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The Maine Sanatorium Farm.

(Turf, Farm and Home.)

For more than two years, or in fact ever since Mr. H. C. Black assumed the duties as farm superintendent at the Maine Sanatorium, we have been promising him to make a trip to that charming spot and inspect the operations that come especially under his care. It is not the purpose of this article to pay especial attention to the Maine Sanatorium, which is an institution worthy of the attention of the best people in our state, and we are more than pleased to know that it is receiving the thought, aid and sympathy of the grandest people within our borders. As is well known it is situated on Greenwood Mountain, in the town of Hebron, in the foothills of the White Mountains. Its location is ideal, for the purpose for which it has been selected, as the storms which come down from the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence basin pass to the north of the mountain and the storms coming up the Atlantic coast pass to the south, thus sparing this institution from the effects of both.

At the head of this institution, and its principal promoter is Dr. Estes Nichols, a thoroughly trained physician and a specialist in tuberculosis. He has had a wonderful experience, having cured himself of this dread plague. But the purpose of this story is to tell something about the farming operations that Dr. Nichols early realized would play an important part in the work to be prosecuted. In his judgment fresh vegetables and dairy products are invaluable in the successful treatment of tuberculosis, so when he planned for the location he had in mind a good farm, and he found this in the old Rudolphus Greenwood place, which was one of the first to be settled in Hebron. Other farms have been added until now the Sanatorium comprises nearly if not quite 500 acres. With a good farm secured, the next thing was a capable superintendent, and this was found in the person of Mr. H. C. Black, who is now serving his third year. He has simply wrought marvels with the abandoned fields, and turned them into fertile acres. He has taken pasture land that was literally paved with rocks, and left it a smooth grass field without a stone in sight. He has taken an indifferent herd of cows and turned them into a rich productive herd, each one a good business proposition. After graduating at the University of Maine where he served for some time in the dairy department, he took charge of Prof. Munson's orchard farm in Minot until coming to the Sanatorium. Mr. Black is a very successful grower of potatoes, and has already harvested three acres of Early Harvests, getting about 250 bushels to the acre, which found a ready market at a good price. He has five acres in Green Mountains that were planted the last of May, just 90 days ago, and they are all ready for digging. He uses a ton of phosphate to the acre, and no barn dressing, and gets a good crop of good sized potatoes, practically no small ones. He is looking for 2,000 bushels from his five acres yet to dig. Although the farm is so high up it is wonderfully free from the effects of early drought or early frost. September 20 everything was as green as in July and there was no indication that the frost had retarded his crops to any perceptible extent. In his desire to promote the dairy he has planted eleven acres of corn, and it is all looking fine. His eight acres of sweet corn is one of the most perfect pieces that we have seen this year anywhere, and the silage corn while later is coming fast these days, and will soon be ready to cut. Mr. Black plans to break up a field and plant it to potatoes, after first having picked the rocks as closely as though he was going to plant it to a garden crop. The potato cultivation gets the land in splendid condition for corn, and he plants the old fashioned horse tooth variety for the silo. He uses an Iron Age Sprayer on his crops, and Bordeaux and arsenate of lead is the material he uses for his potatoes.

Mr. Black is a great believer in the value of a garden for a house and much more for a big institution such as he is catering to, and in order to handle it the easiest he has very long rows, and plants everything, even to his best seed, with a horse planter. The rows are 40 rods long, and he has three acres in a garden. Then up near the house he has a very early piece of ground that he calls the kitchen garden, where the rows are 27 rods long. Then below the administration building is a two acre piece devoted to small fruits. We haven't space to begin to tell what they raise in these gardens, but one item is 4500 heads of cabbage. Boiled dinner is served once a day at the institution and cabbage becomes a very important factor. The first of the season he had early cabbage in such quantities that several tons were sent to Portland market. Then they raise tons and tons of table beets, lots of mangel wurtzels for the poultry, tons of pumpkins and squash, melons, and beans and peas galore. They had two and a half acres devoted to improved yellow eyed beans. He probably raised the best piece of wheat in Maine. It is all full of clover and is to be fed unthreshed to the hens.

But the crop that Mr. Black was the most proud of was a field of 14 acres devoted to peas and oats. He took 39 tons off from this piece. This will be fed unthreshed to the dairy cows. Mr. Black says that this combination makes a splendid feed for cattle. The peas contain almost as much protein as alfalfa, while the oats furnish the carbohydrates so essential to rich milk. Tomatoes and celery are large crops, and grow in great abundance. An eighth of an acre is devoted to parsnips alone. They breed the large English Yorkshire hogs, having obtained the first stock from the late Robert W. Lord, and are able to produce yearlings that weigh between 500 and 600 pounds. They are not at all coarse meated but develop fast and mature early. Fifteen of the present herd are direct from the Lord stock. They let the hogs run in their orchard and find that it is very helpful, as the hogs not only fertilize the trees, but stir the soil just enough to make the trees vigorous and give their leaves the very best coloring. There are in all some thousand trees on the farm and Mr. Black has had them sprayed regularly with most beneficial results. One of the roads leading to the farm from the main road runs through a line with large branching trees heavily laden with fruit on either side. This road has been built up in the most approved style, and is going to be a permanent highway on the place.

As we have already indicated the dairy is of necessity a very essential part of the agricultural operations, and after trying all breeds Mr. Black has settled upon the Holstein as the best breed, everything taken into consideration, and he is fast working for a complete herd of full bloods. Already he has 46 head of cattle, 17 of them full blood animals, and is milking 17 cows. His herd is headed by a young bull that is producing some of the best young stuff we have seen this season. Mr. Black keeps him in a large pen but would much like to arrange matters so he could work him every day on the farm, believing that it would be for his best good.

Mr. Black keeps very accurate accounts of farm transactions. In fact every pound of milk and every bushel of potatoes that goes into the steward's hand is accounted for and credited back to the farm. He can tell what every cow in the herd has done ever since he came to the farm, and the figures that he has kept make pretty interesting reading. For instance. Last February with 18 cows in milk he got 13,299 pounds of milk, with an average of 4.56 for butter fat. In March with the same number of cows he got 13,782.2 pounds of milk, with an average of 4.58 butter fat. Among his cows he has a Holstein that dropped a pair of twin heifer calves and the first ten months after weaning the calves she gave 11,679 pounds of milk, nearly 500 pounds of butter, and some idea of the quality of the milk will be gained when we know that the milk tested 4.055 butter fat. She is only eight years old and is due to freshen soon, and Mr. Black is confidently hoping that it is another pair of twin calves. Still another cow standing next to her has presented the farm with twins on two occasions, from different bulls, and she is due to freshen again in a few weeks, and again Brother Black's prayer goes up for more twin heifers. She dropped her last pair of twins and prepared them for the butcher and then gave 7,106 pounds of milk, after suckling her twins seven weeks. In addition to these very remarkable milkers they have several 400 pound cows in the herd. Mr. Black has put the entire herd into the newly formed cow testing association, and by the way they have 700 cows already subscribed, and it will be necessary to run what is known as a double barreled association, which means two testers employed all the time. The work will be commenced just as soon as the man to do the testing can be found. This testing of the cows and their product will mean nothing new in Mr. Black's herd for he has been doing precisely this work for more than two years.

As is well known, Mr. Black has established quite a reputation as a successful breeder of the White Wyandotte fowls of the Duston strain. He now has some 850 of this breed, having hatched 800 chickens last season. But to show that he is not entirely partisan he has put in some of his old time favorites, the Plymouth Rocks, also from Mr. Lord's farm at Wells. Recently he has added a few single comb white Leghorns, of the Wyckoff strain. In addition to the crops that he has raised Mr. Black has laid down to grass some 20 acres.

The barn at the Sanatorium is a fine, modern, up-to-date structure. The main part is 90 x 50 feet, with an annex 65 x 40 feet. An automatic water system has been installed which supplies every animal from an individual bucket. No cattle are permitted in the main barn, stall for the cows are all in the annex, while the main barn is reserved for crops alone. Under the barn is a basement running its entire length, one portion of it being reserved for a root cellar.

Close by the big barn is an up-to-date creamery, operated by electric power and equipped with modern machinery throughout. Next to the creamery Mr. Black hopes to have another year a large hot house where he can get his vegetables started much earlier than he is able to do where he is dependent on out door planting or even with cold frames.

Thus we have told in a rambling way something of the work that Mr. Black has been able to accomplish. It will take two if not three years longer to complete the routine of crops that he has undertaken. Mr. Black is an ideal farm superintendent. If he errs in any direction it is that in his zeal to have things go and go rightly he does too many things himself. He is a tireless worker and never asks any one to do anything that he can do himself. He lives in a neat cottage near the farm buildings, and his wife is a daughter of Mr. Chas. E. Wheeler, the well known orchardist of Chesterville. The home life of the Blacks is ideal. It is a Grange home in the very best sense of the term, and we risk nothing in predicting for Mr. Black and his good wife a most successful future wherever they may dwell, but we sincerely hope that his services will be retained on the Sanatorium farm for many years to come, for what he has done is simply an earnest of what he is capable of performing if he is given an opportunity, which means that the Sanatorium farm will in a very few years be a model for the farmers of Maine to go to for instruction and guidance.

At another time we shall be pleased to visit the hospital end of this great institution and tell our readers something of what the gifted Dr. Nichols and his able assistant Dr. Jas. McFadyen are accomplishing in stopping the terrible ravages of consumption. Our people are just beginning to realize the truth of what the doctor said when he told us that we must kill tuberculosis or tuberculosis would kill us.

Guessing About Alfalfa.

One by one the oracular statements of so-called alfalfa experts have been shown at fault. One said, "It will grow wherever corn will grow," and as promptly men from New York and Louisiana rise and say that they are growing it where corn will not grow. Another declares, "It will not grow over a hardpan or gumbo subsoil." At once a New York man reports a good field of alfalfa, with roots fifteen feet long, that pass through six inches of hardpan so hard that it had to be broken with a pickaxe in following the root. A Kansas man writes that he has eighty acres that has stood five years and promises to continue indefinitely, yielding four and a half tons from three cuttings a year, and the whole of it on gumbo soil, where corn raising was a failure. Another declares, "It must have a rich, sandy loam," and forthwith from the deserts of Nevada, the sandhills of Nebraska and the thin, worn, clay soils of the South come reports of satisfactory yields. Such results are significant, indicating better returns than any other crop brings from these varied soils, and that few farmers are justified in postponing the addition of alfalfa to their agriculture because of supposed hindrance of soil and climate.—Coburn's "The Book of Alfalfa."

Can't Make All Good Ones.

In replying to a request for methods of producing low cost milk, Frank Sheldon, in one of our exchanges, after stating that he bought and used a pure-bred Holstein bull, rounds off his experience with the confession, "but do the best I could at culling out the poor ones, it was impossible to make all good cows."

Thus, in the face of so much that gets into print, coming from young students of the breeding problems, that pure-bred bulls make the way easy for the results desired, here is the testimony of an experienced breeder that it is "impossible" to at all times bring out the superior animal desired. That is the experience of all breeders in every line of stock breeding. It takes a breeder of critical judgment to breed up instead of down, as our correspondent Smart, tersely put the case in one of his communications. But so long as the improvement can only come through the use of the pure-bred sire and the critical judgment this seems the way to continue efforts for improved animals. Select the best animals for breeders, and then cull out the inferior from the offspring, is the only way to build up better herds and flocks, and the fact that the best cannot be secured every time should not detract from continued effort.—Maine Farmer.

Keeping cabbages: Select a dry place in the patch, pull up the cabbages and stand closely together, heads down. Cover with soil from five to ten inches, thinly at first so they will not heat, covering only enough to prevent freezing as the season advances. The burying beds may be made from four to six feet wide. —Farm Journal.

If rye is sowed this fall as a green manure for potatoes next season, I believe it would be better to plow it under next spring after it gets a good start and not wait till it gets tall. Then the rye will rot better before planting time and you will get more good from it.—Farm Journal.

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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My Lady Romance has many attendants. Mainly they are clad in hauberk and helm, or they carry rapiers at their sides and swear strange oaths. But sometimes we encounter in the pages of a novel a genuine knight in modern broadcloth or in tweed, who speaks the language of our own day and may be met on Broadway or State street. Such is Philip Kirkwood, artist painter, whose adventures in pursuit of the mysterious black bag and whose heroic deeds in the service of his beautiful lady-love are worth the staying up late o' nights to read. To descend to the idiom of the day, "The Black Bag" is "the real thing" in the story line, thrilling, mysterious—but not too mysterious—and most interesting.

CHAPTER I.

UPON a certain dreary April afternoon in the year of grace 1906 the apprehensions of Philip Kirkwood, Esq., painter, were enlivened by the discovery that he was occupying that singularly distressing social position which may be summed up succinctly in a phrase through long usage grown proverbial, "alone in London." Inevitably an extremist because of his youth (he had just turned twenty-five), he took no count of mitigating matters and would hotly have resented the suggestion that his case was anything but altogether deplorable and forlorn.

That he was not actually at the end of his resources went for nothing. He held the distinction a quibble, mockingly immaterial, like the store of guineas in his pocket, too insignificant for mention when contrasted with his needs. And his base of supplies, the American city of his nativity, whence, and not without a glow of pride in his secret heart, he was wont to register at foreign hostelries, had been arbitrarily cut off from him by one of those accidents sardonically classified by insurance and express corporations as acts of God.

Now, to one who has lived all his days serenely in accord with the dictates of his own sweet will, taking no thought for the morrow, such a situation naturally seems both appalling and intolerable, at the first blush. It must be confessed that, to begin with, Kirkwood drew a long and disconsolate face over his fix.

Then he resolutely shrugged it off and went in search of man's most faithful dumb friend—to wit, his pipe, the which, when found and filled, he lighted with a spill twisted from the envelope of a cable message.

"It's about time," he announced, watching the paper blacken and burn in the grate fire, "that I was doing something to prove my title to a living." And this was all his valedictory to a vanished competence. "Anyway, I'm a sight better off than those poor devils over there. I really have a great deal to be thankful for now that my attention's drawn to it."

For the ensuing few minutes he thought it all over, soberly, but with a stout heart, standing at a window of his bedroom in the Hotel Pless, hands deep in trousers pockets, pipe fuming voluminously, his gaze wandering out over a blurred infinitude of wet, shining roofs and sooty chimney pots.

There came a rapping at the door.

Kirkwood removed the pipe from between his teeth long enough to say "Come in!" pleasantly.

The knob was turned, and the door opened. Kirkwood, swinging on one heel, beheld, hesitant upon the threshold, a diminutive figure in the livery of the Pless pages.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded.

"Gentleman to see you, sir."

Kirkwood nodded again, smiling

"Show him up, please," he said, but before the words were fairly out of his mouth a man stepped into the room.

"Mr. Brentwick!" Kirkwood almost shouted, jumping forward to seize his visitor's hand.

"My dear boy!" replied the latter, "I'm delighted to see you. Got your note not an hour ago and came at once—you see."

"It was mighty good of you. Sit down, please. Here are cigars. Why, a moment ago I was the most miserable and lonely mortal on the footstool."

"I can fancy." The elder man looked up, smiling, at Kirkwood. "The management knows me," he offered explanation of his unceremonious appearance, "so I took the liberty of following on the heels of the bell hop, dear boy. And how are you? Why the anxious undertone I detected in your note?"

He continued to stare curiously into Kirkwood's face. At a glance this Mr. Brentwick was a man of tallish figure and rather slender, with a countenance thin and flushed a sensitive pink, out of which his eyes shone, keen, alert, humorous and a trace wistful behind his glasses. His years were indeterminate, with the aspect of fifty, the spirit and the verve of thirty assorted oddly. But his hands were old, delicate, fine and fragile, and the lips beneath the drooping white mustache at times trembled, almost imperceptibly, with the generous sentiments that come with mellow age. He held his back straight and his head with an air—an air that was not a swagger, but the sign token of seasoned experience in the world. The most carping could have found no flaw in the quiet taste of his attire. To sum up, Kirkwood's very good friend, and his only one then in London, Mr. Brentwick, looked and was an English gentleman.

"Why?" he persisted as the younger man hesitated. "I am here to find out. Tonight I leave for the continent. In the meantime"—

"And at midnight I sail for the States," added Kirkwood. "That is mainly why I wished to see you—to say goodby for the time."

"You're going home"— A shadow clouded Brentwick's clear eyes.

"To fight it out, shoulder to shoulder, with my brethren in adversity."

The cloud lifted. "That is the spirit!" declared the elder man. "For the moment I did you the injustice to believe that you were running away. But now I understand. Forgive me. Pardon, too, the stupidity which I must lay at the door of my advancing years. To me the thought of you as a Parisian fixture has become such a commonplace, Philip, that the news of the disaster hardly stirred me. Now I remember that you are a Californian."

"I was born in San Francisco," affirmed Kirkwood, a bit sadly. "My father and mother were buried there."

