THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 77. SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1910. NUMBER 18.

ALBERT D. PARK,
Licensed Auctioneer,
SOUTH PARIS, - - MAINE.
Terms Moderate.

C. L. BUCK,
Surgeon Dentist,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.
All my best work warranted.

DR. H. P. JONES,
Dentist,
NORWAY, - - MAINE.
Office Hours—9 to 12—1 to 4.

E. F. SMITH,
Attorney at Law,
NORWAY, - - - MAINE.
Horse Block. Collections a Specialty.

HERRICK & PARK.
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, - MAINE.
Addison S. Herrick. Ellery C. Park

Wm. C. Leavitt Co.,
14 Main St., Norway, Me.
Hardware, Stoves, and Ranges.
All Kinds of Pipe Repairing, Lead and Iron.
Telephone 134-11.

J. WALDO NASH,
Licensed Taxidermist,
Temple Street, rear Masonic Block,
Telephone Connection. NORWAY.

Cord Wood, Slab Wood, Edgings, Stove Wood and Coal at
A. W. Walker & Son's,
South Paris, Maine.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm
is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.
ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER HEADACHE ELY BROS. NEW YORK

Eastern Steamship Company.
First Class Fare $1.00.
Staterooms $1.00.
Steel Steamer GOVERNOR DINGLEY and Steamer RANSOM B. FULLER leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, week days at 7 P. M., for Boston.
Returning
Leave Union Wharf, Boston, week days at 7 P. M., for Portland.
Through tickets on sale at principal railroad stations.
Freight rates as low as other lines.
J. F. LISCOMB, General Agent, Portland, Me.

DURABLE RUGS
Made from
Old Carpets.
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.
Write for further particulars.
LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept R. Walpole, Mass.

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

E. W. CHANDLER,
Builders' Finish!
I will furnish DOORS and WINDOWS of any size or Style at reasonable prices.
Also Window & Door Frames.
If in want of any kind of Finish for Inside or Outside work, send in your orders. Pine Lumber and Shingles on hand Cheap for Cash.
Planing, Sawing and Job Work.
Matched Pine Sheathing for Sale.
E. W. CHANDLER,
West Sumner, - - - - Maine.

Sheathing.
Spruce and fir. For sale by
J. A. KENNEY,
25tf South Paris.

A. C. LORD,
15 years expert Watchmaker with Bigelow, Kennard & Co., Boston.
All Work Guaranteed.
A little out of the way but it pays to walk.
GEMS, WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.
With Dr. Parmenter, Norway, Maine.

Pulp Wood Wanted.
Delivered at any station on the Grand Trunk between Berlin and Portland. Also White Ash bolts.
J. M. DAY,
43tf Bryant's Pond, Me.

Cut Flowers, Plants, Ferns,
AT THE GREENHOUSE,
PORTER ST., SOUTH PARIS.
E. P. CROCKETT, FLORIST.

AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Results from Tile Draining.

Since my boyhood days, when I used to watch my father and older brothers tile draining land that had always been waste and unproductive, and transforming it into the most valuable soil on the old farm, I have been, to put it mildly, an enthusiast on the subject of drainage, and as the years rolled by and the time came for me to have a home of my own, I chose just that kind of land. The place contained forty acres, and my experience in handling that proposition and the results would make an article by itself.

The larger farm that I bought after selling the forty acres had been mostly underdrained by a former owner. I have let this for a number of years on shares, and have been engaged in other business that has brought me into the management of extensive drainage projects. Over this three-hundred-acre estate we have buried during the past three years about twelve miles of tiles of various sizes; and during these spring days of continued thaw, causing a far greater flood than usual (for the snowfall this past winter has been very deep) it is a great satisfaction to go around wearing high-topped boots and see the water discharging at the outlets and find everything working to perfection.

I am just going to tell about two jobs that show the most marked results at this writing. The first is a basin into which the surface drainage of about seventy-five or one hundred acres of watershed collects. This had always been considered an impossible piece of land. The basin proper covers about eight acres—that is, in the lowest part. The eighteen acres in this whole piece of property was bought up by a man with whom I have been connected in a business way, who believes in progress and improvement and has faith in drainage. We canvassed the situation pretty well before undertaking the job, and then got after it good and proper. The results speak out loud. We began by starting with an eight-inch run of tile below the roadway, and coming through the lowest rim of the basin at a depth of six feet part of the way, so that the ditch through the lowest part of the basin is two and one-half feet deep. This main was laid on eight-inch boards most of the way to prevent anything like quicksand bothering, and the top soil was tamped down firmly on both sides of the tile. The main ditch was about one hundred rods in length. There were many laterals connected with it, and also two large stone intakes to take care of the water that flowed out from a neighbor's land. Having done this last season, we have been waiting for present conditions and spring floods to see how the results would show up.

The land was all sown to wheat last fall and there was a good take. Well, the thaw came on so rapidly that the water collected in the basin before the frost came out of the ground so that it could get to the tiles, and we had for a few days a five-acre pond. I did not invite the owner out to see it just then, but yesterday (March 4) the frost had apparently all come out, for the pond was all gone; the wheat was looking fine, and the outlet of the eight-inch tile still doing business. This piece of land had been condemned, and we were ridiculed for thinking that we could do what we did.

The other basin job was on another farm, and was along the highway, and it also had been passed by as a bad job. It had the surface drainage of perhaps fifty acres of land, including the leaching from the barn-yard and stables, and is a very rich field; but had always been too wet for cropping. I studied this job long enough and under different conditions to feel confident in attempting to reclaim it, and we went at it with a force of men in a way that caused not a little comment and criticism. As in the other case, we began in another field, crossing the road at the lowest point in the rim of the basin, at a depth of about six feet, using two six-inch tiles for the first 20 or 30 rods, doing away with the old sluice bridge, and putting in its stead a twelve-inch iron pipe to prevent a possible overflow of the highway during unusual flood conditions, and placing the drains in the field about 43 feet apart. Then the old sod was fall plowed, and we were not alone in watching for the results this spring. There was not as much frost in this fall-plowed sod, and the water disappeared in twelve hours. This field will be dry and fit to work before the land on the upland can be plowed, and we are all feeling pretty well satisfied with our work.

