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AMONG THE FARMERS.

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

Pork Raising in the East.

IT IS SURE TO BE PROFITABLE—THE DREAD OF CHOLERA REMOVED.

It is very evident that the continued high price of market hogs and the corresponding high price of bacon, pork and hams will cause swine growing in the east to be more engaged in next season than this. In fact, more meat and chicken will be raised throughout the whole United States within the next two years than ever before in the history of this country. In the New England and other eastern states there never have been any serious outbreaks of hog cholera, or anthrax, among swine, and there probably never will be such sweeping destruction of these animals as has been in the middle west, where swine growing has been one of the greatest of animal industries. But these facts furnish no security for the future of swine growing in the east. The fact of there never having been any serious outbreak furnishes one of the chief sources of future danger.

Our federal government, under the Animal Husbandry Department, has now in print a bulletin on the subject of hog cholera, written by Dr. M. Dorset, which I consider one of the most comprehensive, plain, common sense bulletins that has ever been published by the Department of Agriculture. It is free from scientific terms; not a word in the whole twenty-four pages that any schoolboy ten years old cannot well understand the meaning of. Furthermore, Dr. Dorset evidently knows in a practical way a whole lot about swine and swine management. It should be in the hands of every farmer from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida, as, if its teachings are followed, in my judgment this dread disease (which has caused more loss to farmers in one year than bovine tuberculosis ever has caused) can now practically be exterminated.

More especially should the farmers of the east who are proposing to engage in swine breeding on a small scale, by keeping from one to three or four brood sows with their annual crop of pigs, be interested in starting right. What do you mean by right? you may ask. I mean "right." First, don't buy a brood sow from outside your own state, or county even, unless she has been rendered immune by the serum Dr. Dorset mentions and tells you in the bulletin how to get. In short, allow no swine to come on your premises that have not been rendered immune, as no man knows how soon a person may come to your premises with the germs of hog cholera on his garments or shoes, carried perhaps from an infected farm in the middle west, or perhaps brought to the farm on the feet of cattle or other animals.

It is easy for any farmer to keep practically free from hog cholera, but far from easy to get rid of it after he has his pens and yards infected with it. Dr. Dorset well makes his knowledge of the disease known in his bulletin, and the Department of Animal Husbandry will willingly, for the outlay of one cent invested in a postal card and a request written upon it and directed to the Hon. A. D. Melvin, chief of the Bureau of Animal Husbandry, Washington, send in return a copy of the bulletin mentioned. I will close by saying, send for it; a word to the wise is always sufficient. It is the fellow who knows but little that requires a multitude of words to convince.—C. D. Smead, V. S., in Tribune Farmer.

Spreading Manure on the Field.

On p. 1122 I notice an article by E. B. Hart of the University of Wisconsin. His idea of saving manure is to take it fresh from the stable and spread it over the fields where crops are to be grown. This might not result in serious loss on the level lands of Wisconsin or Illinois, but it certainly would on the hills of New England, southern New York, and northern Pennsylvania. There is practically no level land in those regions. The hillsides are frozen hard during three or four months of the winter.

If the farmer spreads his fresh manure on these frozen fields, it certainly cannot get down into the soil till the frost gets out. What happens? Along in March there comes a sudden melting of the snow or a heavy fall of rain. For a time at least the soil is a frozen crust and the flow of water goes down the side-hill and takes with it most of the soluble parts of the manure and a good deal of the solids. These go down into the creek and are carried along to fertilize some mill pond or lake below. These results might not be visible from the observatory of a university, but the farmer who walks over his fields can see them plainly enough.

But this is not all. Suppose the farmer spreads his fresh manure on a field which he proposes to plant with corn in the spring. He plows the field in May, and what is left of his manure, after the spring washing, is turned under about six or seven inches deep. The corn is planted near the surface, and until the roots go down about six inches they have no help from the fertilizer at the time when they specially need it to give them a vigorous start.

My idea of saving manure, especially that from cattle, is to pile it under cover and keep it there a year or a year and a half. It will then be black and crumbly and in just the condition that market gardeners like. Then, after I had plowed my field for a crop, I would spread my manure on the surface, give it a light harrowing, and sow or plant the seed as soon as possible afterward. The manure is then just where it should be to help growth when the roots first sprout, and is in just the condition to be used immediately. It is all saved.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

Editorial rejoinder in the Country Gentleman:

While an interesting point is brought up, it would not seem just to condemn an entire practice because of one drawback, which can, in most cases, be overcome. New England, southern New York, and northern Pennsylvania do have some level land, and the wise farmer, having both kinds, would plan to spread his manure on the level land during the winter. Then again, hilly land that was to be planted in the spring might be fall-plowed along the contour lines, thus having ridges to prevent the washing of the manure.

On certain farms, indeed, where the land was very hilly and in grass, there would doubtless be a serious loss from washing. But on gently-sloping grassland, the slight loss by washing would be equalized by the saving in time and labor (there being one handling of the manure instead of two), and would probably not be any more than would occur if the manure were stored all winter as customary. The practice of rotting manure before applying is very well for truck growers, but is scarcely suited to ordinary farming.

Yes, we want to do all we can to encourage the setting of those 500 acres of trees the coming spring but in the meantime we want to remember the still greater importance of taking care of the trees we have neglected so very long. Let's see what we can and will do with them and then make plans for a new lot both of which shall have somewhere near the care they deserve. If you can't see your way clear to do this let some one who can plant the new trees and cut down the old ones and use the trunks for fuel this cold winter weather.

Enjoyment in a Medium Course.

Owing to the death of my parents, I was left, at an early age, to shift for myself. For three years I worked for a kindhearted but shiftless farmer for my board and clothes. This man had inherited a fine farm that had once been a paying property, but bad management and high living had put him behind until he was forced to dispose of it to pay his debts.

I was only ten years of age, but I remember how things looked. Mowing machines, rakes, plows, harrows, and other implements, lay about, fences were down, gates sagging, bushes, briers and weeds everywhere, not enough grain raised on the 200 acres to feed the few scrawny cows. In the house it was no better. Tobacco spittle plastered the walls, the yard was ornamented with broken dishes, dirty crocks and soiled garments. The garden was overrun by weeds, chickens, pigs and geese. "Slack" was master of all things; morning's milk would be left until noon without being strained, and the churnings were usually more whey than milk, so the butter was scarce and not fit to eat.

When I was thirteen I hired out for $4 a month to another farmer. Here I experienced the other extreme. During the busy season we were lucky to get to bed by eleven o'clock, and were called out by three in the morning and sometimes by half past two. I remember one of the boys grumbling about taking the horses to pasture. "What is the use of turning them out," he said, "for they will not have time to pick any grass." It was rush, rush all the time; run here, run there, and more machinery broken and torn up than could be paid for at the end of the season. One year was enough for me there, though I learned much and got broken in to rise early, work late and get a move on.

My next job was with a farmer who took things moderately, and of the three this was the only family who seemed really to enjoy life. I was given a nice little room upstairs and allowed to eat with the family. They did my washing and mending, and seemed to consider me a human being with thoughts and feelings like other folks. I was delighted with my position, and soon learned not to rush the horses or run the cows back and forth from pasture.* It was considered no disgrace to draw water, carry in wood, milk the cows, or do any of the hundred and one chores about the house during an idle time. There was a place for everything and a time for everything. The horses must be in pasture or stalls by sundown, and supper eaten by dark; everything moved on with clock-like precision, and I could accomplish more real work in a day than on the other farm in a day and a night combined.—Cor. in Country Gentleman.

The Maine Apple Standard.

I read with much interest the report of the proceedings of the Maine State Pomological Society in your issue of Oct. 28. I presume, from a little knowledge of the state, that conditions for apple growing in Maine are somewhat similar to those we find in the maritime provinces of Canada, particularly in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia.

I notice also that Maine is following the lead of Canada in enacting a law to regulate the grading and packing of apples for market. According to Prof. Gardner's definition in the report referred to, the Maine law fixes an arbitrary standard for size, saying that No. 1 apples must have 90 per cent not less than 2 1-2 inches in diameter, and No. 2 the same proportion of 2-inch apples, with the customary regulations as to defects and blemishes.

In the early stages of the Canada fruit marks act, the Dominion government attempted to fix an arbitrary minimum standard for No. 1 and No. 2; this was found impracticable unless it was extended to fix the minimum size for each variety. For instance, a Pomme Gris of two inches in diameter would class with any of our inspectors as a No. 1, while a two-inch Alexander or King would invariably be classed as a cull or vinegar apple. The Canadian act was therefore amended to enact that a barrel of "No. 1 apples must consist of well-grown specimens, of one variety, sound, not less than medium size for the variety, and not less than 90 per cent free from scab, worm holes, bruises, and other defects, and properly packed;" No. 2 stock must be nearly medium in size and free from such defects as will cause material waste.

After seven years' experience in the operation of the fruit marks act, I venture to suggest to our Maine competitors that they are setting too low a standard. Take the Baldwin, for instance, and I have an idea that it grows about the same with us as in that state; although we have no measurement fixed by law, the generally accepted standard for No. 1's is 2 1-2 inches and over, while No. 2's must be at least 2 1-4 inches in diameter. A two-inch Baldwin is a small apple, too small in my opinion for commercial use. Nova Scotia and Maine are competitors in the same English markets, and we would rather meet them on a common standard of packing than have two classes of No. 1's. That the standard set by our Canadian fruit marks act is not too high is admitted by all growers, and it will be easier for Maine to start high than to work up after the pace is set.—S. C. Parker, Nova Scotia, in Country Gentleman.

Mr. Gregory's Prize.

Hon. A. W. Gilman of Foxcroft, State Commissioner of Agriculture, has recently been in consultation with Assistant Attorney General Charles P. Barnes of Norway on drafting an agreement between the state of Maine and J. J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., who has given to the state a $1000 five per cent bond secured by first mortgage in five years, the income of which is to go to the farmer in Maine, who shall show the most thrifty and well kept acre of orcharding of five years' growth. The bond has been deposited in the Augusta Savings Bank by the commissioner of agriculture.

Through this offer of Mr. Gregory's which has been accepted by the state an opportunity is given to the farmers of Maine to enter into this contest for better fruit raising. Said a gentleman interested in the offer in discussing it: "The individual, who enters the contest in an intelligent manner will be a winner whether he gets the income from the bond or not. Whoever competes for the prize must select a good site and must choose vigorous trees. The ground will be thoroughly prepared and the trees well set in the most approved manner and will receive the best care during the next five years. The man who enters this contest will strive to do the best that is in him so the value of the contest will extend to the entire fruit growing interests of the state and be inestimable in the battle for better fruit that is now going on in Maine."

It is fast becoming a rather serious question as to where the cattle sufficient to supply the population of the United States are to be grown in the future; whether they are all to be grown in this country or some imported from foreign countries. It is a matter of common knowledge that the great cattle ranges, where a large proportion of the cattle of the country was heretofore raised on government lands, railroad lands, or other free lands, are being rapidly closed out. Speculators in western lands have purchased large areas of the ranges and at prices much in excess of their grass or range value. These lands have been resold to farmers at still advanced prices and very many of these farmers have not been able, in addition to paying for and improving their lands, to engage in the stock business.

Horses off color and with peculiar marking never sell so well as those of solid colors; besides they are more difficult to match.—Farm Journal.

The
BLACK BAG
By Louis Joseph Vance

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CHAPTER XXVI.

KIRKWOOD'S heart sank with the hopelessness of it all. If the railway directorates of Europe conspired against them, what chance had they? If the night boat train from Ostend had only had the decency to be twenty-five minutes late, instead of arriving promptly on the minute of 4:45, they two might have escaped by the 5:09 for Dunkerque and Calais.

"Miss Calendar," said Kirkwood from his heart, "just as soon as I get you home safe and sound I am going to take a day off, hunt up that little villain and flay him alive. In the meantime I forgot to dine last night and am reminded that we had better forage for breakfast."

Hobbs dogged them at a safe distance while they sallied forth and in a neighboring street discovered an early bird bakery. Here they were able to purchase rolls steaming from the oven, fresh pats of golden butter wrapped in clean lettuce leaves and milk in twin bottles, all of which they prosaically carried with them back to the station, lacking leisure as they did to partake of the food before train time.

Without attempting concealment (Hobbs, he knew, was eavesdropping round the corner of the door) Kirkwood purchased at the ticket window passages on the Dunkerque train. Mr. Hobbs promptly flattered him by imitation, and so jealous of his luck was Kirkwood by this time grown through continual disappointment that he did not even let the girl into his plans until they were aboard the 5:09 in a compartment all to themselves. Then, having with his own eyes seen Mr. Hobbs dodge into the third compartment in the rear of the same carriage, Kirkwood astonished the girl by requesting her to follow him, and together they left by the door opposite that by which they had entered.

The engine was running up and down a scale of staccato snorts in preparation for the race and the cars were on the edge of moving, couplings clanking, wheels a-groan, ere Mr Hobbs condescended to join them between the tracks.

Wearily, disheartened, Kirkwood reopened the door, flung the bags in and helped the girl back into their despised compartment. The quicker route to England via Ostend was now out of the question. As for himself, he waited for a brace of seconds, eying wickedly the ubiquitous Hobbs, who had popped back into his compartment, but stood ready to pop out again on the least encouragement. In the meantime he was pleased to shake a friendly fool at Mr. Kirkwood, thrusting that member out through the half open door.

Only the timely departure of the train, compelling him to rejoin Dorothy at once if at all, prevented the American from adding murder to the already noteworthy catalogue of his high crimes and misdemeanors.

Their simple meal, consumed to the ultimate drop and crumb while the Dunkerque train meandered serenely through a sunny, smiling Flemish countryside, somewhat revived their jaded spirits.

For a time they laughed and chattered, pretending that the present held no cares or troubles, but soon the girl, nestling her head in a corner of the dingy cushions, was smiling ever more drowsily on Kirkwood. And presently she slept in good earnest, the warm blood ebbing and flowing beneath the exquisite texture of her cheeks, the ghost of an unconscious smile quivering about the sensitive scarlet mouth, the breeze through the open window at her side wantoning at will in the sunlit witchery of her hair. And Kirkwood, worn with sleepless watching, dwelt in longing upon the dear, innocent allure of her until the ache in his heart had grown well nigh insupportable, then instinctively turned his gaze upward, searching his heart, reading the faith and desire of it, so that at length knowledge and understanding came to him of his weakness and strength and the clean love that he bore for her, and, gladdened, he sat dreaming in waking the same clear dreams that modeled her unconscious lips secretly for laughter and the joy of living.

When Dunkerque halted their progress they were obliged to alight and change cars, Hobbs a discreetly sinister shadow at the end of the platform.

By schedule they were to arrive in Calais about the middle of the forenoon, with a wait of three hours to be bridged before the departure of the Dover packet. That would be an anxious time. The prospect of it rendered both Dorothy and Kirkwood doubly anxious throughout this final stage of their flight. In three hours anything could happen or be brought about. Neither could forget that it was quite within the bounds of possibilities for Calendar to be awaiting them in Calais. Presuming that Hobbs had been acute enough to guess their plans and advise his employer by telegraph, the latter could readily have anticipated their arrival, whether by sea in the brigantine or by land, taking the direct route via Brussels and Lille. If such proved to be the case it were scarcely sensible to count upon the arch adventurer contenting himself with a waiting role like Hobbs'.

With such unhappy apprehensions for a stimulant, between them the man and the girl contrived a makeshift counter stratagem, or it were more accurate to say that Kirkwood proposed it, while Dorothy rejected, disputed and at length accepted it, albeit with sad misgivings, for it involved a separation that might not prove temporary.

Together they could never escape the surveillance of Mr. Hobbs; parted he would be obliged to follow one or the other. The task of misleading the Alethea's mate Kirkwood undertook, delegating to the girl the duty of escaping when he could provide her the opportunity, of keeping under cover until the hour of sailing and then proceeding to England with the gladstone bag alone if Kirkwood was unable or thought it inadvisable to join her on the boat.

In furtherance of this design a majority of the girl's belongings were transferred from her traveling bag to Kirkwood's, the gladstone taking their place, and the young man provided her with voluminous instructions, a revolver which she did not know how to handle and declared she would never use for any consideration and enough money to pay for her accommodation at the Terminus hotel, near the pier, and for two passages to London. It was agreed that she should secure the steamer booking lest Kirkwood be delayed until the last moment.

These arrangements concluded, the pair of blessed idiots sat steeped in melancholy silence, avoiding each other's eyes, until the train drew in at the Gare Centrale, Calais.

In profound silence, too, they left their compartment and passed through the station into the quiet, sun drenched streets of the seaport, Hobbs hovering solicitously in the offing.

Without comment or visible relief of mind they were aware that their fears had been without apparent foundation. They saw no sign of Calendar, Stryker or Mulready. The circumstance, however, counted for nothing. One or all of the adventurers might arrive in Calais at any minute.

Momentarily more miserable as the time of parting drew nearer, dumb with unhappiness, they turned aside from the main thoroughfares of the city, leaving the business section, and gained the sleepier side streets bordered by the residences of the proletariat, where for blocks none but children were to be seen, and of them but few—quaint, sober little bodies playing almost noiselessly in their dooryards.

