenly coming on booths where variety entertainments were going on or funny cardboard pagodas, where celebrated Japanese artists did your portrait in five minutes on rice paper, or silk tents with conjuring shows. And there was a place where you fished in a small, round pond with magnets and caught little metal frogs with jewels in their heads, which you picked out. Farther on was a miniature eastern bazaar, where girls in gauze danced while you drank Turkish coffee and pushed spoonfuls of sherbet under the lace on your mask. And there was a cinematograph entertainment of a bullfight, which I wouldn't look at, and some martyrs being reluctantly eaten by lions, and Otero dancing.

All the masked people we met were enjoying themselves very much and saying this was the best thing for years. And it really was fun. But at last I thought we must have seen it all, and I wanted to go out. Besides, I was tired of being with Potter, who would be sentimental, though I begged him not.

"How do you propose to escape?" he asked. "This is a maze. The proper dodge in a maze is to be lost, and I am lost. So are you. We're lost together."

"But I want to be found now," said I. "We've been lost long enough. There are lots of other things to do."

"And there's all night to do them in," said Potter. "I dare say we shall be lost for an hour or so yet. We've been wandering around from one path to another, and we've never seen the same thing twice, so perhaps there's a lot more to explore."

"You must know," I said. "It wasn't kept a secret from you as it was from me. You must have been through this maze heaps of times, and of course you know the way out."

"If I did I've forgotten it," Potter coolly remarked. Then he changed his tone. "You make me forget everything, Betty—everything but yourself."

"You're not to call me Betty!" I said crossly, for I was tired of having conversations like that. And I thought that I would be having much more fun with some one else, for what is the good of wearing a mask if you are only to talk with people you know?

"There's something else I'd a great deal sooner call you," he half whispered. "Come into this little dell where the fountain is and the orange trees, and let me tell you."

"I don't want to know," I said.

"Yes, you do. Come along, anyhow, and I'll pick you an orange. Perhaps there'll be something nice inside it, like there was in the toad's head."

I wasn't to be bribed in that way, but he took hold of my hand and pulled, so that I had to go with him unless I wished to resist and be silly. Several people were coming toward us around the twist of the path, and one tall man ahead of the others, dressed very plainly like a Puritan, was looking hard at us. Rather than make a scene I went quietly with Potter, but as soon as he had whisked me into the little dell with the orange trees and the fountain, he pushed one of the trees and it moved forward in a groove, so as to block up the entrance and hide the dell from any one who walked along the path.

"That's not a bad trick, is it?" said he. "I had that arranged on purpose."

"On purpose for what?" I was silly enough to ask.

"To bring you here and get you to myself. This is Betty's bower, but nobody knows it except you and me."

With that he pulled off his mask and made as if he would help me to do the same with mine, but I stepped back and almost tumbled over into the fountain. Perhaps I would if he hadn't caught me round the waist, but instead of letting go when he had steadied me on my feet he drew me closer to him. I gave a twist and a little angry cry, and just then, to my joy, some one from outside pushed the orange tree back in its groove so as to leave an opening again.

I darted out and caught a glimpse of the tall Puritan man, who was apparently engaged in pulling the tree forward so as to close the gap and shut Potter in.

It was so quick that I hardly had time to understand whether it was being done for my sake or not, but I didn't stop to think; I simply ran. I met harlequins and queens, kings and columbines hunting in couples (the green alleys were only broad enough for two), but I pushed by them and went flitting down path after path, though voices called after me and people pretended to shiver with cold as Frost passed.

Then, suddenly, "I think this is a way out," said a voice I knew, speaking just behind me. It was the voice of my brown man. I could have recognized it among thousands. But when I looked it was the tall figure of the gray Puritan who had helped me to get away from Potter Parker.

I didn't answer a word, not even to say "Thank you" or "Is this really you, Mr. Brett?" I just went in the direction he said, and in another minute I was out under the Italian pergola, draped with roses and wistaria, that runs for a long way overlooking the sea. Then I glanced over my shoulder, and he was there, but hesitating as if he hadn't decided whether to come with us or go back.

When I saw this I did stop and mumble in a low voice, "It is you, isn't it, Mr. Brett?"

"Yes," he answered. "I hope you forgive me."

"Oh, I thank you," said I. "I—wanted to come away. But how did you know that—and how did you know me?"

"I couldn't help seeing that you were being pretty well forced to do something you didn't want to do," he replied, coming a few steps nearer, and there seemed to be nobody under the pergola except just us two. "I don't suppose I had any right to be angry at seeing that happen, but I was. So I did what I did on the spur of the moment. As for recognizing you—I—well, you're rather tall, you know, and have a way of holding your head that—that isn't easily forgotten."

"I'm sorry I'm so badly disguised," I said, laughing. "But I'm glad you knew me. I'm so glad, too, that I'm out here. I began to have—quite a stifled feeling. How lovely it is in this pergola, isn't it? Do you think we might walk for a few minutes—and get cool?"

"May I walk with you?" he asked in a humble sort of way that gave me a funny little pain in my heart.

"Please do," I said quickly, and as cordially as I could—far more cordially than I would have spoken to any man in Mrs. Ess Kay's set. "It's nice to see you here tonight."

"Come into this little dell where the fountain is."

"You must be very much surprised."

I had said "Yes" before I stopped to think, and then I was sorry because it showed that I was thinking he did not belong in such a scene as this. But it was too late to go back, so I went on instead. "It's a good surprise."

"It's more than kind of you not quite to have forgotten a waif like me," he said.

"I shall never forget you," said I. "Why, of course, I couldn't." And I noticed that my voice sounded quite earnest, just as I felt, but I wasn't sure that I ought to let him know—even if he was poor and unlucky—that I did feel so sincerely about it. "There's Vivace, you know, for one reason."

"What about Vivace?"

"Oh, you needn't pretend, because I was sure you gave him to me, and I wanted so much to write to that club and thank you, only I thought as you had put no name, perhaps I'd better not. I must tell you now, though. I can't think how you came to be so kind."

"It was one of the greatest pleasures I have ever had. You were kind not to be offended with me. I didn't mean to take a liberty. I thought you would like the little chap."

"I love him dearly. Often I should have been dreadfully homesick if it hadn't been for him. He always seems to understand if I feel gloomy, and he does his dear little brindled best to cheer me up."

"Vivace is a lucky and happy dog."

"But don't you miss him?"

"No. For I like to think that you have him. You see, you were very kind to me when I was in a hard position and a good deal down on my luck. There was nothing I could do to show how I appreciated it—until I thought of Vivace. It was our little talk on the dock about 'finding a lost dog' that put the idea into my head."

"I guessed as much," said I, laughing. "It was that made me sure at once who it was I had to thank for Vivace. And—I was glad he had been yours. After what I'd seen you do on board ship, you know, I—I honored you. And I feel proud to think that—we are friends."

"You think of me as your friend?" he asked in a voice that showed he was glad or excited or something that wasn't quite calm.

"Indeed, I do think of you so," I assured him. "And you've proved your friendship for me three times—once on the dock, once by giving up dear Vivace for me and now again tonight when you came to my rescue. I was—really bored in there, you know

Some one pushed the orange tree back.

And people seem to give themselves so much liberty in—in their jokes when they're masked."

"I have to thank the masks for being at Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's house tonight," said Jim Brett. "You must be wondering how they let me in, considering that, on account of the masks, everybody had to show their invitation cards at the gates. I had mine all right. But—there are such things as newspaper reporters, as you know to your sorrow. I don't say I am here in that capacity, but I leave you to draw your own conclusions."

"What fun!" I exclaimed.

"It is fun now. I had no right to dare, but I did dare to hope that I might have a glimpse of you. I was sure that I should recognize you."

"If I'd dreamed of your being here, I should have recognized you," I said. "You're taller than any other man here, I think."

"Men grow tall in the west, where I come from."

"And strong."

"Yes, and strong, too—thank God."

"And brave."

"Men are brave all the world over."

"I should think there are none braver than you, Mr. Brett," I said.

"It's glorious for a man like me to hear such kind words from a girl like you, though I don't deserve them," he answered. "But I shall try to deserve them. All my life I shall be better for having heard them from your lips. You can hardly guess what it is to me. Perhaps the thing that comes nearest to it would be if a prisoner for life in some dark pit heard a voice of sympathy speaking to him—actually to him—from a high white star."

"Oh, don't speak of yourself as a prisoner in the dark!" I cried.

"What else am I, when I stop to reflect how hopelessly I must be removed by circumstances from glorious heights—where stars shine."

"But there can be nothing in your circumstances, Mr. Brett," I insisted eagerly, "which need remove you from any heights. I wonder you—so brave and strong, and an American, too—can say that of yourself. Why, you can reach anything, do anything you really wish, if you just want it enough."

"Do you, an English girl, a daughter of the aristocracy, tell me that?" he asked.

"I do. As if that makes any difference—any real, true difference, I mean, when it comes to the heart of things. Oh, I've been thinking of such matters a great deal lately—I suppose because I'm among Americans. It must be that which has put the subject so much in my head."

"Tell me what you have been thinking."

"Oh, I can hardly tell. But for one thing, I've begun to see that a man—a man like you, for instance, Mr. Brett—oughtn't to call himself unlucky because he's poor, and has perhaps not been able to have as many advantages as richer men. He ought simply to feel that he has it in him to make himself equal in every way with the highest."

"You mean, he can 'hustle,' as the saying is with us, and get rich, so as to stand on an equality with millionaires?"

"No; it wasn't money I was thinking about. I've met a good many millionaires since I've been here, but I've seen none whom you need look upon as your superior. What I mean is that you've only to be ambitious enough, and not feel that you're handicapped by your start, to attain to what you want in life—yes, whatever it may be."

"You mean all this, Lady Betty?" he asked quickly. "You have as much faith as that in me?"

"Yes," I answered, and the stars and sea seemed to sing with my thoughts. I felt uplifted, somehow. It was a wonderful sensation, which it would be impossible to describe. But I had an exciting impression that Jim Brett shared it. The music of the Hungarian band flowed out from the house and beat in my blood. His voice sounded as if it beat in his too.

"You can't dream what my ambitions are or maybe you wouldn't say that."

"I am sure they would only be noble ones."

"It's true, they are noble. Yet you might not approve. But they're part of my life. I couldn't give them up now and live."

"I should like to hear about them," I said, almost more to myself than to him.

"Some day, if we meet again—and I mean we shall, since you have called me friend—perhaps you will let me tell you about them. I shall ask you to listen—but not now; I daren't now. The time hasn't come. Only promise this, Lady Betty, that you won't forget me, that you'll think of me kindly sometimes."

"I do think of you very often," I said, "and talk about you to Vivace. Poor little Vivace. He doesn't forget. How he did whimper when I had to drag him away from you that day in the wistaria arbor at Central park. This isn't unlike that arbor, is it? There's wistaria here too. I believe I shall always think of that day when I see wistaria. It is odd we should meet again next time in a place so much the same—and just as unexpectedly."

"Just as unexpectedly," echoed Mr. Brett in an odd, thoughtful tone. "It's wonderful that we should meet at all—considering everything." Then he

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, FEB. 16, 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.

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

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

Coming Events.

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Red Tag Sale.
Your Choice at $2.38.
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.
Interesting Facts.
Legislative Notices.
Eye Trials of To-day.
Probate Notices.
Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.
2 Notices of Bankruptcy.
Found.

Four Encouraging Facts.

(From bulletin of State Board of Health.)

Four great facts should cheer every worker in the crusade against tuberculosis; should cheer every person in whose family there have been cases of tuberculosis; and should cheer every person whose physician tells him that he has tuberculosis. These four facts form a silver lining to the dark cloud which has long overhung us. The cloud itself is this other fact, that 150,000 persons die from tuberculosis every year in our United States, and that, of us who are now living 8,000,000 must die of tuberculosis unless we lower the death rate from that disease as we should and as we may if we earnestly try to do it. The four facts which form the silver lining are these:

1. Tuberculosis is not hereditary. That is proved. It is merely communicable from the sick or from rooms and things that the sick have infected. Children born of tuberculous or consumptive mothers do not have tuberculosis if they are immediately removed from their mothers and from tuberculous homes. Again, in animal industry, tuberculous cows may be used for raising a herd of animals free from tuberculosis, provided their calves are immediately removed from their mothers and fed milk which does not come from tuberculous animals. Again, persons whose parents, or brothers or sisters have died of consumption gain just as rapidly as others when given sanatorium or other suitable treatment, and their chances of final recovery are just as good.