A friend, who is a doctor, said to me last summer that we must be crazy to spend so much money in ditching that field. I answered, as I always do, that tile-drainage is not money spent, it is an investment so sure and safe that there is no worry about returns. I understand that now he is a convert to tile drainage. This field, being along the highway, has been watched by a great many, and the tools to work it with. All further that is needed is the disposition to do it. Which then, shall it be, more grain or less cattle?—Maine Farmer.

Good pasture is the most economical milk feed that a cow can have, and when pastures are short, green soiling comes next.

No one but a scrub dairyman should use a scrub bull. Progress and scrub stock were never yet found on the same farm.

Says Western Soil is No Better.

BUT SHOWS THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW NEW ENGLAND FARMING OF TO-DAY.

(W. R. R., Minnesota, in Country Gentleman.)

Much has been said of the depletion of the fertility in the soils of New York; when the term "worn-out soil" is mentioned, most westerners immediately think of the poor, cold New England soils. But let me tell you that the kind of farming that was practiced thirty years ago in New England is now practiced in many sections throughout the West, and notably on the semi-arid lands and in Minnesota, and it is only a question of time when the children of the people now working the land will earn a better competence in the city and leave the once productive farm to grow up, as it seems, with rocks, briers and brush.

To the home-like conditions existing in the New England States some fifty years back, many westerners can attest. There was plenty of all for every one, and best of all it was peaceful. There was plenty of fuel, great crops of grain, and all the hay that was needed. There also were goodly numbers of farm animals. What has caused the change? Simply bad farming. New York was quite a grain state fifty years back; Minnesota is a great grain state now. Of much importance while it lasts, grain farming leaves its mark upon the land. It enriches the father for a short time, but it makes the poor son poorer.

Though Minnesota raises lots of grain, the yield is nothing to be proud of. It is the vast acreage that gives the quantity in bushels. The yield, furthermore, is steadily but surely going down. One might not think so by the yearly reports, but this is true because large areas are being cleared each year, and the virgin soil being so rich, yields are wonderfully large. But what has happened in the older settled sections? Just the same thing that occurred in New England. I can cite dozens of cases close at hand where the ground is getting so poor that the grain crop does not pay for working the land. Why are the hay crops so short, while only five years ago the clovers and timothy throve amazingly? How about the garden truck, especially potatoes? So poor they are hardly worth digging—little scabby things.

Speaking of competition, it has been said that the eastern lands got poor because of the active competition of crops from western lands. That may be and may not. It would seem to me that common-sense farmers would attempt to raise better and bigger crops on their own land when competing, and so, instead of the land growing poorer, it would become better than ever, capable of producing good crops.

It has fallen to me to build up the farm my father has made poor by twenty-five years of grain farming. I am doing it, but at the same time am yearning for the opportunity to go back east and build up one of those "old homesteads," for I know there are as great or greater opportunities awaiting the man with grit and gumption in the East as here in the bleak Northwest. It takes just as much capital and energy here to improve a farm. No one ought to be afraid of competition. The West has all it can do to supply its own demands. It remains for the sturdy growing generation to rebuild the worn soils of New England and make them smile as they did so many years ago. It is a hard task, but it must and will be done.

Chores as an Education.

People do not always appreciate their blessings or regard their lot in life in exactly the same light that others do. Probably the average farmer's boy finds in the necessity for doing chores no special benefit or advantage over city boys. A writer in "The Engineering Magazine," for September does. In his opinion, new inventions, methods of rapid transportation, increased trade, the growth of cities, change radically the relations existing between the home, the factory and the school. With the rise of the modern factory system, the decay of the old forms of apprenticeship, and the introduction of an extreme and minute division of labor, conditions in the industrial world were revolutionized. The home and the factory are now sharply differentiated; the factory assumes many of the functions formerly belonging to the home.

The latter, particularly when situated in the city, offers very little opportunity for observation of or participation in constructive work of any kind. The home chores are few; there is no wood to split, no garden to hoe, no cow to milk, no blacksmithing is done, no shoes are made, no cloth is spun and no wagon or sled is built; all this work is performed elsewhere. In fact, the city home provides no regular and systematic work of importance for the youth. The school is thus obliged to take upon itself new obligations; its sphere of action and influence is enlarged to meet the new situation. The technical school, the manual training, high school and ward school manual training have been grafted on to our educational system to meet the demand for boys who possess trained hands and eyes—boys who are able to plan and to execute.

Seed Corn for 1910.

One of the serious problems which the corn grower of Maine will face this year is that of securing seed corn well matured with a high germinating power. One thing is certain, it will not do to send far from home for seed, surely not to the south. No crop grown is so susceptible to environment as corn and the thing to do is to take the best to be obtained in your own neighborhood and then go to work to improve the same. There is one step every man should take who proposes to grow corn this year and that is to make a germination test in advance to determine vitality. A box four inches deep—two feet square—filled with sand or sawdust [illegible] all that is necessary. Then stretch [illegible] ing across the top to form two-inch squares and your box is ready. Moisten the contents, place in a fairly warm place and then take five or six kernels from as many ears as you have squares, marking the square and ear so there can be no question later, and plant the same in these squares. Select your seed ears by this test, the squares which give you the largest number of strong, vigorous shoots. The per cent of stalks which come will determine the germinating power of the ear. The trouble with all our fields comes from the skips. These can be avoided very largely in this way and no man can, this year, afford to neglect this precautionary step. Look out for your seed corn this season. Last year was the worst known for many years both for maturing corn and drying after it was matured and for this reason there is need of extra care to insure a bumper crop the coming season.—Maine Farmer.