At length Kirkwood spoke.

"Let's make it the corner," he said without looking at the girl. "It's a short block to the next street. You hurry to the Terminus and lock yourself in your room. Have the management book both passages. Don't run the risk of going to the pier yourself. I'll make things interesting for Mr. Hobbs and join you as soon as I can, if I can."

"You must," replied the girl. "I shan't go without you."

"But, Dor—Miss Calendar!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"I don't care—I know I agreed," she declared mutinously. "But I won't—I can't. Remember I shall wait for you."

"But—but perhaps"—

"If you have to stay it will be because there's danger, won't it? And what would you think of me if I deserted you then af-after all y-you've done? Please don't waste time arguing. Whether you come at 1 today, tomorrow or a week from tomorrow I shall be waiting. You may be sure. Goodby."

They had turned the corner, walking slowly side by side. Hobbs, for the first time caught off his guard, had dropped behind more than half a long block. But now Kirkwood's quick sidelong glance discovered the mate in the act of taking alarm and quickening his pace. None the less the American was at the time barely conscious of anything other than a wholly unexpected furtive pressure of the girl's gloved fingers on his own.

"Goodby," she whispered.

He caught at her hand, protesting "Dorothy!"

"Goodby," she repeated breathlessly with a queer little catch in her voice. "God be with you, Philip, and—and send you safely back to me."

And she was running away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DUMFOUNDED with dismay, seeing in a flash how all his plans might be set at naught by Dorothy's unforeseen insubordination, Kirkwood took a step or two after her, but she was fleet of foot, and, remembering Hobbs, he halted.

By this time the mate, too, was running. Kirkwood could hear the heavy pounding of his clumsy feet. Already Dorothy had almost gained the farther corner. As she whisked round it with a flutter of skirts Kirkwood dodged hastily behind a gatepost. A thought later Hobbs appeared, head down, chest out, eyes straining for sight of his quarry, pelting along for dear life.

As, rounding the corner, he stretched out in swifter stride Kirkwood was inspired to put a spoke in his wheel, and a foot thrust suddenly out from behind the gatepost accomplished his purpose with more success than he had dared anticipate. Stumbling, the mate plunged headlong, arms and legs a-sprawl, and the momentum of his pace, though checked, carried him along the sidewalk, face downward, a full yard ere he could stay himself.

Kirkwood stepped out of the gateway and sheered off as Hobbs picked himself up, something which he did rather slowly, as if in a daze, without comprehension of the cause of his misfortune. And for a moment he stood pulling his wits together and swaying as though on the point of resuming his rudely interrupted chase when the noise of Kirkwood's heels brought him about face.

"Ow, it's you, eh!" he snarled in a temper as vicious as his countenance.

"Myself," admitted Kirkwood fairly, and then, in a gleam of humor. "Weren't you looking for me?"

His rage seemed to take the little cockney and shake him by the throat. He trembled from head to foot, his face shockingly congested, and spat out dust and fragments of lurid blasphemy like an infuriated cat.

Of a sudden "Were's the gel?" he sputtered thickly as his quick shifting eyes for the first time noted Dorothy's absence.

"Miss Calendar has other business—none with you. I've taken the liberty of stopping you because I have a word or two"—

"Ow, you 'ave, 'ave you?. I've a word for you too! 'And over that bag—and look nippy or I'll myke you pye for w'at you've done to me. I'll myke you pye!" he iterated hoarsely, edging closer. "'And it over or"—

"You've got another guess"— Kirkwood began, but saved his breath in deference to an imperative demand on him for instant defensive action, for a six inch blade of tarnished steel was winging toward Kirkwood's throat with the speed of light.

Instinctively he stepped back, as instinctively he guarded with his right forearm, lifting the hand that held the satchel. The knife, catching in his sleeve, scratched the arm beneath painfully and simultaneously was twisted from the mate's grasp, while in his surprise Kirkwood's grip on the bag handle relaxed. It was torn forcibly from his fingers just as he received a heavy blow on his chest from the mate's fist. He staggered back.

By the time he had recovered from the shock Hobbs was a score of feet away, the satchel tucked under his arm, his body bent almost double, running like a jack rabbit. Ere Kirkwood could get under way in pursuit the mate had dodged out of sight round the corner. When the American caught sight of him again he was far down the block and bettering his pace with every jump.

He was approaching, also, some six or eight good citizens of Calais, men of the laboring class, at a guess. Their attention attracted by his frantic flight, they stopped to wonder. One or two moved as though to intercept him, and he doubled out into the middle of the street with the quickness of thought. An instant later he shot around another corner and disappeared, the natives streaming after in hot chase, electrified by the inspiring strains of "Stop thief!" or its French equivalent.

The mob straggled round yet another corner and was gone. Its clamor diminished on the still spring air, and Kirkwood, recovering, abandoned Mr. Hobbs to the justice of the high gods and the French system of jurisprudence. At least he hoped the latter would take an interest in the case if haply Hobbs were laid by the heels and went his way rejoicing.

As for the scratch on his arm, it was nothing, as he presently demonstrated to his complete satisfaction in the seclusion of a chance sent fiacre. Kirkwood, commissioning it to drive him to the American consulate, made his diagnosis en route, wound a handkerchief round the negligible wound, rolled down his sleeve and forgot it altogether in the joys of picturing to himself Hobbs in the act of opening the satchel in expectation of finding therein the gladstone bag.

At the consulate door he paid off the driver and dismissed him. The fiacre had served his purpose, and he could find his way to the Terminus hotel at infinitely less expense. He had a considerably harder task before him as he ascended the steps to the consular doorway, knocked and made known the nature of his errand.

No malicious destiny could have timed the hour of his call more appositely. The consul was at home and at the disposal of his fellow citizens—within bounds.

In the course of thirty minutes or so Kirkwood emerged with dignity from the consulate, his face crimson to the hair, his soul smarting with shame and humiliation, and left an amused official representative of his country's government with the impression of

He disappeared, the natives streaming after in hot chase.

having been entertained to the point of ennui by an exceptionally clumsy but pertinacious liar.

At noon precisely, his suspense grown too onerous for his strength of will, throwing caution and their understanding to the winds, he walked boldly into the Terminus and inquired for Miss Calendar.

When at length she appeared on the threshold of the apartment, bringing with her the traveling bag and looking wonderfully the better for her ninety minutes of complete repose and privacy, the relief he experienced was so intense that he remained transfixed in the middle of the floor, momentarily able neither to speak nor to move.

On her part, so fagged and distraught did he seem, that at sight of his careworn countenance she hurried to him with outstretched, compassionate hands and a low, pitiful cry of concern, forgetful entirely of that which he himself had forgotten—the emotion she had betrayed on parting.

"Oh, nothing wrong," he hastened to reassure her, with a sorry ghost of his familiar grin, "only I have lost Hobbs and the satchel with your things, and there's no sign yet of Mr. Calendar. We can feel pretty comfortable now, and—and I thought it time we had something like a meal."

The narrative of his adventure which he delivered over their dejeuner a la fourchette contained no mention either of his rebuff at the American consulate or the scratch he had sustained during Hobbs' murderous assault. The one could not concern her; the other would seem but a bid for her sympathy. He counted it a fortunate thing that the mate's knife had been keen enough to penetrate the cloth of his sleeve without tearing it. The slit it had left was barely noticeable. And he purposely diverted the girl with flashes of humorous description, so that they discussed both meal and episode in a mood of wholesome merriment.

It was concluded, all too soon for the taste of either, by the waiter's announcement that the steamer was on the point of sailing.

Outwardly composed, inwardly quaking, they boarded the packet, meeting with no misadventure whatever—if we are to except the circumstance that when the restaurant bill was settled and the girl had punctiliously surrendered his change with the tickets Kirkwood found himself in possession of precisely 1 franc and 20 centimes.

He groaned in spirit to think how differently he might have been fixed had he not in his infatuated spirit of honesty been so anxious to give Calendar more than ample value for his money.

An inexorable anxiety held them both near the gangway until it was cast off and the boat began to draw away from the pier. Then, and not till then, did an unimpressive, small figure of a man detach itself from the shield of a pile of luggage and advance to the pier head. No second glance was needed to identify Mr. Hobbs, and until the perspective dwarfed him indistinguishably he was to be seen alternately waving Kirkwood ironic farewell and blowing violent kisses to Miss Calendar from the tips of his soiled fingers.

So he had escaped arrest.

At first by turns indignant and relieved to realize that thereafter they were to move in scenes in which his hateful shadow would not form an essentially component part, subsequently Kirkwood fell a prey to prophetic terrors. It was not alone fear or retribution that had induced Hobbs to relinquish his persecution, or so Kirkwood had become convinced. If the mate's calculation had allowed for them the least fraction of a chance to escape apprehension on the farther shores of the channel, nor fears nor threats would have prevented him from sailing with the fugitives. Far from having left danger behind them on the continent, Kirkwood believed in his secret heart that they were but flying to encounter it beneath the smoky pall of London.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AS the evening boat train from Dover swung on toward Charing Cross for perhaps the tenth time in the course of his journey Kirkwood withdrew his gaze from the window and turned to the girl, a question ready framed upon his lips.

"Are you quite sure"— he began, and then, alive to the clear and penetrating perception in the brown eyes that smiled into his from under their level brows, he stammered and left the query uncompleted.

Continuing to regard him steadily and smilingly, Dorothy shook her head in playful denial and protest. "Do you know," she commented, "that this is about the fifth repetition of that identical question within the last quarter hour?"

"How do you know what I meant to say?" he demanded, staring.

"I can see it in your eyes. Besides, you've talked and thought of nothing else since we left the boat. Won't you believe me, please, when I say there's absolutely not a soul in London to whom I could go and ask for shelter? I don't think it's very nice of you to be so openly anxious to get rid of me."

This latter was so essentially undeserved and so artlessly insincere that he must needs, of course, treat it with all seriousness.

"That isn't fair, Miss Calendar. Really it's not."

"What am I to think? I've told you any number of times that it's only an hour's ride on to Chiltern, where the Pyrfords will be glad to take me in. You may depend upon it, by 8 tonight, at the latest, you'll have me off your hands—the drag and worry that I've been ever since"—

"Don't!" he pleaded vehemently. "Please! You know it isn't that. I don't want you off my hands, ever. That is to say, I—ah"— Here he was smitten with a dumbness and sat, aghast at the enormity of his blunder, entreating her forgiveness with eyes that very likely pleaded his cause more eloquently than he guessed.

"I mean," he floundered on presently, in the fatuous belief that he would this time be able to control both mind and tongue—"what I mean is I'd be glad to go on serving you in any way I might to the end of time if you'd give me"—

He left the declaration inconclusive—a stroke of diplomacy that would have graced an infinitely more adept wooer. But he used it all unconsciously. "O Lord!" he groaned in spirit. "Worse and more of it! Why in thunder can't I say the right thing right?"

"Dear Mr. Kirkwood," she said gently, bending forward as if to read between the lines anxiety had graven on his countenance, "won't you tell me, please, what it can be that so worries you?"

In exasperation he interrupted almost rudely. "It's only this—I—I'm strapped."

"Strapped?" She knitted her brows over this fresh specimen of American slang.

"Flat strapped — busted — broke—on my uppers—down and out." He reeled off synonyms without a smile. "I haven't enough money to pay cab fare across the town"—

"Oh!" she interpolated, enlightened.

—"to say nothing of taking us to Chiltern. I couldn't buy you a glass of water if you were thirsty. There isn't a soul on earth within hail who would trust me with a quarter—I mean a shilling—across London bridge. I'm the original 'luckless wonder' and the only genuine Jonah extant."

With a face the hue of fire he cocked his eyebrows askew and attempted to laugh unconcernedly to hide his bitter shame. "I've led you out of the frying pan into the fire, and I don't know what to do. Please call me names."

"Oh, poor Mr. Kirkwood! And it's all because of me! You've beggared yourself"—

"Not precisely. I was beggared to begin with." He hastened to disclaim the extravagant generosity of which she accused him. "I had only three or four pounds to my name that night we met. I haven't told you—I"—

"You've told me nothing, nothing whatever about yourself," she said reproachfully.

"I didn't want to bother you with my troubles. I tried not to talk about myself. You knew I was an American, but I'm worse than that. I'm a Californian—from San Francisco." He tried unsuccessfully to make light of it. "I told you I was the 'luckless wonder.' If I'd ever had any luck I would have stored a little money away. As it was, I lived on my income, left my principal in Frisco, and when the earthquake came it wiped me out completely."

"And you were going home that night we made you miss your steamer!"

"It was my own fault, and I'm glad this blessed minute that I did miss it. Nice sort I'd have been to go off and leave you at the mercy"—

"Please! I want to think. I'm trying to remember how much you've gone through"—

"Precisely what I don't want you to do. Anyway, I did nothing more than any other fellow would have done. Please don't give me credit that I don't deserve. We must go to Mrs. Hallam's house first. It's too late now—after 5—else we could deposit the jewels in some bank. Since—since they are no longer yours the only thing and the proper thing to do is to place them in safety or in the hands of their owner. If you take them directly to young Hallam your hands will be clear. And—I never did such a thing in my life, Miss Calendar, but if he's got a spark of gratitude in his makeup I ought to be able to—er—to borrow a pound or so of him."

"Do you think so?" She shook her head in doubt. "I don't know. I know so little of such things. You are right. We must take him the jewels, but"— Her voice trailed off into a sigh of profound perturbation.

He dared not meet her look.

With a jar the train started and began to move more swiftly.

Kirkwood lifted the traveling bag to his knees.

"Don't forget," he said, with some difficulty, "you're to stick by me whatever happens. You mustn't desert me."

"You know," the girl reproved him.

"I know, but there must be no misunderstanding. Don't worry. We'll win out yet. I've a plan."

Glorious liar! He had not the glimmering of a plan.

The engine panting, the train drew in beneath the vast sounding dome of the station to an accompaniment of dull thunderings and stopped finally.

Hurried and jostled, the girl clinging tightly to his arm lest they be separated in the crush, they came to the ticket wicket. Beyond the barrier surged a sea of hats. Beneath any one of these might lurk the maleficent brain, the spying eyes, of Calendar or one of his creatures. Beneath all of them that he encountered Kirkwood peered in fearful inquiry.

Abruptly he caught the girl by the arm and unceremoniously hurried her toward a waiting hansom.

"Quick!" he begged her. "Jump right in—not an instant to spare!"

She nodded brightly, lips firm with courage, eyes shining.

"My father?"

"Yes." Kirkwood glanced back over his shoulder. "He hasn't seen us yet. They've just driven up. Stryker's with him. They're getting down." And to himself, "Oh, the devil!" cried the panic stricken young man.

He drew back to let the girl precede him into the cab. At the same time he kept an eye on Calendar, whose conveyance stood half the length of the station front away.

The fat adventurer had finished paying off the driver, standing on the deck of the hansom. Stryker was already out, towering above the mass of people and glaring about him with his hawk keen vision. Calendar had started to alight. His foot was leaving the step when Stryker's glance singled out their quarry. Instantly he turned and spoke to his confederate. Calendar wheeled like a flash, peering eagerly in the direction indicated by the captain's index finger, then, snapping instructions to his driver, threw himself heavily back on the seat. Stryker, awkward on his land legs, stumbled and fell in an ill calculated attempt to hoist himself hastily back into the vehicle.

To the delay thus occasioned alone Kirkwood and Dorothy owed a respite of freedom. Their hansom was already swinging down toward the great gates of the yard, the American standing to make the driver comprehend the necessity for using the utmost speed in reaching the Craven street address. The man proved both intelligent and obliging. Kirkwood had barely time to drop down beside the girl ere the cab was swinging out into the Strand, to the peril of the toes belonging to a number of righteously indignant pedestrians.

He turned in the seat, twisting his neck to peep through the small rear window. "I don't see their cab," he announced. "But of course they're after us. However, Craven street's just round the corner. If we get there first I don't fancy Freddie Hallam will have a cordial reception for our pursuers. They must have been on watch at Cannon street, and, finding we were not coming in that way—of course they were expecting us because of Hobbs' wire—they took cab for Charing Cross. Lucky for us—or is it lucky?" he added doubtfully to himself.

The hansom whipped round the corner into Craven street. Kirkwood sprang up, grasping the treasure bag, ready to jump the instant they pulled in toward Mrs. Hallam's dwelling. But as they drew near upon the address he drew back with an exclamation of amazement.

The house was closed, showing a blank face to the street—blinds drawn close down in the windows, area gate padlocked, an estate agent's board projecting from above the doorway advertising the property "to be let, furnished."

Kirkwood looked back, craning his neck round the side of the cab. At the moment another hansom was breaking through the rank of humanity on the Strand crossing. He saw one or two figures leap desperately from beneath the horse's hoofs. Then the cab shot out swiftly down the street.

The American stood up again, catching the cabby's eye.

"Drive on!" he cried excitedly. "Don't stop! Drive as fast as you dare!"