2. Tuberculosis is an infectious disease. That is a very encouraging fact because an infectious disease is a preventable disease. There is, however, practically no danger of catching the disease from momentary or short periods of exposure to the infection, as is true of some other diseases. The careless consumptive patient is a serious source of danger to all other persons in the family or in the house with him. The intelligent and careful patient who follows faithfully the instructions which are given to him by his physician is almost absolutely free of danger. To illustrate, a person living in a properly conducted sanatorium filled with tuberculosis patients is in less danger of contracting the disease there than he would be under ordinary home and social conditions.

3. Tuberculosis is preventable. As smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and other infectious diseases are preventable and are now largely controlled and prevented, so is tuberculosis preventable. In our own state the crusade against tuberculosis was begun by the state board of health in 1889. It has been kept up ever since, and even with insufficient means to carry on the work half as vigorously and as widely as it should have been carried on, we are now having in this state about 500 fewer deaths from tuberculosis every year than we should be having if the death rate from this disease were as high as it was in 1892, when our registration of deaths from the whole state began. In the state as a whole the death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis (consumption) has been diminished more than one-third, and in the state outside the cities, more than forty per cent. Isn't that encouraging? But it isn't half as well as we may do.

4. Tuberculosis is curable. Among 106 patients under treatment at The Maine Sanatorium from June 1, 1907, to June 1, 1908, of those who remained as long as five weeks the disease was arrested (apparently cured) in 54 per cent, and 32 per cent more were much improved when they left the institution. There were only six patients really in the early stage of the disease. The disease was arrested (apparently cured) in all of these. Of 59 moderately advanced cases who were under treatment five weeks or more, 40 of them had the disease arrested, and the other 19 were much improved when they left the sanatorium with good prospect that many of those would eventually fully regain their health if the sanatorium treatment was carried out at their homes. The average gain in weight of these 59 patients was 20 lbs. and 2 ozs. But it is another story with the far advanced cases, only one of those left with the disease arrested; but nine more were much improved. This is a strong argument in finding out early whether you have tuberculosis, and, if you have, of putting yourself under treatment early whether the treatment is to be in a sanatorium or under the supervision of your family physician. While better results for most patients may be obtained in a sanatorium, if sanatorium treatment is available, there is no reason for discouragement if you cannot go, because good results may be obtained in many cases under home treatment if the patient religiously carries out every detail of the sanatorium methods at his own home.

Here and There.

A contemporary has an editorial on 'One Cent Pieces in the West." That editor has done a thing almost if not quite without precedent. Rarely if ever before were those coins referred to in the United States of America as anything but "pennies"—which, needless to say, they are not.

Nevada, which is so anxious to aid in the anti-Japanese agitation that threatens our pleasant relations with the Flowery Kingdom, in 1900 had a population of 42,335, or 10,097 more than Oxford County had in the same year.

Slaughter of the Innocents.

When we read in the Democrat of the destruction of our little feathered friends, the wholesale "slaughter of the innocents," we confess to a hot flush of anger from feet to head and we felt like saying ——but we didn't say it audibly—in good old Bible language that there is a decided surplus of "damned" fools in the world, both active and inactive. The inactive who suffer such wickedness to go unchecked are equally guilty before God, and the judgment day is coming right along. And foreigners are not the only ones who are among the "damned goats." Don't you want to kick somebody? We do, with leather boots.

JOHN.

Capt. William Dix of West Tremont, who is 82 years old, is mourning the loss of his first tooth since childhood. Capt. Dix reads without glasses, can walk as far and as fast as the average man of 50, and at the prayer meeting lifts up his voice in song with the best of them. He says that he sees no reason why he should not live to be 100 years old.

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.

The Ladies' Circle of the Baptist church gave their semi-monthly supper in Cummings' Hall Friday evening, the 12th inst., to a goodly number of people. Following the supper were interesting exercises commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The hall was very prettily decorated with flags, one of which had floated for years over Fort Camby, Washington, at the mouth of the Columbia River. It is now the property of Miss Fannie Hammond and kindly loaned by her for the occasion. The program was heartily enjoyed by all:

Singing, Battle Hymn of the Republic, Quartette.
Address, Sketch of the Life of Lincoln, Henry D. Hammond.
Reading, Lincoln and His Mother, Mrs. Fred Shaw.
Singing, Star Spangled Banner, Quartette.
Address, Why we Honor Lincoln, Miss Edna M. Luce.
Singing, Red, White and Blue, George M. Atwood.
Reading, Lincoln's Religious Experience, Quartette.
Singing, War Song, Mrs. Frank Hammond.
Reading, Lincoln's Favorite Poem, Olban A. Maxim.
Singing, Father Abraham, Miss Edna M. Luce.
Reading, Maine's Gift to Lincoln, Miss Luce.
Remarks and Anecdotes of Lincoln, Mrs. Caroline P. Harlow.
Personal Recollections of the Civil War, Rev. G. W. F. Hill.
Geo. W. Cole, Jr.

Rev. and Mrs. G. W. F. Hill attended the Lincoln Day exercises at the Hollow school Friday, where their son, Howard Hill, is the teacher. Mr. Hill gave a very interesting chalk talk on Lincoln, drawing a portrait of the emancipator in colored crayon upon the blackboard.

The library will not be opened on Wednesday evening of this week, but instead will be opened in the afternoon from half past two to half past four o'clock.

Dr. Charlotte F. Hammond leaves Augusta, Ga., this week and will visit the principal points of interest in Florida during the month of February.

Miss Annie L Parris, who has been at the Central Maine General Hospital for the past five weeks, has returned to her home much improved in health.

Alfred M. Daniels is the successful bidder for the contract for carrying the mail for the next four years, beginning July first.

Mrs. Thayer entertained the Five Hundred Club at Elmhurst last Saturday. The next regular meeting is with Mrs. Atwood next Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bridgham of Bar Harbor were guests of Mrs. Bridgham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Slattery, last week.

Mr. James Chase received the sad news Saturday evening that his niece Mrs. Ellen Chase Rich died in Manila January 4th of chronic Bright's disease. She was the only child of Mr. Edwin and Ella Sanderson Chase of Dedham, Mass. She leaves her mother and husband Dr. Rich, who is on the medical staff in regular army and is now stationed at Manila. Dr. Rich is now on his way to this country with the body which will be buried in the cemetery with her father at Dedham, Mass.

John P. Stearns died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., Monday night of last week, Feb. 8, at the age of 47 years, after an illness of several months. He was the son of the late Thomas E. and Caroline (Thayer) Stearns, and was born and spent his early years in Paris. He had lived in Cambridge since early manhood, and was in business in Boston, at first in the work of tile laying, and later as the head of the firm of Stearns & Waterman, manufacturers of fireplace furniture and tiles. He leaves a family.

Greenwood.

The meteorological wheel of nature, otherwise known as the weather, took such an unusual turn last Saturday night as to deserve particular mention. The day was so favorable that the young folks took a ride of four miles, to visit and make calls on a few families and return the next day. During the night it cleared away, the wind shifting in the mean time and soon grew into an eighty mile blizzard, thus causing the visitors to think they would be obliged to remain longer than was intended or return in a high gale of wind and zero weather. But how little we know of the future! When morning came the wind had ceased, and then instead of its being so very cold the temperature was up to 20 and rose several degrees above the freezing point as the day advanced. On returning home they expressed themselves as well pleased with their visit, and also the favorable turn of the weather.

A recent letter from D. O. Davis of Minnesota informs us that they have had hardly any winter there as yet, a few light falls of snow, perhaps five or six inches in all, and always disappeared in a day or two. He reports his health first class and says he could do as much work as in former years, only there is very little to do. His mind is still here in the land of his birth, but his daughter clings to him still and probably will to the end of life. Mr. Davis was born in Hartford Jan. 22, 1832.

We were well acquainted with Hannibal Andrews when living at Bryant's Pond. Worked with him at masonry, our last work together being the cementing of J. Bartlett's cellar bottom, some time during the summer of 1867.

Our company thus far this week consisted of E. H. Morgan and wife of Patch Mountain. They reported the weather quite pleasant for winter, but the less one had to say about the traveling the better.

The wood cutters tell us the snow in the woods is now about two feet deep, one foot less than formerly.

We have now arrived at the middle of the last winter month, hence the probability is the spring poets will soon begin to show up, thus contributing much toward making that season happy by reason of their mirth and song. And right here let us notice one point in poetry, which is often overlooked even by good verse writers that of euphony. To illustrate, take a single line from a New York magazine:

"The amorous rose beneath the sun's rays dies."

Notice here there are three words here in succession with hissing sound, now remove the first by substituting sunbeam or sunshine, and the line is very much improved. Do you see the point?

Albany.

Henry Rugg remains very low. His sister from Lynn, Mass., has been with him for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Swan, also Mr. York were at Henry Rugg's last week.

Alton Fernald is on the sick list.

Mrs. Banister Grover is ill.

Glyndon Sawin of North Waterford is staying with his aunt, Estella Bean, for a short time.

Dora Beckler visited her mother, Aunt Charlotte Cummings, last week.

Mrs. Frank Grover is caring for Mrs. Henry Rugg's baby for a few days.

Dr. Tibbetts of Bethel was in town recently.

Dr. Coolidge has several patients in town.

North Paris.

Dea. Dunham is moving his goods to his place at West Paris, and L. J. Trask is moving his goods from Bethel and will be here the first of March.

Frank Farris is doing some work for L. J. Abbott in his kitchen putting in cupboards, etc.

There was a sociable at H. D. McAlister's Thursday evening, the 11th, with a good number present.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis of South Woodstock visited at E. E. Field's Feb. 10.

E. E. Field and daughter Ora went to Norway Feb. 8.

Born, Feb. 6, to the wife of B. F. Elwell, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Haselton of West Sumner visited at E. E. Field's Feb. 7.

Mrs. E. E. Field and daughter Ora went to Norway Feb. 11.

M. S. Bubier went to South Paris with the West Paris Lodge of Odd Fellows Feb. 11.

Bethel.

Saturday, the family of Mrs. Ida Hutchins was called to Portland by the critical illness of their mother, who had been in the Children's Hospital under the care of Dr. Abbott.

The basket ball game between the Gould Academy and Andover teams resulted in a victory for Gould in a score of 51 to 11.

Tuesday, the funeral of Mrs. Ida Hutchins took place at the Universalist church, Rev. A. D. Colson, a former pastor, officiating. Mrs. Hutchins was the widow of Thomas Hutchins and leaves nine children to mourn the loss of a devoted mother.

Thursday, The Ladies' Club served supper and spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Miss Mary True.

Friday, Mrs. Hattie Hebbard of South Paris visited her brother, Mr. Charles P. Pingree, who is very ill.

Friday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Cowling Bunting passed away at the home of her son, Arthur Bunting, after an illness of several months.

Lincoln Day exercises were held in the grammar school and the academy Friday morning. The schools in the brick building closed for the long vacation.

Friday evening, the people of Bethel and vicinity observed Lincoln Day at Odeon Hall with the following program:

Early Life of Lincoln, Chairman F. E. Hanscom.
Lincoln in the war, E. C. Bowler
Spiritual Side of Lincoln, Rev. C. L. Banghart.
Lincoln, the Man, N. R. Springer.
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Harry W. Purington.
Lincoln, the Martyr, Rev. W. C. Curtis.
Lincoln's Place in History, E. C. Park.
Personal Reminiscences, Members of the G. A. R.

Appropriate music by the best talent in town was most acceptably rendered.

Cook & Harris, Moving Picture Co., will give an entertainment in Odeon Hall Feb. 23, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church.

The Gould Academy fair is to be held next week.

A service of song is being prepared to be given Feb. 21st under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Miss Anna Lewis will be present at the Ladies' Club Thursday afternoon and tell the story of the work of the Maine Missionary Society.

Wilson's Mills.

W. L. Fickett of Magalloway Plantation, age 64, died at his home Feb. 1st. The funeral service was held at the Wilson's Mills church. He was buried in John Oleson's burying ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bennett went to Errol, N. H., last Friday, and returned Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Robie went to Errol Saturday.

A number of people came from Errol to attend W. L. Fickett's funeral.

Mrs. W. L. Fickett has gone to Norway to spend the rest of the winter with her friends and relatives.

School closes Friday, the 12th.

Joe and Leslie Hart are sawing wood with their gasoline engine for the neighbors.

C T. Fox is gaining rapidly.

C. I. Wilson is two-sledding for Dan Cameron.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bennett were the guests of C. T. Fox last Sunday.

T. J. Bennett isn't as well at the present writing.

Denmark.

Mr. I. H. Berry, chairman of selectmen, was in Augusta, Me., Thursday on town business.

The Y. P. D. Club, consisting of high school scholars, gave a fine entertainment in Odd Fellows' Hall Thursday evening. Dance and supper after the entertainment.

The selectmen are busy making town report for the year 1908.

Mr. Fred Alexander is in the hospital at Portland for an operation for varicose veins.