"And your fortune?"

"I inherited my father's interest in the firm of Kirkwood & Vanderlip. When I came over to study painting I left everything in Vanderlip's hands. The business afforded me a handsome living."

"You have heard from Mr. Vanderlip?"

"Fifteen minutes ago." Kirkwood took a cablegram, still damp, from his pocket and handed it to his guest. Unfolding it the latter read:

Kirkwood, Pless, London:

Stay where you are. No good coming back. Everything gone. No insurance. Letter follows. VANDERLIP.

"When I got the news in Paris," Kirkwood volunteered, "I tried the banks. They refused to honor my drafts. I had a little money in hand, enough to see me home, so I closed the studio and came across. I'm booked on the Minneapolis, sailing from Tilbury at daybreak. The boat train leaves at 11:30. I had hoped you might be able to dine with me and see me off."

In silence Brentwick returned the cable message. Then, with a thoughtful look, "You are sure this is wise?" he queried.

"It's the only thing I can see."

"But your partner says"—

"Naturally he thinks that by this time I should have learned to paint well enough to support myself for a few months until he can get things running again. Perhaps I might." Brentwick supported the presumption with a decided gesture. "But have I

"Everything gone. No insurance."

a right to leave Vanderlip to fight it out alone? For Vanderlip has a wife and kiddies to support. I"—

"Your genius!"

"My ability, such as it is, and that only. It can wait. No; this means simply that I must come down from the clouds, plant my feet on solid earth and get to work."

"The sentiment is sound," admitted Brentwick, "the practice of it folly. Have you stopped to think what part a rising young portrait painter can contribute toward the rebuilding of a devastated city?"

"The painting can wait," reiterated Kirkwood. "I can work like other men."

"You can do yourself and your genius grave injustice, and I fear me you will, dear boy. It's in keeping with your heritage of American obstinacy. Now, if it were a question of money"—

"Mr. Brentwick," Kirkwood protested vehemently, "I've ample for my present needs," he added.

"Of course," conceded Brentwick, with a sigh. "I didn't really hope you would avail yourself of our friendship. Now, there's my home in Aspen Villas. You have seen it?"

"In your absence this afternoon your estimable butler, with commendable discretion, kept me without the doors," laughed the young man.

"It's a comfortable home. You would not consent to share it with me until"—

"You are more than good; but, honestly, I must sail tonight. I wanted only this chance to see you before I left. You'll dine with me, won't you?"

"If you would stay in London, Philip, we would dine together not once, but many times. As it is, I myself am booked for Munich, to be gone a week, on business. I have many affairs needing attention between now and the 9:10 train from Victoria. If you will be my guest at Aspen Villas"—

"Please!" begged Kirkwood, with a little laugh of pleasure because of the other's insistence. "I only wish I could. Another day"—

"Oh, you will make your million in a year and return scandalously independent. It's in your American blood." Frail white fingers tapped an arm of the chair as their owner stared gravely into the fire. "I confess I envy you," he observed.

"The opportunity to make a million in a year?" chuckled Kirkwood.

"No. I envy you your romance. You have youth, unconquerable youth, and the world before you. I must go."

He rose stiffly, as though suddenly made conscious of his age. The old eyes peered more than a trifle wistfully now into Kirkwood's. "You will not fail to call on me by cable, dear boy, if you need—anything? I ask it as a favor. I'm glad you wished to see me before going out of my life. One learns to value the friendship of youth, Philip. Goodby, and good luck attend you."

Alone once more, Kirkwood returned to his window. The disappointment he felt at being robbed of his anticipated pleasure in Brentwick's company at dinner colored his mood unpleasantly. His musings merged into vacuity, into a dull gray mist of hopelessness comparable only to the dismal skies then lowering over London town.

Brentwick was good, but Brentwick was mistaken. There was really nothing for Kirkwood to do but to go ahead. But one steamer trunk remained to be packed. The boat train would leave before midnight, the steamer with the morning tide. By the morrow's noon he would be upon the high seas, within ten days in New York and among friends, and then—

The problem of that afterward perplexed Kirkwood more than he cared to own. Brentwick had opened his eyes to the fact that he would be practically useless in San Francisco. He could not harbor the thought of going back only to become a charge upon Vanderlip. No; he was resolved that thenceforward he must rely upon himself carve out his own destiny. But—would the art that he had cultivated with such assiduity yield him a livelihood if sincerely practiced with that end in view? Would the mental and physical equipment of a painter, heretofore dilettante, enable him to become self supporting?

There came a rapping at the door.

The knob was turned by a diminutive figure in the livery of the Pless pages:

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded.

"Gentleman to see you, sir."

Kirkwood nodded again, smiling, if somewhat perplexed. Encouraged, the child advanced, proffering a silver card tray at the end of an unnaturally rigid forearm. Kirkwood took the card dubiously between thumb and forefinger and inspected it without prejudice.

"'George B. Calendar,'" he read. "'George B. Calendar!' But I know no such person. Sure there's no mistake, young man?"

The close cropped, bullet shaped British head was agitated in vigorous negation, and "Card for Mr. Kirkwood!" was mumbled in dispassionate accents appropriate to a recitation by rote.

"Very well. But before you show him up ask this Mr. Calendar if he is quite sure he wants to see Philip Kirkwood."

"Yessir."

The child marched out, punctiliously closing the door. Kirkwood tamped down the tobacco in his pipe and puffed energetically, dismissing the interruption to his reverie as a matter of no consequence—an obvious mistake to be rectified by two words with this Mr. Calendar whom he did not know. At the knock he had almost hoped it might be Brentwick, returning with a changed mind about the bid to dinner.

He regretted Brentwick sincerely. Theirs was a curious sort of friendship, extraordinarily close in view of the meagerness of either's information about the other, to say nothing of the disparity between their ages. Concerning the elder man Kirkwood knew little more than that they had met on shipboard, "coming over;" that Brentwick had spent some years in America; that he was an Englishman by birth, a cosmopolitan by habit, by profession a gentleman (employing that term in its most uncompromisingly British significance) and by inclination a collector of "articles of virtu and bigotry," in pursuit of which he made frequent excursions to the continent from his residence in a quaint, quiet street of Old Brompton. It had been during his not infrequent, but ordinarily abbreviated, sojourns in Paris that their steamer acquaintance had ripened into an affection almost filial on the one hand, almost paternal on the other.

There came a rapping at the door.

The knob was turned; the door opened. Kirkwood, swinging on one heel, beheld, hesitant upon the threshold, a rather rotund figure of medium height, clad in an expressionless gray lounge suit, with a brown "bowler" hat held tentatively in one hand, an umbrella weeping in the other. A voice, which was unctuous and insinuative, emanated from the figure.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded, with some effort recalling the name, so detached had been his thoughts since the disappearance of the page.

"Yes, Mr. Calendar?"

"Are you—ah—busy, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Are you, Mr. Calendar?" Kirkwood's smile robbed the retort of any flavor of incivility.

Encouraged, the man entered, premising that he would detain his host but a moment and readily surrendering hat and umbrella. Kirkwood, putting the latter aside, invited his caller to the easy chair which Brentwick had occupied by the fireplace.

"It takes the edge off the dampness," Kirkwood explained in deference to the other's look of pleased surprise at the cheerful bed of coals. "I'm afraid I could never get acclimated to life in a cold, damp room—or a damp, cold room—such as you Britishers prefer."

"It is grateful," Mr. Calendar agreed, spreading plump and well cared for hands to the warmth. "But you are mistaken. I am as much an American as yourself."

"Yes?" Kirkwood looked the man over with more interest, less matter of course courtesy.

He proved not unprepossessing, this unclassifiable Mr. Calendar. He was dressed with some care, his complexion was good, and the fullness of his girth, emphasized as it was by a notable lack of inches, bespoke a nature genial, easy going and sybaritic. His dark eyes, heavy lidded, were active, curiously at times with a subdued glitter, in a face large, round, pink, of which the other most remarkable features were a mustache, close trimmed and showing streaks of gray; a chubby nose and duplicate chins. Mr. Calendar was, furthermore, possessed of a polished bald spot, girdled with a tonsure of silvered hair—circumstances which lent some factitious distinction to a personality otherwise commonplace.

His manner might be best described as uneasy, with assurance, as though he frequently found it necessary to make up for his unimpressive stature by assuming an unnatural habit of authority.

"So you knew I was an American, Mr. Calendar?" suggested Kirkwood.

"Saw your name on the register. We both hail from the same neck of the woods, you know."

"I didn't know it, and"—

"Yes; I'm from Frisco too."

"And I'm sorry."

Mr. Calendar passed five fat fingers nervously over his mustache, glanced alertly up at Kirkwood, as if momentarily inclined to question his tone, then again stared glumly into the fire, for Kirkwood had maintained an attitude purposefully colorless. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he believed that his caller was lying. The man's appearance, his mannerisms, his voice and enunciation, while they might have been American, seemed all un-Californian. To one born and bred in that state, as Kirkwood had been, her sons are unmistakably hall marked.

Now, no man lies without motive. This one chose to reaffirm, with a show of deep feeling: "Yes, I'm from Frisco too. We're companions in misfortune."

"I hope not altogether," said Kirkwood politely.

Mr. Calendar drew his own inferences from the response and mustered up a show of cheerfulness. "Then you're not completely wiped out?"

"To the contrary, I was hoping you were less unhappy."

"Oh, then you are?"

Kirkwood lifted the cable message from the mantel. "I have just heard from my partner at home," he said, with a faint smile, and quoted: "'Everything gone. No insurance.'"

Mr. Calendar pursed his plump lips, whistling inaudibly. "Too bad, too bad!" he murmured sympathetically. "We're all hard hit, more or less." He lapsed into dejected apathy, from which Kirkwood, growing at length impatient, found it necessary to rouse him.

"You wished to see me about something else, I'm sure."

Mr. Calendar started from his reverie. "Eh? I was dreaming. I beg pardon. It seems hard to realize, Mr. Kirkwood, that this awful catastrophe has overtaken our beloved metropolis."

The canting phrases wearied Kirkwood. Abruptly he cut in: "Would a sovereign help you out, Mr. Calendar? I don't mind telling you that's about the limit of my present resources."

"Pardon me," Mr. Calendar's moonlike countenance darkened. He assumed a transparent dignity. "You misconstrue my motive, sir."

"Then I'm sorry."

"I am not here to borrow. On the other hand, quite by accident I discovered your name upon the register downstairs, a good old Frisco name, if you will permit me to say so. I thought to myself that here was a chance to help a fellow countryman?" Calendar paused interrogatively. Kirkwood remained interested, but silent. "If a passage across would help you I—I think it might be arranged," stammered Calendar, ill at ease.

"It might," admitted Kirkwood speculatively.

"I could fix it so that you could go over—first class, of course—and pay your way, so to speak, by rendering us, me and my partner, a trifling service."

"Ah!"

"In fact," continued Calendar, warming up to his theme, "there might be something more in it for you than the passage if—if you're the right man, the man I'm looking for."

"That, of course, is the question."

"Eh?" Calendar pulled up suddenly in a full winged flight of enthusiasm.

Kirkwood eyed him steadily "I said that it is a question, Mr. Calendar, whether or not I am the man you're looking for. Between you and me and the firedogs, I don't believe I am. Now, if you wish to name your quid pro quo, this trifling service I'm to render in recognition of your benevolence, you may."

"Ye-es," slowly. But the speaker delayed his reply until he had surveyed his host from head to foot with a glance both critical and appreciative.

He saw a man in height rather less than the stock size six feet so much in demand by the manufacturers of modern heroes of fiction—a man a bit round shouldered, too, but otherwise sturdily built, self contained, well groomed.

Kirkwood wears a boy's honest face No one has ever called him handsome. A few prejudiced persons have decided that he has an interesting countenance. The propounders of this verdict have been, for the most part, feminine. Kirkwood himself has been heard to declare that his features do not fit. In its essence the statement is true, but there is a very real, if undefinable, engaging quality in their very irregularity. His eyes are brown, pleasant, set wide apart, straightforward of expression.

Now, it appeared that, whatever his motive, Mr. Calendar had acted upon impulse in sending his card up to Kirkwood. At all events, this Calendar proved not lacking in penetration Men of his stamp are commonly endowed with that quality to an eminent degree. Not slow to reckon the caliber of the man before him, the leaven of intuition began to work in his adipose intelligence. He owned himself baffled.

"Thanks," he concluded pensively; "I reckon you're right. You won't do, after all. I've wasted your time—mine too."

"Don't mention it."

Calendar got heavily out of his chair, reaching for his hat and umbrella. "Permit me to apologize for an unwarrantable intrusion, Mr. Kirkwood." He faltered. A worried and calculating look shadowed his small eyes. "I was looking for some one to serve me in a certain capacity"—

"Certain or questionable?" propounded Kirkwood blandly, opening the door

Pointedly Mr. Calendar ignored the imputation. "Sorry I disturbed you G'dafternoon, Mr. Kirkwood."

"Goodby, Mr. Calendar." A smile twitched the corners of Kirkwood's too wide mouth.

Calendar stepped hastily out into the hall Kirkwood closed the door and the incident simultaneously with a smart bang of finality. Laughing quietly, he went back to the window, with its dreary outlook, now the drearier for lengthening evening shadows.

"I wonder what his game is, anyway. An adventurer, of course. The woods are full of 'em. A queer fish, even of his kind. And with a trick up his sleeve as queer and fishy as himself, no doubt."

CHAPTER II.

THE assumption seems not unwarrantable that Mr. Calendar figuratively washed his hands of Mr. Kirkwood. Unquestionably Mr. Kirkwood considered himself well rid of Mr. Calendar. When the latter had gone his way, Kirkwood, mindful of the fact that his boat train would leave St. Pancras at 11:30, set about his packing and dismissed from his thoughts the incident created by the fat adventurer and at 6 o'clock or thereabouts let himself out of his room, dressed for the evening, a light raincoat over one arm, in the other hand a cane, the drizzle having ceased.

A stolid British lift carried him down to the ground floor of the establishment in something short of five minutes. Pausing in the office long enough to settle his bill and leave instructions to have his luggage conveyed to the boat train, he received with entire equanimity the affable benediction of the clerk, in whose eyes he still figured as that radiant creature, an American millionaire, and passed on to the lobby, where he surrendered hat, coat and stick to the cloakroom attendant ere entering the dining room.

The hour was a trifle early for a London dinner, the handsome room but moderately filled with patrons. Kirkwood absorbed the fact unconsciously and without displeasure. The earlier the better, he was determined to consume his last civilized meal (as he chose to consider it) at his serene leisure, to live fully his ebbing moments in the world to which he was born, to drink to its cloying dregs one ultimate draft of luxury.

With a deferential flourish the waiter brought him the menu card. He had served in his time many an American millionaire; he had also served this Mr. Kirkwood, and respected him as one exalted above the run of his kind in that he comprehended the art of dining.

Fifteen minutes later the waiter departed rejoicing, his order complete.

To distract a conscience whispering of extravagance Kirkwood lighted a cigarette.

The room was gradually filling with later arrivals. It was the most favored restaurant in London, and despite the radiant costumes of the women its atmosphere remained sedate and restful.

A cab clattered down the side street on which the window opened.

At a nearby table a woman laughed, quietly happy. Incuriously Kirkwood glanced her way. She was bending forward, smiling, flattering her escort with the adoration of her eyes. They were lovers alone in the wilderness of the crowded restaurant. They seemed very happy.

Kirkwood was conscious of a strange pang of emotion. It took him some time to comprehend that it was envy.

He was alone and lonely. For the first time he realized that no woman had ever looked upon him as the woman at the adjoining table looked upon her lover. He had found time to worship but one mistress—his art.

And he was renouncing her.

He was painfully conscious of what he had missed, had lost or had not yet found—the love of woman.

The sensation was curious, new, unique in his experience.

His cigarette burned down to his fingers as he sat pondering. Abstractedly he ground its fire out in an ash tray.

The waiter set before him a silver tureen, covered.

He sat up and began to consume his soup, scarce doing it justice. His dream troubled him—his dream of the love of woman.

From a little distance his waiter regarded him with an air of disappointment. In the course of an hour and a half he awoke to discover the attendant in the act of pouring very hot and black coffee from a bright silver pot into a demitasse of fragile porcelain. Kirkwood slipped a single lump of sugar into the cup, gave over his cigar case to be filled, then leaned back, deliberately lighting a long and slender panetela as a preliminary to a last lingering appreciation of the scene of which he was a part.

He reviewed it through narrowed eyelids lazily, yet with some slight surprise, seeming to see it with new vision, with eyes from which scales of ignorance had dropped.