"Were to, sir?"

"See that cab behind? Don't let it catch us! Shake it off, lose it somehow, but for the love of heaven don't let it catch us! I'll make it worth your while. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." The driver looked

ESTABLISHED 1846.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JAN. 11, 1910.

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.

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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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rough Clothing.
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W. L. Douglas Shoes.
Railway Mail Clerks Wanted.
Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.
Two Notices of Appointment.

Here and There.

The Washington news is, in brief, that there is the deuce to pay, all around.

What's this? The census bureau sending out an S. O. S. call for enumerators, setting forth the great service which is to be rendered by those officials, and the public spirit which should prompt citizens to apply for the job! It has been lo! these many years since even a little insignificant office has been around hunting the man in this wholesale fashion. Even in the western Maine district there is said to be a great modesty among the citizens about putting themselves forward for the positions, and Supervisor Drew may yet have to resort to conscription.

China—yellow China—is adopting the metric system. And we in enlightened America still stagger under our hereditary hodge-podge of weights and measures, which grows every year harder to throw off.

Another aviator gone to his death in France. But learning to fly is such a form of progress as must necessarily exact a heavy toll in human life, and this aviator is only one of the items of that toll.

If you know enough about the case to believe that the courts have made the great error of convicting an innocent man in Charles W. Morse, you are perfectly justified in signing a petition for his pardon. Courts are a human institution, and do make mistakes. But no man, unless he really believes Morse was innocent, and has enough knowledge of the matter to justify his belief, has any business asking for his pardon.

In McClure's Magazine for January is one of the most astounding things ever printed. It is the story of Eugene Azeff, and is sub-titled "An unmasking of Russia's secret police system." The world has long known that there was in Russia an irrepressible contest between an autocratic, tryannical government, and a lot of deluded revolutionists who thought to advance the cause of liberty by murder and assassination, but this story goes beyond anything of which most people have dreamed. Eugene Azeff was a leader in the revolutionary party, and at the same time was a secret police agent, betraying to the government his companions in the plots devised, many of them being executed as the result. This, in Russia, is not surprising. But unless the story as told in the magazine is a fabrication—and it has internal evidences of truth—the chief of the foreign service of the Russian secret police not only employed Azeff as an agent, but in order to secure the conviction of fellow-conspirators, furnished Azeff money and encouragement in inciting and planning plots which were carried to the point of actual murder; and one of the victims was Plehve, who was then very nearly dictator of Russia, and another the grand duke Sergius, favorite uncle of the czar. Yet all this time Azeff remained in favor with the government police, and is now living virtually on a pension from the government. Such a story is almost incredible, and only Russia could make it possible.

About the State.

The state assessors report a valuation for Maine of $384,024,322, a gain from last year of $9,126,608. Oxford County's increase is $229,079.

Boston papers have been printing a story to the effect that another storage dam would be built at the headwaters of the Androscoggin, near Pontoocook

Freeport's fire loss is offset, in some measure, by the announcement that a large granite quarrying and cutting firm is to remove its plant from Quincy, Mass., to Freeport.

Thomas L. Orff of North Waldoboro recently dug nine skunks out of one den in the ground. Some of them were black, and nearly all were almost black. He received $4 apiece for the black ones.

The blue prints and detail drawings, which guided the contractors and builders in the erection of the new Cumberland County Court House at Portland filled an express wagon of the ordinary size.

Commander Peary was given a great ovation at each of his first lectures on his polar trip given in Maine, which were at Portland Monday evening of last week, at Augusta Tuesday evening, and at Bangor Wednesday evening.

Word has been received from a Boston museum that the hog which weighed 1050 pounds when it was shipped from Harrison, weighed "just 1160 pounds" when it arrived on the museum platform. Strange how a railroad journey will affect the growth of hogs!

Remarking "if I were to shoot myself this is how I would do it," Arthur Smith, 18, son of Joseph Smith of Rockland, placed a revolver against his neck Monday, and was instantly killed when he pulled the trigger. It is not known whether the tragedy was accidental or not.

While hauling potatoes for Roger McGary at Smyrna Lewis Whiting, aged 27, a farm hand, was thrown from his sled and killed, his neck being broken when the sled passed over it. His horses had become frightened, and dashed into a telephone pole. He was not married.

Skating too near the open water on the Androscoggin River at Lewiston, Sunday, the 2d, Raoul Lefevre, the 10-year-old son of Adolph Lefevre of New Auburn, broke through the ice. Although the boy was rescued he was so thoroughly chilled that he died in an hour and a half later without regaining consciousness. In an effort to save him two other boys nearly lost their lives.

A total of 2,160 pensioners on the rolls is shown by the annual report of Col. Edwin C. Milliken, state pension agent. Of that number 785 are invalids, 1,310 widows, one father, 15 mothers, ten sons, 23 daughters and 16 sisters. The number of applications filed, 2,358, was seven less than the preceding year. Eighty-eight more certificates were issued than in 1908, included in the number receiving them being six soldiers of the war with Spain and 11 widows of such soldiers. Two of the mothers on the roll are each 96 years of age.

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.

Paris Hill's death rate the past week has been an unusual one, two citizens of the village, Horatio Eastman and Joseph J. Slattery, and Ordessa M. Bowker, residing about a mile from this village, near Mount Mica, having died on Thursday and Friday. Mr. Bowker, who has had a heart trouble for a long time, was assisting Thursday in getting up a horse that was down when he died suddenly from the exertion. The funeral services were conducted on Saturday afternoon by Rev. J. H. Little. Mr. Bowker was the son of Capt. James Bowker, Jr., and was born in Buckfield on Feb. 13, 1828. He leaves a widow, one son, James E., who lives at home, two daughters, Mrs. George H. Hardy and Mrs. W. H. Adams, both of Paris.

Mr. Eastman has been in feeble and failing health for a long time and confined to the house for about a year, where he has been tenderly cared for by his sister, daughter and grandson. The end came Friday morning. The funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon at his late residence by Rev. G. W. F. Hill and a delegation from Mount Mica Lodge, I. O. O. F., of South Paris, of which order he was a member, belonging to Saco Valley Lodge of North Conway, N. H., which he joined when twenty-one years of age. In years of membership in the order, he was undoubtedly one of the oldest Odd Fellows in this section. Interment was at the old cemetery north-west of the village. Mr. Eastman and Mr. Bowker were among the older residents of Paris, both having passed the eighty-year mark.

The death of Joseph J. Slattery, which occurred on Thursday evening, seems a particularly sad one, viewed from the human standpoint. In the prime of life, with a family dependent upon him and much to live for, his taking off at this time brings sadness to many hearts, and awakens the sympathy of the entire community. Mr. Slattery was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Slattery of this village, and besides his parents, brothers and sister, he is survived by a widow and three small children. Mr. Slattery has made his home in this village for several years where he has been a respected citizen and made very many friends. Rheumatism complicated with a heart trouble has kept him from work during a part of the past summer and fall, but became much worse during the past week, until the end came Thursday. The funeral services were attended Sunday by a large number of citizens, and conducted by Rev. G. W. F. Hill and by Hamlin Lodge, K. of P., of South Paris, of which lodge Mr. Slattery was a member.

The annual parish meeting of the First Baptist church will be held at the vestry on Wednesday evening of this week at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Caroline P. Harlow goes to Boston on Thursday of the present week for a visit of a few weeks. Mrs. Fred Shaw will have charge of the post office during her absence.

Mrs. Jarvis M. Thayer and baby daughter are visiting her father and sisters at West Paris.

Mrs. James Buck of West Sumner has been dressmaking at Elmhurst for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer W. Cummings are going to New York Thursday, where Mr. Cummings has employment.

West Sumner.

Wm. A. Barrows Post and W. R. Corps, No. 79, will hold a joint installation Saturday, Jan. 15th, in the Universalist vestry. Dinner will be served by the ladies of the Corps, and all members of the Post and their families are invited.

The Ladies' Aid of the Universalist church served a dinner in the vestry Wednesday. On account of the severity of the weather the attendance was smaller than usual. Their next dinner will be Feb. 2d.

Mrs. James Buck has gone to Paris Hill to do dressmaking.

Miss Flossie Dorr of Buckfield is the guest of Miss Emily Tuell.

Mellen Buck, who has been an invalid for some time, became suddenly very ill Sunday evening. Mr. Buck lives with his daughter, Mrs. Delma Farrar, who very kindly cares for him. His son Charles of Buckfield, and Emulus Benson, wife, and little son, of South Paris, were called here by Mr. Buck's illness. Mrs. Benson is Mr. Buck's daughter. Mr. Buck has rallied and is able to sit up again. Mr. Benson and son have returned home, while Mrs. Benson remained with her father.

The S. B. R. Club will hold its next meeting Jan. 13th. It being the semi-annual election of officers a full attendance is desired.

Hazel Morrill, the eleven-year-old daughter of Nahum Morrill, has a Scotch collie of more than ordinary intelligence, who hauls her on a sled. Hazel lives about a mile from the village and when she comes to take her music lesson she harnesses her dog to a sled, and tying her music roll thereon seizes the guiding rope and away they go at breakneck speed. It is a unique sight to see the sagacious animal who seems to understand that he is to protect his charge as well as to draw her on the sled.

Alvin Garey is sawing ice on Pleasant Pond for several parties.

Elias Johnson of Strickland Ferry has been here getting his mill ready for sawing. The yard is full of logs. There is a bad leak in the dam which he is having repaired. He left for home when he heard that one of his cows was sick.

Wm. Russell and son Benjamin of South Paris visited with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young Saturday.

Ben Gerrish of Buckfield was here Wednesday with a flock of sheep and some cattle that he had purchased in this vicinity.

Miss Beulah Robbins, who has been ill with a sore throat, is somewhat improved, but is not yet able to attend school.

W. E. Skillings of Bryant Pond was in town last week.

Mrs. Mabel Foster and daughter Helen of Bryant Pond spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Farrar, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell of Sumner spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Farrar.

The winter term of school in this village, taught by Adrian Holmes of Buckfield, closed Friday, Jan. 7th. Mr. Holmes has given very good satisfaction.

School closed at Pleasant Pond the same day.

Mrs. W. E. Bisbee who has been confined to the house with a severe cold, is much improved. At one time she was so hoarse she was unable to speak above a whisper and had to use a pencil and paper when she wished to converse with any one.

News has been received of the marriage of Mrs. Minnie Wyman, formerly of this place. She was married at Wilton, Jan. 4th, to Leonard E. Armstrong of that place.

Albany.

A good variety of weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brown were in town recently.

School closed in the Townhouse District last week.

There was a good crowd at the hunt dance last Friday night.

F. H. Bennett bought a pair of horses recently.

Some of the farmers are harvesting their ice.

Millard Clough is working for F. H. Bennett.

Lester Swan is working for S. G. Bean.

Norway Lake.

J. L. Partridge has been on the sick list for a week or more.

L. F. Willis, the sawyer in Partridge's saw mill, went to the C. M. G. Hospital Jan. 1st and was operated on for appendicitis the same day.

School opened here Jan. 3d with Miss Darling from Massachusetts as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wheeler from Bethel visited at Geo. French's Jan. 1st and 2d.

West Paris.

The officers of Onward Rebekah Lodge will be installed at a special meeting Tuesday evening, Jan. 11th.

A large audience greeted the Edwin J. Hadley moving picture show Thursday evening, Jan. 6th. It was an excellent show. The proceeds go to the village fire company.

Alonzo K. Dimock, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dunham, returned to Melrose, Mass., Monday. Mr. Dimock was a former resident of West Paris but has been gone nearly twenty years, yet he found many friends who were glad to see him so little changed, and welcomed him back to our village.

Mrs. Harold Gerrish and daughter Elva are visiting at J. L. Marshall's at Bangor.

Solon Curtis, who is at Dr. King's hospital at Portland for treatment, and Mrs. Ernest Curtis, who recently underwent an operation at the C. M. G. hospital at Lewiston, are reported as gaining.

Mrs. Sara Curtis is visiting relatives in Portland for a few days.

Miss Edith Gardner entertained several girl friends last Wednesday afternoon, the occasion being her thirteenth birthday. Her guests were entertained by music on piano and violin and games were played. Light refreshments were served.

Samuel B. Locke has returned to Yale College.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lane visited Mrs. Lane's sister at Andover last week.

The name of Miss Eva Tucker, cradle roll superintendent, was omitted last week from the list of newly elected officers of the Universalist Sunday School.

L. F. Willis, Jr., who was operated upon at the Central Maine General Hospital, Lewiston, for appendicitis, is reported as doing well.

Mrs. Clarence G. Morton and E. D Stilwell, who recently submitted to surgical operations, are decidedly improved.

Greenwood.

Supposing Mr. Prince, and possibly some others, would like to know what kind of weather we are having away up, or down, here in Maine since the new year came in, possibly a few lines bearing on that subject will not come amiss.

The first zero morning for the winter was on December 30, when it was just that. The new year came in with the temperature three below, and the next morning, Jan. 2, it had risen to 36. Monday it was fairly pleasant until along in the afternoon, when it rapidly grew cold, and the next morning the temperature had sunk to 10 below, and the day following the cold was so intense that but little work was done outside. The next morning the glass showed the same temperature, 10 below, but moderated during the day, and as night came on there was a first class snow storm in progress, which continued a while, when the wind shifted, turning the snow into rain and sending the mercury again up to the freezing point with a sharp crust on the snow.

Thus the geography states the fact, when it says that our climate is one of extremes. A calf was born one of those coldest nights, not far away, and its life saved by being carried into the house. A day or two later another came along nearer home, but not until the weather made it comfortable in the barn.

There is a lady living not far away, whose brother owns an orange orchard, or grove, as they are sometimes called, in Florida, and every autumn he sends her a quantity of oranges and another kind of vegetables, known as grape fruit—not "grape nuts." One of them was sent here recently and proved quite a curiosity, since we never saw nor heard of that kind of fruit before.

Its general appearance is that of an orange, but two or three times as large and of a lighter color; the rind thick and compact. The pulp is easily divided into sections, is fibrous and filled with subacid juice like the orange; but it has a bitter taste and that is what spoils it as an edible fruit. If Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, who has caused the cactus to grow without spines, could deprive the grape fruit of its bitter taste, it would be a blessing indeed.

An interesting letter was recently received from our cousin, Mrs. H. B. Maxim, of Buckfield, although it contained some doleful news, the death of Nathaniel Bartlett of Caribou, and also that of a niece, daughter of the late Moses and Rube Dunham Alley of Hartford. Mr. Bartlett was our school and classmate all through our boyhood years.

We were hardly surprised to learn that Mr. Robinson of East Sumner had canceled their golden wedding in consequence of ill health in his family. We extend to him and his our kindest regards, and trust the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage will be a happy one all the same.

Mrs. Ernest Curtis will go to the hospital Monday to be operated upon. Bertha Corbett is at work for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Sewall Millett spent Christmas with their son Alger at Auburn.

Lucy Emmons has completed her work at Ed Pike's, and is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Lendall Yates.

Mell Herrick is engaged hauling pine for Penley.

Arthur Herrick will work for Perl Whitman this winter.

Rose Murphy of South Paris has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Penley.

Ellsworth Curtis, our mail man, is sick. His substitute, H. R. Tuell, fills his place.

Stella Swan is working at Cleveland Yates'.

Minnie Pike spent Christmas at Mr. and Mrs. Austin Hayes'.

Gertrude Judkins is spending the holidays with her father, Isaac Judkins, of South Portland.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Morgan, Bryant's Pond.

Mrs. Ernest Curtis, who was operated upon at the Central Maine General Hospital, Lewiston, is doing nicely and is expected home soon.

Augustus Hicks of Locke's Mills has been visiting his brother-in-law, Newall Swan, and family.

Fred and Bert Edgerley went Tuesday to Harrison to see their mother, who is critically ill.

Your correspondent goes Monday to Bethel for a few weeks' stay.

Lovell.

The warm rain and snow of Thursday and Thursday night has left the trees and shrubs loaded with three or four inches of snow. Every tree is loaded and many of the ends of the branches touching the ground. If the sun comes out it will be a fine time for the people with cameras.

Friday evening the Deputy Grand Master of the Odd Fellows of this district, Benjamin Russell, Jr., with Past Grands Fox, Dresser, Harmon, Chapman and Cushman, went to Harrison for the purpose of installing the officers of Harrison Lodge.

The officers of Kezar Valley Lodge, No. 66, I. O. O. F., of this town were installed publicly on Saturday evening, the 1st inst. The service was preceded by an oyster supper.

On Monday, the officers of Lake Kezar Encampment were installed by District Deputy Benjamin Gibbs of Bridgton.

There was an all day meeting of Suncook Grange Friday. Dinner was served and there were a goodly number present.

No new cases of diphtheria have developed here.

The funeral service of Mrs. Permelia D. Howe, who died on the 3d inst., was held from her late home on Thursday forenoon at 10 o'clock, attended by Rev. F. H. Reeves. Her age was 80 years. She had long been a resident of this town. She was a member of the Congregational church.

Hebron.