W. C. Ordway, A. W. Belcher, Geo. L. Wentworth, Edwin S. Head and Willard McKusick visited Cumberland Lodge, I. O. O. F., at Bridgton Monday evening. The first degree was given in a fine manner.

There are a few cases of measles in town at the present time.

Hiram.

Mother Earth has been quite crusty since the recent cold rain, and our teamsters are inclined that way.

Mr. Ernest Tarbox is in poor health.

On Feb. 6th, our venerable neighbor, Capt. Thomas O. Spring, was 91 years old. He is blind and rather deaf, but retains his faculties generally. He was captain in the militia, and selectman about 1863, but passed some years in California and Chicago.

Eli C. Wadsworth made a business trip Thursday and Friday to Baldwin, Denmark and Brownfield.

How many young and receptive minds and hearts will be inspired by the stirring themes and winning ideal that have the right of way on this the centennial birthday of Abraham Lincoln?

East Brownfield.

The Congregational Circle met at Mrs. Eben Rounds' Wednesday, Feb. 10.

Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney and Miss Stickney of Portland spent Sunday at their home here.

The W. C. T. U. was entertained at the home of Mrs. D. E. Rounds Feb. 12. It was a Willard memorial meeting and an interesting afternoon was passed.

Augusta Spring was a recent guest of Mrs. Mary Spring.

The people of Brownfield should consider themselves fortunate in having such a musical treat as that furnished by the Canadian Jubilee Singers Feb. 9 at Town Hall.

Alice Jones is at F. R. Bradbury's.

Mrs. Lynch of Portland was in town for a few days recently.

Hebron.

Mr. Stacy, who has charge of a district of the Anti-Saloon League, spoke in the church Sunday.

Miss Agnes Bearce has gone to New York to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Warren Hanson.

The friends of Mrs. Henry W. Bearce of Washington, D. C., gave her a post card shower recently. Sixty went at one time and others later.

The wind here on Saturday, Feb. 6th, was the worst for years and considerable damage was done. One of the chimneys on Mr. Melcher's store was blown down, going through the roof and breaking the rafters. The vane was blown off A. A. Conant's barn, a door in Mrs. Dr. Dunham's stable blown down, also a window in chamber of Fred Sturtevant's ell. Several chimneys burned out causing alarm.

Mrs. H. L. Melcher went out to fasten a blind on the house, and was blown down injuring her quite badly. She is now some better. A short time ago Mr. Melcher slipped and fell, hurting himself so he is not able to do much.

Owing to the storm of Wednesday Hebron Grange held no meeting.

North Stoneham.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Hilton have been to Rumford for a week's visit to Z. M. Gammon.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson McAllister of North Waterford are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sawyer.

Amos McKeen of North Lovell worked for H. B. McKeen Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Sawyer is weaving some very pretty sofa pillow covers of linen and wool which she sends to Portland, Oregon.

Josie Adams is at work for Mrs. Fred Bartlett at Stoneham.

Blanche Adams is keeping house for Mrs. Honor Bartlett of East Stoneham, while Mrs. Bartlett is in the hospital at Portland.

The people of this place were very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Ida Hutchins of Bethel. She was a former resident of this place.

West Lovell.

Mrs. Olden McAllister went to Portland to the Maine General Hospital for consultation and treatment.

Roscoe LeBaron has so far recovered as to go back to Lovell village to work for J. H. Fox.

V. H. and Dana McAllister and Nathaniel Fox and wife were in Bridgton Monday.

Oris LeBaron is cutting pine for Z. McAllister and Helen Armstrong is helping his wife who is very poorly this winter.

Mabel Morrel, who has been working for W. S. Fox's family, has gone to Stow to care for her sister, Mrs. A. W. Wiley, and Mrs. Alonzo Lord is with her daughter.

West Paris.

Seldom has our community been more stirred and saddened than by the sudden and unexpected death of one of our well known citizens, Mr. Minot S. Davis. About two weeks prior to his decease Mr. Davis slightly injured his hand, to which he did not give much attention until it began to severely pain him. By the first of the month he was confined to the house and grew rapidly worse. Everything was done to try to save him, but without avail.

He was delirious much of the time, and suffered greatly, but later, under the treatment, had rational periods, when he expressed himself as not expecting to live, and finally passed on to the higher life, Wednesday night, Feb. 10, at about midnight. He expressed resignation, and a beautiful Christian hope. The bereaved widow, who is nearly prostrated by her grief, yet bravely trying to bear her burden of loss, has the sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. Davis will be a distinct loss to our town, as he was a kind friend, an accommodating neighbor, and for about ten years has been foreman at the clothespin factory of L. M. Mann & Son, where he will be greatly missed. Among his friends and in the home circle his loss will be more keenly felt, for he was a devoted husband and father, and leaves a widow and two daughters to mourn his decease. He will also be missed in the lodge room, as for a number of years he had been an interested member of West Paris Lodge, I. O. O. F., and at the time of his death was a member of the degree staff. He also was a member of Onward Rebekah Lodge.

At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon the funeral service was held at the Universalist church. There was a very large attendance, the church being filled, the Rebekah Lodge and others being obliged to sit in the parlor adjoining the audience room, about one hundred members of this and West Paris Lodge, I. O. O. F., being present in a body.

Fitting and comforting words were beautifully spoken by Rev. A. Gertrude Earle of Dover, who exchanged pulpits for Sunday with Rev. Isabella S. Macduff in order to be present at this service. Appropriate music was sung by the South Woodstock quartette. After this West Paris Lodge, I. O. O. F., conducted the burial service of their order. Many beautiful flowers were grouped about the pulpit and beside those by the relatives there was a pillow with the words "Our Foreman," given by L. M. Mann & Son; a large pillow with the words "Shopmates;" a crescent from the friends at Milton, and a large upright piece from West Paris Lodge and friends.

More extended review of Mr. Davis' life will be made later.

Miss Minnie E. Stevens has returned from Massachusetts where for some time she has been stopping with her brother's family and working in the shoe shop. We understand that she intends to remain here with her mother.

Forty or more members of West Paris Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 15, went by invitation to visit South Paris Lodge last Thursday evening, and exemplified one of the degrees. They were finely entertained by South Paris Lodge.

Rev. I. S. Macduff spoke Sunday morning, the 7th, on the Life of Lincoln, at the Universalist church.

The W. C. T. U. had a special union service in the evening at the Baptist church. Good music was furnished by the choir, and a very interesting address was given by Prof. Thomas Angell of Lewiston. Mrs. Lewis C. Bates presided, and a collection was taken for the Frances Willard memorial fund.

At their last meeting the W. C. T. U. voted to have a membership contest, and Mrs. A. D. Coburn and Mrs. Emily L. Emmons were chosen as captains.

The mumps are not quite so prevalent as they have been, but there is a case of measles reported in the family of Oscar A. Kimball.

For several reasons the last night of singing school was deferred until Wednesday evening of this week at Dunham's Hall. The public is invited.

Mrs. Jerry H. Cole is at the hospital where she underwent a surgical operation.

Miss Ella M. Curtis is in poor health and Dr. Barker of Norway has been called to see her.

Dr. Barker is also doctoring Mrs. Albert Ryder who has somewhat improved.

Mr. S. W. Dunham celebrated his 81st birthday Feb. 8 by a family reunion of his brothers and sisters at his home, where they spent the day and were entertained at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dunham and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dunham of North Paris, also Mrs. Laura Reed of this place were present. Both Mr. Dunham and wife are very smart and active for people of their age.

Mr. Charles S. Bacon has a few apples left which were grown in the summer season of 1907, which are quite a wonder. No special pains has been taken to keep them, but your correspondent was given one which was good and sound to the core although a trifle withered on one side. While not very juicy it tasted very well, the flavor being about half way between a Ben Davis and a Russet. It is a small red apple and goes by the name of "Scott's Winter," and was grown on C. H. Martin's place, formerly owned by Mr. Bacon.

Mrs. Anna C. Young, who has been visiting relatives in Portland, was called home by the illness of Mr. Davis.

Lovell.

Mrs. O. C. Eastman of Fryeburg has visited here recently.

The funeral of Mr. James C. Stearns, who died the eighth inst., was attended on Wednesday from the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. R. Pottle. Mr. Stearns was 68 years of age, was born in this town and always lived here. He was a veteran of the Civil War, a member of Parker Post, G. A. R., of Delta Lodge of Masons, and a member and trustee of the Congregational church. He will be much missed by relatives, friends and neighbors.

The town schools closed the winter term Friday, the 12th instant.

Dr. Smith Baker will lecture at the Congregational church in the village on the evening of the 25th inst. Subject, "Humbugs." The proceeds of the lecture to be in aid of repairs on the church.

The ladies of the Congregational Circle at the Centre will give a supper at Odd Fellows' Hall at No. 4 Wednesday evening.

The annual meeting of the Independent Telephone Co. was held Tuesday and the following officers chosen:

Directors—C. E. Jones of Sweden; W. C. Bassett and O. E. Andrews of Lovell: E. W. Jones of North Fryeburg and Arthur Shirley of East Conway.
President—C. E. Jones.
Clerk—W. C. Bassett.
Treasurer—O. E. Andrews.
Auditor—Preston B. Walker.
Collector and Lineman—Clarence Ela.

The company is in good condition financially.

East Sumner.

The centenary of Lincoln's birth was duly observed with appropriate exercises both at East and West Sumner, of which a report will be given later. Over one hundred men in town responded to Lincoln's call for volunteers to save the nation when its life was threatened. Only about a dozen of them exist in town to-day.

Rev. S. C. Eaton gave a most inspiring address on the evils of the liquor saloons, illustrated by fine crayon work on the blackboard on Sunday evening, Feb. 7. There was a large and very attentive audience present.

Peru.

The funeral services of A. B. Walker, who committed suicide last week, were held at the Grange Hall on the 6th. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Christopher of Canton. He was one of the charter members of Rockemeka Grange and had always been an active member till about three years ago, when he was taken sick.

East Waterford.

William A. Emery finished his work at Skowhegan last week and returned home with his son Willie.

W. K. Hamlin of South Waterford and L. E. McIntire went to Augusta last week in the interest of the Waterford and Norway Dairy Testing Association.

Ralph Merrill of Norway is hauling J. E. McIntire's wood to the house.

Mrs. Susie Cole has gone to Swampscott, Mass., to see her daughter who is ill.

Buckfield.

Mrs. Mary W. Hinckley of Bowdoinham is the guest of her niece, Mrs. A. W. Pottle.

District Deputy Lee Smith of Norway made an official visit to Evening Star Lodge, F. and A. M., at a special communication held Monday night. The M. M. Degree was worked on two candidates. Visitors were present from Turner and South Paris lodges. An oyster supper was served after the meeting.

The Baptist Circle held a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Maxim Wednesday night and a delightful evening was spent. The weather frightened many into remaining at home who usually attend these gatherings.

Mrs. A. F. Warren is visiting relatives in Auburn and Lewiston this week.

Quite a number of the members of Nezinscot Lodge of Odd Fellows enjoyed the hospitality of Mt. Mica Lodge at South Paris Thursday night.

The remains of Margaret Bridgham, the eleven-year-old daughter of R. E. Lee Bridgham of Bar Harbor, were brought here for burial Thursday. A service was held at the Baptist church after the arrival of the morning train, conducted by Rev. A. W. Pottle. The remains were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee Bridgham, Mrs. W. H. Bridgham, Miss Maude Bridgham and Miss Slattery.

Lincoln Day was appropriately observed by the school, the exercises being held at the high school room Friday afternoon and consisting of exercises, recitations and music by the scholars and remarks by members of the G. A. R. and others.

An old folks' ball is to be held at Nezinscot Hall Friday, the 26th. Invitations will be issued shortly.

The Progressive Club will hold another whist party and dance at Nezinscot Hall Thursday, Feb. 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Irish went to West Paris to visit their daughter, Mrs. H. H. Wardwell, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dean of South Paris were in town Friday.

Mrs. Emily Atwood Loring, for years a most respected resident of this village, where she had many life long friends, died Thursday night, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Carrie Fogg in Lewiston, after a brief illness of pneumonia. The remains were brought to Buckfield, Monday morning and funeral services held at the home of her brother, Asa Atwood. Mrs. Loring was the eldest daughter of the late Ephraim Atwood and the widow of Carroll C. Loring of this place. She was a woman of the highest type of Christian character and exceptionally faithful to every duty committed to her. Being engaged to Mr. Loring when he became stricken with a fatal disease, she married him when he was on his death bed and then for years became the faithful housekeeper and nurse for his aged father, Maj. Lucius Loring, until the death of the latter; and also for her own father, "Uncle Ephraim," as he was familarly known by the entire community. For several years Mrs. Loring has made her home with her sister in Lewiston. Mrs. Loring was the sister of Asa Atwood and the late Wallace W. Atwood, and a half-sister of Charles, Clarence and Arthur C. Atwood and Mrs. Carrie (Atwood) Fogg.