This long and brilliant dining hall, with its quiet perfection of proportion and appointment, had always gratified his love of the beautiful. Tonight it pleased him to an unusual degree. Yet it was the same as ever. Its walls, tinted a deep rose, with their hangings of dull cloth of gold; its lights discriminatingly clustered and discreetly shaded, redoubled in half a hundred mirrors; its subdued shimmer of plate and glass, its soberly festive assemblage of circumspect men and women splendidly gowned, its decorously muted murmur of voices penetrated and interwoven by the strains of a hidden string orchestra, caressed his senses as always, yet with a difference. Tonight he saw it a room populous with lovers, lovers insensibly paired, man unto woman attentive, woman of man regardful.

He had never understood this before. This much he had missed in life.

It seemed hard to realize that one must forego it all forever.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 19, 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.

Nov. 2.—Oxford Pomona Grange, West Bethel.
Nov. 9, 10, 11.—Meeting of Maine State Pomological Society, Norway.
Jan. 4, 5, 6.—Exhibition of Western Maine Poultry Association, South Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Eyes Make or Mar.
Protect Your Feet.
Ladies' Suits and Coats.
The Blue Stores Sweaters.
You'll be Able to Take Your Choice.
Confectionery.
Salesmen Wanted.
Wanted.
Columbia Bicycle Free.
Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

Welles, Hamlin, and the Gunboats.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE VICE PRESIDENT CORRECTS EDITOR OF GIDEON WELLES' DIARY ON WAR HISTORY.

(Letter of Gen. Charles Hamlin to the Boston Advertiser.)

In the September Atlantic Monthly, which is publishing the Diary of Gideon Welles, the editor adds a foot-note which says that Vice-Pres. Hamlin became indignant with Sec. Welles because Welles refused to give Hamlin's friends a contract to build some gunboats.

It is but fair to presume the editor, a fair-minded and honorable man, got his information from persons who desire to conceal the real facts and thus stated only half of them. The secretary promised Mr. Hamlin and then violated his word and forfeited his honor.

This incident of the war told correctly in the "Life and Times of Hannibal Hamlin," by his grandson, Charles Eugene Hamlin, and known by the writer to be correct, is reproduced here in the interest of truth and not for the purpose of reviving old animosities.

"When the war broke out, the government among other things directed the navy department to build a number of wooden gunboats. Maine was then the great ship building state of the Union. One of her leading shipbuilders was Capt. William McGilvery, a patriotic citizen of Searsport. He was associated with Gen. Samuel F. Hersey, who was one of the half dozen leading lumbermen of the United States.

"They desired to obtain a contract for building some of these gunboats, and asked Mr. Hamlin to see Sec. Welles about it.

"He called on Mr. Welles, who said, 'Certainly, Mr. Hamlin, certainly. The gentleman is in every way responsible—that I know—and he shall have the contract.' 'Then I can be assured that there will be no mistake about the matter?' said Mr. Hamlin. 'Certainly, certainly; the contract will be awarded at once,' was the reply of the secretary; and so the matter for the moment ended.

"Later, however, the vice-president, learning that certain bureau officers had more to do with the awarding of contracts than the secretary himself, again went to Mr. Welles, informed him of this, and was again assured in the most positive manner that the contract would be awarded as arranged.

"In the meantime Mr. Hamlin wrote Capt. McGilvery and Gen. Hersey that Sec. Welles had promised them the contract, and they began to prepare to build the gunboats. But a few days afterwards, to Mr. Hamlin's astonishment, it was announced that the contracts for building the vessels had been made without including McGilvery and Hersey.

"One contract had been given to Maine, and to a man who was in active sympathy with the rebels, and who had applied for the contract to make all the money he could, whereas McGilvery and Hersey, who were union men, had made a low bid. Mr. Hamlin had a short but stormy interview with Mr. Welles. He asked for an explanation, and the secretary stammered out that his promise had escaped his mind. 'Do you then not intend to keep your word, sir?' Mr. Hamlin asked sternly.

"'No, sir, I cannot now,' was the hesitating reply.

"'Then this terminates our relations,' said Mr. Hamlin; 'I will not have anything to do with a man who breaks his plighted word to me.'

"It transpired that Capt. Fox was the virtual executive head of the navy department, and that he had disposed of these contracts without consulting Mr. Welles very much about it. But it was galling to Mr. Hamlin to experience this ingratitude, and to see a Copperhead have an opportunity to gouge money out of the government. He never thereafter spoke to Welles." CHAS. HAMLIN.

Bangor, Me., Sept. 10, 1909.

No "Rum Expresses" After Jan. 1st.

All express companies organized for the purpose of handling liquors in violation of the prohibitory law of Maine will be driven out of business after January 1st, by order of the interstate commerce commission. These orders so regulate the transportation of spirituous liquors that it will be impossible for this class of express companies to do business as they have for five years.

The rules, of which there are three, are sweeping and drastic in effect. They provide first, that no common carrier can receive for transportation any package of liquor unless the contents and quantity are plainly marked on the cover; second, that the name of the consignee shall be his true name, and that the package cannot be delivered to any other party without a written order from the consignee; and third, that no C. O. D. orders shall be taken.

The express company or its agents cannot act as agent for any party ordering liquors or for any liquor house. The violation of any of these rules is punishable by a fine not exceeding $5000.

Some of the express companies doing business in Lewiston handle liquor almost exclusively. Whenever they have been raided by the Sturgis deputies scores of packages have been seized consigned to one name with an initial before it and without a street and number. The defence has been that these were fictitious names used by reputable citizens who did not want their own names used. The packages usually remained at the office until some one called and asked if there was any express for them. In many cases the agent claimed to know before the packages arrived the real party to whom they were consigned.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to all friends and neighbors, especially Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Reed, for their great kindness, sympathy and helpfulness in our recent sudden and unexpected sorrow, also to all who contributed for the beautiful flowers.

MR. AND MRS. ALVIN D. SWIFT,
MRS. E. M. HEATH,
MRS. C. H. WILLIS.
WEST PARIS, Oct. 15.

THE BED-ROCK OF SUCCESS lies in a keen, clear brain, backed by indomitable will and resistless energy. Such power comes from the splendid health that Dr. King's New Life Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build up brain and body. J. A. Harmon, Lizemore, W. Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used." 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

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.

Universalist Church, Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 11:45.

A Boston despatch to the daily papers dated Oct. 8th says: Rev. Dr. Alexander Mann, rector of the Trinity church and prominent in the Episcopal church councils of the United States, is seriously ill at a private hospital in the back bay. Rev. Dr. Mann returned yesterday from Paris Hill, Me., where he had been spending the summer. He had been ill for several days and last night was operated upon for appendicitis.

Robert York bought in a quantity of well developed apple blossoms recently. That's not bad for an October offering.

Perley F. Ripley has purchased a handsome new touring car and run it home from Portland last Wednesday.

Mrs. M. Y. Knight died in Philadelphia on Sunday, Oct. 10. Mrs. Knight was formerly Miss Abby Hooper, daughter of George P. Hooper of this town, and a twin sister of William Hooper, who now resides here. She was twice married, her first husband being a Coltman. The funeral was held in Portland Wednesday. Her age was 77.

Mrs. Maria Ryerson has gone to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Estes, at West Paris.

Mr. John Philbrook of Guildhall, Vermont, is a guest at Joseph B. Cole's.

Bryant's Pond.

Frank Lambert has returned from Cumberland and is again acting as night operator.

Winfield Powers, who was here for a while, has finished work for the company.

The Hall party returned Wednesday from their lake trip and left again Thursday for B Hill where they will stay a day or two hunting. Walter Arkett and B. R. Billings accompanied them as guides.

B. R. Billings has been appointed assistant carrier on Mail Route No. 1 in place of F. M. Morse, resigned.

Labeling at the corn shop was finished Thursday.

Ten tickets were sold here Monday for the Boston excursion. Those who went from this section were Charles Martin, Horatio Bryant and wife and Miss Dot Bryant, Mrs. George K. Coffin, Stephen Libby, Daniel Bryant and Mrs. Lizzie Meader.

Mr. David Woodbury of South Paris was recently the guest of David Bemis and sister, Mrs. Abbie Curtis.

Eugene Hodgdon, who has a position in the pulp mill at Livermore Falls, will move his family there soon.

Winfield S. Noyes has returned from the Portland automobile school.

No deer have been shot in this vicinity. Nearly all of the hunters are planning a trip to the big woods.

George Lincoln Whitman, a veteran of the Civil War, is in poor health, suffering very much from rheumatism.

Mr. E. R. Freeman is on the road again as traveling salesman for the Dennison Paper Co. His family will remain at Cranestone until November, when they wil return to their winter home in Danvers, Mass. The Halls will probably leave for their Paterson home in a few days.

J. A. Titus was in Monmouth Sunday to see his mother. He made the trip home in his auto, a distance of 55 miles, in three hours and four minutes.

Greenwood.

Capt. James Staples' farm was on high land so that generally crops were killed by frost in the fall two or three weeks earlier on the low ground farther away. A remark the Captain made one day while getting in corn, is still fresh in my mind. "Isn't this remarkable," said he, "here it is almost the middle of October and the pumpkin leaves nearly as green and the blossoms as fresh as they were in August."

That little piece of history is repeating itself right here to-day; it is now the 14th of October and no frost to kill anything yet. It was expected, of course, after the recent rainstorm, but although the temperature is considerably lower Jack Frost has been conspicuous by his absence up to date.

Floyd Morgan and wife came on a visit at the Bennett place Saturday, and returned the following day. Mrs. Morgan remarked that although they had been married more than a year, their honeymoon was still shining, and she intended it should as much longer in the future.

Wednesday Mrs. Edgar H. Morgan and Mrs. Randal Herrick, accompanied by her three little children, visited at Bryant's Pond and called at the Bennett place on their return home. Then it was that those four months' old premium twin boy babies were seen here for the first time, and a finer looking pair of boys it never was our good fortune to look at; and then so much alike it is difficult to tell one from the other.

The world may be growing wiser as it grows older, and yet it looks as if the science of geography is being sadly neglected. After Joseph Mikulec went went through here traveling round the world on foot, the question was asked by several persons if he could go all the way by land. That never will be possible until the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans dry up, as St. John says they shall be some time, but when?

Lovell.

J. E. Farnham and wife have gone on a visit of a few weeks to relatives and friends at Colebrook, N. H., and Canada.

B. E. Brown has had a crew of men with four horses and the road machine working on the road to the "Camps" and grading on the water front. It is now a fine drive from the main road.

Mrs. H. W. Palmer is much improved in health and able to ride out.

H. R. Andrews is working at "The Island" for Mr. Goldsmith.

J. H. Walker is improved in health and able to be out.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Fox are up from Portland for a few weeks.

Dr. C. P. Hubbard was in town a few days last week to attend to the removal of his goods to South Windham, where he has settled in the practice of his profession. The goods were taken by team, requiring four horses and three days' time.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wiley has gone to Madison for a few weeks, stopping with her nephew, Roy Emerson, formerly of Chatham.

Frank Harmon and wife have gone to Boston and vicinity on a vacation of a week or more, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Charles are keeping the house for them in their absence.

North Stoneham.

Maud McAllister of Waterford is keeping house for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sawyer, while they are visiting their son, Elwood Sawyer, in Freeport.

Fred Harriman and wife from Norway visited Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Hilton Friday and Saturday.

Linwood Sawyer of Lovell is working for H. B. McKeen building a shed to house strips and dowels.

Miles Adams has finished work for Will Fox and is making cider at his mill here. Perley Adams from Albany is helping him.

Mr. Loyd from New Jersey was at Wm. Gammon's Monday. Mr. Loyd has a cottage on the shore of Kezar Lake near I. A. Andrews'.

Ralph Adams is going to work for V. H. Littlefield of East Stoneham.

Denmark.

Mr. A. B. Ordway is visiting friends in Massachusetts.

Mr. Elwood Pendexter and wife are making a short visit with his mother, Mrs. C. O. Pendexter.

Mr. Richards of Portland is a guest at the Maplewood.

Mrs. Stuart of Brownfield was at the Bartlett House Tuesday and Wednesday with millinery and fancy goods. Mrs. Rankin of Hiram was at Odd Fellows' Hall also with millinery and fancy goods Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. A. W. Belcher is slowly recovering from his injury at the corn shop last week, but is still very lame.

West Paris.

Our people were much surprised and shocked last week to know of the sudden death of Mr. Charles M. Swift of this place. He was boarding at the Maple House and after supper on Sunday evening, Oct. 10, he went into the hotel office and from there stepped into the hall where he dropped dead. It is supposed that he had some form of heart trouble although it was not known but what he was in good health. For many years Mr. Swift has made it his home with Mrs. Laura Reed and kept a room there, and he spent the most of his life in the vicinity of West Paris with the exception of a few years in Pennsylvania. He was an engineer and for the past five years has run the engine for the West Paris branch of the Paris Manufacturing Co., being always faithful to duty and thoroughly trusted by the company. Mr. Swift was 54 years old and unmarried and was the oldest of quite a family of children, his parents being Alvin and Caroline Swift of Woodstock, later of this town. Three brothers are in various states in the west, the two sisters live in Lewiston and Portland, and the youngest brother, Alvin, is a resident of this place. The funeral service was held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Universalist church, and was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Isabella S. Macduff. The choir sung favorite hymns, and the last burial rite was conducted by Granite Lodge, F. and A. M., of which he was a member in good standing. The weather was unfavorable, but a large body of Masons, shopmates, little boys, and friends were present, and there was a profusion of lovely flowers. Mr. Swift was a respected citizen and a kind hearted friend. He was specially fond of children, and has done many a generous and kindly deed which is gratefully held in remembrance by friends.

The Universalist Good Will Society held their regular annual business meeting Friday evening, Oct. 8, and the following officers were elected:

Pres.—Mrs. Ella M. Bates.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Phila Shedd.
Sec.—Mrs. Lewis M. Mann.
Asst. Sec.—Mrs. Dora M. Jackson.
Treas.—Miss Della H. Lane.

The society is in prosperous standing.

The annual sale and chicken pie supper which is to be held as usual by the Universalist society is arranged for the date of Nov. 17.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church will have a harvest dinner and supper on Tuesday of next week, Oct. 26, at Centennial Hall. There will be attractive sale tables and an entertainment in the evening in connection with the supper. The entertainment will consist of readings, etc., and a male quartette by local talent, assisted by Mrs. Stella W. Burnham and Mr. Pike of South Paris.

H. H. Bates of New Haven, Conn., is spending several weeks with his brother, L. C. Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Hammond are working for R. L. Cummings for a few weeks during the apple season. Their daughter Hazel is boarding with Mrs. Mary G. Bradbury at Trap Corner.

Mrs. Elva E. Locke and Miss Delia H. Lane attended the Maine Music Festival at Portland last week.

A. C. Perham will harvest from his orchards about 200 barrels of handsome Baldwin apples.

Last week on Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Tuell celebrated the 16th birthday of their daughter Elinor with a very pleasant home party. Twenty friends were present, and refreshments consisted of ice cream and cake and a birthday cake with 16 candles. There were several pretty and useful gifts.

Rev. Isabella S. Macduff goes Tuesday of this week to Detroit, Michigan, to attend the session of the Universalist General Convention. She also has the honor of being asked to give an address at that time. She will be absent about two weeks and her pulpit will be supplied for two Sundays by other pastors.

S. T. White attended the Topsham fair last Thursday.

H. H. Wardwell is serving as juryman at the South Paris term of court.

John Mayhew is at present running the engine for the Paris Manufacturing Co.

R. Merton Hammond went to Boston on the excursion last week.

Tuesday evening of last week the senior Y. P. C. U. of the Universalist church held their business meeting for election of officers who will hold their office until May of next year. Officers were as follows:

Pres.—Miss Elinor H. Tuell.
Vice-Pres.—Verne E. Ellingwood.
Sec.—Mrs. Marjorie M. Ellingwood.
Treas.—Ralph A. Bacon.
Devotional Com.—Jennie L. Bradbury.
Lookout Com.—Annie Shank.
Social Com.—Mrs. Annie W. Wheeler.
P. O. Mission—Madge L. Tuell.
Pianist—Mrs. Mary Irish Wardwell.

On Sunday evening, the 17th, in place of the regular devotional service the meeting was held in the auditorium of the church, and the officers were installed with the regular ritual service by Abner H. Mann, who has the office of state treasurer in the State Y. P. C. U. There was special music and the service was very helpful.

Hiram.

Mr. Wm. E. Cushman of Greenville, N. H., came to Hiram Tuesday and bought the Alonzo Jewell farm in Sebago of the real estate agency of Eli C. Wadsworth. Mr. Jewell will remove to Hiram to the Hon. Almon Young place.

Two persons were in town this week surveying the roads and elevations for the U. S. Government.

Miss Hannah E. Bucknell went to Portland Monday.

We learn that the Twitchell, Champlin Canning Co. canned 150,000 cans of sweet corn at their shop, and the new co-operative shop canned 140,000 cans.

One day recently while Llewellyn A. Wadsworth and his son, Eli C. Wadsworth, were busy in their several offices, the report of a musket was heard and a bullet struck the building near them.