James Bumpus and Alton Hibbs attended the poultry show at Paris Wednesday.

Mrs. F. I. Sturtevant is on the sick list.

Grace Bumpus entertained a few friends at a New Year's party Saturday evening.

The people in this vicinity are now harvesting their ice.

Azel Hood of Auburn was in town a few days recently.

Ralph Stone and Grace Clark, both of this place, were united in marriage December 29th.

Perley Needham of Mechanic Falls has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. W. A. Nichols.

Bethel.

The pastor of the Congregational church preached a New Year's sermon Sunday morning, and at the communion service which followed three members united with the church.

Monday there were two new members initiated into the K. O. K. A. Club.

Tuesday was a bitter cold day but a good number went to Odeon Hall to see the moving pictures shown by E. J. Hadley Co., which were much enjoyed.

Chester Bean, who has a fine position in New York, returned Wednesday, having spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bean.

The chair factory is sawing long lumber and large loads of logs are being hauled into the yard. The sledding has been very favorable for all kinds of teaming for the past few weeks.

Mr. E. F. Russell, who works with the crew putting in the electric lights, has returned from his vacation at Exeter. Private residences are being wired as fast as possible.

The shipping of apples still continues. Mr. Willey of Milford, N. H., has purchased a large lot of apples in Bethel and vicinity.

Bryant's Pond.

Fred Whitman left Friday morning for Worcester, Mass., to see his brother, Robert Whitman, who is reported to be very low with heart trouble at the Worcester hospital.

The children and grandchildren of Mrs. Abbie Dunham gave a party at her home Jan. 5th, it being the occasion of her eighty-sixth birthday. Mrs. Dunham is, we believe, the oldest lady in town. She and her husband, Rufus K. Dunham, were among the first to make their home in Bryant's Pond after the railroad came through the town.

The Dearborn Spool Co. started up their saw mill Thursday morning and will cut perhaps twelve hundred cords of birch into spool strips the present winter.

The storm Wednesday night prevented many from attending Hadley's Moving Picture Show. They came here under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society and gave one of the best entertainments in the picture line that has ever visited our town.

Andrew Hill was taken very ill Thursday morning, and is now, Friday afternoon, very low, and in an unconscious condition.

H. E. Billings will have his mill in operation at North Woodstock in a few days. He has just put in a new boiler and engine. This winter he will saw long lumber and shingles, and has engaged Granger Chase of Milton as foreman.

Much interest is manifested here in the work of the new Crescent basket ball team. Their first game with an outside club was at the opera house Thursday night, when they won from the Mohawks of Locke's Mills in a forty-five-minute game. The score was 53 to 32. The Mohawks proved to be a trappy little team but not so strong and heavy men as the Crescents. The Crescents included Ford, Crockett, Bowker, Cummings, Peverley and J. Farnum. They will play the Gorham, N. H., team Jan. 22.

North Buckfield.

Mountain Grange held its regular meeting Jan. 1st, and the officers for the ensuing year were installed by State Secretary E. H. Libby of Auburn.

Mrs. Emily Bechnell is stopping with Mrs. Washington Heald for a few weeks.

Mr. Merle Sturtevant has resumed his school at Buckfield after a fortnight's vacation.

Miss Gertrude Warren, who is at work at Hotel Atwood, Lewiston, spent New Year's with her mother, Rozetta Warren.

Isaac D. Fuller has moved into Benjamin Record's rent for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Millett report a pleasant time on their recent trip to Bangor.

Miss Althea Stetson has been chosen organist of Mountain Grange for the coming year.

A pleasant time was reported from the dance which was held Dec. 30th at Grange Hall.

Mrs. Frances, wife of the late Virgil Bicknell, died at her home Jan. 5. She had been in her usual health until the day before. She was a woman very devoted to her home and family and leaves three daughters and a son, who have the sympathy of the community.

Gertrude Warren of Lewiston was at home a few days recently.

The farmers have nearly harvested their ice.

Mrs. E. C. Bicknell is at work for Mrs. W. Heald.

Mrs. Will Bisbee of Hartford is with her mother, Mrs. J. B. Damon, who is in very poor health.

The dance at the Grange Hall New Year's was well attended and a fine time enjoyed.

F. E. Warren's blacksmith shop is a very busy place.

Frank Turner and wife of Paris spent Sunday at her father's, C. B. Keene's.

Virgil Barrett is at work for J. E. Bicknell.

North Waterford.

Married at North Waterford, Dec. 26, by Rev. W. B. Hague, Newell Andrews and Edith Palmer of Paris.

Mrs. Lizzie Jewett recently visited at Lovell. She is now working for Harry Brown.

Died Jan. 1st, Emily Knight.

Gladys Grover is in a hospital in Massachusetts.

The Woman's Relief Corps will give a public installation and supper Jan. 15th.

Mary Dresser has finished her term of school at Albany and is going to stop with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Dresser, of Albany.

Edith Knight is at the Hebron Sanatorium as nurse.

Blanche Farwell has given up the primary school here on account of poor health. Miss Felt of Norway has taken her place, and boards at Mrs. Wallace Elliott's.

Mrs. Geo. Rice has been caring for Emily Knight.

East Sumner.

The funeral services of William Cushman were held at Buckfield on Wednesday, Rev. S. C. Eaton of East Sumner officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Pottle. Mr. Cushman was well known to the readers of the Democrat by his terse, unique correspondence. He was a man of good character and greatly respected by a host of friends.

Rev. Brother Pottle will exchange pulpits with Rev. Brother Eaton on Sunday, Jan. 16.

The next Congregational Ladies' Circle and dinner will be on Friday, Jan. 14.

New Century Pomona Grange meets at East Sumner on Wednesday the regular circle day, hence the change to Friday.

The Western Reserve Vaudeville Co. played a few nights here last week.

East Bethel.

Miss Agnes Howe of Waltham, Mass., visited her relatives here one day last week.

Mr. Lester Bean is at his home here entertaining the mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gaw of Cambridge, Mass., were guests of relatives here last week.

Mr. Z. W. Bartlett loaded a car with potatoes of his own raising last week, which he shipped to Boston market.

Many clothes lines were wrecked in the blizzard of Monday night and Tuesday, and the clothes blown away.

Alder River Grange held a very pleasant session at their last regular meeting. Worthy Master gave a very interesting report of his attendance at the Maine State Grange at Bangor. A short programme was given by Worthy Lecturer. Installation of officers will be held at next regular meeting, Jan. 14, with an appropriate programme. There will be invited guests, and refreshments will be served.

West Lovell.

Irving Bowley is able to get out a little. His foot is quite stiff.

Tuesday was a very cold day and Ralph McAllister froze his face driving team. Thursday much warmer and raining.

Alexander Laroque, N. Fox, D. W. Nichols, John Fox and the Allards have packed their ice.

Mrs. Georgie Chadbourn and V. H. McAllister spent Sunday at S. H. McAllister's.

Buckfield.

The Progressive Club gave an entertainment at Nezinscot Hall Tuesday evening consisting of a Japanese wedding and a farce entitled "Chums." The Japanese wedding was a reproduction in costume of the real Japanese wedding ceremony, and was both entertaining and instructive. The farce was played by the following cast:

Mr. Breed, ... J. E. Warren.
Harry Breed, Breed's son, ... O. C. Casey.
Tom Burnham, Harry's chum, .. J. C. Withington.
Mrs. Breed, ... Zelma Hersey.
Flora Strong, ... Iva Gardner

The entertainment was followed by a dance. Owing to the severity of the weather the attendance was small.

Miss Mildred Shaw returned to Boston Friday to continue her musical studies.

The funeral of William Cushman was held from the Baptist vestry Wednesday morning, Rev. Mr. Eaton of Turner officiating, assisted by Rev. A. W. Pottle. Mr. Cushman had been at the C. M. G. Hospital at Lewiston for some time. He formerly lived in Hartford, but sold his place some seven years ago and has boarded here and in Hebron for the greater part of the time since. He was seventy-nine years of age. He was a frequent contributor to the Democrat and a man of wide general knowledge.

East Brownfield.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, Miss Isabel Stickney entertained a small party of friends at Hotel Uberty. The time was very pleasantly spent in making molasses candy, and the fact was then demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that sweet molasses candy is just as susceptible to the law of gravitation as was that little sour apple long years ago.

John Randall has leased the L. A. Bradbury house.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hill attended Pomona Grange in Denmark, Jan. 6.

A Mr. Mardin, former proprietor of the hotel at Center Conway, is now managing the new Uberty.

Miss Marion Giles has accepted a position as teacher of English in Bridgewater, Maine.

Miss Ruth King of Boston is a guest of the A. F. Johnsons.

Mrs. Blanche Brown is doing office work for the C. E. Hill Lumber Co.

Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney and Miss I. H. Stickney spent several days at Hotel Uberty last week.

The schools of Miss Martin and Miss McKinney are preparing an entertainment to be given at the close of school.

Denmark.

Fred Sanborn was in Portland Saturday.

Mrs. Ada Gray, D. D. G. P., and Mrs. Kattie Sanborn, D. D. G. M., went to Cornish Thursday evening to install the officers in Arbutus Rebekah Lodge, and to Brownfield Friday evening for the same purpose in that Rebekah Lodge.

Silver Spring Grange entertained the Pomona at their hall here Thursday afternoon and evening.

Denmark Lodge, No. 50, will install officers Tuesday evening, Jan. 11. Odd Fellows' families and Rebekahs are invited.

Oxford.

Mrs. Tobin, who has been with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Knight, through the summer, has returned to her home in Richmond, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Prindle of Boston is visiting Mrs. Keith and Miss McLean.

Alton DeLano has finished assisting Geo. Turner in taking account of stock and has returned to college.

Miss Hill of Otisfield, teacher of the intermediate school, is ill and Mrs. Dyer is supplying during her absence.

The M. E. Ladies' Circle held their annual meeting with Mrs. Perley French on Wednesday.

Geneva, Hubert and Marjorie Barker visited their grandfather, A. J. Holden, the Monday following Christmas.

Mrs. H. H. Hall is quite ill.

East Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Doughty drove to North Fryeburg Saturday, returning Sunday.

Miss Ida Hill has gone to Oxford village to teach.

Miss Maude Dresser of Albany, who was engaged to teach here, but was unable to begin the term owing to the illness of her mother, took Miss Hill's place Monday.

Clayton S. McIntire of this place and Willard W. Abbott of Waterford went to the U. of M. Monday for a four weeks' course.

Fred Knightly is hauling pine for Everett Kimball.

Sylvester York is cutting pine for H. B. Doughty.

William Walker of Norway is working for L. E. McIntire a few days.

Locke's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett, Mrs. Ida Crooker, and Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Bryant attended the installation of the officers of Franklin Grange at Bryant Pond January 1.

Miss Rena George has returned to Gray's Business College in Portland.

A. B. Bryant has gone to work in the saw mill at Bryant's Pond. He will drive back and forth.

Frank Bennett also works there, and will go with his team.

Several of the farmers are cutting their ice, and report good clear ice, fifteen inches thick.

Horace Littlefield is the new man on Ed Andrews' meat cart.

John Titus is still doing business up this way.

14 degrees below zero Wednesday morning, and 28 degrees above Thursday morning. Quite a change in the temperature.

Mrs. Lola Foster was at Bethel Monday.

Fires at Rumford.

Fire on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 1st, destroyed the store of Nicholas Gentile at Smithville, Rumford, about a mile from Rumford Falls village. The building was valued at $1000 and the supplies it contained at $1500. There was a total of $1200 insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Sunday afternoon, Jan. 2, there was a fire in the Blue Store block at Rumford, owned by Fred A. Furbish and occupied on the ground floor by Steinfeld & Co. as a clothing store. The fire originated from a lighted pipe left in the pocket of a coat hung by a workman in a closet on the third floor. The firemen were prompt in responding to the alarm, and the damage to the building will not exceed $100. The stock of Steinfeld & Co. was damaged by smoke and water.

A note, stating that he could not live without rum, and that he plainly saw he could not live with it, also thanking his friends for their kindness to him, explained the suicide of Capt. William P. Hamilton, whose body was found Friday at Ogunquit in his home where he lived alone. A rifle bullet brought his life to a close some time during the night. Capt. Hamilton was never married, was 58 years old and of late years was caretaker for the Hoyt estate. Formerly he commanded coasting schooners.

ALONE IN SAW MILL AT MIDNIGHT unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as Night Watchman, at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lungs. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and Whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free, guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

LOOKING ONE'S BEST.

It's a woman's delight to look her best but pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils rob life of joy. Listen! Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures Pimples, Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands. Try it. Infallible for piles. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 51-4t

Wanted: Census Enumerators.

A call for more applicants for places as census enumerators has been issued by supervisor of census, Hon. Morrill N. Drew. He urges all persons in his district desiring to serve to obtain their application forms at once and to file them with him before January 25, when he must stop considering new applications in order to prepare for the "test" of the previous applicants on February 5. After this he will examine and rate the papers until about February 22, when he will forward his list of designations as enumerators, with their "test" papers, to Census Director Durand, who will carefully go over and rerate the papers of the successful candidates before giving his consent to the issue of commissions to them by the supervisor. By the middle or latter part of March all the enumerators will have been commissioned and in receipt of detailed instructions concerning their work.

To quiet any qualms relative to the "test" of the qualifications of applicants, to be made February 5, the supervisor has obtained some information from the Census Director concerning the "test" of Twelfth Census enumerators. It has been officially stated that the 1910 "test" will be very similar to the one in the preceding census and will consist in requiring applicants to fill sample schedules from printed narratives concerning census facts. As the rural enumerators are to carry both the population and agricultural schedule, they will be "tested" with samples of both, but the city enumerators, who carry the population schedule alone, will only be required to prove their ability by filling a sample of that schedule.

The "test" population schedule narrative in 1900 was, in part, as follows:

"The enumerator of the forty-fifth enumeration district of the ninth supervisor's district of the State of Pennsylvania, in the village of Port Royal, Londonderry Township, Schuylkill County, began his enumeration June 1, 1900, at No. 201 Burton street.

"This house is occupied by a single family, consisting of Patrick O'Leary, his wife, Margaret, and his son, James.

"Patrick came to this country from Ireland (where he was born of Irish parents) in May of 1870, when he was just 22 years old. Three years after his arrival he was married to an Irish girl who had come over from his native village a year before. As soon as possible he became naturalized. He can read and write and speak English, and owns a good house, free of incumbrance, which he has bought from his earnings as a teamster, in which occupation he has had steady work during the past year.

"Margaret, his wife, is also of Irish parentage, and was born in January, and is nearly four years younger than her husband. She has had two children, only one of whom is living. She can read and speak English, but has to make her 'mark' for her signature.

"James was born in Harrisburg, February, 1875. He has a good common school education, works at any sort of day labor, and secured nine months' steady work during the past year. He is not married.

"In the next house, 203 Burton street, the enumerator found an English woman by the name of Mrs. Jane Parker, a widow, occupying a rented house with her single daughter, Virginia, and her married daughter, Nellie E., and the husband of the latter, Albert Johnson.

"Mrs. Parker came to this country 34 years ago, has a good education, is a dressmaker by trade, and has constant employment. She was 50 years old last April, and is of Scottish birth on her mother's side. She has had four children, three of whom are living and one of whom has died.

"Virginia is of English parentage, has been through the local schools and has been a saleswoman for eight months of the past year; she was born in Philadelphia in March, 1877.

"Nellie E. was 28 years old last January, and has but recently married. She was born in Baltimore, reads, writes, and speaks English.

"Albert Johnson, the husband of Nellie, was born in New York City, of Welsh parents, November, 1865. He is in the grocery business and keeps his own books and accounts."

It seems comparatively simple, according to the supervisor, to draw out of the above statement the required details for the population schedule and to enter them under the proper column divisions relating to location, name, relationship, personal description, nativity, citizenship, occupation, education, etc.

About all such a "test" can do is to evidence the legibility of an applicant's handwriting and his ability to determine where to write in the sample schedule the facts clearly stated in the narrative.

The agricultural schedule narrative for 1909 was very similar, except that the facts stated relate to farms and farming operations.

Before the "test" February 5, the supervisor will send each applicant a list of instructions concerning filling in the "test" schedules, which will still further simplify the subject and insure the passing of the test by those who possess only an ordinary common-school education and practical common sense.

A NATURAL WONDER.

The Devil's Race Course in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

"The Blue Ridge mountains abound in natural wonders," observed an old resident of Penmar. "Most wonderful of them all, in my opinion, is the Devil's Race Course, which is but a short walk from Penmar.

"At first view this strange natural phenomenon appears like a broad roadway of great stones which extends away up the mountain in a path no human hand could ever build. Many of these great stones weigh tons, while others are only a few hundredweight. Lying close together by the thousand, they present an extraordinary spectacle.

"Tradition has it and scientists agree that a thousand or more years ago this strange track was the bed of an ancient river. The conclusion is drawn from the looks of the stones. They are all well rounded and worn smooth, showing the action of water, which had polished their rough edges no doubt for centuries.