Norway Lake.

Mrs. Walter F. King *nee* Evelyn Partridge came to her father's Feb. 11th for a visit. It has been more than three years since she visited her old home.

Colds prevail very much round here.

Mr. Elmer T. Dunn seems to be gaining some.

Our school observed "Lincoln's Day" with appropriate exercises the afternoon of Feb. 11th.

The Norway Lake Woman's Club also observed the day. The club met with Mrs. Horace Perry.

Mrs. A. D. Kilgore has improved so much that she has ridden out twice, a short distance.

The Late Ben F. Russell.

Although his death was noted, no extended notice has appeared in the Democrat relative to the life and services of Ben F. Russell, who died in St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 25th last. Mr. Russell was an Oxford County boy who had achieved success in the world. He was born in Greenwood, Oct. 26, 1844, and attended the common schools and Gould's Academy, Bethel.

In 1861 he enlisted in Co. G, Tenth Maine Infantry, taking part in a number of the hard fought battles and campaigns of the war. In the battle of Cedar Mountain, he was slightly wounded. At the expiration of his term of enlistment he again enlisted, in the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, was promoted first lieutenant for meritorious service, and served till the close of the war.

In 1871 he emigrated to Texas County, Missouri, in which state he thereafter made his home. For a time he engaged in farming, and then turned his attention to journalism, being for a long time publisher of the Crawford County Mirror. He had a literary turn of mind, and was several times poet of the Missouri Press Association.

Although a Republican in a state then firmly Democratic, Mr. Russell achieved honors in political life. He served in the legislature of Missouri, and was later for some time sergeant-at-arms in the House of Representatives of Congress. At the time of his death he was deputy collector of internal revenue at St. Louis. His final illness was of only three days' duration. A surgical operation was undertaken to relieve him, but he lived only a short time after it was completed. His funeral, to which there was a large outpouring, was in charge of the Masons, and with military honors.

The eulogies spoken at his funeral paid high tribute not only to Mr. Russell's talent and ability as poet and orator, but to his unselfishness, his love of home and country, and his many ennobling traits. R.

Lincoln Day at Hebron.

The Lincoln centenary was observed at Hebron Academy Friday, when the following program was carried out:

1. America. Sung by the Students.
2. Biographical Sketch. Written and delivered by A. W. Newcombe.
3. Life of Hannibal Hamlin. Written and delivered by Edna Benson.
4. The character of Lincoln. Mr. Sargent.
5. Springfield Address. Delivered by Clarence Brown. William Knox.
6. Mortality. Read by Arthur Minister.
7. Battle Hymn of the Republic. Sung by the Students.
8. Second Inaugural Address. Delivered by J. E. Philoon.
9. "O Captain! My Captain!" Read by Lucy O. Teague.
10. Violin Solo. Carl S. Briggs. Accompanied by Leah Hoxie.
11. The Sentiment of the Country at the time of Lincoln's Martyrdom. A. R. Crane, D. D.
12. Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground. Lee Walker.

Preceding the above program the Fannie Donham Stearns memorial clock was presented to the academy by its donor, Henry K. Stearns, and received by Dr. A. R. Crane.

Injured While Tobogganing.

Four of seven young people from the Maine Sanatorium at Hebron while tobogganing on Greenwood Mountain on Monday, were severely injured. Miss Bertha Coughran, from Bangor, a waitress at the sanatorium, is suffering from a fractured nose and bruises about the eyes and head. Miss Delia Cameron, a Lewiston young lady, got a severe shaking up, also bruised shoulder and hip. Miss Lydia Hawes, another waitress, received a bad fracture on the head, and Travers Hacket of Medford, Mass., escaped with a gash on the hip.

Dr. McFadyen of the sanatorium attended the wounds, and with the exception of Miss Coughran thinks they will be able to resume their duties shortly.

Gray Squirrels.

(Farmington Chronicle.)

What, pray, have our little friends, the gray squirrels, done that they should no longer be accorded the protection of our laws? There is a movement on foot to repeal the law of 1907 which put a penalty upon the killing of these rodents. Petitions are in circulation against this proposal, but if the matter is likely to become acute at Augusta we should write a personal letter to our senator and representatives expressing our wishes in the matter. Let the enemies of the squirrel show cause why they would repeal the law.

The proposed electric road between Lewiston and Portland is having a hard time to get a location. The people where it would run don't seem to want it.

Maine News Notes.

The story of a flock of 50 robins comes from Bath, but nobody is obliged to believe it.

The Maine Central is now making experimental runs with its new oil-burning locomotives, which are to be used in the woods where there is special danger of setting fire.

Pleasant Mountain in Denmark and Bridgton has been purchased by the Appalachian Mountain Club, and will hereafter be a favorite point for the outings of the club.

Not long ago a prosperous farmer, who lives about two miles north of Farmington village, hitched up Dobbin and with his son came to town to pass the evening. They called at the grocery and made a few necessary purchases, put the goods in the sleigh and hitched the horse in the sheds back of one of the churches. Here the father and son separated. About 9 o'clock the father concluded to go home and, as he usually came to the village on foot, entirely forgot his team and walked the two miles to his home. An hour or so later the younger man walked home, never giving a thought to old Dobbin, still waiting patiently for his master in the shed where he had been left. When the young man arrived home he immediately retired and no thought was given to the horse until feeding time the next morning when it dawned upon father and son that the horse was still at the village.

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.

There is a fine residence in Livermore Falls owned by Mr. and Mrs. March, with whom two ladies by the name of Frost reside, while upstairs the house is occupied by a family by the name of Winter, and notwithstanding the frigidity these names suggest there probably isn't a warmer home in town.

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.

The Portland Water district reports profits of $79,138 for 1908 as against $52,752 for 1907 when the system was under private ownership. The office salaries have been reduced from $20,860 to $9,934 by the change of ownership.

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.

CURIOUS FLORIDA HERB.

Red Plant Which Feeds Upon Ants and Other Insects.

Almost everybody knows there are such things as insectivorous or carnivorous plants, but it is doubtful if many know we have any such plants growing right here in southern Florida. Nevertheless there is a plant, or, rather, herb, growing here which is really insectivorous.

It is likely that on account of its being extremely small it has escaped attention. In fact, it seems to have been overlooked by the botanists also, as we are unable to find it classed among the sensitive plants.

This is an annual herb, and the entire plant, including the flowers, is of a deep rich red color. It rarely reached a height of more than three inches and is never so broad. The leaves are spatulate when undisturbed and present many small fibrillae and secrete at their tips a tenacious fluid which is capable of holding the very small insects, such as ants and the like, upon which it feeds. When any of these get lodged in the fluid and disturb these fibrillae the leaves slowly acquire a deep cut shape and sometimes curl completely up over their victim. When they have absorbed the insect they slowly recover their original shape, leaving only the skeleton of the insect remaining.

These plants grow on the very low, flat, poor and sandy lands. They appear in the late winter and early spring months.—Punta Gorda, (Fla.) Herald.

Eye Trials of Today

Looking facts IN THE FACE is the way the WISE ones act. Those who look another way at the trials of to-day but add to the sufferings of to-morrow. If your eyes are weak, if a film comes over them, or they ache, or burn, or bother you in any way, don't delay.

In Our FREE CONSULTATIONS

we tell what you ought to do—you may do it if you like.

S. RICHARDS,
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

The Oxford Democrat.

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; 8:47 P. M., daily.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Paris Lodge, No. 94. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.
I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings, Thursday evenings 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. P. E. Hathaway is visited by her mother, Mrs. Wing of Waterville.

George A. Briggs was at Gray for a few days last week visiting his sisters.

The married ladies' whist club was entertained Friday afternoon by Mrs. P. E. Hathaway.

Mrs. A. W. Walker has returned from a visit of ten days to her daughter, Mrs. Percy Rankin, at Wells.

Alton C. Wheeler spoke Thursday afternoon at the Lincoln memorial exercises of Norway High School.

Geo. B. Crockett of the Paris Manufacturing Co. is away on a business trip in the interest of the company.

Mt. Pleasant Rebekah degree team will have a rehearsal Friday evening of this week. Will all the team bear this in mind.

M. E. Bolster and his grandson, Will Pierce, of Woodfords, visited Mr. Bolster's brother, N. D. Bolster, one day last week.

The date of the legislative hearing on the South Paris water bill has been changed from the 23d to the 25th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Mrs. Alton C. Wheeler has been at Auburn for a few days with her father, Mr. Hayes, while Mrs. Hayes was necessarily absent from home for a while.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Lester West this Tuesday afternoon; subject "Our Promoted Leaders." A collection will be taken for the memorial fund.

Misses Addie and Lottie Giles entertained seven of their girl friends at their home last Monday evening. Flinch and other games were played, and refreshments were served.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Feb. 15, 1909:

Miss Lucy V. Frost.
Mrs. L. B. Curtis.
Mr. J. Maury Wheeden.
James Lewis.

This is a fact worthy of note. Miss Ruth Farrar, a young miss of nearly 16 years of age, a pupil of the High School, commenced attending school when about five years of age and missed her first full day last Thursday, and that on account of illness.

The Seneca Club, which met with Miss Wheeler last Monday evening, carried out its programme on Eugene Field in the main, some slight changes and additions being made. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess, the guests finding their seats at the table by means of dainty little hand painted place cards.

Dr. O. K. Yates of West Paris was in town Saturday. The doctor tells the Democrat that he is seventy-six years old,—although we say he looks at least ten years younger—and has ridden in his practice in all kinds of weather every day this winter. He says he never has an ache nor a pain of any kind but enjoys perfect health.

The continued hearing in the bankruptcy case of Ezra C. Staples of Peru was held at the office of Walter L. Gray, referee in bankruptcy, Wednesday. It will be recalled that at the former session Mr. Staples testified to losing $3500 in currency from his hip pocket in Boston. At the session last Wednesday the examination of Mr. Staples was continued rather more fully in detail than before, but there were no new developments.

The Citizens' Telephone and Telegraph Co., formerly an association, succeeded last Monday evening in effecting an organization under its incorporation, and effected one good reform at the start by making its name simply Citizens' Telephone Co. New by-laws were adopted. After the election of officers and the transaction of other business, adjournment was made to the evening of March 1st. The officers are as follows:

President—Walter L. Gray.
Clerk and Treasurer—Charles W. Bowker.
Directors—Walter L. Gray, W. F. Caldwell, T. F. Thibodeau, J. F. Plummer, A. L. Holmes.

A native of Paris who has not been here for forty years is Thomas N. Stowell, who was here a few days last week calling on old friends and army comrades. Mr. Stowell was the son of Thomas N. Stowell and the grandson of William Stowell, both of whom occupied as a homestead the farm where A. B. Talbot now lives. Thomas N. Stowell, of the third generation, enlisted in the Thirteenth Maine Infantry in 1861, was sergeant in that regiment, and was later transferred to a regiment of colored troops with a commission as first lieutenant. After the war he lived on the old homestead about three years, then sold the place and went west. He has lived in various places in the West and Southwest, for the past few years having run a ranch in southern Colorado, which he has now sold. He went from here to Farmington, where he has a sister living, and expects to remain in this part of the country for the present at least.

Mt. Mica Lodge entertained some over a hundred visitors at its meeting Thursday evening, there being a large delegation from West Paris Lodge, and also a good representation from Nezinscot Lodge of Buckfield. Although Monami Lodge of Mechanic Falls was unable to accept the invitation extended to them, their lodge was represented as were also a large number of other lodges. Supper was served to the visitors in Grand Army Hall at 6:45, after which there was the regular lodge meeting and the working of the second degree by the degree staff of West Paris Lodge. This lodge has established a very high reputation for itself in the working of this degree, but it more than came up to what was expected of it, both ritual and floor work being of the highest order. In the remarks made after the work, several of the brothers complimented the West Paris team by saying that it was the finest work they had ever seen done in the second degree. The presence of a large number of the older members of the various lodges made the evening especially pleasant. Brother Russell of Woodstock came with West Paris Lodge and confessed to the age of 84. Brother Merrill of North Waterford, well over 70 years of age, was as lively as ever, and Brother Shurtleff of Mt. Mica Lodge and several others were among those whose interest in Odd Fellowship seems to increase as their years advance in number.

Mrs. L. P. Swett of Bangor is a guest at Benj. Swett's.

The Delta Alphas meet at Mrs. H. A. Morton's Thursday evening.

Miss Hattie Haskell is visiting friends in Waterville for a few weeks.

Annual meeting of the Bereans at the Methodist vestry this Monday evening.