As the Eastern Man Sees It.

(New England Grocer.)

We recognize without qualification the superiority of the western apples with regard to size, style and general beauty of the fruit. There is no question about it, but when it comes to flavor there is no apple grown west of the Hudson River which will compare for a moment with the New England grown apple. Western apples are to the New England palate flavorless and inclined to be "punky." The eastern apple growers do not consider themselves in competition with the western-grown fruit for the very reason named. For instance, no one wanting a barrel of New England Baldwin or Northern Spy apples would think of taking instead western apples, so that there can not be any real competition. The western box apples are popular in New England at a certain season when New England apples for seasonable use are scarce.

Hogs are waste savers. A farm without hogs has many leaks.

The Stowaway

By

LOUIS TRACY

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

Copyright, 1909 by Edward J Clode

CHAPTER VI.

THE REFUGEES.

A COIL of stout rope fell on top of the windlass and rebounded to the deck. More than that, one end of it stretched into the infinity of dripping rock and flying spray overhead. And it had been thrown by friendly hands. It dangled from some unseen ledge.

Coke and Hozier recovered the use of their faculties simultaneously. The eyes of the two men met, but Coke was the first to find his voice.

"Salvage, by Jove!" he cried. "Up you go, Hozier! I'll sling the girl behind you. She can't manage it alone, an' it needs some one with brains to fix things up there for the rest of us." And he added hoarsely in Philip's ear: "Sharp's the word. We 'aven't many minutes!"

Iris permitted Coke and a sailor to strip off a life belt and tie her and Hozier back to back. It was wonderful, though hidden from her ken in that supreme moment, to see how they devised a double sling in order to distribute the strain. When each knot was securely fastened Coke vociferated a mighty "Heave away!"

But his powerful voice was drowned by the incessant roar of the breakers. Not even the united clamor of every man present, fifteen all told, including the drunken chief officer, could make itself heard above the din. Then Hozier tugged sharply at the rope three times, and it grew taut. Amid a jubilant cry from the others he and Iris were lifted clear of the deck. At once they were carried fully twenty feet seaward. As they swung back, not quite so far and now well above the level of the windlass from which their perilous journey had started, a ready witted sailor seized a few coils of a thin rope that lay tucked up in the angle of the bulwarks and flung them across Hozier's arms.

"Take a whip with you, sir!" he yelled, and Philip showed that he understood by gripping the rope between his teeth. It was obvious that the rescuers were working from a point well overhanging the recess into which the Andromeda had driven her bows, and there might still be the utmost difficulty in throwing a rope accurately from the rock to the wreck. As a matter of fact, no less than six previous attempts had been made, and the success of the seventh was due solely to a favorable gust of wind hurtling into the cleft at the very instant it was needed. The sailor's quick thought solved this problem for the future. By tying the small rope to the heavier one those who remained below could haul it back when some sort of signal code was established.

Once there was a check. They waited anxiously, but there was no sign given by the frail rope that they were to haul in again. Then the upward movement continued.

"Chunk o' rock in the way," announced Coke, glaring round at the survivors as if to challenge contradiction. No one answered. These men were beginning to measure their lives against the life of the wedge of iron and timber kept in position by the crumbling frame of the ship. It was a fast diminishing scale. The figures painted on the Andromeda's bows represented minutes rather than feet.

Watts was lying crouched on deck, with his arms thrown round the windlass. Looking ever for a fresh incursion of rats, he seemed to be cheered by the fact that his dreaded assailants preferred the interior of the forecastle to the wave swept deck. He was the only man there who had no fear of death. Suddenly he began to croon a long forgotten sailor's chanty:

"Now, me lads, sing a stave of the dead man's mass,
Ye'll never sail 'ome again, oh!
We're twelve old salts an' the skipper's lass,
Marooned in the Spanish main, oh!
Sing hay—
Sing ho—
A nikker is Davy Jones!
Just one more plug an' a swig at the jug,
An' up with the skull an' bones!"

After a longer and faster haul than had been noticed previously the rope stopped a second time. Every one except Watts was watching the whip intently.

"There she goes!" yelled the sailor in charge of the line. He began to haul in the slack like a madman.

A dark form loomed downward through the mist. It was Hozier, alone, coming back to them. A frenzied cheer broke from the lips of those overwrought men. They knew what that meant. Somewhere high above the black rocks and the flying scud was hope throned in the blessed sunshine. They drew him in cautiously until Coke was able to grasp his hand. They were quick to see that he brought a second rope and a spare whip.

"Two at a time on both ropes," was his inspiriting message. "They're friendly Portuguese up there, but no one must be seen if a boat is sent from the island to find out what has become of the ship. So step lively! Now, captain, tell 'em off in pairs."

Coke's method was characteristic. He literally fell on the two nearest men and began to truss them. Hozier followed his example and tied two others back to back. They vanished, and the ropes returned, much more speedily this time. Four and four again were drawn up to safety. There were left the captain, Hozier and the unhappy Watts, who was now crying because the skipper had "set about" him just for "singin' a reel ole wind jammer song."

"You must take up this swine," said Coke to Hozier, dragging Watts to his feet with scant ceremony. "If I lay me 'ands on 'im I'll be tempted to throttle 'im."

Before quitting the deck Hozier helped to adjust the remaining rope around the captain's portly person. They were lifted clear of the trembling forecastle

"How absurd!" she gasped. "I—I think I'm dreaming. Why—have we come here?"