"But the mystery is if this theory be true to explain how the great body of water was confined at the sides, for the course is not hemmed in by high banks, nor is it located in a ravine. In fact, it stands somewhat higher than the natural side of the mountain The puzzle only intensifies interest in the queer place and multiplies the arguments and theories of its prehistoric origin."—Baltimore American.

THE ANIMAL MIND.

A Story About a Cow and the Calf She Licked.

An absurd story is cited about a cow, showing what creatures of habit animals are. This particular cow would not stand to be milked unless she could lick her calf at the same time. For a long time she always had a calf of some age or other to lick, but at last by ill fortune one of her calves died.

There is no reason why a bereaved mother should mourn her loss just at milking time, but there was the fixed habit of making certain motions. The farm

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing September 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. 6:00 P. M. Evening service 7:00 P. M.; Church prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

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

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

Universalist Church. 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.—Part Lodge, No. 94. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

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

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 25, 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.—Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., meets first and third evenings of each month in Grand Army Hall.

Sons of Veterans—L. Chamberlain Camp meets second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month.

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

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

K. of 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.

William J. Wheeler went to Hartford, Conn., Sunday to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Bumpus, who have been at Onset, Mass., since some time in the summer, returned to South Paris last Thursday.

The annual meeting of the Paris Public Library Association will be held at the library rooms next Saturday evening, Jan. 15, at 7:30.

Vicente Estrada of Matanzas, Cuba, who is attending Hebron Academy, spent the recent vacation at Albert D. Park's. He has been for nearly three years assistant superintendent on the plantation of a former student of Mr. Park, Placido Alonso. The latter is expected to visit here with his family during the coming summer.

The annual meeting of the Citizens' Telephone Co., which is now a corporation, was held Monday evening at the town office. The treasurer's report shows all bills paid, and $205.99 in the treasury. Officers were elected as follows:

President—Walter L. Gray.
Clerk and Treasurer—Charles W. Bowker.
Directors—Walter L. Gray, C. H. Flood, J. F. Plummer, A. L. Holmes.

The Congregational parish held its annual meeting last Monday afternoon. It was voted to increase the salary of Rev. A. T. McWhorter $100, making it $1100, and considerable enthusiasm was shown in passing this vote. The officers of the parish chosen are:

Moderator—Walter L. Gray.
Clerk—N. D. Bolster.
Treasurer—W. S. Maxim.
Executive Committee—A. W. Walker, Nelson G. Elder, W. P. Maxim.
Committee on Music—James S. Wright, H. F. Morrill, Wilbur H. Swett.
Committee on Ministerial Supply—A. H. Jackson, N. D. Bolster.

It is only a few years that the world has enjoyed some of the absolute necessaries of modern life. In a recent business letter to the Democrat Sylvan Shurtleff of Portland says: "I have a letter written in 1832 by Eleazer Shaw, then postmaster at Woodstock, Maine, postage 10 cents, and the postmaster signed his name under the amount of postage. It may also seem strange to the young people of to-day to know that the writer paid Capt. Alfred Andrews on Paris Hill in 1834 ten cents for ten matches. Matches were put on the market in 1832. Big change since that day."

A new sidewalk plow, constructed on slightly different lines from the old plow, to correct certain defects discovered in that, made its appearance on the street for the first time last Thursday. That is indeed the first time the walks have been plowed. The street railway's power plow, which has had little use so far, was also out, and furnished the usual opportunity for a little cheerful comment. This plow, while it seems to do its work well, is so peculiar in appearance that it scares horses which never lift a nose at a car, and because of its looks receives a great deal of unnecessary though good-natured abuse.

At a regular meeting of W. K. Kimball Post, G. A. R., Saturday, Jan. 1st, W. S. Starbird, by virtue of his appointment as aide-de-camp on the staff of the Commander in Chief, installed the following named comrades to serve as officers for the ensuing year:

Com.—Ingalls Evans.
V. C.—John Murch.
J. V. C.—Thomas Powers.
Surg.—George Tucker.
Adj.—Henry Maxim.
Q. M.—Chandler Swift.
O. D.—Franklin Maxim.
O. G.—Isaac Monk.
S. M.—W. L. Gray.
Q. M. S.—Grindell Stuart.
Chap.—W. S. Starbird, installed by Franklin Maxim, Dept. Aide-de-Camp.

The annual business meeting of the Congregational Social Circle was held on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 4, at the residence of Mrs. J. S. Wright. The officers elected are:

President—Mrs. J. S. Wright.
1st Vice-President—Mrs. A. T. McWhorter.
2d Vice-President—Mrs. L. J. Briggs.
Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. Oscar E. Barrows.
Executive Committee—Mrs. A. W. Walker, Mrs. Dora Greene, Mrs. Clara Howard, Mrs. J. H. Bean, Mrs. Walter Swett, Mrs. Arthur Talbot, Mrs. John Chute, Mrs. Lydia Rounds, Mrs. J. F. Plummer, Mrs. Angie Bolster, Mrs. T. F. Hathaway, Mrs. Walter Gray, Mrs. T. S. Barnes, Mrs. Agnes Morton, Mrs. W. P. Maxim, Mrs. Nellie Powers, Mrs. Ellen Richards, Miss Anna Morse, Mrs. W. J. Wheeler, Mrs. Eva Clifford, Mrs. N. D. Bolster, Mrs. Abbie Jones, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. N. G. Elder.

Some of the changes which give that infinite variety to our weather were in evidence last week. Monday night everybody went to bed in a comfortable winter night, to wake in the morning with a howling gale and the temperature several degrees below zero. For forty-eight hours the thermometer barely reached zero at mid-day. Wednesday night at 10 o'clock it was 4 below, and at 7 Thursday morning it was 20 above. This was followed by a see-saw of rain and snow, first one and then the other, changing a dozen times in the course of two days—and no heavy fall, just enough to slick up the roads. For the rest of the week the mercury has kept well enough down in the tube so that there has been no complaint of lack of winter.

"An awful good time" is the unanimous and enthusiastic declaration as to the session of the Juvenile Club at Highland Cottage Wednesday evening. From which you might readily infer that the boys and girls were well entertained. At this point it may be well to pause and explain that the Juvenile Club is made up of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bean, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Park. Wednesday evening Mrs. Kate Linder and Miss Eva E. Walker were guests, making a party of ten, and a shore dinner was prepared—or compiled would perhaps be the better word—and served, by Mr. Briggs and Mr. Bean. An outline of the menu:

Clam chowder.
Steamed clams with drawn butter.
Fresh lobsters. Hot biscuits.
Scalloped oysters. Chilled cider apple sauce.
Doughnuts and cheese.
Mince pie. Apple pie.
Fruit, pickles and Flinch.

As the day was the birthday of Mr. Bean, and lacked only a few hours of being that of Mrs. Linder, both of them were surprised by appropriate even if inexpensive reminders of the occasion, and the Juveniles throughout exercised their capacity for having that kind of a time which they describe.

Mrs. Emily Cook is visiting relatives at Bethel for an indefinite time.

There will be a skating rink at New Hall Tuesday evening of this week.

There will be a rehearsal of the K. of P. third rank team at their hall Wednesday evening of this week.

Mrs. Margaret Wilbur and Miss Dorothy returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit with her sister in Portland.

The Ladies' Missionary Circle of the Universalist church will be held with Miss Hattie Doble Tuesday afternoon of this week, Jan. 11.

There will be a regular meeting of the Good Cheer Society at Mrs. Carter's, Wednesday, Jan. 12th, at 2 P. M. Please come prepared for work.

Don't often beat the sleighing we have had since the snow came a month ago. The horses realize the fact, for they have been kept busy.

The Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic invite all honorary members to join them for a social hour after business meetings Saturday evening, Jan. 15

The Universalist ladies are very busy just now preparing for their annual fair which will occur some time in March. Arrangements will be announced later.

Now when you are prowling around in the dark in the morning, you can comfort yourself with the thought that the days are really growing longer at that end also.

Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Reed are visiting their cousin, Mary E. Andrews, on Alpine Street. Mr. and Mrs. Reed are from Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Reed is a fine pianist and alto singer.

Miss Marie Dolliver has returned from her home in Baltimore, where she spent the Christmas vacation, and is again with the family of her uncle, George F. Eastman, and attending the high school.

Mrs. Pauline Soper wishes to take this opportunity to publicly thank one and all for the kindnesses shown her in so many different ways since her accident. She appreciates her many friends more than they perhaps realize.

The work of drilling a well for Dr. King at the Pratt farm has been finished. A well was drilled 123 feet in depth, and the water comes within seventeen feet of the surface, and has a flow which is considered sufficient for the use of the farm.

The next circle of the Good Cheer will be Feb. 1. The entertainment will consist of a lecture by Rev. C. G. Miller, entitled "A Recent Trip to the Far West." Prices as usual. Hope all will plan to hear this decidedly entertaining lecture.

On Wednesday, at the home of Hiram Pulsifer on Pleasant Street an enjoyable dinner was given in honor of his 84th birthday. Guests from out of town were Franklin Pearl Pulsifer of Natick, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cotton of Windsor, Vt.

The Seneca Club is entertained this Monday evening by Mrs. W. P. Morton. The programme includes roll call—the largest things in the world; paper, "Santa Fe," Miss Wheeler; paper, "The Pueblos of New Mexico," Mrs. Barnes; duet, Mrs. Barnes, Miss Thayer.

The prospectus of the old eastern Argus appears in this issue of the Democrat. The Argus is just as Democratic, just as much opposed to anything looking toward prohibition, and just as lively and good a newspaper as it has been for these many years that have made it indispensable in so many Maine families.

The Universalist parish held its annual meeting at Good Cheer Hall last Tuesday evening. It was formally voted to extend a call to Rev. Chester Gore Miller as pastor, the matter having been previously informally arranged. The reports showed the parish to be in excellent financial condition, with all bills for current expenses paid, and a small balance in the treasury. Officers for the year were elected as follows:

Moderator—J. F. King.
Clerk—Winslow C. Thayer.
Treasurer—A. L. Holmes.
Trustees—A. E. Shurtleff, Wilbur L. Farrar, J. A. Kenney.
Music Committee—Mrs. A. L. Holmes, Mrs. W. L. Farrar.

The Democrat learns of the death of Rev. Benjamin J. Fitz, who as a boy was well known here. He was the son of Rev. A. G. Fitz, who was for a number of years pastor of the South Paris Congregational church. Benjamin J. Fitz left Bowdoin before completing the course, on account of his health, and went to Boulder, Colorado, where he graduated from the University of Colorado in 1897. He became an Episcopal minister, and was for some time engaged in church work in connection with the East Side missions in New York city. He was married about a year ago and has been teaching school in Greenwich, Ct., where he died.

Progress of the Water Works.

WATER WAS TURNED INTO THE RESERVOIR SATURDAY NIGHT.

On account of the intense cold, the work of putting the cement cover on the reservoir of the village water system has been suspended until warmer weather. The reservoir is roofed over with the boarding on which the cement will be deposited, and about a third of the cement cover is actually constructed. The interior of the reservoir has been waterproofed, and Saturday water was let into it sufficiently to clean it out, the day being mainly occupied with that work. Saturday night the water was turned on from the supply pipe full head to fill the reservoir.

A trade with the Norway Water Co. has not yet been made, there being still a difference in price between the committee and the company. If the trade should be completed, the village will have its own water within a short time.

The last of the Italians who have been working on the system left last week. They have been a good, quiet, industrious lot of men, not at all bad to have around. A few of them are intending to be naturalized.

The Town's Vital Statistics for 1909.

In the year 1909 vital statistics for the town of Paris, as reported to the town clerk and recorded by him, show the following. In these the stillborn children, which are sometimes returned both as births and deaths, and sometimes only as births, are left out of the account entirely.

The number of living children born in town was 85. Marriages in Paris were 54, and in other towns, when at least one of the parties was a resident of Paris, 10. Deaths in Paris, 58. Reported from other towns, 21. Some of these latter were simply brought here for burial, while others were residents of Paris who had gone to the hospital for treatment.

The oldest person who died was Mrs. Abagail Mixer, who was 94. Divided by decades, the ages of the 58 who died in town show thus:

Over 90	1
Between 80 and 90	9
Between 70 and 80	12
Between 60 and 70	11
Between 50 and 60	8
Between 40 and 50	2
Between 30 and 40	1
Between 20 and 30	4
Between 10 and 20	1
Between 1 and 10	3
Under 1 year	6

Joseph W. Taylor will succeed Harry M. Wheeler as inspector of high schools in the state educational department. Mr. Taylor is a graduate of Kent's Hill and Wesleyan University. He has been principal of the high schools in Mexico and Freeport, and is now superintendent of schools in the district of Canton and Turner, where he has done excellent work.

Roy Boucher, aged 16, was sentenced to four years in state prison at Bath Wednesday for breaking and entering and for assault on Mrs. Emily Rollins, aged 70, last fall. His companion, Fred Wentworth, who is a few years his senior, was given one year in Kennebec county jail.

The midwinter session of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association was held at the Auburn Board of Trade rooms Friday, and was one of the most largely attended meetings in the history of the association. D. M. Parks of Pittsfield was re-elected president and many of the other officers were re-elected.

"The King's Business."

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS NOW BEING HELD AT SOUTH PARIS.

In connection with the Chapman-Alexander campaign of simultaneous evangelistic meetings in western Maine, meetings are now in progress at South Paris. As already announced, the evangelist is Rev. T. C. McKelvey of Alleghany, Pa. His daughter, Miss Myra McKelvey, accompanies the singing on the cornet. A chorus choir from the several churches leads the singing, the Chapman-Alexander song book, containing old and new songs, being used.

Mr. McKelvey is a direct, straightforward speaker, delivering his message without any attempt at undue emotionalism, but speaking earnestly and convincingly.

Rev. Mr. McWhorter of the Congregational church and Rev. Mr. Kewley of the Methodist church have assisted in the meetings so far held, conducting the opening services.

The meetings opened Wednesday evening, and for the three evenings of last week employed for the services the weather was very unfavorable, nevertheless there has so far been a good attendance.

A meeting for men only was held Sunday afternoon, and a meeting for women will be held next Sunday.

During the week meetings are held each evening except Saturday at 7:30. During the present week, in addition to the evening services, the evangelist will hold a meeting every afternoon at 2:30, commencing on Tuesday.

The meetings will continue through this week and next, and until the 25th.

William Cushman.

William Cushman, well known to many in Oxford County, died Monday morning of last week at the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston, where he had been for some weeks. About three weeks previous he submitted to an operation for gangrene of the foot, which resulted badly, and death came as stated.

Mr. Cushman was born Dec. 4, 1830, in Hartford, which town has always been his home, and where his life was spent, except a short time in early manhood, when he worked in a shoe factory in Massachusetts. He was twice married, his second wife having died some years ago. He had no children, but had at different times in his family for a longer or shorter time, seventeen boys and girls, besides a number of adult persons who had no permanent home.

Mr. Cushman was particularly well known to readers of the Democrat through having served for some time as Hartford correspondent for the paper, besides writing occasionally from various other places since his home in Hartford was broken up. He had a dry humor and an original style of expression which gave what he wrote a distinct quality of readableness.

The funeral was held Wednesday forenoon at the Baptist church in Buckfield, attended by Rev. S. C. Eaton of East Sumner, assisted by Rev. A. W. Pottle of Buckfield. His nearest living relatives are two own cousins, one of whom lives in Massachusetts but was unable to be present, and the other is in Japan. A few more distant relatives were present, as well as some of those who have lived in his family, Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Park of South Paris, who were his nearest friends, and a good number of his old neighbors and friends in Hartford and vicinity. Interment will be in his home cemetery at Hartford, in the Line district.

Hiram T. Cummings.

Hiram T. Cummings, a former resident of Paris, died Tuesday morning of last week in Auburn, where he made his home with his son, Rev. Charles S. Cummings.

Mr. Cummings was only a little less than 92 years of age. He was born in Gray in 1818, the son of one of the pioneer families in that town. In 1836 he came with his father to South Paris, and here for a number of years he worked in the woolen mill then in operation, becoming a skilled workman.

In the fifties the woolen mill went out of existence, and Mr. Cummings went on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway (now the Grand Trunk), and was an engineer there for fourteen years. He then settled on a farm in Shelburne, N. H., but about thirty years ago moved to Paris, where for nearly twenty years he lived on the farm now owned by B. F. Cummings. Mrs. Cummings died about twelve years since, and he went to live with his son in Auburn. Here he died on Tuesday morning, dropping off without any apparent disease.

Mr. Cummings was a member of the Methodist church, a sincere Christian man who had the respect of all who knew him.

Mr. Cummings married Eliza Cloudman of South Paris, and seven children were born to them, of whom Rev. Charles S. Cummings is the youngest. Of a large family of which Hiram T. Cummings was the oldest, only two are now living, Joseph of Woodstock and Woodbury of South Paris.

The funeral was held at Auburn Wednesday, and the remains were brought here on Thursday for interment in Riverside Cemetery.

Samuel B. Waterman.