On Saturday, the 9th, Mr. Calvin B. Robbins, a very worthy and respected citizen of Porter, who died Oct. 7, aged 71 years, was buried from the East Hiram Methodist church. He was born in 1838 to Joshua and Elizabeth D. Robbins. Rev. Wm. H. Cotton of Waterboro preached an instructive sermon from Prov. 6:16. Shepard's River Lodge, No. 169, F. and A. M., interred their brother in East Hiram Cemetery with Masonic honors.

North Waterford.

Died at North Waterford, Mrs. Nancy Manning, Oct. 5th, aged 81.

Albert Hamlin of South Waterford visited his friend, Winifred Knight, during the World's Fair.

Mrs. Katherine Grover is stopping at her son's, John Grover's, while her son Montie is there on a visit. He will return to the West in a few days.

Three gentlemen are boarding at Horace Fiske's while taking the valuation of the real estate here.

Mr. D. B. Lebroke is visiting in Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fiske were called to Norway last week to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Wilkins.

George Hobson, who is 93, got the gold headed cane from the Boston Post.

Hebron.

John Graves fell from an apple tree and broke his shoulder one day recently.

Mrs. Roy Webber and daughter of Rumford are visiting at E. C. Foster's.

John Moody was at home from his school in Bridgton over Sunday.

George Whiting, wife and son, Herbert, visited at Lewis Phillips' a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cummings and son Lawrence visited friends in Turner over Sunday.

Lizzie Locke of Mechanic Falls is visiting friends in town.

Deacon and Mrs. Cummings have returned from Oxford where they have been visiting their son, Arthur Cummings.

The road commissioner and his crew have commenced on the state road.

Albany.

F. G. Sloan is attending court at South Paris and stopping with his brother, W. S. Sloan, at Norway.

Daniel Cummings and niece, Mrs. Mary Phelps, of Peru, visited his nephew, Calvin Cummings, recently.

Mrs. Ada Lord and Estella Bean visited their sister, Mrs. Cora Sawin, of North Waterford, last week.

There will be a dance at the Town House Oct. 23d.

Bethel.

Sunday afternoon the funeral of Mary Baker Garland, widow of the late Rev. David Garland, was held at her home in Mayville. Mrs. Garland was of a quiet, retiring disposition, but those who knew her best appreciated her worth. She was interested in her husband's pastorate and since his death, twenty-two years ago, has never lost her interest and love for those who came more directly under their influence. Funeral services were conducted impressively by her pastor, Rev. W. C. Curtis. The beautiful flowers were silent expressions of the love of friends. The burial service was in Riverside Cemetery, where she was laid to rest just as the sun was sinking in the west at the close of a beautiful afternoon.

Monday afternoon the W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Banghart and participated in the discussion of the following question: "Resolved that bad books injure the morals of our young people more than bad companions." Much of interest and profit was said on both sides of the question. Mrs. Banghart rendered a solo most acceptably.

Tuesday Rev. and Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. A. M. Clark, Mrs. L. M. Valentine and Mrs. F. S. Chandler went to Norway to attend the Oxford County Conference of Congregational churches.

Friday Dr. King of Portland and Dr. Tibbetts operated upon Edward Cross, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cross, for a very serious case of appendicitis.

Miss Sarah Chapman has graduated at the close of a four years' course at the hospital in Manchester, N. H., and has come to her father's home which she will call headquarters and will go out nursing when her services are required.

The Ladies' Aid will hold their annual harvest supper and sale next Thursday.

West Sumner.

George Clark, who has been a much respected citizen of this place for a few years, having formerly been a resident of Paris Hill, died very suddenly Monday evening of heart failure. Mr. Clark had been as well as usual through the day and he with Mrs. Clark had been out to tea and on the way home he complained of not feeling well. On reaching home Mrs. Clark telephoned for a doctor but he died before help could be summoned. He was 63 years of age. Funeral services were held at his late home Wednesday. Rev. J. H. Little of Bethel officiated. The floral tributes were very beautiful. Interment was in Pleasant Pond cemetery. Mrs. Clark has the sympathy of the community in her bereavement. The deceased is survived by a wife and one sister, Miss Ella Clark of Paris Hill, and a niece, Mrs. Aldrich, who also resides at Paris Hill. Among those from out of town called here to attend the funeral were: Miss Ella Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Aldrich, Paris Hill; G. E. Marston and wife, Auburn; Almon Churchill and wife, South Paris; Mrs. Henry Robinson, Peru; Mrs. Everett Hollis, Mrs. Minnie Smith, Chesterville; Mrs. Wm. Irish, Mrs. John Widber, Buckfield; M. F. Ford and wife and Edward Ryerson, Hartford.

Wilbur Buck, son of L. C. Buck, was operated on last week for appendicitis by Drs. E. T. Pierce of Lewiston and H. F. Atwood of this place. The doctors found it to be a very bad case. At this writing he is doing well.

Mrs. May Pulsifer of Beverly, Mass., is spending a few weeks with her father, Mr. Wallace Chandler.

Mrs. Clementia Abbott, whose health has been very poor, is improving under the treatment of Dr. Caldwell of Buckfield.

Mark Merrow and son of Auburn visited Mr. and Mrs. Nahum Morrill last week.

Mrs. J. E. Mayhew of North Buckfield is with her niece, Mrs. Fannie Lothrop.

Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Beck and little son of Livermore Falls have been spending a few days with Mrs. Beck's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glover.

Roy Pulsifer has four men from Lynn, friends of his, helping him pick his apples.

Alfred Morrill, son of the late George Morrill, went to Lewiston Monday for treatment at a hospital.

Mrs. Alvin Gearey took her little daughter Amy, four years old, to Lewiston Monday to be operated on for appendicitis.

Both the Morrill boy and Gearey girl are patients of Dr. H. F. Atwood who accompanied them to Lewiston.

Mr. McKormick of Readfield has been at W. E. Lothrop's packing apples this week. Charles Holland of Buckfield assisted him.

A. G. Farrar called Dr. Austin Hayes of Greenwood Monday to test his cattle. Dr. Hayes found fifteen out of twenty-three head infected with tuberculosis, thus condemning nine out of ten cows, three of which are thoroughbreds. Mr. Farrar felt that his loss was so great that he called Dr. Adams, state veterinary, who confirmed Dr. Hayes' tests. One cow, the worst in the lot, was slaughtered on the farm, the rest have been shipped to Penley's slaughter house at Auburn.

Dickvale.

Fred Lane has been working for Oscar Putnam hauling timber for Lamb and McAllister from their lot in Franklin Annex to their mill at West Peru.

Arnold Brothers are packing apples and shipping them to Boston.

R. S. Tracy is taking his vacation. The mail on the R. F. D. is now carried by the substitute, Cecil Putnam.

East Sumner.

Rev. S. C. Eaton, S. C. Heald and wife and W. H. Eastman attended the Congregational conference at Norway. Several others from the vicinity attended the Supreme Judicial Court at South Paris as witnesses.

Leon Irish substituted at the station for F. W. Palmer while the latter attended court last week.

Henry Bonney has harvested about 600 barrels of apples from his orchards.

Most orchards are not yielding an average crop. Good, well cared for orchards are far better for Maine farmers than western mining stocks and pay better dividends. The property is visible and the owner is president and cashier.

R. G. Stephens has about all the farm implements and kitchen furnishings that the average farmer needs, besides his varied stock foods. Patrons are assured of a fair deal.

Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Lola Foster visited friends at West Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Marshall and daughter Elizabeth were at their camp over Saturday and Sunday. L. H. Penley and wife and son Donald were their Sunday guests.

Mrs. Lena Cummings kept house for her mother last week, Mrs. Lizzie Meader, while she took in the excursion to Boston.

Mrs. Abbie Jones spent last week with Mrs. Howard Maxim at Lakeview Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Elliott of Berwick were in town Wednesday, having come by way of the White Mountains in their auto.

Mrs. Ruby Pettengill Swift died at her home near Locke's Mills Oct. 9th, after a short sickness. Much sympathy is expressed for the husband and two little children, who are left to mourn the loss of a good wife and mother.

Mrs. Azel Bryant is in poor health, but slowly gaining.

Frank Reed and wife were at their camp over Sunday.

Isaac Judkins has moved to South Portland.

Dr. Packard's little son Frank is attending school at Locke's Mills.

East Bethel.

Mrs. Etta Bean has gone to Norway to do dressmaking a few weeks.

Mrs. Andrew Cale of Berlin, N. H., visited relatives here last week.

Mr. George E. Farrar has moved his family to Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Vick of Lewiston are working for Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Bartlett.

Mrs. O. E. Jones has closed her home here and gone to Colebrook, where Mr. Jones is working for the winter.

Mrs. J. M. Bartlett and Mrs. F. B. Howe went on the excursion to Boston last Monday.

Mrs. Irving Kimball returned home fr Boston last Saturday. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. J. L. Holt, who will spend a few weeks there.

C. M. Kimball has some nice looking potatoes with a yield of over 400 bushels to an acre.

Buckfield.

Mrs. H. A. Irish went to Portland Monday to attend the concerts of the Maine Music Festival.

J. H. Carey, proprietor of the Boston Branch, went to Boston Monday to attend the food fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taylor of Boston are visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Gerrish on High Street.

Harry Hersey has an Oldsmobile runabout which arrived here the first of the week.

Mrs. Chas. P. Hatch of Augusta was the guest of Mrs. Maude Morrill over Sunday.

Mrs. F. M. Lamb went to Bowdoinham Wednesday to the home of her brother and from there will go to Boston, Brockton and Salem to visit friends.

The friends of S. C. Withington will be glad to learn that he has been promoted to have charge of the refrigerator and selling department of the Swift & Co.'s beef house in Lewiston.

Washington Ripley Tuttle died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ada Shaw, on High Street Thursday morning after a brief illness. Mr. Tuttle was one of our oldest citizens being a few days short of eighty-eight years. Mr. Tuttle had a wide circle of acquaintances in this section having driven a pedlar's cart years ago and afterwards canvassed for fruit trees. He was born in Turner and is survived by a widow and two children, Mr. Alton Tuttle, of Melrose, Mass., and Mrs. Ada Shaw of this place.

The Marie Rostell Co. are billed for three nights next week, 18th, 19th and 20th.

Mr. Daniel Emery and two of his children have been quite sick for the past week.

Mayflower Chapter, O. E. S., entertained Evergreen Chapter of Canton at their regular meeting Friday night. Supper was served at six o'clock in the dining hall, and the work was exemplified by the local chapter. Mrs. Weston of Portland was present as deputy and inspected the chapter. After the meeting a musical and literary program was given.

The High School scholars went to Turner Centre on a ride Saturday. The school team played ball.

Mexico.

At the bride's home Thursday evening Harry Clinton Rolfe of Rumford and Miss Grace Park were married. Miss Park is the daughter of Henry W. Park, one of the oldest residents of the town and a man well known throughout Oxford County. She is a graduate of Rumford schools and has been clerk in the office of C. S. Osgood, roadmaster of the Rumford line of the Maine Central. The groom is order clerk in the Oxford paper mill office. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James G. Fisher of the Congregational church, and Walter Rolfe, the young composer, and a brother of the groom, played the wedding march. The bride was accompanied by her cousin, Miss Enna Gleason of Kittery, as maid of honor, and the groom was attended by Henry Kellogg as best man. The bride wore white messaline, cut full princess, with a veil, carrying bride roses, while her maid wore blue silk. Only the immediate families of the contracting parties were present, the bride being given away by her brother, Albert D. Park of South Paris. The gifts, which were elegant, included a chest of silver from the Oxford mill. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe will make their home for the present with the groom's parents in Rumford.

East Brownfield.

Rev. Mr. Nickerson of Sugar Loaf, N. H., held religious services in the Congregational church Oct. 16. In the evening he spoke in Bradbury Hall.

Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney and daughter Isabel are atttending the National W. C. T. U. convention.

Thomas Lord has been visiting his sister, Mrs. A. F. Johnson

Ida Fessenden and Nellie Greely spent a day in Portland recently.

Mrs. Eliza Poore is staying with her son, G. C. Poore, for a while.

Mrs. Maude Field and daughter of Augusta are guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rowe.

Fatal Accident in Peru.

MRS. MARTHA C. BROOKS OF BETHEL THROWN OUT AND KILLED.

DICKVALE, Oct. 16.

A sad accident happened on Baxter Hill Friday. A Mrs. West of South Rumford and Mrs. Martha C. Brooks of Bethel, who was visiting her, started to spend the day with Daniel Cummings, an uncle in Peru. They got out of the carriage and walked up Baxter Hill. On arriving at the top Mrs. West, thinking Mrs. Brooks was tired, told her to get in the carriage, and Mrs. West went on ahead down the hill.

When more than half-way down the hill, Mrs. Brooks in the team dashed on by her, the horse upon the run. Mrs. West called out to hang to the horse.

When half-way down the last pitch of the hill one rein broke. The horse then swerved to the right, and the carriage struck a large stone, throwing Mrs. Brooks out and killing her almost instantly. Mrs. West was wild with grief.

The carriage and harness were ruined, and the horse was so badly bruised and lacerated that it was impossible to take it home. The Democrat correspondent arrived on the scene soon after the accident with two other neighbors. The coroner and the ambulance arrived, and the body was taken to Howe's undertaking rooms to be prepared for burial.

IT'S A TOP NOTCH DOER.

Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs, and colds and the grippe vanish. It heals cough-racked membranes and coughing stops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. Geo. More, Black Jack, N. C., writes "it cured me of lung trouble, pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c, $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

There is a "strike" of students at the University of Maine, due to the suspension of a number of students for disobeying the rules against hazing. It is thought the difficulty will soon be settled.

FRIGHTFUL FATE AVERTED.

"I would have been a cripple for life, from a terrible cut on my knee cap," writes Frank Disberry, Kelliher, Minn., "without Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which soon cured me." Infallible for wounds, cuts and bruises, it soon cures Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions. World's best for Piles. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of
GUY W. HERRICK, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

GUY W. HERRICK, of Bryon, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 31st day of October, 1908, he was duly adjudged bankrupt, under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

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

Dated this 13th day of October, A. D. 1909.
GUY W. HERRICK, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 16th day of Oct., A. D. 1909, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 5th day of Nov. A. D. 1909, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in The Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

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

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 16th day of Oct., A. D. 1909.

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

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

Vulture and Rattler.

An odd battle between a California vulture and a rattlesnake was witnessed in the Cocopah mountains of Lower California. It was in the early morning. The big bird had seized the snake behind the head and was struggling upward with its writhing, deadly burden. The snake's captor appeared aware that its victim was dangerous. The burden was heavy, as the reptile was nearly five feet long.

The grip of the bird on the snake's body was not of the best. The snake seemed to be squirming from its captor's talons, at least sufficiently to enable it to strike. Its triangular head was seen to recoil and dart at the mass of feathers.

It did this once or twice, and then with a shriek the vulture dropped its prey. The bird was probably 500 feet or so above the observers. The astonished men were then treated to a spectacle seldom seen. Few birds but a vulture could accomplish such a feat.

The instant the snake escaped from the bird's clutches it dropped earthward like a shot, and like a shot the bird dropped after it, catching it in midair with a grip that caused death. At any rate, the snake ceased to wriggle, and the vulture soared away to a mountain peak to devour its hard earned meal.

The Distinguished Guest.

Captain Raabe was a man whose name had weight in the French cavalry. He was a tall man, belonging to the middle aged trooper type. With military qualities of the highest kind, he had a singular bearing, a savage sort of misanthropy and a cynical tongue, which stood in the way of promotion. When he was in the Sixth lancers, on garrison duty at Commercy, one of his comrades brought his father to dine with him at the officers' mess, a man of humble position and unpretentiously dressed. Captain Raabe, considering that this guest had not been fitly received, gave expression to his opinion, saying that if the executioner of Commercy had come in evening dress he would have had a better reception. The officers demurring, he made no rejoinder, but shortly afterward came to mess with a guest whose dress was irreproachable. Every one lavished attentions on the unknown. When dinner was over Captain Raabe, raising his glass, proposed the health of "the executioner of Commercy."

A Clever Acrobat.

A diverting anecdote is told in "Annals of the Liverpool Stage" of an unrehearsed episode that occurred at the Hop, a cheap but popular place of entertainment. A troupe of acrobats were engaged, and one of their number gave a "single turn" in which he displayed his skill as a champion weight lifter. Somebody, however, on mischief bent, changed one of the fifty-six pound weights for one made of cardboard. The strong man's vision was impaired by the loss of one eye, but in this instance not unfortunately so. He took the first and second weights, and after having manipulated them he took the third, the one made of cardboard. Realizing in an instant what had been done, he as quickly decided to turn it to his own advantage by throwing three "flip-flaps" while holding the dummy weight. He was greeted with a perfect round of applause, and the audience declared it to be the greatest feat they had ever witnessed.

Not Built That Way.

For the first time the old lady was about to make a railway journey, and when she arrived at the station she did not know what to do.