It was hot as a furnace in this narrow ravine. Each upward step demanded an effort. She would have slipped and hurt herself many times were it not for Hozier's firm grasp, nor did she realize the sheer exhaustion that forced him to seek support from the neighboring wall with his disengaged hand. The man in front, however, was alive to their dangerous

"PARDON ME, MONSIEUR."

plight. He said something in his own language, for his English had the precise staccato accent of the well educated foreigner, and another man appeared. The sight of the newcomer startled Iris more than any other event that had happened since the Andromeda reached the end of her last voyage. He wore the uniform of those dreadful beings whom she had seen on the island.

She shrieked. Hozier fancied she had sprained an ankle, but before she could utter any sort of explanation the apparition in uniform was by her side and murmuring words that were evidently meant to be reassuring. Seeing that he was not understood, he broke into halting French.

He was a handsome youngster, evidently an officer, and his eyes dwelt on the girl's face with no lack of animation as he led her into a cave which seemed to have been excavated from the inner side of a small crater.

"You can rest here in absolute safety, madame," he said. "Permit me to arrange a seat. Then I shall bring you some wine."

Iris flung off the hand which held her arm so persuasively.

"Please do not attend to me. There are wounded men who need attention far more than I," she said, speaking in English, since it never entered her mind that the Portuguese officer had been addressing her in French.

He was puzzled more by her action than her words, but Hozier, who had followed close behind, explained in sentences built on the Ollendorffian plan that mademoiselle was disturbed, mademoiselle required rest, mademoiselle hardly understood that which had arrived, et voila tout.

"Mademoiselle without doubt is the daughter of monsieur the captain?"

"No," said Hozier rather curtly, turning to ascertain how Iris had disposed of herself in the interior of the cavern. It was his first experience of a South American dandy's pose toward women, or, to be exact, toward women who are young and pretty, and it seemed to him not the least marvelous event of an hour crammed with marvels that any man should endeavor to begin an active flirtation under such circumstances.

He saw that Iris was seated on a camp stool. Her face was buried in her hands. A wealth of brown hair was tumbled over her neck and shoulders; the constant showers of spray had loosened her tresses, and the unavoidable rigors of the passage from ship to ledge had shaken out every hairpin. The tam-o'-shanter cap she was wearing early in the day had disappeared at some unknown stage of the adventure. Her attitude bespoke a mood of overwhelming dejection. Like the remainder of her companions she was drenched to the skin.

Their trials were far from ended when their feet rested on the solid rock. There was every indication that their rescuers were refugees like themselves. The scanty resources visible in the cave, the intense anxiety of the elderly Portuguese to avoid observation from the chief island of the group, the very nature of the apparently inaccessible crag in which he and his associates were hiding—each and all of these things spoke volumes.

Hozier did not attempt to disturb the girl until the dapper officer produced a goatskin and poured a small quantity of wine into a tin cup. With a curious eagerness he anticipated the other's obvious intent.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said, seizing the vessel, and his direct Anglo-Saxon manner quite robbed his French of its politeness. Then his vocabulary broke down, and he added more suavely in English: "I will persuade her to drink a little. She is rather hysterical, you know."

The Portuguese nodded as though he understood. Iris looked up when Hozier brought her the cup.

"Is there no water?" she asked plaintively.

"We have no water, mademoiselle," the officer said. Then he glanced at the group of bedraggled sailors. "And very little wine," he added.

"Be quick, please," put in the elderly Portuguese with a tinge of impatience. "We have no second cup, and there are wounded men"—

"Give it to them," said Iris, lifting her face again for an instant. "I do not need it. I have told you that once already. I suppose you think I should not be here."

"I am sure our friend did not mean that," said Hozier, looking squarely into those singularly bright eyes. He caught and held them.

"I did not mean that the lady should be left to die, if that is the interpretation put on my remark," came the quiet answer. "But it was an act of the utmost folly to bring a delicate girl on such an errand. I cannot imagine what your captain was thinking of when he agreed to it."

"Wot's that, mister?" demanded Coke. Now that his fit of rage had passed the bulky skipper of the Andromeda was red faced and imperturbable as usual. The manifold perils he had passed through showed no more lasting effect on him than a shower of sleet on the thick hide of the animal he so closely resembled.

"Are you the captain?" said the other.

"Yes, sir. An' I'd like to 'ear w'y my ship or 'er present trip wasn't fit for enny young leddy, let alone"—

"That is a matter for you to deter mine. I suppose you know best how to conduct your own business. My only concern is with the outcome of your rashness. Why did you deliberately sacrifice your ship in that manner?"

"Wot are you a-drivin' at, mister?" Coke growled.

"Do you deny, then, that you acted like a madman? Do you say that you did not know quite well the risk you ran in bringing your vessel to the island in broad daylight?"

Then Coke found his breath.

"Risk!" he roared. "Risk in steamin' to an anchorage an' sendin' a boat ashore for water? There seems to be a lot of mad folk loose just now on Fernando Noronha, but I'm not one of 'em, an' that's as much as I can say for enny of you—damme if it ain't."

"Who are you, then? Who sent you here?"

"I'm Captain James Coke of the British ship Andromeda—that's 'oo I am—an' I was sent 'ere, or leastways to the river Plate, by David Verity & Co. of Liverpool."

It must not be forgotten that Coke shared with his employer a certain unclassical freedom in the pronunciation of the ship's name. The long "e" apparently puzzled the other man.

"Andromeda!" he muttered. "Spell it?"

"My godfather, this it an asylum for sure," grunted Coke, in a spasm of furious mirth. "A-n-d-r-o-m-e-d-a. Now you've got it."