The Delta Alphas will serve a supper at the M. E. church Thursday, Feb. 25.

Mrs. Fred Emery and daughter Helen of Rumford Falls are guests at W. D. Clark's.

Friday evening of this week is the date of "The Deacon," the drama presented by the senior class of the high school.

The Fan-Tans will have their monthly supper this week Thursday evening instead of Tuesday. Supper will be served at 6:30 prompt.

Miss Anna Lewis, field secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, will speak to the ladies of the Congregational church in the vestry, Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 P. M.

Miss Olive Swett, who has been at her home here on account of ill health, will return to Newton, Mass., Thursday, to complete her course as nurse in a hospital there.

There will be a social at the Baptist vestry next Thursday evening. Entertainment will consist of music, recitations and games. Admission, 5 cents, our usual circle fee.

Ladies' night will be observed by Mount Mica Lodge, I. O. O. F., Tuesday evening of this week. The Rebekahs and their "brothers" have also been invited to participate.

The weather bureau sends out a long distance forecast of a cold wave which may be expected early this week. If it pans out as the one promised last week did, spring will be with us.

That very interesting book, the town report, will be out in a few days. It is now far enough long so that it is possible to forecast its voluminosity as amounting to about 164 pages.

The many friends of Dr. J. P. and Mertie Maxim Sprague of Chicago will regret to hear of the death of their youngest daughter, Martha, at the age of eleven months and fourteen days.

Rev. J. W. Chesbro returned Friday from Boston, where he had been attending the Chapman-Alexander meetings, and Sunday morning gave a report of his impressions of those services.

Mrs. Mehitable Swan died at her home on Elm Hill on Sunday, the 7th. Mrs. Swan was the widow of Freeman Swan, a native of Milan, N. H., 66 years of age, and has been a resident of Paris for many years.

The Cumberland Theological Circle will hold its monthly meeting at the Baptist church next Wednesday. The afternoon service is open to the public and it is hoped a large number may be able to attend.

Miss S. L. Rounds left Monday morning for Harper's Ferry, Va., where she is to act as substitute instructor in literature in Storer College for the spring term. Storer College is a large institution for colored students.

David B. Woodbury shows the Democrat specimens of three new varieties of apples which he has just received from Stark Brothers of Missouri. They are the Delicious, Black Ben, and Stayman's Winesip. All are large, handsome specimens.

Rev. F. W. O'Brien of the People's Temple, Bath, will speak at the Baptist church Wednesday evening. A very cordial invitation is extended to all who can to be present. Mr. O'Brien is an exceedingly interesting speaker and will have a message worth hearing. Come and bring your friends.

Misses Carrie Hall and Grace Thayer entertained a party of six unattached lady friends at Miss Hall's Saturday evening. The invitations were written on hearts, all the decorations and appointments were in keeping with the Valentine's day season, and the principal diversion of the evening was the game of "Hearts." A dainty lunch was served, and each guest found her seat at the table by means of a place card adorned with a heart pierced with Cupid's arrow.

Charles D. Brown of Salem, Mass., died at his home on the night of the 6th of February. Mr. Brown was a pioneer in the wood pulp business in Maine, building the first pulp mill in the state, and was engaged in some branch of the pulp and paper business throughout his life, having built a number of paper mills, which are now the property of the International Paper Co. He was largely interested with Hugh J. Chisholm in beginning the development of Rumford Falls. For the past few years he has been in feeble health. Mr. Brown's wife, who survives him, was before marriage Miss Abbie Shurtleff, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alva Shurtleff of South Paris.

The warrant for town meeting, besides the ordinary matters of annual business, acceptance of reports, regular appropriations, state road, etc., has the following articles relating to matters out of the routine:

Art. 13. To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise to underdrain the road near Frank Bennett's.

Art. 16. To see if the town will vote to extend the South Paris sewer, and raise money for that purpose.

Art. 21. To see if the town will vote to raise the sum of $200 to purchase land and build a house to store road machines, etc.

Art. 23. To see what action the town will take in regard to moving the Hollow school house, so-called, to a new location north of the present one and near the junction of the Stearns Hill and Snow's Falls roads.

Art. 24. To see if the town will instruct the Superintending School Committee to transfer the school comprising the Hollow, Snow's Falls and Stearns Hill schools from the Hollow school house to the Snow's Falls school house.

Art. 25. To see if the town will instruct the Superintending School Committee to either repair or sell the school houses in the Bolster and Hall districts.

Art. 26. To see if the town will instruct the Superintending School Committee to leave the rural school houses unnsured, when the present policies expire.

Art. 27. To see if the town will vote to purchase five escapes for the brick school house at South Paris and the school house at West Paris and appropriate money for same.

Art. 28. To see if the town will vote to authorize its Superintending School Committee to join with either or any of the following towns, to wit: Woodstock, Greenwood, Hebron, Oxford or Norway, for the purpose of employing a Superintendent of Schools in accordance with the provisions of Sections 40 to 45 inclusive of Chapter 15 of the Revised Statutes.

Art. 29. To see what sum of money the town will vote to appropriate to pay for superintendence of schools.

Art. 30. To see if the town will vote to raise a sufficient sum of money to make good the Thomas Crocker fund, which has been lost by failure in the investment. Also to see if the town will vote to take the same as a permanent trust fund and pay interest thereon each year for the purpose for which the gift was made to the town.

KING DISTRICT.

Charles Kimball has a lame horse and has had to give up teaming for a while.

We are having some pretty rough weather now, it seems more like winter weather.

T. F. Thibodeau and wife and boy, visited their cousin, Walter Twitchell, and family, last Sunday. They found Gertie feeling rather poorly.

The workmen on the Canwell and Thibodeau lot are doing quite a business cutting and hauling pine lumber. The lot does not look quite as nice as it did.

They say this world is a vale of tears,
Although so pleasant it appears,
That all on earth is little worth,
And cannot make us blest,
That pleasures fly, friends droop and die,
And sickness breaks our rest.

So let them say, for well I know,
From God the sweetest blessings flow;
And he would be a friend to me,
Should all beside depart;
In sickness soothe, my pillow smooth,
And cheer my fainting heart.

While through this world my footsteps stray,
The blessed God shall be my stay;
My manner sweet, my shade from heart,
My life in deepest gloom;
His love shall flow where'er I go
Until I reach the tomb.

Perkins will run another special train to Lewiston next Saturday evening for Victor Moore in "The Talk of New York" at the Empire. Seats 50 cents to $1.50. Order at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s before Wednesday night.

Suit bargains, overcoat bargains, trousers bargains, underwear bargains, now to be had at F. H. Noyes Co.'s.

Lincoln Centenary Exercises.

TRIBUTES PAID TO THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT PRESIDENT.

Interest in the Lincoln centenary was manifested by the audience which filled New Hall Friday evening to participate in the exercises in observance of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The affair was under the joint auspices of William K. Kimball Post, G. A. R., William K. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., and Joshua L. Chamberlain Camp, S of V. The stage was becomingly adorned with flags and bunting, and two portraits of Lincoln stood on easels at the right and left of the speaker's table.

Walter L. Gray, Esq., presided at the exercises, and called the assembly to order at 7:45. A fervent and patriotic prayer was offered by Rev. J. H. Little. The audience then joined in singing America, led by the choir, which was composed of Mrs. H. E. Wilson, Miss Tolman, Mr. Sessions and Mr. Briggs.

Lincoln's Gettysburg address was read by Chairman Gray.

Miss S. M. Wheeler sang, "Do They Miss Me at Home?"

A very pleasing story of Lincoln and the Confederate officer, in connection with the Gettysburg address, was reviewed by Miss Rounds.

Rev. A. T. McWhorter spoke, especially for the benefit of the younger portion of the audience, of the causes of the war, the work of the private soldier, and the present magnitude and glory of the Union which Lincoln saved to us, giving some interesting figures by way of illustration.

A reading by Clyde Hebbard, "Lincoln's Boyhood," was the next number on the program.

Vernon A. Curtis gave the "Tribute to the Flag."

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung by the choir.

Rev. T. N. Kewley called to mind the fact that Lincoln was what he became, not because of his environment, but in spite of it—his real worth was an inherent quality. Lincoln had a keen appreciation of moral values, adhering steadfastly to principle, and a deep trust in God. He had a colossal task, and the influence of his work and his character is far-reaching, to the present day and for future time.

A number of selected tributes to Lincoln, from eminent men, were read by Miss Eva Walker.

Mrs. S. C. Ordway read "Oh, Captain! My Captain!"

Hon. James S. Wright reviewed quite fully the character and career of Lincoln, and asked this pertinent question: "One hundred years from to-day, will there be gatherings all over the land to observe the centennial anniversary of a Rockefeller or a Harriman?" Lincoln, he said, was always true to principle, and his pure character and his kindness of heart made him the idol of the American people. He closed with a tribute to Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks.

Mrs. E. M. Curtis gave a number of humorous stories of Lincoln, illustrating his well known keenness and readiness of wit, and his never-failing good humor.

Rev. J. W. Chesbro said that there was only one thing he would prefer to taking part in these exercises, and that was to go back to the days of '61 and do his part in the conflict of that time. He paid tribute to Lincoln as such a figure as history has not elsewhere produced.

"Tenting To-night" was sung by the choir.

The last speaker of the program was Rev. J. H. Little, whose remarks were earnest but brief, as the hour was getting late. He spoke as a comrade of the Grand Army to his comrades, and set forth briefly three great elements in Lincoln's life and character which made him great: His sublime faith in God; his tender-heartedness; and his loyalty—loyalty to country, to flag, to truth, to things true and divine, to God.

Singing by the audience of "God be with You till We Meet Again" closed an interesting program, and one which can not fail to be of profit to all, especially to the younger generation.

Notes from the Legislature.

Notwithstanding that there is considerable opposition to it, especially from the cities, the Donigan bridge bill gets a favorable report from the committee on ways and bridges. This bill divides the expense of maintenance of all large bridges among the town, county and state.

Representative Bussell of Gardiner on Tuesday presented a bill drawn by E. H. Darling of that city, who is connected with an extensive lumber concern, providing for a state forester and six assistant foresters who shall have complete charge of forests with power to regulate the cutting and reforestation. The bill is entitled, An Act for the Preservation and Perpetuation of the Forests of Maine. It creates a commission to consist of a State forester to be appointed by the governor and to hold office for two years, and six assistant foresters who shall be appointed by the State forester. The forester shall receive a salary of $2500 a year and expenses. He may employ one permanent clerk at a salary not to exceed $1000 per year. The assistant foresters shall receive a salary not to exceed $1500 each, a year, and actual expenses. The forester shall have full charge of all state forests including the power to reforest and regulate cutting the same and to provide young trees for planting, and to have charge of enforcing all laws to regulating the cutting of auxiliary state forests; to issue licenses to land owners and scalers and permits to any person, firm or corporation desiring to operate on land of another, under permit or contract with owner of the land, and to have full charge of all men and equipment for the protection of forests within the state against fires.

The bill establishing a state board of charities and corrections has been made a special order in the senate for Wednesday of this week, when it is expected that it will encounter opposition.

The bill making a uniform poll tax of $3.00 was considered in the senate Tuesday, and Senator Staples offered an amendment making the amount $2.00. His amendment was defeated, and the bill was passed.

There was an interesting hearing Tuesday on Representative Pattangall's bill to abolish the office of assistant attorney general. In opening his remarks in favor of the bill, Mr. Pattangall stated that there was nothing personal in his advocacy of the bill. He had nothing against Mr. Barnes, the present incumbent of the office, and did not know him, but he considered it an unnecessary office. Attorney General Philbrook stated that an assistant was necessary. The legal affairs committee, to which the bill was referred, voted ought not to pass, but Mr Pattangall will pay his respects to the matter when it comes up in the house.

The owner's liability for work done in extermination of moth pests will be increased from one-half of one per cent to one per cent of the value of the property, if the action of the committee on agriculture is approved by the legislature.

Representative Davies last week introduced a bill to regulate lobbyists, requiring them to register and render an account of their expenditures. It is needless to say that no regulation of the lobby now exists.

All sections of the state united in approving the appropriation of $350,000 for the enlargement of the state house, or the building of an office building or wing connecting with it, on which a hearing was held Wednesday. Conditions have changed since the fight was made to move the capital to Portland two years ago, and there is now a general feeling that the state house is insufficient and should be made larger. No one appeared in opposition.

The committee on inland fisheries and game gave a hearing Wednesday on the resolve increasing the annual appropriation for the maintenance of fish hatcheries and feeding stations from $25,000 to $50,000. All who spoke favored the change. The committee has voted to recommend that the sum of $47,500 be appropriated annually for the next two years for the fish and game interests, besides $5000 for the establishment of a fish hatchery in Knox County.