The death of Samuel B. Waterman occurred Sunday night, Jan. 2, at his home in the southern part of Oxford. Mr. Waterman was 84 years of age last April. For the past year or so he has been failing in health, but has been out more or less.

Mr. Waterman was born in Turner, but most of his life was spent in Oxford. In his earlier years, before the railroads were built, he was a freight carrier, driving a six-horse team part of the time between West Minot and Portland, and part of the time between Buckfield and Portland. When the railroads were being built he was a powder agent, and had some thrilling experiences delivering powder. For about fifty years he had lived on the farm in Oxford where he died. He had served as selectman in Oxford, and had held other town offices.

He had been prominent in the Universalist church at Mechanic Falls, and was chorister there for a long time.

Mr. Waterman's wife died about five years ago. He leaves two sons, Charles E. Waterman of the Mechanic Falls Ledger, and Fred, with whom he lived on the old farm.

Meeting of Dairy Testing Association.

The regular monthly meeting of the Waterford and Norway Dairy Testing Association will be held Wednesday, January 12th, 1910, in the new Grange Hall, Norway, at 10:30 A. M.

1. Meeting of Directors.
2. Business.
3. Discussion—"Herd Records," led by Alvin Brown, W. A. Hersey and George H. Dunn.
4. Dinner.
5. Illustrated lecture—"Pasture Problems," by Mr. Cotton, United States Department of Agriculture.

It is expected that Mr. E. A. Stanford, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and Assistant Dairy Instructor Redman will be present.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

The Febuary meeting will be held at Bryant's Pond on the first Tuesday. Programme:

Opening ceremony.
Routine work.
Conferring degrees.
Recess.
Music.
Paper.....Mrs. Giles
Solo.....H. Alton Bacon.
Address, Brother B. W. McKeen, State Lecturer.
Report of Sweet Corn Committee.
Music.
Reading.....Paris.
Music.
Music to be in charge of Sister Cora Perham.

SAVED AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The door of death seemed ready to open for Murray W. Ayers, of Transit Bridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow; eyes sunken; tongue coated; emaciated from losing 40 pounds, growing weaker daily. Virulent liver trouble pulling me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that matchless medicine—Electric Bitters—cured me. I regained the 40 pounds lost and now am well and strong." For all stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme. 50c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

A Fine Lot of Good Birds.

FIRST SHOW OF THE WESTERN MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

For three days last week there was no need of an alarm clock anywhere in the vicinity of New Hall, for the first annual show of the Western Maine Poultry Association was in progress there, and at almost any hour the crow of the cock and the talk of the contented hen might be heard there.

From a weather point of view the association struck it quite rich, for Tuesday and Wednesday gave us a cold wave seldom equalled, while Thursday, the third day of the show, topped it out with a storm of snow and rain in a mixed lot. Doubtless this had an effect upon the attendance, which was not so large as might have been with better conditions, though the fanciers of the immediate vicinity were pretty constant. Financially the association will not come out much ahead.

As an exhibition of fine poultry the show was most emphatically a great success. The number of birds was not so large as at some of the shows in the larger towns, being between two and three hundred, but they were certainly a handsome lot. On the established standard of 90 points for mixed colored birds and 91 for solid color, there were only about a dozen disqualified for prizes in the whole show. The quality of the exhibit was a surprise even to some of the officers of the association.

Uniform coops were provided by the association, and needless to say this is a great improvement upon showing the birds in coops of all kinds of sizes, colors and previous conditions of service, as we sometimes see them at the fairs.

The judging was by score card, the judges being Silas Bartlett of Lewiston and George P. Coffin of Freeport, and their work was finished Wednesday afternoon.

THE PREMIUMS.

Exhibitors who received the regular cash prizes given by the association are as follows:

Barred Plymouth Rocks.—I. V. McKenney, West Auburn, 1st on cock, 1st on pullet, 1st on pen, 2d on cockerel. John Small, South Paris, 3d on pullet. I. N. Loring, Auburn, 1st on hen, 2d on pullet, 2d on pen, 3d on cock, 3d on cockerel. E. P. Attwood, Mechanic Falls, 1st on cockerel, 2d on cock, 2d on cockerel, 4th on cockerel. R. O. Porter, Norway, 4th on pullet.

White Plymouth Rocks.—Harry E. Lovejoy, Norway, 2d on cock. John Bennett, South Paris, 3d on cock. Alton Porter, South Paris, 3d on hen, 4th on hen. J. M. Thayer, Paris Hill, 1st on cock, 1st on hen, 1st on pullet, 3d on cockerel. E. P. Crockett, South Paris, 1st on cockerel, 2d on cockerel, 2d on pullet, 2d on hen, 4th on cockerel.

Buff Plymouth Rocks.—I. V. McKenney, West Auburn, 1st on pen, 1st and 2d on cock, 1st and 2d on hen, 1st and 2d on cockerel, 1st and 2d on pullet.

White Wyandottes.—L. L. Briggs, South Paris, 1st on hen, 2d on hen. D. H. Bean, South Paris, 3d on cockerel, 4th on pullet. F. S. Clark, South Paris, 1st on pen, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet, 2d on pullet, 3d on pullet. Irving E. Andrews, South Paris, 2d on cockerel. Chester R. Wyman, South Paris, 4th on cockerel. Great Diamond Poultry Yards, Fort McKinley, 1st on cock.

Buff Wyandottes.—H. C. Foss, Freeport, 1st on cock, 1st on hen, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet. F. S. Clark, South Paris, 1st on pen.

Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds.—W. C. Thayer, South Paris, 1st on hen, 1st on cockerel, 2d on cock, 2d on pullet, 3d on cockerel. Herbert M. Tucker, Canton, 1st on cock, 1st on pullet, 1st on pen, 2d on hen, 2d on cockerel.

Columbian Wyandottes.—John Brown, Lewiston, 1st, 2d and 3d on hen.

Silver Laced Wyandottes.—E. F. Burnell, Norway, 1st on cockerel.

Single Comb Rhode Island Reds.—V. C. Morton, Freeport, 1st on cock, 1st on hen, 2d on cockerel, 3d on pullet. T. B. Roberts, Norway, 1st on pen, 2d on pen, 1st on cockerel, 3d on cock, 3d on hen. Chester T. Adams, Kennebunkport, 1st on pullet, 2d on cock, 2d on hen, 2d on pullet, 3d on cockerel, 4th on hen, 4th on cockerel.

Frank A. Taylor, South Paris, 4th on pullet.

Light Brahmas.—E. P. Crockett, South Paris, 1st, 2d and 3d on hen. F. H. Golderman, Mechanic Falls, 1st on cockerel, 1st and 2d on pullet.

S. C. Buff Orpingtons.—L. L. Powers, South Paris, 1st on cock. E. H. York, South Paris, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet.

S. C. Black Orpingtons.—L. L. Powers, South Paris, 1st on hen. Great Diamond Poultry Yards, Fort McKinley, 1st on pen, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet.

R. C. Black Orpingtons.—Great Diamond Poultry Yards, 1st on pullet.

Single Comb Brown Leghorns.—Bert J. Flint, North Waterford, 1st on cock, 1st on hen, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet, 1st on pen, 2d on hen, 2d on pullet, 3d on hen, 3d on pullet. E. K. Shedd, Norway, 2d on pen, 2d on cockerel. P. A. Millett, South Paris, 3d on cockerel, 4th on pullet.

Rose Comb Brown Leghorns.—Bert J. Flint, North Waterford, 1st on hen, 1st, 2d and 3d on pullet.

Black Langshans.—Carl H. Stevens, South Paris, 1st on cockerel.

Houdans.—J. B. Field, Norway, 1st on cockerel, 1st and 2d on pullet.

Lakenvelders.—Mrs. C. R. Penley & Son, South Paris, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet.

Black Sumatra Games.—Joseph W. Larrabee, Brunswick, 1st on cock, 1st on hen, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet.

Bearded Silver Polish.—E. A. Wight & Son, Bolster's Mills, 1st on cock, 1st on hen, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet.

White Crested White Polish Bantams.—E. A. Wight & Son, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet.

Embden Geese.—A. E. Morse, South Paris, 1st and 2d.

Toulouse Geese.—A. E. Morse, South Paris, 1st.

Black Cochin Bantams.—Great Diamond Poultry Yards, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet.

Buff Cochin Bantams.—Great Diamond Poultry Yards, 1st on pullet.

The cup given by the association for the highest scoring cock, hen, cockerel, pullet and pen of any one variety went to I. V. McKenney of Auburn on his exhibit of Buff Rocks. This cup must be won three times by an exhibitor before it becomes his property.

The association's cup for the largest number of birds of all varieties, scoring 90 points and over, exhibited by one person, also went to I. V. McKenney.

The association's cup for largest number of birds of one variety scoring up to standard went to B. J. Flint.

Besides the premiums given by the association, there was a large list of specials, some in cash and more in merchandise, which it would require much space to give in detail.

The annual meeting of the Western Maine Poultry Association was held in the hall Wednesday evening. While a full financial report could not be made before the close of the show, enough was reported to show that the financial condition of the association was better than most had supposed under the conditions. The dates of next year's show were fixed at Jan. 17, 18 and 19, 1911, at New Hall, South Paris. Officers were chosen as follows:

President—A. E. Shurtleff, South Paris.
Vice-President—H. E. Lovejoy, Norway.
Secretary—E. P. Crockett, South Paris.
Assistant Secretary—W. C. Thayer, South Paris.
Treasurer—D. H. Bean, South Paris.
Directors—The five above officers, and L. L. Powers, South Paris; J. M. Thayer, Paris Hill; R. O. Porter, Norway; G. R. Estes, Norway.
Town Vice-Presidents—
A. E. Clark, South Paris.
B. J. Flint, North Waterford.
E. A. Wight, Bolster's Mills.
H. M. Tucker, Canton.
Silas Bartlett, Lewiston.
George P. Coffin, Freeport.
E. P. Attwood, Mechanic Falls.

MAKING LIFE SAFER.

Everywhere life is being made more safe through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver troubles, Kidney Diseases and Bowel Disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

Take a hint, do your own mixing. Rough on Rats, being all poison, one 15c. box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice. It's the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny, ready-for-use devices. 51-4t

NORWAY.

The January term of the Norway Municipal Court was held at the office of W. F. Jones on Tuesday. A few new cases entered. No trials. Old matters adjusted. The monthly trial of cases is always fixed for the Wednesday following.

An alarm was rung in from box No. 46 at Steep Falls bright and early Tuesday morning. It was cold, but the boys promptly answered the call. There was no fire however. Somebody's chimney had burned out and some one sent in the alarm. After all, it is better to be too quick than too slow at such a time.

It is understood that the matter of Masonic Ladies' Night has been given in charge of the first three officers of the organization.

C. B. Cummings & Sons are delivering their pine at the mill full length. That is, the trees are cut and trimmed only. They will be worked into lengths to please the demand when taken from the mill pond.

Capt. and Mrs. M. P. Stiles returned from Portland the last of the week, after a week in that city with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Stiles.

Eleanor, the little five-year-old daughter of Col. and Mrs. E. F. Smith, is slowly recovering from a run of typhoid fever. She was taken sick about Thanksgiving Day.

The management of the Norway Opera House are making repairs on the inside. The woodwork is also being painted.

Oxford Pomona Grange assembled for the first time in the new Grange Hall on Tuesday. There was a long list of candidates. After the work a baked bean dinner was served. Hon. John A. Roberts welcomed the Grange to the new home in a very pleasing speech, to which Rev. J. H. Little very happily responded. There was music by F. S. Pike, reading by Florence Stuart and "Maryland, My Maryland," by S. C. Foster. The sweet corn question was discussed by G. W. Q. Perham, J. V. Hunting, W. A. Delano, Frank P. Towne, Lester E. McIntire, C. E. Freeman, George Richardson and others. A committee was raised to look into the matter and to get 2 1-2 cents. The Pomona Master and the Masters of the subordinate Granges in the jurisdiction of Oxford Pomona Grange to be the committee. The next session will be with Franklin Grange at Bryant's Pond on the first Tuesday in February.

Miss M. F. Libby entertained at her home at chicken pie supper, being her annual New Year's party, Misses S. B. and Z. S. Prince, Annie Bagley, Harry Lasselle, Lizzie Foss and Addie Shattuck.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Sunday School was held Jan. 2 and the following officers elected:

Supt.—Eugene N. Swett.
Asst. Supt.—Irving Bean.
Sec. and Treas.—L. Fred Pike.
Librarian—Neil Burnell.
Ex. Committee—Herman L. Horne, Mrs. A. C. McCrellis and Mrs. John Swain.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Winchester and son Marshall of Manchester-by-the-Sea have enjoyed a week with Mrs. Winchester's mother, Mrs. Clara Hayden.

Landlord Woodman of Beal's Hotel is improving his house by the construction of several new bath rooms.

Owen P. Brooks' rendering house on Pleasant Street, used in connection with his meat business, was burned Thursday night. Loss of the house and machinery estimated at $500. He left a lamp in the place the night before and when he visited the place the next morning found it in ashes.

The officers of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church are as follows:

President—Bessie Chase.
Vice-President—Mildred Holmes.
Secretary—Rev. B. S. Rideout.
Treasurer—Francis Swett.
Organist—Helen Holmes.
Asst. Organist—Marjorie Locke.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Whitman returned to their Milford, N. H., home Saturday. Mrs. Charles F. Whitman returned with them for a short visit.

The ice man, C. Elmer Russell, after a time in the house with rheumatism, is able to be about again.

Stuart W. Goodwin, town clerk, is candidate for appointment as census enumerator for the village corporation.

The annual parish meeting of the Congregational church was held on Wednesday evening and the following officers were elected. The regular parish supper was served:

Clerk—George W. Holmes.
Collector—A. L. F. Pike.
Treas.—E. N. Swett.
Parish Committee—H. L. Horne, S. D. Andrews, F. H. Noyes, A. J. Stearns and H. P. Jones.
Fin. Com.—H. D. Smith, C. P. Barnes and E. E. Andrews.
Music Com.—H. L. Horne, Mrs. H. L. Horne and Chas. P. Barnes.
Press Agent—Eugene N. Swett.
Ushers—Homer Tubbs, Don Whitney, Francis Swett, Edward Chick, Richard Lasselle, Cecil Maxim, Hubert Bartlett, Merl Watson and Donald Bartlett.

The annual parish supper followed by the yearly meeting was held on Thursday evening by the Universalist society. After the supper the various officers made their reports. The election of officers resulted as follows:

Moderator—Geo. L. Curtis.
Clerk—C. F. Ridlon.
Parish Committee—S. B. Cummings, E. F. Bicknell and V. W. Hills.
Treasurer—Otto Schnuer.
Music Committee—Mrs. M. L. Sampson, Mrs. M. A. Oxnard and Elsie Favor.

The attendance at both supper and business meeting was large.

At the annual meeting of the Optometry Association at Portland Wednesday evening, V. W. Hills attended and was re-elected chairman of the executive committee.

Miss Harriette Cragin, for many years one of Norway's best teachers, has accepted a position in the Portland public schools.

Mabel F. Warren installed the officers of Lakeside Lodge, No. 177, N. E. O. P., Wednesday evening. Refreshments of sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake were served after the installation.

Charles E. Freeman has sold his homestead farm to John C. Shepard. It is not understood that Mr. Shepard will give up his position in the shoe factory and go into the farming business, but that he has purchased as the agent of another.

Frank H. Beck has closed out his stock in trade and closed his Noyes Block store.

At the opera house hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 20, will be given an illustrated lecture on "Alaska" by Dr. Frederick M. Brooks. This is the second number under "The Star Entertainment Course," and the committee feel that the quality of these entertainments was fully established when Mrs. Charlotte Adams Dunne gave us "Leah, the Forsaken" in our first number of the course on December last. We ask for the patronage of all who are interested in high class entertainment. Dr. Brooks comes to us highly recommended and his lecture on Unknown Alaska, a subject under so much discussion in both press and magazine, must be not only interesting but highly instructive to both young and old. Special price to all scholars 15 years and under. Tickets may be procured at Stone's drug store or from the committee.

Steamers Equipped with Wireless.

The Steel Steamship Calvin Austin, of the Eastern Steamship Company's fleet, which has recently been thoroughly overhauled for winter service on the Boston-Portland-St. John route, has been provided with a complete wireless telegraph equipment.

The Calvin Austin is the first ship of this fleet to have the wireless, but it is the intention of the company to install the service on other ships of the line as fast as possible.

The wireless service, which has been operated so successfully in other sections, will, without doubt, be appreciated by the thousands of patrons of this line and will be accepted by them as another indication of the desire of the company to provide its patrons with facilities and service of the very highest order.

Ivory Buzzell of Canaan, who shot and killed his father on the 11th of December, has been committed to the insane hospital for observation.

A WRETCHED MISTAKE

to endure the itching, painful distress of Piles. There's no need to. Listen: "I suffered much from Piles," writes Will A. Marsh of Siler City, N. C., "till I got a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon cured." Burns, Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, vanish before it. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

When You're as Hoarse as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping. When you've an old-fashioned deep-seated cold, take Allen's Lung Balsam. Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles. 51-4t

Born.