"You are unlucky, Captain Coke most unlucky," the other said. "I regret my natural mistake, which, it seems, was shared by the authorities of Fernando do Noronha. You have blundered into a nest of hornets, and as a result you have been badly stung. Let me explain matters. I am Dom Corria Antonio de Sylva, ex-president of the republic of Brazil. There is at this moment a determined movement on foot on the mainland to replace me in power, and with that object in view efforts are being made to secure my escape from the convict settlement in which my enemies have imprisoned me. I and two faithful followers are here in hiding. My friend Capitano Salvador de San Benavides," and he bowed with much dignity toward the uniformed officer, "came here two days ago in a felucca to warn me that a steamer would lie to about a mile south of the island tonight. The steamer's name is Andros-y-Mela. It is rather like the name of your unhappy vessel—so much alike that the Andromeda has been sunk by mistake. That is all."

Coke, listening to this explanation with the virtuous wrath of a knave who discovers that he has been wrongfully suspected, bristled now with indignation.

"Oh, that's all, is it?" he cried sarcastically. "No, sir; it ain't all, nor 'arf, nor quarter. Let me tell you that no crimson pirate on Gawd's earth can blow a British ship off the 'igh seas an' then do the dancin' master act, with 'is 'and on 'is 'eart, an' say it was just a flamin' mistake. All, says you? Don't you believe it. There's a lot more to come yet, take my tip—a devil of a lot or I'm the biggest lunatic within a ten mile circle of w'ere I'm stannin', which is givin' long odds to any other crank in the whole creation."

"NO CRIMSON PIRATE CAN BLOW A BRITISH SHIP OFF THE 'IGH SEAS."

And Coke was right, though he little guessed then why he was so thoroughly justified in assuming that he and the other survivors of the Andromeda had not yet gone through half or quarter or more than a mere curtain raising prelude to the strange human drama in which they were destined to be the chief actors.

CHAPTER VII.

BETWEEN THE BRAZILIAN DEVIL AND THE DEEP ATLANTIC.

THERE was an awkward pause. Coke, rascal though he was and corpulent withal, was no Falstaff. Rather did he suggest the present day atavism of some robber baron of the middle ages whose hectoring speech bubbled forth from a stout heart. But the ragged ex-president heeded him not. After a moment of placid scrutiny of his enraged countenance by those bright, watchful eyes Coke might have been nonexistent so far as recognition of his outburst was apparent during the sonorous discussion that ensued between Dom Corria Antonio de Sylva and the Senor Capitano Salvador de San Benavides.

The latter, it is true, betrayed excitement. At first he favored Iris with a deprecatingly admiring glance, as one who would say, "Dear lady, accept my profound regret and respectful homage." But that phase quickly passed. His leader was not a man to waste words, and the gallant captain's expressive face soon showed that he had grasped the essential facts. They did not please him. In fact, he was distinctly cowed, almost stunned, by his companion's revelations.

It fell to De Sylva to explain matters to his unexpected guests.

"My friend agrees with me that it is only fair that the exact position should be revealed to you," he said. "The situation is not so simple as you seem to imagine. The loss of your ship cannot be dealt with here. It raises issues of international law which can only be settled by courts and governments. You know, I suppose, that nothing will be done until a complaint is lodged by a British minister, and that hinges upon the very doubtful fact that you will ever again see your own country."

The ex-president certainly had the knack of expressing himself clearly. Those concluding words rang like a knell. They even called Watts back from the slumber of unconsciousness.

De Sylva continued speaking in the same balanced tone:

"It happens by idle chance that my enemies have become yours. The men who destroyed your ship thought they were injuring me. I have just pointed out to Capitano de San Benavides the precise outcome of this attack. Until a few moments ago we shared the delusion that the troops on Fernando do Noronha believed we were now on our way to a Brazilian port. We were mistaken. More than that, we know now that they have obtained news—probably through a traitor to our cause—of the Andros-y-Mela's voyage. They were prepared for her coming. They had made arrangements to receive her almost at the place decided on by our friends in Brazil. It is more than likely that the Andros-y-Mela is now lying under the guns of some coast fortress, since the presence of troops and cannon on this side of the island is unprecedented."

"I don't see wot all this 'as to do with me," blurted out Coke determinedly.

"No. It would not concern you in the least if you were safe at sea. But since you are here it does concern you most gravely. From one point of view you served my cause well by preparing to lower a boat. You misled my persecutors as to locality at least. Of course I saw you and thought you were mad, but your action did help to conceal from the soldiers the secret of my true hiding place. I wish to be candid with you. If my friends and I had realized that you were here by accident we ought to have taken no steps to save you."

"Really!" snarled Coke, eying the unruffled Brazilian much as an Andalusian bull might glare at a picador. A buzz of angry whispering came from the crew. Even Iris flashed a disdainful glance at the man who uttered this atrocious sentiment. De Sylva raised his hand.

"Pray, do not misunderstand me," he said. "I am as humane as most others, but it is difficult to decide whether or not mere humanity, setting aside self interest, would not rather condemn you to the speedy death of the wreck than drag you to the worse fate that awaits you here. And please remember that we did succor you, thus risking observation and a visit by the troops when the sea permits a landing. But that is not the true issue. An hour ago there were four people on this bare rock—four of us who looked for escape tonight. We were supplied with such small necessaries of existence as would enable us to live if our rescuers were delayed for a day or even two. Now there will be no rescue. We are"—he looked slowly around—"twenty instead of four, but we have the same quantity of stores, which consist of a half emptied skin of wine, a bunch of bananas, a few scraps of maize bread and some strips of dried meat. Do you follow me?"

There was a sound of hurrying footsteps on the steep pathway. A figure, clad in rags that surpassed even De Sylva's, appeared in the entrance. A brief colloquy took place. De Sylva's eager questions were answered in monosyllables.

"Marcel tells me that one of your boats is drifting away with a man lying in the bottom," came the uneasy explanation.

"Good Lord!" Hozier cried. "That must be the lifeboat I was trying to clear when the ship struck. Macfarlane was helping me, but he was hit by a bullet and dropped across the thwarts. I thought he was dead!"