We are anxious to clear out our remaining fur coats. There is a big bargain awaiting you if you take advantage of our cut prices. Come and see them. F. H. Noyes Co.

John's Letter.

I copy from the programme of Turner Grange.

LINCOLN DAY.
FORENOON.

Music.
Business.
Select readings and quotations by members of the Grange.

AFTERNOON.

Instrumental music, Mrs. G. A. Sprague.
Solo, "The Sword of Bunker Hill."
Lincoln's favorite poem, J. N. Irish.
Paper, Abraham Lincoln, R. A. Ryerson, Livermore.

All of which was carried out without a skip or a break—minus the quotations. As Lincoln has been before the world and in the hearts of men for more than fifty years, it would be hard to add anything new—if true. And yet those who take a turn at the kaleidoscope are pretty apt to form some new and attractive combinations. It could not well be otherwise with such a subject. It is true of Mr. Ryerson's "combinations." He is a fine speaker and was in full sympathy with his subject, and spoke from his heart and hearts responded. Mr. Ryerson is not a professional man, but just a farmer, and if he is as good a farmer as he is speaker, his buildings are in good repair, his land is productive and his hens lay, and his cows chew the cud of contentment.

There were no bounds, no limitations to Lincoln's sympathies, but they reached away and away to the farthest skyline of souls. That fact there are none to dispute. The name of the author of the poem he liked so well that he memorized it and would repeat it to his friends, he did not know. The author's name was Knox—William Knox, a Scottish poet, born in 1789, died in 1825, and proved in himself what he had written, which needed and needs no proof.

"The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing."

I suppose that the vast majority of the human family have a pretty stiff appetite for life when all things else are weak and perishing—a craving "appetite" and the last to die—usually, whether in saint or sinner. We were built that way, and so were the fathers, and there will be no change till the earth is deserted, if it ever is. We do not speak with authority, but that's what we think.

"They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

"They died, ah, they died! We things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

"'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The simple pathos of the poem and the truth it contains, the everlasting truth, past, present and always, ought, and doubtless will, assure it a long lease of life even down to the second centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

JOHN.

University of Maine Notes.

ORONO, MAINE, Feb. 8.

A new department has recently been added to the college of agriculture in the university. This new department offers a course in poultry husbandry to those who are taking the "Aggie" courses. The equipment for this branch of instruction is very complete, and with the assistance of the present instructor this cannot fail to become one of the popular courses. A new course in veterinary science is also offered for the first time this semester.

During the past week a very interesting lecture on "Forests and Forestry in Maine" was given before the Forestry Club by Roy L. Marston of Skowhegan. A large number of forestry students were present and every one of them felt that he knew much more about the forestry question in Maine because of the hour that he had spent with Mr. Marston.

Professor Kenneth C. M. Sills of Bowdoin College is at present engaged in giving a series of eight lectures at the University. "Virgil and His Literary Influence" is the subject of these lectures. The students in languages and arts and sciences are availing themselves of these opportunities, and at each lecture that he has given thus far Professor Sills has lectured to a crowded room of very attentive listeners.

Professor George D. Chase of the University of Maine will give a series of lectures at Bowdoin in return within a short time. This plan of exchanging professors is being tried by many of the larger colleges, and it is believed to be a very beneficial and helpful method of instruction. Professor Chase will have as his subject "Roman Munismatics."

The last trials for the relay team were held on Jan. 27. The competition for places was very fast and exciting, and nearly all of the student body were present to see the final trials for the team. Trainer Steves Farrell was heard to say before the last trials that Littlefield was the only man out who was sure of a place on the team. The first four men to qualify were:

R. P. Littlefield, '10, Ogunquit.
H. J. Cook, '10, Waterville.
E. T. Walker, '11, Biddeford.
G. E. Torrey, '09, Deer Isle.

F. E. Fortier, '10, of Turner Center, was tied by Tartre, '12, of Biddeford, for fifth place, but, on account of the rule which says that in case of a tie the oldest class-man shall have the preference, Fortier was sent as substitute. H. M. Hicks, '10, Portland, was sent to contest in the mile race. The team, in charge of manager E. S. Berry, '10, of Malden, Mass., left Orono on Friday noon, Feb. 5, for Boston. The team that ran for Maine this year is fully a second and a half faster than any other team that ever ran for Maine at the B. A. A. meet. The result of the relay race is probably already known. University of Maine first, Bates College second, and University of Vermont third.

The president of the Debating Society, Mr. F. G. Wadsworth, '10, of Sanford, spoke before the sophomore class at a special meeting called recently for that purpose. His subject was a class debating team in view of sending a team to debate in Lewiston with the sophomores of Bates College. Several members of the class expressed a desire that a team be organized, and upon motion it was voted that a team should be sent to Lewiston this year.

The date for the first assembly has been set for Feb. 12, and it will be held as usual in the gymnasium at Alumni Hall.

The College of Technology has just issued a bulletin which is entirely devoted to the various departments in that college. It contains a full description of the courses of the departments in chemical, civil, electrical and mechanical engineering. It also contains a brief general description of the University.

Day's Dramatic Bent.

Holman Day, 'way-down Easterner and author of "King Spruce," is among the growing company of novelists who have been dramatized. One of his first well-known novels, "Squire Phin," is now being arranged for the stage. Major Day has already enjoyed the experience of having a stage sketch made of one of his short stories, and, what is more, of seeing it remain on the stage for consecutive seasons. As for "King Spruce," it has added to itself the final mark of popularity by becoming a newspaper serial, and has once again been reprinted on the Harper press.

The body of Frank Kennedy, 60 years old, of Dexter, who had been missing since Jan. 30th, was found in a swamp at Columbia Falls on the 6th by a trapper. Kennedy started from a logging camp to come to the railroad station, lost his way in the storm and died from cold and exhaustion about half a mile from the road. He leaves a son and daughter.

Have your suit, overcoat, trousers, cleaned, repaired, pressed. We do that work properly. F. H. Noyes Co.

50-cent and 25-cent boys' winter caps to close out at 10 cents. Can't you use one? F. H. Noyes Co.

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.

Shipping of pulp wood, boards and general commodities from the Norway station is unusually large for this season of the year.

Asst. Atty. Gen. C. P. Barnes was at home from Augusta to attend ladies' night of Oxford Lodge Wednesday.

Interest in the approaching annual town meeting is somewhat apparent, but not so marked as it usually is. With the outcoming of the annual report the various candidates will probably make known their desire to hold office. The past twelve months have been devoid of anything of importance in the way of political capital.

Ladies' night at Oxford Lodge, No. 18, F. and A. M., was held Wednesday evening. The banquet was served in I. O. O. F. Hall, at which some over two hundred and ten were seated. After a few remarks by W. M., Geo. L. Curtis, Right Ex., Howard D. Smith, Past Master E. F. Smith and Asst. Atty. Gen. C. P. Barnes, the company repaired to the lodge room above where they were entertained by the Lewiston quartette, Temple Quartette, of which George W. Horne, formerly of Norway, Geo. N. Drake, A. R. Prince and E. E. Parker are members; Mr. Parker, reader; Mrs. Horne accompanist. Some very excellent selections were rendered by the large chorus to the great pleasure of the company. After a social hour the company broke up much elated with the evening's entertainment. Ladies' night has been the social Masonic feature of Oxford Lodge.

Saturday evening a party of Veranda Club members with a few invited friends visited the Mothers' Club at Norway Lake and enjoyed a most pleasant meeting.

Harry Downing of the U. of M. is at home for a time.

Mrs. Fred Emery and daughter Helen of Rumford are with friends in Norway for a short visit. Mr. Emery came from Bethel to Norway some years ago and went into trade in the store now occupied by W. E. Foss at the "Falls."

The sidewalk opposite Cole's store, near the post office, caved in a few days since and is now planked over. The damage was caused by a leak in the steam pipe extending to the street main.

St. Catherine's society of the Catholic church held a fair Wednesday and Thursday of last week at the opera house with excellent financial success. There were lots of things to purchase and many purchasers. The attendance was large and something was doing all the time. Thursday evening's dance with first class music was the feature most pleasing to the young people.

It is understood that Norway's School Board, in common with others, experiences considerable difficulty in the selection of the proper person for superintendent of schools. The selection of C. P. Barnes, Esq., as Asst. Atty. Gen. of the state and his resignation as Norway's very able school officer presents the question squarely for action. What shall be done? It is understood that some move under the laws of '07 is considered. It is suggested that Paris and Norway unite in the employment of a superintendent of schools. The amount paid by each town plus the state aid would make a salary for some man well fitted to discharge the duties of the office. Norway pays $300 per year and expenses of team, Paris about the same, while the state for the payment to the superintendent so employed (by a union of towns) will contribute a sum equal to twice the aggregate sum paid by the towns comprising the union up to but not exceeding eight hundred dollars. This would make a salary of fourteen hundred dollars per annum, with necessary expenses. It is contended, with much apparent reason, that this course should be adopted at once. It is hoped that the committee will act in this matter in such manner as to advance the best interests of Norway's excellent schools. It is suggested that action should be taken at the annual town meeting and a union effected with some other town or towns before the close of the school year.

Capt.-Elect M. P. Stiles and Lts.-Elect of Co. D, 2d Regt., N. G. S. M., are ordered before the examining board for examination Thursday, Feb. 18th.

The Mission Circle met with Mrs. M. A. Oxnard Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. M. P. Stiles, Mrs. James Danforth, Mrs. Fred E. Drake, Mrs. A. T. Favor, Mrs. Emma Mann and Mrs. M. A. Oxnard took part in the exercises.

Mr. Leroy Stoddard of Auburn has come to Norway and will work in the shoe factory. For some time he has been a member of the Universalist choir.

Mrs. Wm. C. W. Cummings died in Albany, Thursday, Feb. 4th. She was born in Greenwood, Aug. 11, 1842, and after her marriage with Mr. Cummings resided in Norway. Rev. M. C. Ward officiated. Interment in Pine Grove Cemetery.

Dr. H. L. Bartlett has been confined to his house with rheumatism during the week.

Lincoln exercises were held in the various schools Thursday afternoon. Friday was observed by all the schools as a holiday. The programme was:

Singing, Eighth and Ninth Grades.
Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, Elmer Hussey.
Original Article on Life of Lincoln, Ethel Brown.
Address to Students, Alton C. Wheeler.
Singing, Eight and Ninth Grades.

Prof. E. F. Hitchings of Waterville will lecture on "Forestry" at the "Gentlemen's Night" at the Norway Federation of Women's Clubs at Concert Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Smith were with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ridlon at West Paris Sunday.

District Deputy Grand Master Lee M. Smith of the Sixteenth Masonic District made an official visit to lodges in the east part of the jurisdiction last week.

R. K. Morrill lost one of a pair of valuable horses Tuesday. The horse dropped dead while coming from the woods with a load of logs.

By order of recent date Co. D, 2d Regt., N. G. S. M., will be inspected April 23d.

Born.

In West Paris, Feb. 1, to the wife of George Damon, twins, a son and a daughter.
In West Paris, Feb. 9, to the wife of Fred R. Penley, a son.
In South Paris, Feb. 9, to the wife of Ralph B. Penfold, a daughter.
In North Paris, Feb. 6, to the wife of B. F. Elwell, a daughter.
In Bryant's Pond, Feb. 9, to the wife of Ernest Gammon, a son.

Married.

In Norway, by Rev. B. S. Rideout, Mr. Chauncy Berry Ames of Waterford and Miss Maud Idella Chute of Harrison.
In Norway, Feb. 6, by Rev. B. S. Rideout, Mr. William G. Cash of Norway and Miss Iva M. Kilgore of Norway Lake.

Died.

In South Paris, Feb. 6, Alice Ida, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon J. Dufresne, aged 4 years.
In Paris, Feb. 7, Mrs. Mehitable Swan, aged 66 years.
In West Paris, Feb. 3, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Damon, aged 3 days.
In West Paris, Feb. 4, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Damon, aged 4 days.
In West Paris, Feb. 9, Minot S. Davis, aged 36 years.
In Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 8, John P. Stearns, aged 47 years.
In Chicago, Ill., Feb. 14, Martha, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Sprague, aged 11 months, 14 days.
In Lovell, Feb. 8, James C. Stearns, aged 68 years.
In Stow, Feb. 3, Isaac A. Walker, aged 73 years.
In Albany, Feb. 6, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Kimball, aged 1 day.
In Bryant's Pond, Feb. 5, Mrs. Albina S. Cole, aged 78 years, 6 months.
In Albany, Feb. 4, Mrs. Elvira Judkins Cummings, widow of William C. W. Cummings, aged 66 years, 4 months, 23 days.
In Portland, Feb. 7, Mrs. Ida, widow of Thomas Hutchins of Bethel.
In Bethel, Feb. 12, Mrs. Elizabeth Cowling Bunting, aged 74 years.