"Young man," she said to a porter, who looked about as old as Methuselah, "can you tell me where I can get my ticket?"

"Why, mum," he replied, "you get it at the boking office through the pigeonhole."

Being very stout

The Oxford Democrat

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.
Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:00 P. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing September 26, 1909.

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:36 A. M., daily; 9:50 A. M. daily except Sunday; 4:36 P. M., daily; 6:00 P. M., Sunday only.

Going up (west)—9:50 A. M., daily; 3:35 P. M. daily except Sunday; 8:47 P. M., daily; 10:22 A. M., Sunday only.

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 evening 7:30.

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

Universalist Church. 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 meeting Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

P. of H.—Mount Pleasan 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.

W. R. C.—W. 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 second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month.

Patrons of Husbandry.—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.

I. 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.

Leon L. Russell and family of Leeds are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Lola Foster of Locke's Mills was the guest of friends here Friday.

Fred Pike was on a business trip to Boston for a few days last week.

Miss Blanche Barrows is bookkeeper in the store of F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Miss Lilla Farrar went to Portland last Wednesday to attend the Maine Music Festival.

Miss Julia Hammond of Berlin, N. H., formerly of Paris, is visiting at N. D. Bolster's.

Mrs. J. A. Scott and daughters visited Mr. Scott's people in Gardner, Mass., last week.

Mrs. George W. Richards is with her daughter, Mrs. Nettie Cummings, on Fore Street.

Mrs. E. W. Penley and daughter Bertha of West Paris visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. George M. Giles has returned from a stay of several weeks with relatives at Salem Willows, Mass.

Rev. Mr. John Clifford, pastor of the M. E. church, Gardiner, called on Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wise last week.

Dr. J. W. Davis and Miss Annie Davis of Scarboro recently visited at Dr. C. L. Buck's, going from here to Caribou.

Quite a few young people attended the supper and sociable for the benefit of Norway High School Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Tucker have returned home from their cottage at Bay Point, where they spent the summer.

Benjamin Swett left Friday morning for a hunting trip in Aroostook County, expecting to be joined at Bangor by his son, L. P. Swett.

Rev. J. H. Little will speak at Norway on exchange next Sunday and conduct services at the Yaggar school house at 3:00 in the afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Robinson and daughter, Mrs. L. H. Daughraty, were in Portland a few days last week and attended the Maine Music Festival.

Frank B. Fogg has put a furnace in his office at his livery stable. This heats the office and quite a part of the rooms in the tenement above.

H. Y. Russell has sold his farm to a Fine, and will move into the village, into the house owned by his father, W. B. Russell, on Gothic Street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Heald of East Sumner visited at Albert D. Park's while in attendance on the Congregational Conference at Norway last week.

Dr. Stewart is making improvements upon the grounds at his house, regrading a part of the lawn, and putting in a driveway to the stable which he has built this season at the rear of the house. William Bolton is doing the work.

The Seneca Club is entertained this Monday evening by Mrs. Stanley and Miss Douglass at Mrs. Stanley's. The programme includes papers on The Garden of the Gods, The Yellowstone National Park, and Helen Hunt Jackson.

On account of other things which would keep away some of those interested, as well as the bad prospect for weather, it was decided early in the day last Tuesday to omit the court temperance meeting which was scheduled for that night.

Mrs. J. P. Sprague and daughter Grace of Chicago arrived Friday morning for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Maxim. Her coming at this time was almost unannounced, as word of it was received only one mail before her arrival.

Quite a number of South Paris people, in addition to those previously named, attended the Maine Music Festival at Portland last week. Among them were Mrs. C. H. Thayer and Miss Grace A. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Farrar, and Miss Lilla Farrar, who are distant cousins of Miss Geraldine Farrar, the star of Wednesday evening's concert.

Contractor Scruton last week laid the twelve-inch main of the water system across the Little Androscoggin River, a little north of the Park Street bridge. The gate was opened at the dam, and the river where the pipe was laid was reduced to a shallow stream. None of the rest of the twelve-inch pipe has been laid, but this work was done at this time so as to get it out of the way before the water is higher or colder.

Harold T. Thayer goes this week to Rumford to take the position of representative of the Oxford County Citizen at that place. Mr. Thayer after graduating from the high school entered the office of the Democrat and served a three years' apprenticeship at the printer's trade. Since completing that he has been employed regularly in the mechanical department of the Democrat, and for the past few years has had charge of the base ball and football news. He has also been local correspondent for the Citizen at South Paris. He is faithful in whatever he undertakes, and a young man of good principles and correct habits. He will be much missed here, not only by his many personal friends but in various ways in social circles, but is sure of carrying the good wishes of all with him.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tolman were given a real surprise party Tuesday evening by friends who came in unannounced to celebrate the thirty-seventh wedding anniversary of the Tolmans. The party included the members of Mrs. Tolman's Sunday School class with their husbands, and the pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches with their wives, about thirty being present. Mementoes of the occasion in gold, silver and other things were brought by the visitors and received from the Tolman children. During the evening light refreshments prepared by the Zilphers were served, and a programme was given which included vocal solos by Rev. J. Wallace Chesbro and Miss Elsie Chapman, a piano duet by Miss Jessie Tolman and Miss Eulalia Millett, and remarks by Rev. J. Wallace Chesbro and Rev. T. N. Kewley. It was a very pleasant affair.

P. H. Ford of Bryant Pond was in town Saturday.

Miss Emma Leighton of Bryant Pond visited friends here Saturday.

Rev. A. T. McWhorter supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church at Oxford Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Park were at Mexico last week to attend the wedding of Mr. Park's sister, Miss Grace Park.

There will be a special meeting of the Ladies of the G. A. R. Saturday evening, Oct. 23. It is hoped as many as possible will be present.

Miss Nellie Jackson has resumed her study of the piano with F. L. Rankin of Portland, and will take the normal course this year.

The last division of the Good Cheer will meet in the ladies' parlor Friday afternoon to make arrangements for the November supper.

The Fan-Tans will have a business meeting at their hall Tuesday evening. The supper has been postponed for various reasons but all come just the same.

Louis W. Clark, who was attending Burdett Business College in Boston, has returned home on account of trouble with his eyes, which have before interfered with his studies.

The W. C. T. U. will meet in the Methodist vestry Tuesday afternoon at 2:30. Quotations on motherhood. This is to be a mothers' meeting. Leaders, Mrs. Ordway and Mrs. Robertson.

Capt. L. M. Blanchard of Rumford Falls drove his "Overland" car from Rumford to South Paris in an hour and forty five minutes Monday morning, bringing Col. George D. Bisbee, Judge Aretas E. Stearns and Henry Nelson over to court.

Rev. A. T. McWhorter goes to Union this week to give his lecture on his recent trip to England and Ireland. At the harvest supper at the Congregational ladies' circle Mr. McWhorter gave a talk on this trip, and it was exceedingly interesting and entertaining to all who heard it.

Sunday was observed as Rally Day at the Methodist church. In the morning Rev. Mr. Kewley preached a very helpful and practical Sunday School sermon from the words found in Matt. 21:28, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." The Sunday School had a rally service entitled "The Way of the Strong." One hundred and thirteen were present. All said it was a very helpful day.

Miss Sophia Bisbee died early Monday morning at her residence on Gothic Street, at the age of 82 years. Although she had been feeble for some time, her final illness was short. Miss Bisbee leaves three grandnieces in South Paris, for whom she cared from early childhood—Miss Amelia Bisbee, who teaches in Arlington, Mass., Alice, wife of C. A. Marston, and Miss Fannie I. Bisbee, a teacher in the South Paris schools. Since their marriage during the past summer, Mr. and Mrs. Marston have cared for Miss Bisbee. The funeral will be held on Wednesday, and burial will be at Sumner.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Oct. 18, 1909:

Miss Kate White.
Mrs. Esther Rudges.
Mrs. T. T. Snow.
Mrs. Roena S. Townsend.
Mrs. Mary Laney.
Mrs. A. E. Halliday.
Miss Bertha Emmons.
Helen Sawyer.
Neal Sullivan.
John Taylor.
Sam Appleton.
George E. Corless.
Wesley H. Pearl.
Erwin Low.
C. H. Williams.
S. W. Humphrey.
J. J. Gallagher.
J. E. Howard.
R. D. Earl.
W. H. Pearl.
Ashley White.

The organ recital of the new pipe organ at the South Paris Baptist church Tuesday evening, Oct. 19th, will be given under the direction of Mr. C. E. Saunier of Boston, assisted by Rev. Frank M. Lamb of Buckfield, tenor soloist, and Mr. Harry M. Barrows of Hebron, baritone. The following programme will begin at 8 o'clock:

1. (a) Marche Militaire, Gounod.
(b) Intermezzo, Macbeth-Kyre.
2. Serenade, Wider.
3. In Heaven by Love Abiding, Frederick W. Batchelder. Mr. Barrows.
4. (a) Andantino, Charwet.
(b) Die Antwort, Wolstenholme.
5. Goodbye, Summer, Tosti. Mr. Lamb.
6. Andante Quasi Fantasia, Rogers.
7. Tenor and baritone duet, Selected.
8. Prelude and Melody, Read.
9. I Have Sought and I Have Found, M. Keller. Mr. Barrows.
10. Andantino No. 1 in B Flat, Lemare.
11. Sortie, Battiste.
12. Open the Gates, Mrs. J. F. Knapp. Mr. Lamb.
13. Processional Marche, Scotson Clarke.

An admission of 25 cents will be charged for adults and 15 cents for children under 14 years.

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

A. O. Wheeler has sent apples to the New England Fruit Show.

F. R. Witham has been digging potatoes for John Small with Dr. King's potato digger.

Ernest Talbot, who was out of school last week on account of illness, is now able to be out.

Freeland Cummings informs us that his family enjoyed the luxury of raspberries picked last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brown were called to Newry last week to attend the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Priscilla Foster.

Killed by Falling Down Stairs.

MRS. MELVINA HOWE SUFFERED A FRACTURE OF THE SKULL.

Mrs. Melvina Howe, who made her home with her daughter, Mrs. G. K. Ripley, at South Paris, sustained fatal injuries in an accident Wednesday evening. Mrs. Howe started to go to bed, and by mistake, instead of opening the door which led to the chamber stairs, opened the door to the cellar stairs, stepped forward, and fell down the stairs. She struck on her head and sustained a fracture of the skull. When taken up she was living, but died half an hour later without regaining consciousness.

Mrs. Howe was the widow of Alvin Howe, and was 80 years of age. Of the ten children born to Mr. and Mrs. Howe, seven are now living: Henry Howe of Middleboro, Mass; Mrs. Ida M., wife of Chester R. Wyman, of South Paris; Mrs. Ella, wife of G. K. Ripley, of South Paris; Mrs. Mary Emma, wife of Dr. Orin Stevens, of Oxford; Mrs. Julia Anna Haskell, of Brockton, Mass.; John Howe of New Portland; and George Howe of Lynn, Mass. There are a number of grandchildren and some great-grandchildren.

The funeral was held Saturday afternoon, attended by Rev. J. H. Little. All the living children of Mrs. Howe were present, and many other relatives and friends. Interment was in Riverside Cemetery.

MONEY COMES IN BUNCHES

to A. A. Chisholm of Treadwell, N. Y., now. His reason is well worth reading: "For a long time I suffered from indigestion, torpid liver, constipation, nervousness, and general debility," he writes. "I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, nor ambition, grew weaker every day in spite of all medical treatment. Then used Electric Bitters. Twelve bottles restored all my old-time health and vigor. Now I can attend to business every day. It's a wonderful medicine." Infallible for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. 50c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

Sport Near Wake Station, G. T. P.

In the vicinity of Wake Station on the Lake Superior branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, good duck hunting is to be found. The lakes in the vicinity are also well stocked with maskinonge and mountain and salmon trout. Moose, caribou and red deer are plentiful and good sport is assured any one visiting that district. Guides may be secured by writing to R. Porter Hogan, Wake, Ontario. Wake is 160 miles from Fort William.

Supreme Judicial Court.

OCTOBER TERM, 1909.

Hon. L. A. Emery, Justice Presiding.
Charles F. Whitman, Clerk.
Cecil Clay, Stenographer.
Ralph T. Parker, County Attorney.
Hiram R. Hubbard, Sheriff.
Harry D. Cole, Jailer.
Wm. A. Bicknell, Deputy as Crier.
W. A. Barrows, Messenger.
Walter L. Gray, Librarian.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning the wheels of the court began their periodical revolution, Chief Justice Emery ascending the bench in his official robe. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. Wallace Chesbro of the South Paris Baptist church, and the usual formalities of the opening of the session were duly performed.

The grand jury was empaneled as follows:

A. Wesley McKeen, Fryeburg, Foreman.
George W. Richardson, Greenwood, Clerk.
Robert B. Crockett, Woodstock.
Cyr P. Cyr, Rumford.
H. Merton Farwell, Bethel.
Irving Frost, Norway.
Almon F. Johnson, Brownfield.
Herbert M. Kendall, Newry.
Henry W. Park, Jr., Mexico.
Arthur H. Ray, Canton.
Henry B. Severance, Lovell.
Carl J. Stanley, Porter.
C. F. Starbird, Oxford.
Ralph D. Thurston, Andover.
Herman H. Wardwell, Paris.
John F. Watson, Hiram.

Howard P. Shaw of Buckfield was excused from service on the grand jury because of illness in his family, and Arthur M. Stanley of Dixfield was late in arriving and was not made a member of the jury.

Judge Emery gave the charge to the grand jury immediately after the members were sworn, going carefully over the field of their duty in detail, and explaining fully not only what is required of them but why it is required. The jury immediately began its work in its room.

In beginning the call of the docket, Judge Emery made a new departure, to aid in clearing the docket. From time immemorial it has been the custom to start the call of the docket with the first case, and it is hardly necessary to say that the first part of the docket usually contains a number of cases which have practically died of old age, but which have been kept on earth by the use of ink. Generally the presiding justice makes an effort to clear off some of this dead wood, but it is apt to come hard. Judge Emery, however, stated that the cases entered prior to the October term in 1907 would not be taken up on the first call, but they would be called later, and dismissed unless reason was shown for retaining them on the docket. Accordingly the first fifty-eight cases on the docket were omitted from the first call.

About twenty cases were marked for trial on the call, but it was evident that there would be few actual trials. This became still more clearly evident when the matter of assignment of cases was taken up at the afternoon session. As far as actual trials were concerned, the list practically went out of sight at that time.

Friday evening was named by Judge Emery as the time when he would hear divorce cases. He also gave the members of the bar some suggestions as to what they might expect of him in these cases. He should require that the proceedings be without technical flaw of any kind. A divorce would not be granted on the ground of non-support unless the failure to support was under such circumstances as to amount to cruelty, and cause actual distress. As long as a woman had her health and was able to earn her own living, or had relatives upon whom she could depend, no divorce would be granted for non-support. Judge Emery said he had never granted but one divorce on that ground, though he had heard many. Cruel and abusive treatment, another statutory ground for divorce, did not mean neglect, or thoughtlessness, or even profane language. It must be positive, aggressive action, done with the intent to wound and hurt, in order to justify divorce. Gross and confirmed habits of intoxication, another ground of divorce, meant gross and confirmed habits. A divorce would not be granted because a man drank, nor even because he was sometimes under the influence of liquor. His habits must have become so fixed as to be literally "gross and confirmed," if they were to furnish ground for divorce.

During Tuesday afternoon's session, County Attorney Parker presented before the court two men who it was charged had attempted to persuade a witness to go to Lewiston instead of coming to court to testify before the grand jury as she had been summoned. The woman who was the witness named was placed on the stand, and as she could not understand English, John Wiskont, a well known Rumford Falls Pole, was made interpreter. The story told by the witness on the stand did not support the charge against the men, and they were at once discharged.

Wednesday forenoon was "motion morning," nominally and literally, Judge Emery holding the attorneys strictly up to the rule that motions must be made at that time, and considerable business was disposed of in an hour.

Later there was a hearing in an equity suit brought by George L. Cushman, executor of the will of Mrs. Eleanor Whitman of Woodstock, against the Maine General Hospital and the two residuary legatees of Mrs. Whitman's property, who reside in the state of Washington. While this was a suit at law, it was brought for the purpose of obtaining a construction of one clause of Mrs. Whitman's will.

In her will Mrs. Whitman bequeathed, out of the residue of her estate, the sum of $1000 to the Maine General Hospital "for a free bed." To establish a permanent free bed in the hospital requires the sum of $5000 under the rules of the institution, and the executor did not feel justified in paying this smaller sum over to the hospital until the court had determined what should be the construction of the will.