"Dead or alive, he is better off than we," said De Sylva. He questioned Marcel again briefly. "There can be no doubt that the man in the boat cast off the lashings when he found that the ship was sinking," he continued in English. "Marcel saw him doing that and wondered why he was alone. At any rate, if he is carried beyond the reef he has a fighting chance. We have none."

"Why not? Are these men on the island so deaf to human sympathies that they would murder all of us in cold blood?"

The girl's sweet, low pitched voice sounded inexpressibly sad in that vaulted place. Even De Sylva's studied control gave way before its music. He uttered some anguished appeal to the Deity in his own tongue and flung out his hands impulsively.

"What would you have me say?" he cried, and his eyes blazed. "I might lie to you and try to persuade you that we can exist here without food or water, whereas tomorrow or next day at the utmost will see most of us dead. But in a few hours you will realize what it means to be kept on this bare rock under a tropical sun. You can do one thing. Your party greatly outnumbers mine. Climb to the topmost pinnacle and signal to the island. You will soon be seen."

He laughed with a savage irony that was not good to hear, but Coke caught at the suggestion.

"Even that is better'n tearin' one another like mad dogs," he growled. "I know wot's comin'. I've seen it wonst."

Hozier made for the exit, where Marcel stood irresolute, apparently waiting for orders.

"Where are you going?" demanded De Sylva.

"To see what is becoming of the lifeboat."

"Better not. You cannot help your friend, and the instant it becomes known to the troops that there is a living soul on the Grand-pere rock they will come in a steam launch and shoot every one at sight."

"Will that be the answer to our signal?"

It was Iris who asked the question, and the Brazilian's voice softened again.

"Yes," he said.

"Why, then, do you advise us to seek our own destruction?"

He bowed. His manner was almost humble.

"It is the easier way," he murmured.

"Is there no other?"

"None—unless we attack 200 soldiers with sticks and stones and three revolvers and a sword."

Hozier came back. He had merely stepped a pace or two into the sunlight. Through the northerly dip of the gulley he had seen the ship's boat whirled past an islet by the fierce current. Macfarlane was not visible. Perhaps that was better so.

"Attack!" he said hoarsely. "How is that possible? A deep and wide channel separates us from the main island."

The Brazilian gave a startling answer.

"We have a boat—a sort of boat," he said quietly.

"How many will it hold?"

"Three in a smooth sea and with skilled handling. It nearly overturned when I and two others crossed from the island, a distance of 300 yards."

"But we have ropes, clothes, perhaps some few pieces of wreckage. Can nothing be done to repair it?"

"Meaning that we draw lots to see who shall endeavor to escape tonight?"

"The men might even do that."

"Ah, yes—the men, of course. I think it hopeless. But try it! Yes; certainly, try it!"

A pause more eloquent than the most impassioned speech showed how this frail straw eddying in the vortex of their fate might yet be clutched at.

San Benavides, trying vainly to guess what was being said, blurted forth an anxious inquiry. His compatriot explained briefly. Somehow the measured cadence of their talk had a less reliable sound than the vigorous Anglo-Saxon. They were both brave men. They had not scrupled to risk their lives in an enterprise where success beckoned even doubtingly. But they were lacking when all that remained to be settled was how best to die: in such an hour the men of an English speaking race will ever choose a fighting death.

This time it was a woman who decided.

Iris rose to her feet. She brushed back the strands of damp hair from her face and with deft hands made a rough and ready coil of her abundant tresses.

"Are you planning to send me with two others adrift in a boat while seventeen men are left here?" she asked.

The Brazilian ceased speaking. There was another uneasy pause. Hozier felt that the question was addressed to him, but he was tongue tied, almost shamefaced. Coke, however, did not shirk the task of enlightening her.

"Something like that," he said. "We can't let you cut in with the rest of us, missy. That wouldn't be reasonable. But it's best to fix the business fair an' square. We ain't a-goin' to try any other way, not so long as I'm skipper," and he looked with brutal frankness at De Sylva and the anxious, but uncomprehending San Benavides.

The ex-president knew what he meant. Even in his despondency he resented the implied slur on his good faith.

"You cannot examine the boat until darkness sets in," he said. "Then you will find out how frail a foundation you are building on. It is absolutely ridiculous to assume that she can be made seaworthy. Her occupants would be drowned before they were clear of the islands."

"In any case, I refuse to go," said Iris.

"The boat that brought these men to this rock can bring nineteen men and a woman to Fernando Noronha. We must land there tonight. With those to guide us who know the coast, surely that should be possible. We have a right to struggle for our lives. We of the Andromeda at least have done no wrong to the cruel wretches who sought to kill us without mercy today. Why should we not endeavor to defend ourselves? There is food there and guns in plenty. Let us take them. Above all, let us not dream of such useless device as this proposal to send three to drown somewhere in the sea and leave seventeen to perish miserably here. We are in God's hands. Let us trust to him, but while doing that fully and fearlessly we must seek life, not death."

"Bully for you, miss!" roared a sailor, and a growl of admiration rang through the cave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONSIDERATE.

He Spared His Guest the "Unpleasant Little Detail."

Two friends, one a prosperous looking business man and the other at least well dressed, chanced to meet not long ago, and the second gentleman remembered that it was his turn to "buy the dinner," so they were soon repairing to a fashionable restaurant. Their orders were generous, and they lingered long over the good things, not forgetting cigars at the end.

When they felt that they really had to leave or else pay rent the host showed a bit of fidgetiness and requested that the other go outside and wait for him; that there was an "unpleasant little detail" he wished to discuss with the proprietor and could not think of embarrassing his friend by having him overhear it. The friend did as requested, stepping outside and waiting at the nearest corner.