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.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York. Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Ad. 7-10

This is an Easy Test.

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* 7-10

Eastern Steamship Company.

Portland Division.

FIRST CLASS FARE $1.00.
STATEROOMS $1.00.

Steamships "Governor Dingley" or "Ransom B. Fuller" leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, week days only at 7 P. M., for Boston.

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Leave Union Wharf, Boston, week days only, at 7 P.M., for Portland.

Through tickets on sale at principal railroad stations.

Freight rates as low as other lines.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Agent, Portland, Me.

Found.

Watch, owner may have same by paying costs and proving property. ARTHUR L. VERRILL, Care Fred Waterhouse, South Paris, Maine. 7

... 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.

What Makes a Bank Strong?

In choosing your Bank, always remember that it is Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits that give security to the depositor, because that money is what stands between you as a depositor and any possible shrinkage on the securities held by the Bank. This Bank, established in 1872, has a record extending over a third of a century for the prompt and efficient handling of the business of its customers and during this time no depositor has ever lost a dollar.

Our Capital, Surplus and Profits

of $96,500.00, together with additional Stockholders' Liability of $50,000.00 give assurance of absolute security of our depositors' money. The officers will be glad to talk over Banking relations with you at any time and pledge themselves to serve your interests faithfully when you intrust your business to this Bank.

**THE NORWAY NAT

BREAK THAT COLD

Before it sends you to a sick bed. Consumption is often the result of neglected colds. So don't delay—get a bottle today of the true

"L. F." ATWOOD'S BITTERS

The surest, quickest, safest cold remedy known. They drive all the impurities from the system, relieve congestion of throat and head, and the cold disappears like magic. Nothing like the "L. F." Medicine for cleansing bowels and blood and putting the whole system right. A few doses will do it. **Get a bottle today, 25 cents at dealers.**

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

Dr. Austin Tenney, Oculist,

Will be at his Norway office over C. F. Ridlon's grocery store, Main St.,

Friday, March 19th,
10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

At Rumford, Friday, March 12th.

Eyes examined free and all Glasses warranted satisfactory.

At Home Office, 31 Lisbon St., Lewiston, every day except Fridays.

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., 229 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,
3tf South Paris, Maine.

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. 389.—Numerical Enigma.

Example: What will that old 1, 2, 3 4, 5, 6 if he is lucky enough to hit the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 ?

Answer, a target, target.

1. Little Gerty was so 1, 2, 3 4, 5, 6, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 used to call her Dame Dumpling.

2. Please 1, 2, 3, 4 5, 6, 7, 8 cake to that 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 lady over there.

3. Eva asked her sisters 1, 2 3, 4, 5 6, 7, 8 a new hat and they all went after it 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

4. If I could hear you make your 1, 2, 3, 4 I am 5, 6, 7, 8 it would give me 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

5. Katie dropped her 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 doll and broke its 1, 2, 3, 4 5 while ago.

6. Oh, Jennie! about the ribbon I asked you 1, 2, 3; please 4, 5, 6 it if you don't 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

7. Look at the 1, 2, 3 my 4, 5, 6; it has not looked so beautiful this 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

8. I wish you to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 the idea of having 1 2, 3, 4, 5 6, 7 your new skirt.

9. I have a perfect 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 for that 1, 2, 3; 4, 5, 6 is not becoming to me.

No. 390.—Geographical Puzzle.

To two-fifths of the city that thinned the witches' ranks
Add one-fourth of the river that yearly o'erflows its banks.
Of a European country full five-sixths there must be
And half a small body of land surrounded by the sea.
When you've added two-sevenths of an old Spanish city
You'll have the name of a place that woke the whole world's pity.

No. 391.—Word Squares.

I.

An Egyptian goddess. Edge. A thought. A mansion.

II.

The Norse god of cunning. Candid. Sharp. Taverns.

No. 392.—Blackboard Puzzles.

Maggie draws a straight line through five squares, thereby scoring thirty-four points. How many can you score with one straight mark?—Washington Star.

No. 393.—Curtailings.

1. Curtail the name applied to a tiny imaginary supernatural being and leave the condition of beautiful weather. 2. Curtail a much talked of island and leave a young bear. 3. Curtail the title of a high church dignitary and leave a bottled drink.

No. 394.—Charade.

My first is a kind of pot, broad at the brim,
My second, a circle chirographers limn.
My third records time in a curious style.
My whole is a creature that lives in the Nile.

No. 395.—Subtractions.

Example: Subtract 50 from to kill and leave to utter. Answer: S-l-ay—Say.

1. Subtract 10 from certain animals and leave enemies. 2. Subtract 50 from bartered and leave turf. 3. Subtract 100 from a small stream and leave to exhale unpleasantly. 4. Subtract 6 from a call and leave to rest. 5. Substract 50 from sport and leave to requite. 6. Subtract 5 from to push and leave a foot protection. 7. Subtract 50 from location and leave gait.

An Easy One.

I go abroad by day.
I go abroad by night.
I'm busy when it's dark,
And
I'm busy when it's light.
All people know and love me,
Yet none hath seen my face,
Though I go beside them daily
And
Nightly every place.

Answer.—The air.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 382.—Diamond:

F
L O W
L O U I S
F O U N D E D
W I D O W
S E W
D

No. 383.—Rebus Puzzle: An old man went for a walk and lost the key to his house, but a boy climbed in through a window and opened the door for him.

No. 384.—Word Chains: 1. Cowper, permit, mitten, tenant, antics. 2. Common, Monday, Dayton, tongue, guests. 3. Gloves, vestal, talent, entire.

No. 385.—Charades: 1. Sand, paper sandpaper. 2. In, gray, she, ate—ingratiate.

No. 386.—Vegetable Extracts: 1. Mustard, star, mud. 2. Turnip, urn, tip. 3. Mallow, all, mow. 4. Tomato, mat, too. 5. Mayapple, yap, maple. 6. Plantain, ant, plain. 7. Lupine, up, line. 8. Currant, ran, curt. 9. Primrose, rim, prose. 10. Daisy, is, day.

No. 387.—Hidden Proverb Puzzle: It is better to give than to receive.

No. 388.—Additions: 1. Cora-l. 2. Babe-l. 3. Pear-l. 4. Pau-l. 5. Haze-l. 6. Cur-l. 7. Ear-l.

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.

Missionary—Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones who labored among your people three years ago?

Cannibal—Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption.

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.

She—Why do they refer to locomotives as "she"?

He—I suppose it's on account of the trains they drag.

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.

"Darling, I mean to prove my love for you not by words, but by deeds."

"Oh, George, did you bring the deeds with you?"

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.

Helpful Ideas.

RATS, MICE, AND WATERBUGS.

I lived in a large, though old, house, and at the end of a long garden stood a barn. Alter I had been in the place several weeks I began to be pestered by rats, mice, and water-bugs. I tried everything I read about or friends recommended as being "sure cures." None of these things were of any avail, so I got a good cat, only to learn, to my chagrin, that the cat had become a companion of the pests, the rats and mice, rather than the enemy I had hoped it to be. I was very nearly discouraged, and had half determined to move, when I thought out the following, which I trust may prove as effectual to others as it did to me.

I took three-quarters of an ounce of melted butter and mixed with one pound of flour moistened with a little water, and into this I stirred a pound of sulphur. When thoroughly mixed, I spread on small squares of bread and put around barn and house. In less than a week I had no rats, mice or water bugs, neither could I find any trace of them. The best part of this is that the pests are thoroughly eaten up if water is placed where they can get it after eating the poison. The mixture is perfectly harmless to other than the above mentioned pests.

CONCERNING SCHOOL LUNCHES.

Last year, when teaching in a school of over three hundred pupils, I made note of the fact that about one-third of the pupils did not bring lunch from home, but instead came with money which they expended for lunch at a corner store near by.

In itself that was a fact to be deplored. But what did they buy? Why, first choice, candy; then cheap bananas, or stale cakes in little boxes. Some sensible (?) hungry little chaps took a ham sandwich, the ham often not of the freshest and all half cooked. A box of deviled ham, a little candy, and crackers also made up many lunches.

Considering the fact that these children spent ten, fifteen, or twenty cents for lunch—some spent more,—cannot the mothers do better than that, and provide good, nourishing, attractive lunches for much less?

These children, I noticed, were from the working class; their fathers made money enough, but their mothers hated to put up lunch, so shirked their duty.

Next term I shall form a club of mothers and we will discuss the "lunch problem" to a finish. I shall make out menus for lunches for their children and their husbands, and encourage them to make provision for them in the proper way. There would be less trouble for the teacher at the afternoon session of school if the pupils were fed properly; at least, I think so.

A HOME-MADE COOLER WITHOUT ICE.

In a cellar or in the yard in the cool shade of some bushes place a frame—a box with the bottom boards knocked off does nicely. Over this place several thicknesses of gunnysack—other heavy cloth or old carpet may do, but must be clean, and must more than touch the ground or floor.

Wet the cloth, and upon the top set an old pan, around the bottom of which, with a tack, you have made a row of holes about as large as the head of a pin. With an extra board or stick the top should be made to slant a little, so the water will follow the cloth and not drip through.

Fill the pan with cold fresh water, and as it leaks and keeps the cloths wet the air inside will be cooled to a surprising degree, and you will find butter, etc., keep nearly as cool as in a refrigerator.

Two sets of cloths should be had in order to wash and dry them often enough to prevent mildew and mustiness.

If the yard is used, stakes may be driven into the ground.

A PLEA FOR SPANKING.

We have read of the "letting alone" of small children, of "bribing" them to acquire habits of cleanliness and neatness and obedience, and it would seem that right here is the place to say a word *for*, not *against*, spanking, the good old-fashioned kind that was administered, not gently hinted at.

By this I mean that a slap often does more harm than good, but that a spanking with due regard for the time, place, and age of the child, is a moral stimulant worthy of the most serious consideration of the American parent.

Reason where you can; object lessons are effective, too, sometimes with some children; but "spare the rod" usually calls up such visions of possible cruelty that "spoil the child" is quite overlooked.

HULLING WALNUTS.

Remembering the stained hands and ruined frocks of my childhood, my husband's mode of hulling our winter supply of walnuts was indeed a surprise to me.

In a board he bored a hole just large enough for the hulled walnut to slip through. Then, placing the nut over the hole, he struck one blow with his hatchet and the hull was off. The basket placed just under the board was filled very speedily with the hulled nuts. He then washed them through two tubs of water and spread them out to dry.

Removing his pair of strong gloves, he declared the job finished, and I must say they were the neatest, cleanest walnuts I ever ate.

FOR THE BIRTHDAY CAKE.

In making a birthday cake I did not know how to put the candles on so as not to spoil the cake by the drippings of wax. I finally discovered the following satisfactory way:

Take a large sheet of stiff pasteboard, draw a circle as large as the cake, then, with same point as centre, cut one with diameter an inch or two longer. Cut out larger circle, then cut out inner circle, and slip over cake. Cover pasteboard with dainty tissue paper, or tint with water colors, or, better still, cover it with smilax so that the board does not show at all. At regular intervals make holes in the pasteboard, and slip candles into them.

The circle of lighted candles above the green wreath is far prettier than the candles burning on the cake, and can burn on undisturbed till the cake is cut; one must be extinguished as each slice of the cake is served.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.

In these days of many ribbons, and especially for us who have small daughters wearing light hair ribbons, it is very helpful to know the easiest and best ways of cleaning ribbon. The most satisfactory way I have found is this: Lay the ribbon on a marble lavatory or a table covered with white oil cloth, or some such smooth surface. Scrub it thoroughly with a brush (an old toothbrush will do) and a good white soap and tepid water. When it is clean, hold it under the faucet and run cold water over it, and after pressing out the water by running the ribbon between thumb and finger hang it on a rack smoothly to drip and dry. It will need no pressing. Any but the most hopeless ribbon will be clean and fresh, with its original crispness.—Harper's Bazar.

A Hot Supper Dish.

For the simple little supper that every one wants on Sunday nights when the maid is out and no one wants to work, the following dish is most acceptable: Good sized tomatoes are skinned, chopped into tiny pieces and put on the ice. Half a dozen eggs are beaten up, seasoned with salt and paprika and a small quantity of thick cream is slowly poured in and beaten up. This mixture is poured into the hot chafing dish and flaked with a fork until it is nearly cooked, then the tomatoes are poured in, and if one likes the taste of green peppers a few shreds are added. These are flaked in with the egg mixture and almost instantly served on hot plates.

Benzine, naphtha or alcohol cleans the glass of pictures splendidly, and does not require the care that water does. It dries at once and gives the glass a brilliant polish with less rubbing.