The hospital was represented by Judge Symonds and Anthoine & Talbot of Portland, and Mr. Talbot presented the hospital's view of the case to the court, contending at some length that it was the manifest intention of Mrs. Whitman to give the sum named for the purpose of free treatment of patients in the hospital, and that the fact that it was not sufficient for the maintenance of a permanent free bed should not prevent the payment of the bequest. Mr. Wright apeared for the executor, presenting the matter to the court, and Mr. Wheeler appeared for the residuary legatees, who join in asking for a construction of the will, but ask that if the bequest to the hospital is disallowed, the amount should be paid to them as residuary legatees.

The court stated at the close of the hearing that he felt clear that it was the intention of the testator that the sum named should be paid to the hospital, though it was a smaller sum than was sufficient to establish a permanent bed. He also ordered the costs of the bill and counsel fees to be paid from the residue of the estate. Judge Symonds suggested that the hospital would be glad to accept the decree of the court as to the manner in which the bequest should be used, but Judge Emery said that he did not consider that necessary at this time. If any of the interested parties felt that it was not being properly used, they could bring a bill in equity at any time.

Wednesday afternoon the traverse jurors made their appearance as summoned, and the juries were empaneled as follows:

FIRST JURY.

Persian V. Everett, Hebron, Foreman.
Fred C. Bartlett, Canton.
H. Edson Bartlett, Bethel.
Eugene B. Davis, Rumford.
James B. Davis, Dixfield.
Dwight K. Elliott, Rumford.
Archie J. Hutchinson, Mason.
James E. Kenney, Paris.
R. F. Mayberry, Oxford.
Caleb E. Mendall, Hartford.
Walter N. Seavey, Stow.
Olin B. Upton, Norway.

SECOND JURY.

Frank Bennett, Paris, Foreman.
Alton A. Austin, Mexico.
George N. Colby, Denmark.
Frank E. Davis, Woodstock.
Arthur L. Farrar, Grafton.
George E. Goding, Peru.
Harry N. Head, Bethel.
Ralph E. Merrifield, Porter.
Howard E. Moulton, Norway.
Jacob C. Pendexter, Hiram.
Robbins Plummer, Waterford.
F. G. Sloan, Albany.

SUPERNUMERARIES.

Mijan R. Bennett, Gilead.
Walter C. Bickford, Brownfield.
Elmer Harnden, Fryeburg.
Ellis H. Lane, Upton.
Fred L. McKeen, Stoneham.

Later Frank Bennett of Paris, foreman of the second jury, Eugene B. Davis of Rumford, Ralph E. Merrifield of Porter, and Jacob C. Pendexter of Hiram were excused from service for various reasons, and F. G. Sloan was elected foreman of the second jury in Mr. Bennett's place.

It took but a part of the afternoon Wednesday to get the civil trial list out of the way. One case only was tried, George E. Davis vs. Francis A. Fox, which was a suit on a promissory note. Mr. Wright appeared for the plaintiff, and the defendant conducted his own case.

The two parties to this case are members of the bar, residing at Kezar Falls, and were formerly partners in the practice of law. When their partnership was dissolved, in 1894, a note for $125.00 was given by Fox to Davis. Two or three years later a payment of $46.32 was made on it. Six years lacking one day after this payment, an endorsement of $1.00 was made on the note in the handwriting of Mr. Fox. The circumstances as shown by the evidence were that Mr. Davis told Mr. Fox that he wanted an endorsement on the note so as to keep it good. Mr. Fox went into the office and wrote the endorsement. He now says that there was no payment of money or anything else of value, and Mr. Davis was not able to testify that there was. Therefore Mr. Fox makes the defence that the note is valueless under the statute of limitations—in common language, that it is "outlawed."

A memorandum made by Mr. Davis was introduced by Mr. Fox, showing that he did not account for any money as paid at that time, and on the other hand, a letter from Mr. Fox was introduced by Mr. Davis, written after the endorsement, showing that Mr. Fox then regarded the note as still good.

Judge Emery asked the jury to answer the question whether there was any payment of money or anything else of value at the time the endorsement was made. Although the trial had taken less than an hour, it took the jury over an hour and a half to find the answer. They finally came in and reported that no payment was made. Judge Emery thereupon ordered a verdict for the defendant.

After this case was disposed of the court put in its time waiting until the grand jury should finish its work.

Friday morning five talesmen who had been summoned for service on the traverse jury, were sworn, as follows:

Irving E. Andrews, Paris.
W. Frank Cox, Norway.
R. Thomas Flavin, Paris.
George W. Holmes, Norway.
Wirt Stanley, Paris.

CRIMINAL BUSINESS.

Report was made Friday noon by the grand jury, which had been at work very busily up to that time. Indictments were found as follows:

Joseph Waznis and Joseph Tenkey. Nuisance.
Salvatore Avella. Felonious assault.
Ntoulsiou Bellski. Nuisance.
Fred F. Burnham. Burglary.
Albert Coulombe. Nuisance.
James T. Aiken, William Aiken and Lizzie Aiken. Keeping house of ill-fame.
Stanley Cyr and Eda Cyr. Nuisance.
Thomas Curran. Nuisance.
Maurice R. Fogg. Nuisance.
Charles Winslow. Larceny, three indictments.
Fred A. Dixon. Nuisance.
M. F. Smith. Keeping house of ill-fame.
Allie Smith. Common seller.
Sidney Russell. Larceny.
F. L. Lebel. Nuisance.
Mike Urban. Larceny, two indictments.
John Gillis. Nuisance.
George Duran. Assault with a dangerous weapon.
Harry Siddall and James H. Gallagher. Nuisance.
James McKenzie. Larceny.
Albert A. Lufkin. Larceny, two indictments.
Fremont Tambling. Single sale.
Georgianna Potvin. Nuisance.
Joseph Chase. Receiving stolen goods.
Abraham Klain. Receiving stolen goods.
Joseph Lieman. Receiving stolen goods.
Eugene Vane. Larceny.
Lucian Martin. Forgery.
Albert B. Sanborn. Assault with dangerous weapon.
Ed Day. Larceny.
Walter I. Abbott. Larceny, three indictments, breaking lock-up.
Fred Prue. Nuisance.
Charles Johnson. Adultery.
William Stanley and Mary Theresa Brosnan. Two indictments, adultery and lascivious cohabitation.

Work on the criminal docket began immediately after dinner Friday. Those who were awaiting this court in jail, and a number of others who were under bonds, were arraigned, most of them pleading not guilty.

In the liquor case of Thomas Curran, the sentence of the lower court was confirmed in an appealed case, and Curran paid $118.84 fine. He also pleaded guilty to an indictment for nuisance, and it was placed on file during his good behavior.

The nuisance case against F. L. Lebel was continued during good behavior, on payment of fine and costs amounting to $113.91 in an appealed case.

Mike Urban of Rumford was tried for the larceny of three ten-dollar bills from Frank Geschenske of the same town. County Attorney Parker conducted the case for the state, and A. T. L'Heureux of Lewiston for the defence. The witnesses were all Poles except a policeman, and the testimony had to be taken through an interpreter, John Wiskont acting in that capacity.

It appeared that one afternoon last May Geschenske, Urban, and two or three other men, were drinking in Geschenske's room, with which the room of one of the other men communicated. Geschenske had three ten-dollar bills in his trunk. The men went to sleep, and after they woke up it was found that Geschenske's money was gone. Urban, who was the first to leave the house, was arrested, and in his clothes were found two ten-dollar bills, and other money to the amount of a little less than ten dollars. Urban's tobacco pouch was found near Geschenske's trunk, with a key tied to it which would open the trunk.

Urban stated that this was the key to his locker where he kept his clothing at the mill. He also explained where the money in his possession came from. It also appeared in evidence that the house was raided by the officers that afternoon, and there was evidence tending to show an opportunity for some one else to get hold of the money.

The Urban case went to the jury early Saturday morning. After being out a short time they returned a verdict of not guilty.

Bail was defaulted in several cases where the parties had failed to appear, and the trial of James I. Aitken, William Aitken and Lizzie Aitken then began. These parties were indicted for keeping a house of ill-fame at Rumford Falls. County Attorney Parker for the state, B. F. Cleaves of Biddeford for defence.

The indictment grew out of occurrences one night last July at the steam laundry building on Canal Street in Rumford, where the three Aitkens, William Aitken, his wife Lizzie Aitken, and his brother, James I. Aitken, were stopping. Two men made complaint that they had been robbed of $10 by the Aitkens, and Police Officer Roach arrested the Aitkens. While he was waiting for William and his wife to dress, they escaped through a window and walked to Bryant's Pond, where they were found the next day. James Aitken was found under some blankets in a Rumford livery stable. One of the principal witnesses, though summoned, failed to appear at the trial.

The Aitkens told a very different story from that of the witnesses for the state, stating that they were in Rumford looking for work, and denying absolutely the charge made. It was not denied that all the parties had been drinking together, and it is needless to say that the testimony did not present a picture of high-toned life.

At the conclusion of the evidence in this case, on the ruling of the court that the single act regarding which there was testimony was not sufficient to maintain the charge alleged, the case was nol prossed and the parties were discharged.

Following this was a very short trial of Ed Day of Rumford for the larceny of clothing from Israelson's store. McCarthy appeared for Day. The verdict was not guilty by reason of insanity.

THE HIRAM ASSAULT CASE.

A case which had been expected to occupy considerable time, but the outcome of which came sooner than anticipated, was the indictment against Albert B. Sanborn of Hiram for assault with a dangerous weapon with intent to kill. This case was begun early in the afternoon Saturday.

This affair caused quite a sensation when it occurred last May in the usually quiet town of Hiram. Without going into the details of testimony of the several witnesses, it may be said that the facts were briefly these:

Albert B. Sanborn is a laboring man 57 years of age. A grandson of his, a Tarbox boy, nine months old, was stricken with pneumonia last spring, and after a few days' illness died on the 5th of May. The child was attended by Dr. Charles E. Wilson of Hiram. The grandfather, Mr. Sanborn, had been exceedingly attached to the boy, and was much affected by his death. He had also been displeased by Dr. Wilson not meeting with another physician who had been called to see the child.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock of the 6th of May, the day after the child's death, Sanborn went to the house of Dr. Wilson with a loaded revolver in his hand, and going into the house inquired for Dr. Wilson. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, who had been driving, came into the yard just about that time, and Sanborn followed them into the stable. He told Dr. Wilson that he had come to kill him, and covered him with the revolver. Mrs. Wilson ran into the house and summoned the neighbors. Sanborn continued his talk for some time, and as the neighbors came into the stable one by one warned them to stand back. Finally Dr. Wilson made a break through the door of the stable near which he was standing, and at almost the same instant the revolver was discharged without effect, and the doctor's son, Charles L. Wilson, jumped and wrenched the revolver from Sanborn's hand. He was then seized by the men in the stable and placed under arrest.

County Attorney Parker conducted the case for the state, and Hon. James S. Wright was attorney for Sanborn. A large number of witnesses were in attendance. The case had proceeded but a little way before questions in Mr. Wright's cross-examination brought out the fact that a plea of insanity at the time of the act might be possible, and Judge Emery suggested suspending the trial and committing Sanborn to the insane hospital for observation. This suggestion led to conferences by the counsel and the court, and after about half an hour it was finally agreed that the state should nol pros so much of the indictment as alleged intent to kill, and Sanborn pleaded guilty to assault.

This took the case from the jury, and Judge Emery heard evidence to aid him in fixing the sentence. Sanborn was placed on the stand, and told his story. He was badly affected throughout the proceedings, and at times had difficulty making answers to the questions asked him. In going over the incidents of the 6th of May, he said that he had no recollection of getting his revolver, and only a partial recollection of what followed, until the discharge of the revolver brought him to some consciousness of what was going on.

After hearing so much of the evidence as he wished, and brief arguments of counsel, Judge Emery took the matter of the sentence under consideration.

Monday morning Brouislou Beliski pleaded guilty on a nuisance indictment. He had been in jail for about three months on sentence and awaiting court, and on motion of County Attorney Parker, the nuisance indictment was continued during good behavior, and he was allowed to go home.

Fred a Dixon pleaded guilty in several liquor cases. In one he paid fine and costs, and a nuisance indictment was continued for sentence.

In the case against George Duran for assault with intent to kill, upon Harold R. Peary, the county attorney nol prossed the intent to kill, and Duran pleaded guilty to assault.

DIVORCES.

Friday evening was set for the hearing of divorce cases, and the session lasted from 7 o'clock until after 10. Nevertheless the number is considerably less than are heard at most terms. Sixteen cases in all were called. Two of them were thrown out for informality in the papers, and there were hearings in the other fourteen cases. The room was well filled, though there were few spectators, most of those present being the parties and their witnesses. A case of desertion would require but a few minutes, while if the allegation were cruel and abusive treatment or gross and confirmed habits of intoxication, a considerable time might be required to get out the necessary evidence.

No decrees have yet been made in divorce cases.

NOTES.

John B. Darrah of Rumford was naturalized Wednesday morning.

The deputy sheriffs in attendance at this term are Jailer Harry D. Cole, James M. Day of Bryant's Pond, L. L. Niles of Rumford, and Albion E. Chaffin of Buckfield.

It is expected that only a portion of the present week, perhaps not more than two days, will be needed to close up what business remains, nearly all of which is on the criminal docket. The case of most wide-spread interest and which will probably make the longest trial, is the indictment against Maurice R. Fogg of East Sumner for liquor nuisance. Mr. Fogg is chairman of the selectmen of the town of Sumner.

Football.

PARIS H. S. 15; BRYANT'S POND H. S. 0.

Paris high school football team had little trouble in defeating the school team from Bryant's Pond at the high school grounds Saturday afternoon. Although the Paris team is light they considerably outweighed their opponents, and there was never much doubt about which team would be the winner. Whether Paris would be able to solve the trick plays of their opponents and prevent them from scoring was the most interesting question. This they succeeded in doing, but at one time it looked very much like a touchdown for the visitors.

Ford, a former principal of the grammar school here and now the principal of the Bryant's Pond school, was the strong part of the visiting team, doing fine work in all departments of the game. The best work for the Paris team was done by Lowell.

The game started with Bryant's Pond kicking to Paris. Ford did the kicking and twice kicked over Paris' goal line, the second kick passing over the bar of the goal post. Paris then kicked to the visitors. They made one first down and then were forced to punt, the ball carrying well down the field. From this point Paris carried the ball steadily up the field until they reached their opponents' 20 yard line. Here they lost ten yards on a fumble and were obliged to give up the ball on downs. Bryant's Pond made two good gains and then on a trick play Ford went around Paris' left end for a run of 70 yards, Lowell stopping him by a fine tackle. At this point it was evident that Ford intended to try to drop kick a goal but two attempts were unsuccessful as Paris men came through the line so quickly that he could not get the kick away. Paris took the ball on downs. After two gains Lowell went around right end behind good interference for a run of 80 yards and a touchdown. The touchdown was made near the corner of the field and as Paris failed to make a fair catch on the punt out they lost their try for a goal. Time was then up for the half.

At the beginning of the second half Paris again kicked to Bryant's Pond. They were unable to gain much ground and punted. On the first play Paris tried a forward pass. Haggett made a pass of nearly 20 yards, Bolster and P. King recovered the ball and after some fumbling Bolster took it over the line for a touchdown. Haggett failed on his try for a goal. Bryant's Pond kicked to Paris and they carried the ball down the field with long gains, P. King getting two runs of over 20 yards each. Lowell scored the touchdown on an end run of about 25 yards and Haggett again failed to get the ball over the cross bar of the goal. Bryant's Pond again kicked off and Paris was traveling towards their goal line at a rapid rate when time was called.

LINE-UP.

PARIS.	BRYANT'S POND.
Davis, l.e.	r.e. Jacobs.
Bennett, l.t.	r.t. Howe.
A. King, l.g.	r.g. Estes.
Clifford, c.	c. A. Hathaway.
Pike, r.g.	l.g Jackson.
Gibbs, r.t.	l.t. Farnum.
Bolster, r.e.	l.e. Crocker.
Haggett, q.b.	q.b. Ford.
Lowell, l.h.b.	r.h.b. R. Hathaway.
P. King, r.h.b.	l.h.b. Adams.
Newell, f.b.	f.b. Cummings.

Touchdowns, Lowell 2, Bolster. Time of halves, 15 and 10 minutes. Referee, Briggs. Umpire, Merrill. Linesmen, Edwards and Clark. Timers, Gates and Merrill.

NORWAY.

Many of the people who attended the October term of the Supreme Judicial Court found excellent accommodations at the hotels in town.

Dr. Annette Bennett of Augusta was in town during the week with her people. She at one time practiced in Norway.

Grace Bicknell of Boston is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and and Mrs. Everett F. Bicknell.

Mrs. Etta Harnden has moved from rooms in E. F. Smith's house on Bridge Street to the Eugene F. Hayden house on Maple Street.

Charles H. Adams and wife have returned from a most pleasant visit at Andover. They attended the fair and spent much of the delightful weather driving.

Eugene A. Flemming, who resigned the position of foreman of the stitching room, has accepted a position in Boston, where he will be business manager of a factory for the making of infants' shoes.