He had been waiting only about five minutes when of a sudden the door of the restaurant flew open, and his erstwhile host shot through it as from a catapult, followed by some most uncomplimentary terms.

"What's wrong?" was the first inquiry of the waiting friend.

"Oh, nothing much," was the answer, "except that the 'unpleasant little detail' I had to discuss with the proprietor was that I had no money to pay for the dinners."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A FAMOUS GOOSE.

Peter, the Pet of the English Coldstream Guards.

Possibly the most remarkable creature ever attached to a regiment was Peter, the ever famous goose of the Coldstream guards. This curious pet was presented to the Coldstreamers when they were in Canada by the late Hon. Adolphus Graves, and soon it acquired a fame which eclipsed that of all rivals in the way of pets in the army.

When the guard was mounted of a morning Peter always marched off with them. It is recorded that one night the goose saved a sentry's life by flying in the face of a rebel who was just going to fire at the soldier. Peter's timely aid disconcerted the rebel, who fired at random. The sentry immediately responded by shooting the rebel dead.

When the guards came home and were quartered in London one of the sights when the regiment marched out was to see Peter strutting at the head of the battalion till they passed the barrack gate, when the goose returned. Unhappily Peter's fate was unheroic. His end was ill in accord with his martial career, for he was run over and killed by a cab, and that not even a taxicab. It was a poor kind of an end for a bird with such a record.—London Telegraph.

Respectfully Referred.

Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great glee the following correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry. The governor wrote:

Sir—I understand that you have called me a bobtail politician. I wish to know if it be true and, if true, your meaning.
W. R. GILES.

Patrick Henry's reply came promptly:

Sir—I do not recollect calling you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable that I have. I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant I will say whether you are correct or not. Very respectfully,
PATRICK HENRY.

This was leaving it to Giles with a vengeance; but, as there was no further correspondence, the governor of Virginia must have read satisfaction somewhere between the lines of Patrick Henry's brilliantly equivocal reply.

ESTABLISHED 183?.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, MAY 3, 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.

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

Coming Events.

May 3.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Bethel.
May 10—Convention of Oxford County Sunday School Association, South Paris.
May 13.—Arbor Day.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Children's and Infants' Apparel.
Blue Stores.
Harness.
Boston Favorite Shoe.
Stomach Misery.
Children's Hair.
Success.
Good Bread.
For Sale.
2 Notices of Appointment.
Notice of Foreclosure.
For Sale.
Notice.
For Sale.

Governor's Arbor Day Proclamation.

The great natural resources of the earth were planted in a past too dim to penetrate and were nurtured through the ages by the Omnipotent Hand, that the first dawn of intelligence should be greeted by works that spoke to Man of a power stronger than his own; of laws, unlike his own, immutable, enacted for the guidance and obedience, not alone of the first, but of every succeeding generation of people to the last to inhabit this universe.

The rise and fall of nations; the vigor and decay of peoples, can be traced, in the one instance to the observance, in the other instance to the disregard of these Supreme teachings.

More than four hundred years ago, those from whom have sprung the American nation proclaimed their sovereignty over this land. It was filled with riches garnered under the reign of nature's laws, sufficient that comfort and plenty might be the heritage of the remotest time.

But the very abundance and profligality of the land misled many who have gone before us. The storehouse that seemed inexhaustible has been largely depleted, and to the people of this day has come the awakening to duties that cannot be evaded.

One of the first of these, is the replacing on the face of the land, the trees, that at once protect it from flood and shield it from heat

To this end, and with the further view that our State may be beautified, I, Bert M. Fernald, Governor of the State of Maine, by authority of wise legislative enactment, do hereby issue my proclamation, designating FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1910, Arbor Day.

And I earnestly recommend that it be devoted by the citizens of Maine to the planting of trees, shrubs and vines about their homes and public buildings, and in the parks, playgrounds, and streets.

Nature's Gifts to "Old Oxford."

Spring time is with us with its buds and blossoms, and soon the summer season will dawn with its advent of sportsmen and summer visitors to revel again in the beauties of Maine scenery.

Maine is now widely known as the "Nation's play ground," and while the state is filled with charming resorts for the delighted visitor, we are impressed, after visiting nearly every county in the state, that grand old Oxford County is not excelled for grandeur and magnitude of its natural scenery. Scarcely a spot within its thirty-five towns but possesses all the diversity that captivates and delights the visitor. Its grand majestic mountains, its rugged hills, its lovely valleys, its silvery lakes and trout brooks, its pure, sparkling waters, its healthful air, its beautiful scenic gems and panoramic views, are suited to and fill the wants of every visitor, whether in search of sports, scenery or health.

Oxford County is a quiet rural section, without the vices and disagreeable features of the large cities, and is filled with lovely farm and village homes, where honesty, simplicity and good citizenship abound. Though "far from the madding crowd," yet by its wire and steel rail facilities it is in close touch with the metropolis and the Boston "Hub." The enterprising twin villages of South Paris and Norway, with all the modern improvements, are most delightful places to visit, while Paris Hill is unequalled for its charming views and its historic interest.

Who in this broad land has not heard of Paris Hill, once the home of statesmen, senators, governors and many distinguished men of national renown? Were one stranded in the wilds of Africa or on the desert of Sahara, and asked where he came from, he need only say "Paris Hill," to be identified.

Bethel, Andover, Fryeburg, Hiram, Brownfield and many other towns in the western part of the county are charming places to visit, while in the eastern section are Hebron, Buckfield, Canton, Dixfield, Mexico and Rumford, Roxbury and Byron, all presenting charms for the visitor that fill the bill.

As for beautiful inland lakes that charm the sportsman, there are many within our borders. Pennesseewassee in Norway, Thompson in Oxford, Anasagunticook in Hartford and Canton, while quite a portion of the famed Rangeleys are in Oxford County.