In Norway, Jan. 4, to the wife of Harrington Mann, a daughter.
In Andover, Dec. 28, to the wife of John Holley, a son.
In Hanover, Dec. 28, to the wife of Charles Moore, a son.
In Norway, Jan. 2, to the wife of Herbert E. Stevens, a daughter.

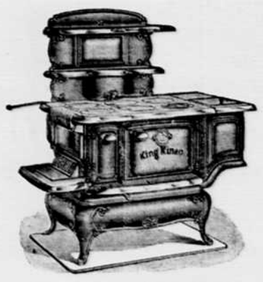
Married.

In Norway, Jan. 1, by Rev. B. C. Wentworth, Mr. Wadsworth Spring of South Paris and Mrs. Melissa J. Etheridge of Norway.
In H

Protect Yourself

Against sudden attacks of constipation, indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, torpid liver, by always keeping on hand the true **"L. F." Atwood's Bitters.** An occasional dose safeguards the system against the ailments most common to men, women and children. For nearly sixty years they have stood for health and happiness in thousands of homes. *35 cents a bottle.*

Free! - Free! - Free!



$2.00 down and $2.00 a month.

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.

THE person bringing the largest number of this entire advertisement to Hobbs' Variety Store, Norway, on or before Friday, Jan. 14, 1910, at 3 P. M., will be given a YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to the OXFORD DEMOCRAT, the paper to be sent to some person not already a subscriber. These will also apply on the King Kineo Range.

Healthy, Happy Childhood

Look to the welfare of the children! See that little common ailments like constipation or biliousness don't make them peevish, irritable and sickly. Happiness is your children's birthright—don't rob them of it by neglect.

TRUE'S ELIXIR is childhood's friend. It makes the stomach and digestion healthful and active. It helps the circulation of good, red blood and expels that insidious foe of childhood—WORMS.

TRUE'S ELIXIR will benefit you also. Nothing like it to cure an aching head or steady tired nerves. It's been a standard remedy for three generations—make it your own family remedy as thousands of others have done.

Your druggist has it—ask him.

AT DEALERS EVERYWHERE 25C, 50C, $1.00

TRUE'S ELIXIR

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., AUBURN, ME. EST. 1857

"KEEPS YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN WELL."

ANNUAL FALL

Clearance Sale!

GREAT VALUES.

I have a large stock of Pianos that have been rented but one season and shall close them out at very low prices for the next sixty days. This is the best opportunity to obtain a piano or organ that has ever been offered. Visit my warerooms and see for yourselves the great values in second hand instruments. Easy terms. Send for catalogs and prices.

W. J. WHEELER,

Billings Block, South Paris, 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.

STANDARD SEWING MACHINES.

Send for Catalogue.

W. J. WHEELER & CO.,

South Paris.

LOVERS OF MUSIC

will find perpetual pleasure from our perfect pianos. No musician but admires them; no one but is interested in the price.

We will give you quality and save you money at the same time.

C. E. TOLMAN & COMPANY,

SOUTH PARIS, - - - - MAINE.

Pulp Wood Wanted.

Delivered at any station on the Grand Trunk between Berlin and Portland. Also White Ash bolts.

J. M. DAY,
Bryant's Pond, Me.

43tf

Wanted.

A young man to learn the dry goods business. Must be neat in appearance, energetic, clean in habits, not using tobacco in any form. Apply by letter, giving at least two references as to character.

Address, "DRY GOODS,"
Care Oxford Democrat,
South Paris, Me.

The Land of Puzzledom.

No. 772.—Inversions.

Example: Invert an apartment and make a meadow. Room, Moor.

1. Invert fate and make disposition.
2. Invert a color and make a poet.
3. Invert enmity and make bleak.
4. Invert moisture and make to marry.
5. Invert a small body of water and make a noose.
6. Invert a Roman magistrate and make to cut off.
7. Invert an Arabian prince and make hoarfrost.
8. Invert kitchen utensils and make a sudden breaking.

No. 773.—Charade.

A ragged, unkempt ONE was he,
Who asked of me a TWO
As I was walking THREE the park,
And yet a WHOLE, like new,
He carried underneath his arm.
"I do not beg for bread,
But give a dime and you shall hear
My sweet toned WHOLE," he said.

No. 774.—A Mythological Garland.

Guess the floral and personal allusion in each of the following stanzas:

My flower is sacred to the one
Whose beauty was beyond compare.
To her did Paris give the prize,
The golden apple fair.

My plant is sacred to the one
Most warlike and most wise,
The goddess-child of Jupiter,
Renowned above the skies.

My short lived flowers grew from the blood
Of a brave youth, killed by a boar,
Whom Venus, goddess the most fair,
Did oft and openly adore.

My white and purple petals
Which grow beside the mountain
Mark where I died enamored with
My image in a fountain.

I loved the sun god night and day.
I watched him when he rose
And turned my head the livelong day
To watch him at its close.

The god of nature wore a wreath
Made of my leaves around his head.
He dwelt in bowers and grottoes gay
And many dances often led.
—Youth's Companion.

No. 775.—Novel Acrostic.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the initials reading downward and another row of letters reading upward will each spell the name of a November holiday.

Crosswords: 1. Celestial beings. 2. To delay. 3. To be dilatory. 4. A Cuban city. 5. Dwells. 6. An envoy. 7. The person to whom a lease is given. 8. A group of islands. 9. To range about. 10. Scanty. 11. A Greek city. 12. A hunting dog.—St. Nicholas.

No. 776.—Missing Word Puzzle.

TAKE THIS——INTO THE KITCHEN

AND GIVE IT——CUT UP FOR SALAD

The puzzle consists in finding a word which, placed in both of the blank spaces, will make good sense, complete the sentence and incidentally tell what Johnnie has in the bag.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

No. 777.—Central Acrostic.

Each of the words described contains the same number of letters. The central letters transposed will spell the name of the heroine of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

1. Was bright. 2. A hard covering. 3. A citadel. 4. A box for fruit. 5. To ward off. 6. A sudden fright.

No. 778.—Missing Rivers.

Now to travel we'll proceed.
And first we'll go by way of *****.
And if the weather's bright and fair
We'll take a sail adown the ***.
The next river we will see
Is the little river ***.
And I think we will come soon
To the banks of bonny ****.
And then we'll drift for many a day
On the blue water of the ***.

No. 779.—Riddle.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backward and forward the same.
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
Yet to language it lays not a claim.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 765.—Charades: 1. Cam, pan, I, form—campaniform. 2. Can, dock—candock (the cow lily).

No. 766.—Puzzle Bouquet: 1. Foxglove. 2. Hawkweed. 3. Tuberose. 4. Candytuft. 5. Snapdragon. 6. Wallflower. 7. Sweet pea. 8. Balsam. 9. Snowdrop. 10. Marigold.

No. 767.—Enigma: The human eye.

No. 768.—Novel Arithmetic: 1. W-eight. 2. F-our. 3. Eight-y. 4. H-eight. 5. D-one. 6. Of-ten. 7. Ca-nine. 8. Ten-t.

No. 769.—Floral Puzzle: Pansy, heliotrope, four o'clock, carnation, orchids.

No. 770.—Jumbled Words: He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass, for every man hath need to be forgiven.—George Herbert.

No. 771.—Fourteen Hidden Trees: Cypress, linden, larch, oak, elm, ash, cedar, pine, apple, maple, beech, willow, hemlock, fir.

He Learned a Lot.

Once a boy thought he would braid a mule's tail. Later, when his father was trying to straighten up his features so that his mother wouldn't have to get acquainted with him all over again, he asked, "Father, will I ever be beautiful any more?"

"No, my child," said the father as he delicately pried the bridge of the lad's nose into something like his old-time form, "no, my child, you will never be beautiful, but you know a danged sight more."

Anomalies of Taste.

A weak, delicate woman was wheeled, in her invalid's chair, to the book department.

"The latest big, burly novel, for men with red blood in their veins, please!" quoth she in a voice that was scarce above a whisper.

Just then a powerful, broad-chested man with a red neck stamped in.

"I want a story in the lavender and lace style, with a tender love thread—in short, something sweet!" he roared.

But neither needed to have spoken—at sight of them the clerks knew what they were after.

He Was Older.

There is a society in New York that each year takes a dozen or so East Side children and gives them the time of their lives for a month at an old farmhouse over in Jersey. The very first thing that takes place upon the arrival of the consignment, says Brooklyn Life, is a thorough scrubbing.

"Good gracious, Jakey, your bath water is as black as ink," the attendant remarked to a lad at the end of this distressing ceremony. "It is dirter by far than any of the others."

"Well, ain't I two years older 'an any of them kids?" Jakey demanded.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

The Invalid's Diet.

There are comparatively few diseases in which diet does not play quite as important a part in the sick room regime as the medicines; it must not only be modified according to the needs of the invalid, but it must be nutritious, wholesome, daintily cooked, and attractively served.

In nearly all acute diseases where fever is present the system suffers from an inability to digest and absorb solid foods well, and in order to replace this loss, sufficient nourishment must be given in fluid or semi-fluid form, that the already enfeebled digestive apparatus may not be overtaxed. While this is usually prescribed by the invalid's physician, as well as the amount of food, and the intervals at which it is given, it is often confusing to recognize just what fluids are classed as beverages and which as foods.

The invalid's diet is divided into three kinds: fluid, semi-fluid, and convalescence. Fluid diet consisting of liquids, of which milk is the most valuable, meat broths, beef juice, oyster and clam broth, and raw eggs in various forms. As the invalid shows symptoms of recovery a semi-fluid diet is given; this includes those things classed as liquid foods, with the addition of gruels, broths with cereals cooked in them, cocoa, slightly cooked eggs, soft toast, gelatine jellies, junket, and soft custards, while the convalescence diet consists of both fluid and semi-fluid, including all nutritious and easily digested foods.

Beverages are almost as necessary in febrile diseases to insure the invalid's recovery as liquid foods, not only to relieve thirst, but to assist the organs of elimination in carrying off the poisons that accumulate in the system. In these cases pure cold water is usually the most acceptable, barley water, rice water, or the old-fashioned toast water, and beverages made from fruits, as lemonade, orangeade, etc., are useful alternates, which can be sipped freely in the intervals between the supplies of food. When a large amount of nutriment is required, these beverages are sometimes combined with the raw white of egg.

Milk also has the advantage of supplying water to the system, and at the same time is very nutritious, as it contains many of the elements necessary to sustain life during a long period of illness, and is, when perfectly clean and pure, an ideal diet in fevers—that is, if the invalid is fond of it—and it can be readily digested; but, unfortunately, there are some persons who are unable to digest milk well; in most cases, however, this difficulty may be overcome by diluting it with lime-water, soda or seltzer water, in the proportion of one part to two parts milk. When the taste of milk is objected to, or if the invalid tires of it, the addition of a little strong coffee or cocoa will improve it; if stimulants are allowed, it may be given in the form of punches, etc. Milk should be taken very slowly, in small quantities, and well mixed with the saliva of the mouth before it is swallowed; if the invalid can be impressed with the idea that milk is a food, not a beverage, more care will be taken in swallowing it.

During the period of convalescence the regulation of the diet is still important, especially if the invalid is recovering from a serious attack of typhoid fever, as the condition of the bowels often demands the greatest care, that the freshly healed surfaces be not injured by any hard, indigestible food, for serious results are likely to follow the slightest negligence in this respect. The first meats taken should be raw, or quite rare, beef or mutton, finely minced or scraped; this may be made very palatable when seasoned and spread between thin slices of whole wheat bread, or it may be moulded into tiny cakes and broiled slightly over a clear fire.

It is always important to have all food served to the invalid as tempting as possible; the linen, glass, and china should be the nicest and prettiest in the house. A few green leaves or a single blossom placed beside the plate, the hot things hot, and the cold things cold, are details not to be overlooked, though the meal may only consist of a pot of crust coffee and a bowl of gruel.

For convenience, the following preparations have been arranged in individual amounts.

LEMONADE.

Wash and wipe one large lemon; cut into halves, and squeeze the juice into a bowl; put in two tablespoons of sugar, and pour on one cup of boiling water. Strain and set on ice to cool. Serve in a thin glass with a slice of lemon floating on top.

Orangeade is made by preparing one orange in the same manner as for lemonade, using one tablespoonful of sugar; if the orange is a very sweet one a little lemon juice may be added.

A delightful invalid drink is made by blending three-fourths of a cup of lemonade with one-fourth cup of grape juice.

Orange vichy is also delicious; to one-half glass of slightly sweetened orange juice add one-fourth glass of vichy.

A dainty way of serving raw white of egg is to put in a glass two tablespoons of lemon, orange, or grape juice, and then add the white of egg well beaten, and a little chopped ice; sprinkle sugar over the top, and serve at once.

BARLEY WATER.

Blend one tablespoon of barley flour with a little cold water until smooth; add slowly to one quart of boiling water and boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of lemon juice, and one saltspoon of salt; cook five minutes longer. Strain and cool.

RICE WATER.

Wash two ounces of rice in several changes of water; put into a saucepan with three cups of water and one ounce of raisins; boil slowly for one hour. Strain and sweeten to taste.

MEAT BROTHS.

Cut one pound of lean meat, either mutton, chicken, or veal, into tiny cubes, and crush the bones; to the meat add one quart of cold water, and let it simmer gently for three hours, season with salt and pepper one-half hour before removing from the fire. Strain through a coarse sieve, and let it stand until cold, then remove all fat. Reheat in a double boiler.

CLEAR CLAM BROTH.

Wash thoroughly one dozen clams. Place on top of the range in a basin, and when the shells open take them off; remove the juice and strain. To one-half cup of juice add one fourth cup of water.

CLAM FRAPPE.

Freeze soft one pint of clear clam broth in an individual freezer, or by placing a small pail in a basin of chopped ice and salt. Serve in sherbet cups with a little unsweetened cream.

CHICKEN BROTH FRAPPE.

Boil one-half cup of sugar in one-half cup of water until clear; cool, and add the juice of one lemon and one cup of clear strong chicken broth. Freeze soft in the same manner as for clam frappe.

BEEF JUICE.

This is best made from tender beefsteak, slightly broiled over a quick fire. Cut into small squares about an inch or two in diameter, and squeeze out all the juice while hot, with a lemon squeezer. Season with a little salt and serve warm or frozen.

KOUMISS.

Koumiss is an excellent form of serving milk. Take one quart of fresh, sweet milk, heat until lukewarm, add to it one-third of a compressed yeast cake dissolved in a little of the milk, and one tablespoon of sugar. Put the mixture into perfectly clean beer-bottles, fill to the neck, and cork. Let them stand for twelve hours where the temperature is about sixty-eight degrees; then put on ice upside down for twenty-four hours.

CHICKEN-BROTH CUSTARD.

Heat one cup of clear chicken broth in a double boiler, then stir in carefully three well-beaten egg-yolks. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Pour into custard cups and chill.—Harper's Bazar.

The Clothes That Women Wear.

[This letter appeared as correspondence in Harper's Weekly, and contains much that is of interest along two or three lines of thought. Although the signature is in feminine form, it will be difficult for most people to believe that a woman wrote it.]

Sir—I simply cannot resist any longer the temptation to write a few words about women's suffrage. So many others, both men and women, have aired their views, so why not I?

I confess I have always had the feeling that my sex are unfairly treated in being classed legally with imbeciles and Chinamen, especially when I have also been able to note how many men vote who have not half the brains some women have.

Moreover, it has seemed to me unjust that I, for instance, owning quite a bit of real estate, both country and city, should pay all kinds of taxes that are demanded of me, and my hired men at the farm or servants in the house can have a voice in the very things that I help to pay for and that they do not.

I have not been unable to smother the vain impression that I, who hold several degrees from European colleges, speak several languages, have traveled much, and who read fairly deeply, am better fitted to vote intelligently than the average male voter; for you must admit that the average voter has not such education or experience, has he?

Although I have thought all this, I have never allied myself with any of the suffrage associations that are at present so prominently in the public eye, because it has seemed to me that the actions of the women belonging to these societies were doing their cause more harm than good. Besides, I lived long enough in France to know that to kill a thing one has but to ridicule it; and how the world has laughed over those English suffragettes who chained themselves to the grillwork in the House of Parliament and who clawed and scratched policemen!

And therefore, after thinking it all over many a time and again, I think I know why men pay no attention to the demand of women for the right of suffrage. How can one expect women to be reasonable beings after seeing the clothing they will wear within the next three months? For two years my sex have disported themselves in clinging garments that precluded the wearing of adequate underclothes to protect the body from cold in winter or even from mosquitoes in summer, the tightest of shoes, highest of heels, thinnest of hose, practically decollette in the street or anywhere, or else a boned choker that stuck one's head to the skies; huge hats resting on mountains of false hair and mannerisms copied from cocottes. To get thin, fat women have starved, exercised, rolled around the floor—done any old thing just to get thin—and the average woman of fashion has no shape at all, is only a bean-pole, and as pale as a ghost. So much for the past—but just wait for next season!