The revival meetings, under the direction of Dr. Stewart, are still in progress. The Opera House meetings were well attended. This week the meetings were held at the Methodist church.

W. W. Sheen and wife are on a week's trip to places in Massachusetts. They visited at Mrs. Sheen's former home, Marblehead, some time.

The large boulder hauled by R. K. Morrill with eight oxen and eight horses from the Weston Frost farm in Sodom will be shipped to Haverhill, Mass. It weighs sixteen tons. It will be used as a monument.

Merton Libby, who was injured in the shoe factory last week by the loss of the ends of three fingers, is getting along very nicely.

Dr. Thompson of Portland was in town Thursday and operated upon Mrs. Rowe at the Falls. He came up in his auto in about two hours.

Frank Davis, Jr., of Mechanic Falls, has been assisting his father in work on the Andrews house on Main Street.

The J. Waldo Nash exhibit of Canadian grasses in H. B. Foster's window is attracting lots of attention.

The new treasurer of the Norway Savings Bank, George L. Curtis, will commence his duties in the bank the first of November. Mr. Curtis has served the town as clerk for some years and the selection of treasurer by the trustees is very highly commended.

Rev. Josiah Dutton is with his friends in town for a few days.

Fred F. Faneuf has opened a pool room at the Frank Starbird boarding house in the rear of the Beal's House.

I. W. Waite was in Dixfield on a hunting trip this week. Mr. Waite was in the neighborhood of his old home.

The ladies of the Universalist Circle will hold a harvest dinner and supper in Concert Hall Thursday, Oct. 21.

A hunting party consisting of Dr. and Mrs. F. N. Barker, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Bartlett, and H. J. Bangs and wife are at the Carter Camp at Gilead.

Roger M. Hutchins has gone to Beverly, Mass., where he has secured a very excellent position. Mr. Hutchins while in Norway some six or seven years made many friends.

The municipal court matters are in the hands of Clerk of Courts C. F. Whitman. Judge Jones has gone on a hunting expedition with a party of friends for some days.

Chas. E. Holt, Esq., was at his office

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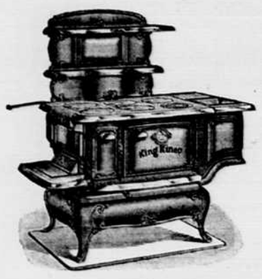

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THE PERSON bringing the largest number of this entire advertisement to Hobbs' Variety Store, Norway, Saturday, March 5, 1910, at 3 P. M., will receive a No. 8-20, King Kineo Range, valued at $60.00, FREE. Ask your friends to begin to save this advertisement for you.

NEW FALL SUITS.

The Latest Creations
$12.50 to $25.00.

Spring Suits
One-half Price

Summer Goods, Muslins, Lawns, Etc. at Closing Prices.

Yours Sincerely,

S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE,

ABBOTT BLOCK, NORWAY, MAINE.

DO YOU WANT GOOD PAINT

SEND FOR COLOR CARD

PORTLAND LIQUID PAINT

48 SHADES

BURGESS, FOBES & CO. 118 COMMERCIAL ST. PORTLAND, ME.

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.

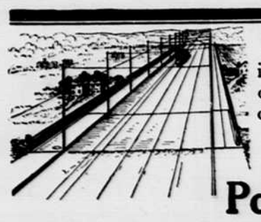
Paroid Roofing—The best of all roofings. THE TIME TESTED KIND. Don't try imitations.

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 Road to Success in all kinds and classes of concrete work—from a railway viaduct to a cellar or basement floor, is

EDISON Portland Cement

Completed job—little or big—costs least because same amount of Edison Portland Cement as of other brands, binds *more* sand, with *same* strength, or binds *same* amount of sand, with *more* strength. Hardest and strongest final set and easiest to work because of all cements on the market

Uniformly 10% Finest Ground in the World.

Write us or ask your dealer for booklet "How to Mix and Use Edison Portland Cement"

A. W. WALKER & SON,
SOUTH PARIS, - - - - MAINE.

The Shaw Business College

PORTLAND, BANGOR, AUGUSTA.

WHEN this institution was organized, Oct. 1, 1884, we determined to conduct it along the line of truth, right and common sense. Now, at the end of a quarter of a century of continuous success, we feel confident that our policy has been appreciated. We have never willfully mis-represented our facilities or those of our competitors. We have always given our patrons opportunity to prove our claims before payment was required.

For the future we promise a continuance of this policy. We take just pride in the name often applied, "The School of Results," and shall so interest ourselves in the success of our future pupils as to be entitled to a continuance of this name. Our 48 page catalog may be had for the asking. Ask now.

39-43 F. L. SHAW, President.

The Land of Puzzledom.

No. 654.—Dropped Letter Verses.

Drop one letter from the final word to form the next.

The shadows on the hill seemed like a ****.
We heard the distant cry of a lone ***.
Beneath our feet we felt the slimy ****.
We had no light nor had we any ***.

A sorry lot we were after the ****,
Of hope we could not see a single ***.
No one could help us in our sorry ******,
We wandered on without food, drink or *****.

We spoke no word, nor had we any ******,
For we had yet to pass so many *****.
Just then through fog we heard a horn's long *****
And knew our rescuers had come at ****.

—Youth's Companion.

No. 655.—Diamond.

1. In Spanish. 2. A beverage. 3. Swarthy inhabitants of northern Africa. 4. Half of a company of soldiers. 5. A black wood. 6. A sauce for fish, used in China. 7. In Spanish.

No. 656.—Bird Enigma.

I am composed of forty-seven letters and form a couplet from a poem by Celia Thaxter.

My 14, 34, 18, 27, 20 is a long billed wading bird.

My 21, 15, 31, 8, 42, 18, 6 is the stake driver.

My 35, 22, 37, 9, 12, 41, 1, 43, 18, 10, 4 is a common sweet singing bird.

My 7, 43, 30, 22, 16, 19 builds a hanging nest in the elms.

My 13, 44, 32, 21, 15, 18, 38 is a bird mimic.

My 40, 37, 46, 15, 9, 27, 21, 30, 43, 17 is a deep blue bird.

My 6, 28, 31, 24, 1, 23, 13, 26 is a white breasted bird, often seen head downward on the trunks of trees.

My 35, 13, 1, 43, 33, 5, 8, 25, 44, 45, 36, 9, 42, 18 is a very brilliant bird.

My 41, 36, 2, 23, 18, 47, 11, 9, 3 is a common game bird.

My 39, 3, 25, 18, 5, 29 is an ocean bird.

No. 657.—Charades.

I.

My first is the name of a man;
My second was used as a pen;
My whole is an early spring flower.
You've seen it again and again.

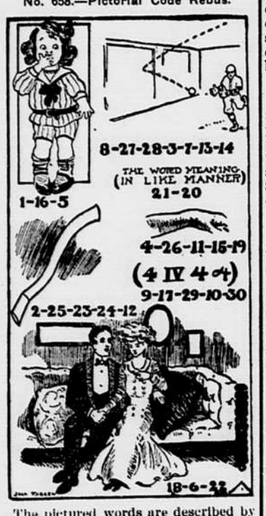
II.

My first's a certain kind of pen;
My last we all were once.
And if you don't agree with me
You're total and a dunce.

III.

My first was so dense that my second lost my way. "Oh, third," said second, "this first is enough to whole anybody!"

No. 658.—Pictorial Code Rebus.



The pictured words are described by words containing the number of letters indicated by the figures under them. When the words are rightly guessed and the letters arranged in numerical order they will form a sentence.

No. 659.—Riddle.

I am a certain figure true.
Prefix to me and see what you do.
I'm even less than I was before.
Why is it that I am not more?

No. 660.—Hidden Fish.

Louis harkened to the voice of his teacher.

Casper charged his cousin with theft.

Willis had his pockets full of candy.

Clara gave her ring to her sister.

Miller & Co. did the largest business in town.

Brazil's almonds are considered very fine indeed.

Riddle and Answer.

Ten men's length, ten men's strength; ten men cannot tear it, but a little boy can pick it up and carry it. A rope.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 646.—Charades: 1. Purr, eye, he, lion—perihelion. 2. Add, a. m., ant—adamant.

No. 647.—Diagonal: Swimming. Cross-words—1. Scornful. 2. Dwelling. 3. Blissful. 4. Germanic. 5. Trimming. 6. Affinity. 7. Adjacent. 8. Shirking.

No. 648.—Easy Beheadings: Lowell—s-L-ow, p-O-re, s-W-ing, p-E-at, p-L-ump, f-L-int.

No. 649.—Added Numbers: C-able, L-ark, D-inner, L-adder.

No. 650.—Turn About Puzzle: A and B represent 2 and 5, making 25; turned about they are 52, two more than twice 25.

No. 651.—Enigma: Smoother, smother, mother, other, her, he, eh.

No. 652.—A Bird Letter: Canary, crow, hen, owl, robin, wren, crane.

No. 653.—Charade: May, den—Malden.

BOTH BOYS SAVED.

Louis Boon, a leading merchant of Norway, Mich., writes: "Three bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar absolutely cured my boy of a severe cough, and a neighbor's boy, who was so ill with a cold that the doctors gave him up, was cured by taking Foley's Honey and Tar." Nothing else is as safe and certain in results. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"What did people do before steel pen were invented?" asked the teacher.

"The pinions of one goose were used to spread the opinions of another," answered the wise boy at the pedal extremity of the class.

Are you tortured to death daily with Eczema? Why suffer when Bloodine Ointment will give you instant relief and permanently cure you. 50c. a box mailed by The Bloodine Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

"Do you think a man ought to take off his hat in an elevator when there are ladies present?"

"Not if he is prematurely bald and the ladies are young."

Fall colds are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and lung remedy. The genuine contains no harmful drugs. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Jenkins (speaking to his friend the editor about the death of Riche, the millionaire)—How much is he worth, I wonder? Editor (absentmindedly)—Not much. Not more than a quarter of a column at the outside.

When Bloodine Rheumatic Liniment has cured so many cases of Rheumatism, why do you suffer with this terrible affliction? It relieves all pain instantly, 25c. and 50c. a bottle.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Apples Galore.

APPLE POPOVERS.

Beat three eggs together until light and add to them two cups of milk and a level saltspoon of salt. Pour this very gradually into two cups of flour, stirring constantly. Half fill deep, flat-bottomed patty pans, which have been buttered and heated and bake in a very quick oven about twenty to twenty-five minutes. The oven must be hot or they will not puff up properly. When done, slip them out of the pans, and with a very sharp knife quickly cut off the top where they rise above the pan. The inside should be hollow. Put in each a heaping tablespoon of hot apple sauce, replace the tops, set the popovers on individual plates and serve immediately as a dessert, with hard sauce. This recipe makes eight popovers.

APPLE WHIP.

Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and perfectly dry, then fold lightly into one pint of stewed and sweetened apple, add one cup of chopped nuts and half a pint of candied cherries. Beat until firm and chill through.

APPLES IN CARAMEL.

Into a skillet put one cup of light brown sugar and one-half cup of hot water. Let boil for three or four minutes, then drop in five nice cooking apples, which have been peeled, cored and halved. Let these stew in the syrup until they are tender and fluffy, then drain them out into a glass dish. In another saucepan have ready one tablespoon of butter melted with one teaspoon of flour, and over this pour one-half cup of cream. When hot, add to the boiling syrup, stirring briskly for several minutes, then pour over the apples and serve either hot or cold.

APPLE AMBROSIA.

Make a syrup of two cups of sugar, one cup of water and the juice and thin yellow rind of half a lemon. Pare six large tart apples, preferably pippins, cut each into six or eight pieces, removing the core, and cook in the hot syrup till clear. They will be lighter and keep their shape better if cooked a few at a time. Place in a large glass dish, straining the syrup over them, and set on ice to chill. Meanwhile, cut a large mellow pineapple in half, remove the core, shred off the flesh with a silver fork and scrape the shell with a spoon. This will be found easier and more expeditious and quite as economical as the old process of gouging and paring. Sprinkle with sugar, and turn occasionally until this is dissolved, then add to the apple sauce, and let them stand together for at least an hour. Serve very cold.

APPLE CREAM PIE.

Stew one quart of apples till transparent, rub through a colander, sweeten to taste, add one cup of cream, flavored with one teaspoon of extract of lemon. Line a pie plate with good pie crust, fill with the apples and bake till the crust is done. Have ready a meringue of whites of two eggs beaten stiff with three tablespoons of sugar, and flavor with a few drops of lemon; spread over the pie and brown.

CHILDREN'S APPLE BREAD.

An old fashioned dish which never fails to delight the children may be prepared as follows: One quart of corn meal, one pint of ripe chopped apples, three tablespoons of butter, pinch of salt, one and one-half cups of water. Sweeten the apples to taste and bake as ordinary corn bread.

APPLE PUFFS.

Make the regulation apple sauce, of tart apples, and be a little sparing of the sugar. To one quart of the sauce, take three tablespoons of strawberry jam, and with a strong egg beater whip all together. Set on ice and when ready to serve, fill cream puff shells with the mixture, place each on a separate plate and pour round a soft custard sauce, slightly flavored with almond extract.

APPLE SOUFFLE.

Take one cup of baked apple, freed from skin and seeds, and whip with an egg beater till frothy. Cook in a double boiler two tablespoons of flour and two tablespoons of butter till smooth. Add half a cup of milk, beaten yolks of three eggs and the apple pulp. Add a pinch of salt and about one-quarter cup of powdered sugar. Last of all, add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Pour in a china baking dish, stand in a tin of boiling water and bake for twenty-five minutes. Make a meringue with the whites of two eggs and two tablespoons of powdered sugar. Cover the top of the souffle with this and return to the oven to brown slightly. Serve at once.

FROZEN APPLE FLUFF.

This frozen dainty is quickly and easily made. Beat the whites of four eggs until stiff and dry; fold into the stiffly beaten whites one glass of apple jelly and one cup of cocoanut, shredded; whip lightly until these ingredients are well blended, then turn into the freezer. As soon as the crank of the freezer begins to turn hard, open the can and add a pint of sweetened whipped cream flavored with almond extract. Freeze until the consistency of mush is obtained. Serve in charlotte russe cases.

GRETCHEN'S APPLE TART.

Saute four cups of chopped tart apples in four tablespoons of butter until they are soft, add half a cup of orange marmalade and rub through a puree sieve. Beat half a cup of butter to a cream, add the yolks of four eggs, one cup of soft bread crumbs, half a cup of sugar (more if the apples are very tart) and a pinch of cinnamon. Mix well together and spread over the apples, which have been put in a baked shell of puff paste. Bake fifteen minutes in a brisk oven.

BUTTERED APPLES.

Choose medium-sized apples, peel and core and leave whole. Cut rounds of stale bread half an inch thick and a little larger than the apples and butter the bread rounds thickly. Place an apple on each, fill the core cavities with sugar and a teaspoon of butter on the top. Stand them in a well-greased baking-pan, place in a moderate oven fifteen minutes, then remove and refill the holes with sugar, ground cinnamon and butter, and return to the oven and bake till done. Warm a flat serving dish and lift the apples to it. Just before serving it hot, squeeze over each apple a little lemon juice. This is a delightful dish.

CHOCOLATE APPLE CUSTARD.

Peel and cut into small pieces two cooking apples; put in a pan with a small quantity of water and cook until reduced to a pulp. Sweeten with one-quarter cup of sugar and dust with cinnamon. Scrape half a pound of chocolate into a double boiler, with half a cup of sugar and one pint of milk. Beat the yolks of three eggs and the white of one. When the mixture is hot and smooth add the eggs, stirring gently all the time. Pour the chocolate over the apple pulp; set the dish in a pan of boiling water and bake till firm.

CREAMED SWEET APPLE PIE.

Pare, core and quarter several sweet apples. Put them into a pudding dish with a little water, cover closely and cook till tender but not broken. Add two teaspoons of sugar to each cupful, and let them get cold in the syrup. Then cut into thin slices. Roll out some puff paste quite thin; line a pie plate, sprinkle with flour, lay on another crust and bake until brown. When ready to serve, open the crusts, spread the lower one with the stewed apple, sprinkle with cinnamon and a little nutmeg, cover with whipped cream, put on the top crust and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

APPLE LOAF.

For this dainty dish bake a sponge cake loaf in a round, fluted pan and when finished it should be about five inches high. Hollow out the center, leaving it an inch thick bottom and sides, then frost inside and out with white mountain cream, fill with "apple whip" and chill. At serving time garnish with whipped cream. White Mountain Cream: Boil together until it threads two cups of sugar and two-thirds of a cup of water, then pour the syrup slowly into the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until cool enough to spread. Flavor with almond extract.—Good Housekeeping.

Rex Beach Tells of the "Silver Horde."