A glorified hash can be made from cold roast beef, to which is added boiled chestnuts, chopped mushrooms, and a little currant jelly. Heat through and serve on rounds of toast.

How the "Republic's" Passengers Behaved.

Anglo-Saxons staggered in excitedly calling out for whiskey, the Italians, on being asked whether they required anything to eat or drink, humbly replied: "*Non mi bisogna niente. Grazie, signore*"; and it took some persuasion to make them accept even a cup of soup or some tea or coffee. Maternal and marital affection came out strong among these poor women, and some seemed hysterical, almost bordering on insanity, when they became temporarily separated from their husbands or children. One woman was in despair all night, fearing something had happened to her better half, who was only able to join her on the Baltic early in the morning. The scene was most touching when he did arrive.

Here was another great national contrast. One heard a good deal about the probable total loss of passengers' baggage. Americans seemed to grudge mostly the loss of jewelry, of money, valuables, or of lately purchased articles of attire, whereas Italians—no matter how poor—mourned chiefly, and in a sentimental way, over some family souvenir which "babbo" or "mamma" had given, the association for them being more important than the monetary value of anything they possessed. One young Italian told me he had lost everything except one hundred dollars which he had in his pocket, and which he would gladly give if he could only recover from the wreck an old photograph of his dead father. "*Quella era l'unica,*" he moaned pathetically, "*non si puo piu rimpiazzare*" ("That was the only one I possessed and cannot be replaced").

The least concerned in what took place were the children. Even boys and girls of eight or ten years of age, if anything, seemed to have enjoyed the experience of rowing in open boats and climbing the wet, slippery gangway. On reaching the Baltic, they immediately made themselves comfortable, and devoured with avidity whatever food was placed before them. But though everything went well, the scene was a sad one—one which one is not likely to forget in a lifetime.—Harper's Weekly.

An Ambiguity.

The English Winston Churchill's reputation for wit is well known, and on one occasion he made a neat little joke at the expense of a self-opinionated army officer. The incident occurred during a dinner in South Africa, and Mr. Churchill and the officer were seated side by side. Throughout the meal the latter was airing his views, until at last Mr. Churchill could stand it no longer. "Do you know," he said quietly, "I met a man to-day who would gladly forfeit fifty pounds for the pleasure of being able to kick you!"

"To kick me, sir!" exclaimed the astonished soldier. "I must ask you to tell me his name at once!"

"Oh," replied Winston, "I'm not quite sure that I ought to do that."

"But I insist on knowing," demanded the other, angrily.

"Well, then, I suppose I must tell. It was a poor young fellow in the hospital, who has lost both legs by the bursting of a shell."

Sweet Revenge.

Mrs. Shopper, (after inspecting everything in the store)—I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacy's and see what they have. They usually have a good assortment.

Salesman—Here's a card of one of their salesmen. Won't you kindly ask for him?

Mrs. Shopper—Ah! A friend of yours, I presume.

Salesman—No, madam. He has owed me $10 for the past three years.

Ely's Cream Balm has been tried and not found wanting in thousands of homes all over the country. It has won a place in the family medicine closet among the reliable household remedies, where it is kept at hand for use in treating cold in the head just as soon as some member of the household begins the preliminary sneezing or snuffing. It gives immediate relief and a day or two's treatment will put a stop to a cold which might, if not checked, become chronic and run into a bad case of catarrh.

"He caught me in the dark hall last night and kissed me."

"I guess that will teach him to keep out of dark halls."

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.

Miss Yern—Of course you've read that new love story of his.

Crabbs (book reviewer)—Yes, I had to. Very realistic, wasn't it?

Miss Yern—Nonsense! The dialogue between the lovers was positively silly.

Crabbe—Well?

Tess—You'll be all right if you can only cook.* You know they say the best way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach.

Jess—Yes, it will just be my luck to reach it with heartburn or some other phase of dyspepsia.

"But why did you propose to the girl if you didn't care for her?"

"Well, the poor little thing seemed so down at the loss of her pet puppy that I felt I must do something to cheer her up a bit."

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.

Husband—Did you hear the storm when it broke this morning?

Wife—That wasn't the storm. It was the new girl washing the breakfast dishes.

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.

"Do you believe in the higher pantheism?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Well, no," replied her hostess as she toyed with her diamond-studded fan, "I can't say as I do, although I can't see why some men wear them so low they get all frazzled around the bottom."

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.

Miss Dubley—She was braggin' about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclaw." "What's "eclaw" anyway?"

Miss Mugley—Why, I guess that was the dessert. Didn't you ever eat a chocolate eclaw?

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

The Sergeant (in the discharge of his duty)—What's yer name?

The prisoner—Alexandrovitchowskiez

The Sergeant—I axed yer name—I don't give a domb what yer cable address is!

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.

"OH SAY."

Englishman—I wouldn't want to hear more than the first line of "The Star Spangled Banner" to know that it was written by an American.

American—Why so?

Englishman—The first two words tell me that.

SUGGESTED BY CHILDREN.

Origin of the Argand Lamp and the Telescope.

Some of our most useful mechanical appliances owe their existence to the ingenuity of children in fashioning their playthings. Argand, who invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, was one day busy in his workroom. Sitting before the burning lamp, his little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. Argand did not allow such a suggestive occurrence to escape him. The idea of the lamp chimney almost immediately came into his head, and in a short time his invention was perfected.

The telescope owes its origin to a similar occurrence. The children of a Dutch spectacle maker happened to be playing one day with some of their father's glasses in front of the shop door. Placing two of the glasses together, they peeped through them and were exceedingly astonished to see the weathercock of the neighboring steeple brought within a short distance of their eyes. They were naturally puzzled and called their father to see the strange sight. When the spectacle maker looked through the glasses he was no less surprised than the children had been. He went indoors and thought the matter over, and then the idea occurred to him that he might construct a curious new toy which would give people a good deal of amusement. Not long after the telescope was an accomplished fact.

Disease Scents.

"Every disease almost has its peculiar odor," said a doctor. "This odor helps us greatly in diagnosis.

"Gout imparts to the skin a smell precisely like whey. Diabetes causes a sweet, honey-like smell. Jaundice occasions a smell of musk. Smallpox has a very strong and hideous smell. It is like burning bones. Measles has a smell as of fresh plucked feathers.

"The fevers have the most distinctive odors. The odor of typhus is ammoniacal; that of intermittent is like fresh brown bread hot from the oven; that of typhus is musty, recalling to the mind old, damp cellars; that of yellow fever is like the washings of a dirty gun barrel.

"So, you see, to speak of a doctor scenting our disease is not to use a mere figure of speech."

Reason For Worry.

"Men worry more than women."

"Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that the women have, but they also have the women to worry about too."—Smart Set.

There are few persons who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer.—Rochefoucauld.

Catarrh Must Go.

And Hawking, Spitting, Snuffles, Must Go Too.

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) will give the sufferer from catarrh joyful relief in five minutes.

It is such a remarkable cure, and so positive in its action, that F. A. Shurtleff & Co. go so far as to guarantee it to cure catarrh or money back.

A complete outfit, which consists of a hard rubber pocket inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei, and a unique dropper for filling the inhaler, only costs one dollar, and if an extra bottle is afterwards needed the price is only 50 cents.

Hyomei is a healing, antiseptic balsam, taken from the mighty eucalyptus trees in the health-giving forests of Australia, where diseases of the respiratory tract are unknown.

All the sufferer has to do is to inhale the antiseptic air of Hyomei over the inflamed parts where the germs are entrenched, three or four times a day.

It cures coughs, colds, asthma, hay fever and croup without stomach dosing.

MI-O-NA Cures Dyspepsia.

Your money back if it don't. Gives immediate relief from heartburn, sour stomach, stomach distress and sick headache. 50 cents a large box at

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.'S.

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.

The greatest system tonic in the world.

Sick Kidneys are positively cured by Bloodine.

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

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TRUE'S ELIXIR

for nearly 60 years has been the old stand-by in thousands of homes. It cures Costiveness, Feverishness, Indigestion and Headaches. Pleasant to take. As a Worm Expeller there is none better. Used and endorsed by physicians. Sold everywhere.

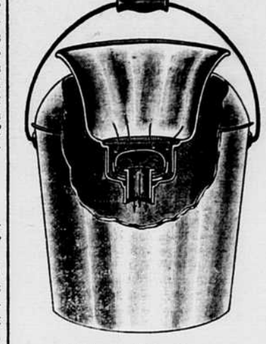
35c., 50c., and $1.00.

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO. Auburn, Me.

NOTICE.

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

SELECTMEN OF PARIS.
January, 1909.



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A. W. WALKER & SON

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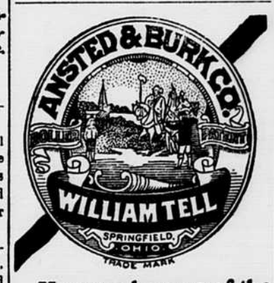

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Here is a perfect flour made from rich Ohio wheat which has no superior for nutrition.

The wheat is stored in tanks hermetically sealed, and it is cleaned six times before grinding. Tested every half hour to insure uniform quality, this flour is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction.

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ANSTED & BURK COMPANY, Millers, Springfield, Ohio

For Sale at Your Grocer's

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Jeweler and Graduate Optician.

Lowest Prices in Oxford County.

NORWAY, MAINE.

A Shingle Machine for Sale.

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

STATE OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF OXFORD.

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE,
South Paris, Maine, Jan. 28, 1909.

The following list containing the aggregate amounts of costs allowed in each criminal case as audited and allowed by the Supreme Judicial Court and specifying the court or magistrate that allowed the same and before whom the case originated is published in compliance with the provisions of Section 13 of Chapter 137 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Maine.

BEFORE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, MARCH TERM, 1908.

State vs.	Wallace G. Everett,	$1,547 99
	James McGee,	5 10
	Gallagher and Dearborn,	22 82
	Joseph Watson,	14 08
	Daniel Sargent,	12 62
	Ben Marquis,	5 10
	Dube and Laroche,	3 00
	Isaac Bernstein,	15 06
	Martin M. Moy,	7 10
	Warren Cook,	54 62
	Chas. Kennedy,	8 60
	Ostino Paparalo,	22 02
	John Antonio,	31 10
	James Thatcher,	18 20
	Gilbert and Yelbmert,	6 60
	Gentile and Lavorgna,	13 56
	Josephine and Hattie Wilson,	8 76
	E. H. Peters,	2 50
	Joseph Paradis,	30 74
	Reuben Dailey,	5 00
	Andrews and Pike,	39 24
	Clarence A. Rand,	6 30
	Severy,	13 85
	Edmund Tardiff,	5 96
	Harry Delong,	5 00
	Howard McPhee,	5 00
	John Antonio,	30 60
	James McGee,	10 20
	Mitchell and McPhee,	17 39
	J. L. LeClair,	3 34
	Warren Cook,	1 86
	Gentile and Lavorgna,	62
	John Thatcher,	1 24
	Josephine and Hattie Wilson,	30 15
	Edmund Tardiff,	19 08
	Gallagher and Dearborn,	20 32
	Dube and Laroche,	15 98
	Andrews and Pike,	4 30
	Peter Perry,	7 60
	Ben Marquis,	2 00
	Chas. Kennedy,	1 00
	E. H. Peters,	1 00
	Harry Delong,	17 75

BEFORE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, OCTOBER TERM, 1908.

State vs.	Joseph C. Meserve,	$ 7 20
	Fred True,	5 00
	Fred W. White,	6 00
	E. H. Peters,	17 60
	Hodgkins and Slater,	7 60
	Harry Marx,	12 00
	Cornelius Sullivan,	13 84
	Edward A. Finnen,	4 83
	Cohen and Klain,	17 04
	E. E. Fuller,	2 85
	Asa M. Smith,	14 68
	Frank Duffney et als,	8 98
	Fred A. Russell,	14 50
	Albert A. Crosier,	9 12
	Joseph Dougay,	1 00
	Nason, Hobson and Black,	24 32
	Isadore Dragoon,	6 40
	Loren M. Gordon,	10 10
	W. W. Gartner,	8 00
	Ebenezer Bragdon,	5 95
	Elmore Blaisdell,	57 34
	Thos. Tairone,	6 24
	George M. Pike,	7 56
	Frank K. Davis,	6 64
	D. W. Irish,	30 72
	Chas. Gowell,	19 80
	George Severy,	25 34
	Mike Gustitis,	11 68
	Georgiana Potvin,	8 90
	Fred C. Lovering,	4 96
	Chas. Bartlett,	1 62
	Chas. Lovejoy,	21 28
	Thos. Williams,	7 44
	Albert Paradis,	8 05
	Dan McCafferty,	3 05
	Hugh McKinnon,	9 05
	James Gallag