We are to have perfectly flat garments, untrimmed to the knees, our hair is to be uncurled or puffed—simply dragged around our heads, or "wrapped" as it is termed. Over this we will presumably adorn ourselves with a Cossack headdress a foot and a half high, that reaches our shoulders on the sides and behind, and is tipped up just enough in front to peek out from underneath. Our muffs will be as large and the shape of a bed pillow (I really am not joking; just go and see for yourself), and to make things still more of a change all sleeves are short again and nothing buttons down the back any more. This last is the only sane thing in the lot.

Now, although I am a woman myself, and admit to having suffragette tendencies, I cannot help but admit that so long as my sex can be such utter blithering imbeciles as to make scarecrows of themselves year after year at the blind dictates of clothing speculators, just so long are they only fit to be treated as no better than bands of sheep led by any old bell-wether.

Am I hard on my sex, Mr. Editor, or am I right? Now, don't misunderstand me. I am no women's reform crank; not a bit of it, sir; I dearly love everything pretty, and I am just as feminine as I think any woman should be.

I like nice tailor gowns for the street, and I want pretty, dainty shirt waists and all the other lingerie things suitable to a well-dressed woman. I love pretty house gowns and also admit to laces and spangles for opera or balls, but I don't want them made in an absurd and impractical manner, and I do not see why a certain standard of style should not remain an accepted fact as it is with men's things. And let us have certain mild chances, too, to suit all tastes and styles; but for Heaven's sake, why do all women have to follow an order set forth by the Dressmakers' union or trust solely so as to promote large profits for them and more extravagance for us?

Please excuse my bad typing; I have become excited and my thoughts outran my fingers. But to return to my starting point. Is it not a bit hard that the exception has to suffer for the rule? Is it not equally as unjust to let all men vote, too?

After all, there are fools in both sexes. I am, sir, ANONYME.

Books with too Much Ladies.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle of "Sherlock Holmes" fame has been quoted as saying that the only sort of criticism he cares about is that of man to man, who passes a book along with the endorsement, "It's rippin'" or, "It's rot." A reviewer of books supported this idea in a recent letter directed to the Harper publishing-house. "I knew a lad once," the writer says, "who was unofficial taster for all the boys in his town. He was an omnivorous reader and by common consent the others waited for his verdict. If he said the book was good they besieged the librarian, and if it failed to meet his commendation it went unread. For some reason, very likely too much adult laudation, he did not admire "Treasure Island," which he pronounced 'an awful yarn.' My own nephew bewails the way good books are spoiled' with putting girls in, so you have to skip such lots.'"

A Shapely Compliment.

The late Chief Justice Chase was noted for his gallantry. While on a visit to the South, shortly after the war, he was introduced to a very beautiful woman who prided herself upon her devotion to the "lost cause." Anxious that the chief justice should know her sentiments, she remarked, as she gave him her hand, "Mr. Chase, you see before you a rebel who has not been reconstructed."

"Madam," he replied with a profound bow, "reconstruction in your case would be blasphemous."

Fair, Fat and Tide-y.

A Kansan sat on the bench at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me?"

Tooly Rural!

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows."

"No," put in the Judge, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.

Justification.

The old darky had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service.

"What!" protested the passenger, "a dollar for that distance? Why it isn't half a mile as the crow flies."

"Dat's true, boss," returned Sambo with an appealing smile, "but ye see, sub, dat old crow he ain't got free wives an ten chilluns to suppoht, not to mention de keep foh de hoss."

Quick climatic changes try strong constitutions and cause among other evils nasal catarrh, a troublesome and offensive disease. Sneezing and snuffing, coughing and difficult breathing, and the drip, drip of the foul discharge into the throat—all are ended by Ely's Cream Balm. This honest remedy contains no cocaine, mercury, nor other harmful ingredient. The worst cases yield to treatment in a short time. All druggists, 50c., or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

The Wars of Our Country

XXXIII.—The Civil War Begins.

By Albert Payson Terhune

JOHN BROWN has been praised as a holy martyr and denounced as a murderous ruffian. He was probably neither, but a visionary, high minded, unpractical fanatic. His early life was not remarkable. Born in Torrington, Conn., in 1800, he drifted westward, working alternately as farmer, tanner, shepherd, surveyor and wool merchant, winning no real success and chiefly noteworthy for his oft expressed horror of war and bloodshed. When the slavery question became important Brown and twelve of his twenty children threw themselves into the abolition movement.

Brown and five of his sons were living in Kansas in the fifties and for two years fought at risk of their lives to hold that state to the Free Soil cause. With less than twenty followers Brown successfully defended the town of Osawatomie against 500 Missouri raiders, thereby winning for himself the nickname of "Old Osawatomie Brown" and the recognized leadership of the Free Soilers.

With an idea of putting an end to all "compromise" talk, of bringing matters to an issue between north and south and of freeing the slaves by force, Brown marched with eighteen men upon Harpers Ferry, Va., seized the United States arsenal there (Oct. 16, 1859) and issued a call for the negroes to rise in a body, to flock to his standard and free themselves by armed resistance. In other words, he, a United States citizen, laid violent hands upon government property, killed government troops and incited an insurrection.

A body of Virginia militia and United States marines, under Colonel Robert E. Lee, marched against Harpers Ferry. After a gallant, hopeless resistance nearly all Brown's command were killed or captured. Only two escaped. Brown himself received no less than six wounds and was finally made a prisoner. He was tried on charges of treason and murder, was found guilty and was hanged Dec. 2, 1859.

Though even the most ardent abolitionists deplored Brown's violence, yet his raid hastened the inevitable crisis between north and south.

Secession, not slavery, was the immediate cause of the civil war. Though slavery underlay the whole struggle, yet the actual occasion for warfare rested on the question whether the United States should remain one, undivided, powerful nation or whether it should be split up into smaller, weaker groups of states, each independent of the other. The south, having foreseen the struggle, was one vast camp. Men everywhere were drilled, provisions and arms collected, vast sums voted for armament, and nearly every United States fort, arsenal and custom house within the boundaries of the southern states was seized.

Buchanan was still president (until March, 1861) and was either unable or unwilling to check these vigorous preparations. Moreover, at the north the nation at large refused to believe a war was at hand. The federal government was not at all prepared for such a conflict. The Union army was on a small, inefficient peace basis and numbered barely 16,000 men, the navy in poor shape, and no military leader worthy of the name was at hand.

Fort Moultrie, in Charleston (S. C.) harbor, was under the command of Major Robert Anderson with a force of 128 men. South Carolina claimed all government property in the state. Anderson moved to a stronger position at Fort Sumter, in the same harbor, and sent to Washington for re-enforcements. The Confederates seized and garrisoned Fort Moultrie and fired on the United States ship Star of the West, that was trying to carry 250 troops to Anderson's relief. On April 11, 1861, the Confederate general, Beauregard, in command at Charleston, ordered Anderson to surrender Fort Sumter. Anderson refused and prepared to defend the little fort as best he could. On April 12 the Confederates opened fire on Fort Sumter from shore batteries they had erected. For two days the bombardment continued until Sumter was in ruins, its ammunition nearly exhausted and its barracks in flames. Then Anderson, having no further means of defense, surrendered.

OUT MARCHED THE GARRISON.

Out marched the plucky little garrison, drums beating and the United States flag flying.

The attack on Fort Sumter ended all talk of compromise or concession. Old Glory had been fired upon, a United States fort captured. Neither side could now draw back.

HUGO AND THE YOUNG POET.

Praise For His Verses Which the Master Had Not Read.

A Paris contemporary tells a story of Victor Hugo and a young unknown poet. The poet, hailing from the provinces, sent to the author of "Notre Dame de Paris" a copy of his work, which he had just published in the form of a book of poems. Hugo replied in most sympathetic terms, and the young man was delighted with the letter, as well he might have been.

His joy, however, was but short lived, for a day or two later his servant announced that the package containing the volume of poems had come back through the post unopened. The package bore the legend, "Refuse par le destinataire—affranchissement insuffisant" (refused by the addressee on account of insufficient postage).

Hugo's letter was hyperbolic and in these terms: "Your work has given me a proud pleasure, under the impression of which I hasten to congratulate you. Your fame is young and radiant; mine is declining. It is the salutation of the night which departs at the rising of the dawn. You are shining, and I am dying. You emerge from oblivion; I return there.

"The heart either grows hard or breaks forth. Your sentiments have come forth, and you have written so norous and superb poetry which consecrates you as a poet as well as affirming you as man. You are then 'deux fois mon frere' (twice my brother). Accept my admiration as great as my esteem."

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:
Court of County Commissioners, December session, A. D. 1909, held at Paris, within and for the said County of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of December, A. D. 1909, being the 28th day of said month.

THE County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, in the month of September, A. D. 1909, as provided by law, made actual inspection of the County roads duly located and open for travel lying in unincorporated townships and tracts of land hereinafter mentioned in said County, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of said roads and estimating the amount needed to put the same in repair so as to be safe and convenient for public travel; and it appearing on said inspection that said roads were not in good repair and not safe and convenient for purposes of public travel and that a tax should be assessed on said lands for the repair of said roads therein; they do therefore on the 28th day of December, A. D. 1909, adjudge and order that the following sums be assessed and the same are hereby assessed upon the following lands in unincorporated townships and tracts of land hereinafter mentioned, for the purpose of repairing the roads passing through them during the year 1910, to wit:

ON Andover West Surplus, for the purpose of repairing that part of the County road leading from Andover Corner to Upton which lies in said Surplus the sum of seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents is assessed as follows:

Owners.	Descript'n.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Henry W. Dunn, part of homestead,		100	$ 125	$ 1 25
The International Paper Co., balance of township,		6200	7625	76 25
				$77 50

And Henry W. Dunn of Andover North Surplus is appointed Agent to superintend the expenditure of the same according to law and is required to give bond as the law directs.

ON Andover North Surplus, for the purpose of repairing so much of the County way leading from Andover Corner to Upton as lies within said Surplus, and also so much of the Black Brook road, so called, as lies within said Surplus, the sum of five hundred and thirty-six dollars and eighty-four cents is assessed as follows:

Owners.	Descript'n	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Chas. Chase, R. L. Morton homestead,		500	$1200	$36 00
Preston F. Austin, homestead,		200	300	9 00
H. A. Lovejoy, homestead,		200	300	9 00
Chas. Chase, standing timber on same,			200	6 00
Henry W. Dunn, old S. Larned homestead,		100	200	6 00
Henry W. Dunn, homestead,		200	700	21 00
Andrew Abbott, lots No. 32 & 33,		160	200	6 00
C. A. Burgess, lot No. 30,		96	120	3 60
Mrs. Charles P. Bartlett and Henry Abbott, lots No. 31 & 32,		180	225	6 75
George E. Smith, timber lot,		160	200	6 00
E. I. Brown, John Small farm and lot on Sawyer Brook,		300	375	11 25
International Paper Co., E. Plummer lots 43, 44, 45 & 46,		400	500	15 00
International Paper Co., lots 40, 41, 42, 47, 48, and Marston lot,		800	1000	30 00
International Paper Co., remainder of township except public lots,		9000	12375	371 24
				$536 84

And it is hereby ordered that the tax assessed against Chas. Chase, Preston F. Austin, F. A. Lovejoy, Henry W. Dunn, Andrew Abbott, C. A. Burgess, Mrs. Charles P. Bartlett and Henry Abbott, George E. Smith, and E. I. Brown, together with $312.56 of the taxes of the International Paper Company, amounting in all to $433.16, be expended upon the road leading from Andover to Upton, and Burt Dunn of Andover North Surplus is appointed Agent to expend the same, and is required to give bond as the law directs. And the balance of said tax assessed against the International Paper Company, amounting to $103.68 be expended upon the Black Brook road, and Burt Dunn, aforesaid, is appointed agent to expend the same, and is required to give bond as the law directs.

ON Township Letter "C" for the purpose of repairing the Black Brook road, so called, lying in said township, and also the "Carry Road", so called, which lies in said township, the sum of four hundred and ninety dollars and twenty-five cents is assessed as follows:

Owners.	Descript'n.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Union Water Power Co., of Lewiston, dam, lot and buildings,		200	$7000	$129 50
T. U. Coe, one-third, David Pingree, Ann Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody, two-thirds of remainder of said township except public lots,		19500	19500	360 75
				$490 25

It is hereby ordered that the tax assessed against the Union Water Power Co., ($129.50) be expended on the Black Brook Road in said township, and Burt Dunn of Andover North Surplus is appointed Agent to expend the same and is required to give bond.

The tax assessed against Coe et als, ($360.75) to be expended on the Carry Road in said township, and Albert Jenne of Roxbury is appointed Agent, and is required to give bond as the law requires.

ON "C" Surplus, for the purpose of repairing so much of the County road leading from Andover to Upton as lies in said Surplus, the sum of fifty dollars is assessed as follows: Upon the entire tract, supposed to contain nine thousand, three hundred acres, exclusive of public lots, and owned one-third by T. U. Coe of Bangor, and two-thirds by David Pingree, Ann Maria Wheatland and Anna P. Peabody, the sum of fifty dollars; and Burt Dunn, aforesaid, is appointed Agent to expend the same and is required to give bond as the law directs.

ON Fryeburg Academy Grant, for the purpose of repairing the only County road therein, the sum of thirty-eight dollars and eighty-seven cents is assessed as follows:

Owners.	Descript'n	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Leforest Connor, lot 3, R. 7, & E. 1-2 of 4, R. 7,		175	$ 600	$ 3 00
Allison Brown, W. 1-2 of 4, R. 7, & N. E. 1-4 of 5, R. 7,		100	600	3 00
M. A. & E. S. Stowell, S. E. 1-2 of 5, R. 7, & S. W. 1-5 of 5, R. 7, & 1-2 of 6, R. 7,		100	500	2 50
Est. A. S. Bean, lots 1 & 2 in R. 5, and parts of lots 3, 4, 5 & 6, R. 5, 4 & 9, R. 6, and 4, R. 8, and N. E. 1-4 1, R. 6, and lot 7 in R. 7, and part of 6 in R. 7,		725	3500	17 50
C. S. Edwards Est., lots 8 & 9, R. 5,		175	400	2 00
Eli Peabody and Hastings Brothers, lots 1, 2 & 3, R. 8,		180	500	2 50
C. E. Valentine, N. W. 1-4 lot 5, R. 7,		13	175	87
Ralph W. Bean, lots 2 & 3, R. 6,		200	200	1 00
Fred L. Edwards, lot 1, R. 7,		30	50	25
D. A. Farwell, N. W. 1-4 1, R. 6,		25	50	25
Frank Farwell Est., S. W. 1-4 1, R. 6,		25	50	25
Ada L. Farwell, S. E. 1-4 1, R. 6,		25	50	25
John W. Bennett, N. W. 1-4 4, R. 7,		6	100	50
Allison Brown, A. W. Stiles lots,		200	150	75
Henry Stiles, homestead,		100	400	2 00
Mrs. C. L. Abbott, part lot 1, R. 4,		15	100	50
Mrs. C. F. Brown, part lot 1, R. 4,		30	50	25
Fletcher I. Bean, part lot 1, R. 4,		10	50	25
W. C. Bennett, part meadow lot,		5	50	25
Roscoe F. Cross, lot 5, R. 6,		100	200	1 00
				$38 87

And Allison Brown of Fryeburg Academy Grant is appointed Agent to superintend the expenditure of the same and is required to give bond as the law directs.

ON Riley Plantation for the purpose of repairing the road in said Plantation running up to the place formerly occupied by Wm. Gorman the sum of one hundred and fifty-seven dollars and nineteen cents is assessed as follows:

Owners.	Descrip'n.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Geo. W. Blanchard, Wm. Mason lots 6, 7, 8 & 9, R. 1,		1000	$2000	$10 50
Same owners, balance of township draining into the Androscoggin river north of Berlin Falls, N. H.,		2520	5000	26 25
True Estes, 1-2 lot 9, R. 13,		100	100	53
Demeritt & Hall, for Ingalls homestead,		400	600	3 15
Est. of Alonzo Fifield, homes'd,		800	1000	5 25
J. A. Twaddell,		200	350	1 83
Stillman N. Littlehale, homes'd,		500	1000	5 25
Fred Gorman, W. 1-4 lot 2, R. 8,		50	75	39
G. F. Littlehale, homestead,		60	200	1 05
Wm. C. Chapman, lot 1, R. 15,		200	200	1 05
Seth Walker, lot 3, R. 9,		200	200	1 05
Hastings Brothers, lot 2, R. 15, and 1-2 lot 9, R. 13,		200	275	1 44
International Paper Co., bal. of township except public lots,		18945	18945	99 45
				$157 19

And Augustus G. Littlehale of Riley Plantation is appointed Agent to superintend the expenditure of said tax and is required to give bond as the law directs.

And it is hereby ordered that said assessment be published as the law requires.

DEAN A. BALLARD, WALLINGTON H. EASTMAN, HENRY D. HAMMOND, } County Comr's of the Co. of Oxford.

A true copy—attest:—
CH