Here is Rex Beach's own description of that "Silver Horde" of Alaska salmon that have given their name to this amazingly successful young author's latest Harper novel of the cold, commercial North. Mr. Beach has a gift of graphic speech—it was Mark Twain who pointed out his power over impromptu English—and the following is almost an exact transcript of a description he gave to a friend when the idea of writing the book had first taken possession of him:

"The salmon are up in Alaska in droves, and they are the most beautiful game fish in the world. The cycle of a salmon, do you know, is a rather tragic little romance. They have a destiny as sad as any living thing in the sea—except a mermaid. Every four years they rush in hordes back to the shore where they were hatched, pushing up, up the stream to lay their eggs and die, beating their own lives out in millions on the beach. After the wanderlust, they get the homing instinct—the smell of the old shores drags them back, and the fever of early spring of the fourth year is their death.

"They come back a thick, quivering sea of silver, billions of them, and a horde of men on the banks stand and wait for the suicides. And all the while the fishermen's boats have been there waiting, lying in harbor like a flock of birds. They are commonly the picturesque Chinese fleet manned with laborers under a boss, and their ships include boat-loads of tin, several barges of machinery, and a great pack of nets—just a complete canning establishment from the fish to the label.

"All of a sudden one day the cry will go up, 'Here comes the salmon!' and the fish will run seething up, crowding, fighting to die, so thick that the men kill them easily with stones. They keep this thing up night and day for a short space of weeks—the season is less than a month—and at the end everybody drops down just about ready to join lots with the fishes. As for the salmon trout, they are so plentiful that the laborers can't begin to dispose of them, and millions of them die every year.

"A future lies in the financing of those fisheries. There's a great big romance there, too, and I want to land it. I'm going to try." Mr. Beach did try, and "The Silver Horde" is the result.

Peary vs. Cook.

The members of the Inquisition gathered about Dr. Cook and he answered every question promptly, as the following report will show:

Question—Do you think that you had sufficient equipment for a dash for the Pole?

Answer—No; I started for the Pole in a straw hat, a linen duster and a pair of patent leather shoes.

Question—Did you expect to find a sea of moving ice at the Pole?

Answer—No; I thought I would find some golf links there that I could recommend to President Taft.

Question—In making astronomical observations, did you use a sextant?

Answer—Not at all. I used a lemon squeezer and a billard cue, which I found much more reliable.

Question—Were you not surprised to find that Peary had traveled four days at the rate of 30 miles a day?

Answer—Not after he had sent all of his white witnesses back.

Question—You are, of course, not at all apprehensive about the revelations that Peary will make?

Answer—But I am dreadfully disturbed over it. Before he started from this country Peary left a sealed package containing proof that I had never reached the Pole.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

When Opportunity Knocks.

A New Jersey farmer, whose farm is near a school for boys, was greatly annoyed by the depredations of the youngsters. Finding two of the boys helping themselves to his choice apples, he ushered them from his premises, ably assisted by the toe of his boot.

The following day he found the same boys loitering in the vicinity of his orchard fence.

"What you young scamps hangin' round here for?" he shouted, "I told you yesterday what you'd git if I caught you on my land ag'in."

"Yes, sir, we remember," explained the spokesman. "We didn't come for apples this time. We came to ask you to join our football eleven."—Harper's Weekly.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like to do?

Tommy, Darling (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.

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.

Nervous Lady—"Don't your experiments frighten you terribly, professor? I hear that your assistant met with a horrible death by falling 4,000 feet from a balloon."

Professor—"O, that report was greatly exaggerated."

Nervous Lady—"Exaggerated! How?"

Professor—"It wasn't much more than 2,500 feet that he fell."

Do you have that dark brown taste in your mouth every morning when you awake? If so, you are bilious and should take two or three of those little Bloodine Liver Pills, easy to take, never sicken, weaken or gripe, 25c. mailed by The Bloodine Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.

Sub-Editor—The street is all excitement, An electric light wire has blocked traffic, and no one knows whether it is a live wire or not.

Editor—Detail two reporters to go to the wire immediately—one to feel it and the other to write the result.

If people with symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble could realize their danger they would without loss of time commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. This great remedy stops the pain and the irregularities, strengthens and builds up these organs and there is no danger of Bright's disease or other serious disorder. Do not disregard the early symptoms. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Judge (to prisoner)—Are you the defendant in this criminal action?

Prisoner—No, sah, ye honor. Mistah Lawyer heah am de defendant. I'ze de nigger dat stole de chickens.

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

"You must not interrupt me when I am speaking, Ethel."

"Why, that's the only time I can interrupt you, mamma."

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.

POSSIBLE COMPLICATION.

"Paw."

"Well, Tommy."

"Do you believe there's people living on Mars?"

"I see no reason to doubt it."

"Well, wouldn't it be a good joke on 'em if they should find out, after we get to talking to 'em that they don't know that's the name of their planet?"

Mr. F. G. Fritz, Oneonta, N. Y., writes: "My little girl was greatly benefitted by taking Foley's Orino Laxative, and I think it is the best remedy for constipation and liver trouble." Foley's Orino Laxative is mild, pleasant and effective, and cures habitual constipation. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

The Wars of Our Country

XXIII.—War of 1812 Victory North, Defeat South

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE year 1814 marked the ebb tide of America's fortunes. Our national capital, Washington, was captured by the enemy, the White House burned and President Madison a fugitive. The London Times boastfully declared:

"That ill organized association, the United States, is on the eve of dissolution, and the world is speedily to be delivered of the mischievous example of a government founded on democratic rebellion."

England, having now no other war on her hands, Napoleon being put down, had sent thousands of picked veterans to this country. British fleets again ravaged the Chesapeake's shores and tightened the blockade of the coast. The Creek Indians, whom Andrew Jackson had so severely punished, rose again in arms and joined the enemy. Admiral Griffith conquered and took possession of the state of Maine in the name of King George. A squadron of sixty British warships sailed up the Chesapeake, overwhelming a little fleet sent against them by Commodore Barney and landed 5,000 soldiers under General Ross. Ross marched on Washington. At Bladensburg an American force 3,000 strong opposed their advance on Aug. 24, but were put to rout after a stubborn fight, and the victorious British bore down upon the defenseless capital. President Madison, his family and his cabinet fled in terror from the city.

Ross and his redcoats poured into Washington, looted and plundered it, burned the presidential mansion, the capitol, the Congressional library, the arsenal, the treasury building and many private houses. It seemed that America could not suffer such degradation and survive. General Ross, reenforced, followed up his victory by marching northward with 8,000 men toward Baltimore. A British fleet at the same time sailed up the Patapsco to co-operate with him by capturing Fort McHenry. But every American in the vicinity who was strong enough to handle a rifle rushed to join the small, impromptu army raised by General Striker. In the fight Ross was killed. His second in command, Colonel Brooke, drove back the Americans and pushed on toward Baltimore, but he never reached his destination. Not only did the Americans heroically contest every step of his march, but the fleet on which he had relied for support failed to capture Fort McHenry. The fort was bombarded all day and all night, but on the following morning Old Glory still floated defiantly from the stronghold's walls, and the British were forced to fall back to the coast.

While all the foregoing disasters were piling up in the south a somewhat different drama was enacted farther north. Sir James Yeo had captured Oswego, May 5, but Generals Scott and Ripley had crossed the Canadian border, capturing Fort Erie and routing a large British detachment at Chippewa. General Drummond with a force one-third larger than that of the invading Americans met Scott and Ripley in battle at Lundy's lane, near Bridgewater, on July 25. After one of the bloodiest battles for its size on record the Americans were victorious. But they lost 858 men, whom they could much less afford to spare than could the British their own loss of 878. Drummond, falling at Lundy's lane, tried next to wrest Fort Erie from the Americans and was again defeated. But the Yankees, fearing they could not hold out against another assault, burned the fort and retreated across the border back into New York.

With 14,000 of the seasoned veterans of the Napoleonic wars General Prevost swept down from Canada in August, raiding New York state. He attacked Plattsburg by land and water, but a small American army and smaller naval squadron put him to flight after a five day battle, scattering the British land forces and capturing or sinking the whole British fleet. Prevost (with a loss of 2,500 men to the Americans' 121) fled northward demoralized. The veterans who had conquered the great Napoleon's world famous legions had been thrashed.

DESTROYING THE BRITISH FLEET.

Yet these successes in the north, when stripped of the halo of glory and heroism, merely meant that our troops had made one more unsuccessful invasion of Canada and had checked another British invasion of New York, whereas in the south and nearly everywhere else England triumphantly held the situation in her own hands.

Two Little Flocks.

Five little sheep on a hillside grazed
Where the raggedest daisies grew,
And just overhead in a sunny spot
Were five little clouds in the blue,
And the five little clouds in the sky looked down
On the five little sheep below
And called out to them in a friendly way:
"O little white flock, hello!
We look alike—we must be alike.
Now, isn't that plain to you?
Come up with us in the pasture sky.
O little white flock, please do!"
But the five little sheep on the hill looked sad
And nibbled the grass instead.
And each one smothered a sorrowful sigh,
Shaking his wise little head.
And they called to the flock in the sky:
"Oh, no!
Such union would never do.
We must be fed on the greenest grass,
While your meadow grass is blue.
And how would we look when trying to fly
With hard little feet for wings?
Sheep of the earth and sheep of the sky
Were made for different things."
And the little white flock in the sky looked down
On the little white flock below,
And they said to themselves, "How queer when we
Resemble each other so!"

—Youth's Companion.

The Average.

"Pa, what's an average man?"

"One who thinks his employer's business would be run a good deal better if he could have more to say in the matter himself."

The owl may not be as wise as he looks, but he is wise enough not to try to work both the night and day shifts.—Atchison Globe.

Trick With a Common Glass.

Fill a drinking glass to the brim with water, then place a large card on top of the glass. Press hard on this card with one hand, seize the glass with your other hand and turn it quickly upside down.

Now take away the hand that is under the card, and, lo, the card will stick where it is and not a drop of water will be spilled. What is it that keeps the card where it is, making it stick so tightly that not even all the water inside the glass will push it away? It is the pressure of the air.

HELD BY THE WATER.

Underneath the card the air presses upward with a force of fifteen pounds to every square inch. This makes probably fifty pounds in all, which, you see, is a tremendous power.

The water, on the other hand, will hardly weigh half a pound, so no wonder the card remains securely in place.

The Game of Proverbs.

Proverbs is a most interesting game and is played thus:

One player having gone from the room, a proverb is selected by the others and one word of it given in regular order to each person. If the proverb is too short to go around the whole company, then begin again at the first word and proceed around the room.

The absent player then, being recalled, proceeds to question the others singly, and each one must use in his answer the word of the proverb he has previously received.

Suppose the proverb selected to be "Nothing venture, nothing have." The questions and answers might be like this:

"Is the proverb a long one?"

First Player—Nothing should be too long for you to guess.

"Have you ever played this game before?"

Second Player—Really, I cannot venture to say.

"Are you fond of parlor games?"

Third Player—Nothing pleases me more.

"Are you enjoying yourself this evening?"

Fourth Player—I have enjoyed myself thus far.

If the questioner has not yet guessed the proverb he continues his questions until enlightened, when the player whose answer has given him the clew goes out of the room and becomes questioner for the next proverb chosen.

Fox, Gnats and Swallow.

A Fox, the most cunning of his kind, and who had made himself famous by the number of chickens he had eaten, was chased by hunters. Having absolutely no other way of escaping them, he swam across a river.

When he reached the opposite bank he found it so steep that he could not climb it; he was disconcerted at sight of this fresh difficulty. At that instant Gnats came about him in crowds and, alighting upon his head and eyes, stung him and ate his blood.

A Swallow, skimming over the surface of the water, noticed the sad plight of the Fox.

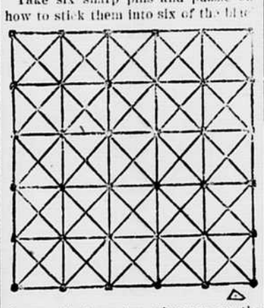
"Friend," he said, "I see that these bloodsuckers are tormenting you without you being able to get rid of them. I will soon free you of them if you wish."

"No, no," said the Fox; "don't do it. I beg of you, for if you drive away these Gnats, which are already full, another swarm of the insects will come and take their place. They won't leave a drop of blood in my veins."

It is better to bear with patience a little present evil than to expose one's self to a greater ill.—From French of Perrin.

Pins and Dots.

Take six sharp pins and puzzle out how to stick them into six of the dots so that no two pins are on the same line in any direction—vertical, horizontal or diagonal.



Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; but while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakfast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality in Quaker Oats not found in other foods, and for economy it is at the head of the list. Besides the regular size packages Quaker Oats is packed in large size family packages, with and without china. 5

Auction Rooms.

I am now prepared to buy all sorts of

STOCKS OF GOODS

— INCLUDING —

SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

I have a lot of second hand Furniture, Sleighs, Carriages and other goods new and second hand for sale.

Cash paid for goods when bought and I sell for same.

If you have anything you wish to sell or have sold at private sale bring it in.

I handle real estate, buying or selling, also surety bonds.

Auction rooms, No. 2, Western Ave.

Albert D. Park.

A FEW

Carnations and CHRYSANTHEMUMS

are just coming along at the

New Greenhouse, South Paris.

HEMLOCK BOARDS.

Hemlock covering boards. Also good work horse for sale.

J. A. KENNEY,
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Picture Frames and Pictures, Mats, Mirrors & Mouldings in all Styles.

High Grade Portrait Work in Crayon, Water color, Sepia and Oil a specialty.

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PORTLAND, MAINE
Send for Free Catalogue
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37-48

HILLS,
Jeweler and Graduate Optician.

Lowest Prices in Oxford County.

NORWAY, MAINE.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, James C. McKenzie of Rumford, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated the third day of October, 1906, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, book 236, page 528, conveyed to me, the undersigned, the following described real estate situated in the town of Rumford, County of Oxford and State of Maine, and located on the northerly side of the Androscoggin river above Rumford Falls as shown on the plan entitled Plan of Section Number 3 of Wheeler Purchase, Rumford Falls, Maine, dated July 25, 1901, and signed by Henry Nelson, Surveyor, and recorded in said Oxford Registry of Deeds, viz.:

Lot numbered two hundred ninety-one (291) on Spring Avenue, lot numbered two hundred ninety-two (292) on Spring Avenue, and lot numbered two hundred ninety-three (293) on Spring Avenue, with buildings thereon.

Said lots have each a frontage of sixty feet (60), a depth of one hundred (100) feet, and each contains six thousand (6000) superficial feet, and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken:

Now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

Rumford, Maine, October 7th, 1909.

41-3 J. ABBOTT NILE.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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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

Eastern Steamship Company.

Fare $1.00 one way; $2.00 Round Trip. Staterooms $1.00.

Steamships "Governor Dingley" or "Bay State" leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, week days at 7 P. M., for Boston.

Returning

Leave Union Wharf, Boston, week days 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.

Harvesting Machinery.

Having taken the agency for the Osborne Farm Machinery, I am prepared to furnish

Mowing Machines, Horse Rakes, Disc & Tooth Harrows, Cream Separators, Gasoline Engines, Etc.

And All Repairs for Same.

Full line of NEW CARRIAGES, CARRIAGE FURNISHINGS and REPAIRS.

E. O. MILLETT,
NEAR G. T. STATION,
South Paris, - Maine.

"Hits the Mark"

Purest Flour

"Of the various qualities of flour obtained from the same wheat, the lower grades are those most contaminated with grease, dirt, and objectionable bacteria; the freedom of flour from these, increases with its purity."
PROF. WM. JAMES, *the well-known English chemist.*

The purity of William Tell flour is due to the costly equipment and exceptional care to keep the grain and flour **clean.**

The wheat is stored in **hermetically sealed tanks** at the big mills of Austed & Burk Co.

Before grinding, it is cleaned **six times.**

Neither grain nor flour ever touches anything but the bright, clean surfaces of dust-proof machinery. Even the flour bags are sewed up by machinery.

William Tell comes to you from the mills with all the brilliant bloom that only Ohio wheat can make.

Ask your dealer, and insist on having—

William Tell
For Sale by
N. D. Bolster Co.

A new Lot

of Plumbing Goods. The best of oak woodwork for closets. No old goods. Call and see this line. Jobbing promptly attended to. No charge for team.

L. M. Longley,
Norway, - - Maine.

A LOW PRICE
— ON —
Wool Carpets

o close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

Chas. F. Ridlon,
Corner Main and Danforth Sts.,
NORWAY, - MAINE.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE Lovell Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,
LOVELL, MAINE.

ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1908.

Cash in office and bank,	$17.89
All other assets,	50.00
Gross cash assets,	$67.89

LIABILITIES, DEC. 31, 1908.

No liabilities on this date.	
Net cash assets,	$67.89
Premium notes subject to assessment,	$4,219.40
Deduct all assessments and payments,	1,037.80
Balance due on premium notes,	$3,881.60

40-2 E. T. STEARNS, Secretary.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:

The undersigned resident of Paris, h