Without going further into detail, it may truthfully be said that "Old Oxford" has the goods and they are "double width, will not fade nor shrink in washing." They are all true, fast colors and the visitor will be fascinated on trial. Never mind Rome, but be sure and see "Old Oxford" before you die, says SLOCUM.

Court at Rumford Next Week.

The May term of court for Oxford County will open at Rumford Tuesday of next week, May 10, Justice Henry C. Peabody presiding. As usual there will be two juries in attendance, but no grand jury. Quite a lot of business is assigned for this term, and it is probable that there will be some trials.

The sessions will be held in Strathglass Block.

Venires for jurors have been returned as follows:

Almon Churchill, Paris.
Wallace F. Clark, Rumford.
Milan A. Cummings, Hiram.
Mellen T. DeShon, Peru.
William F. Drown, Dixfield.
W. A. Foster, Newry.
Eugene O. French, Norway.
Joseph L. Gammon, Canton.
Fritz A. Goddard, Bethel.
Leonard Knowlton, Mexico.
Edwin E. Libby, Norway.
Warren E. Lothrop, Sumner.
Elmer O. Millett, Paris.
O. A. Pettengill, Rumford.
J. F. Saunders, Hebron.
A. E. Small, Mexico.
Gilbert B. Spaulding, Buckfield.
Charles L. Swan, Bethel.
John A. Titus, Woodstock.
G. T. Thurston, Rumford.
Charles E. Trueworthy, Porter.
Elmer E. Tritchell, Oxford.
George O. Warren, Fryeburg.
E. B. York, Waterford.

That Verse in Genesis.

Apropos of what has been said in the Democrat regarding solecistic English in the 22d verse of the 3d chapter of Genesis, I would like to ask how many readers of the Democrat can give an offhand explanation as to what are meant by "us" in that verse. Let the offhand explanation be sent to the Democrat's Greenwood correspondent, who started the discussion regarding the verse in question. I guess that the reason why more persons did not respond to the invitation of the Greenwood correspondent to point out a solecism in that verse is because of the fact that there is no solecism in it. The solecism which he has pointed out consists of a syntactical incongruity between verse 22 and verse 23. If either of these verses is considered by itself alone, no solecism can be found, but, when both verses are considered together, it is at once seen that the two are not syntactically harmonious with each other. Incongruence of this kind between two parts of a sentence is not very uncommon, and has, if I remember aright, been given the name of anacoluthon or some similar sesquipedalian term. OBSERVER.

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.

Admiral and Mrs. H. W. Lyon arrived last Tuesday and are stopping at the Hubbard House.

Henry D. Hammond is making quite extensive alterations and improvements on the house recently purchased of Geo. A. Gibbs.

Two of our most popular young people, Mr. Benj. S. Doe and Miss Mary E. Slattery, were united in marriage at the Hubbard House last Thursday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. W. F. Hill; only a few immediate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Doe went away on the afternoon express with a usual accompaniment of rice and old shoes. They were given a reception in Portland, the following account being taken from the Portland Express: "At the apartments of Mrs. Lila Hudson at the Hotel Stanley last evening, Portland friends tendered an informal reception to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Doe, who were married in Paris Hill, Thursday afternoon and were passing through this city on their wedding tour. A party of Mr. Doe's juvenile friends added to the liveliness of the occasion by an old fashioned "tin orchestra" serenade. Refreshments were served, and an enjoyable evening was passed with games, music and speeches. Wedding gifts were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Doe by the scholars of the North School, the presentation speech being made by Master Louis Hudson." Upon their return to Paris Hill Mr. and Mrs. Doe were given a reception by a few of their friends at the Hubbard House, where they will be employed the coming summer. Ice cream and cake were served.

A matter of great congratulation to everybody who is interested in Paris Hill is the opening on May first of the Hubbard House, which has been closed for the past three summers on account of the sickness of Mrs. Hubbard. This house has a reputation as one of the very best country hotels in Maine, built up by the present proprietor and his father by years of excellent service to the public.

Mrs. J. Stewart, who has been with Mrs. James Drake through the winter, returned Monday morning to Boston. Mrs. Drake goes with her, and will go on to New York and return in a week or two. Mrs. Drake is treating her house to a new coat of paint inside and out, and making many changes in her stable.

Greenwood.

Fair weather once more, whereof all are glad and especially the women folks, since they will now have a chance to dry their washing. But who ever saw a more forward spring than the present? Taking a stroll in the woods we found in addition to Mayflowers, blue and yellow violets, and white benjamin blossoms, while the Transcendant crab apple tree flower buds begin to expand and show their red petals. Still, it is April, and will continue to be until Saturday night at 12 o'clock, when Father Time will usher in May Day morning.

School in this district is well under way and taught by Myrtle Ring, but probably the last one to be taught in the old red school house, since it was voted to build a new one, and a part of the lumber is already on the ground. It will stand a little farther back from the road so as to give the scholars more play room.

Delphon Brooks and family have gone to visit his parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Brooks, of Madison.

Mr. Willey, who lived on the Joseph Cummings place during the summer of 1908, and subsequently bought a small place at South Bethel, is about to move on to the Cummings place again, since he likes that better for a summer residence.

Not much farming done as yet on account of the wet weather, although some dressing has been hauled out, fences repaired and woodpiles worked up; besides several boulders smashed with dynamite. And isn't it fun to see the fragments fly?

Martin Higgins has taken a job of Royal Martin, cutting and peeling pulp wood. Mr. Higgins is a middle-aged man, still enjoying single blessedness, and has lately built a camp near his work for convenience' sake.

Mr. Billings' cottage at the Centre is progressing rapidly and will soon be ready for occupancy. Although nearly two miles distant, the sound of the hammer can be distinctly heard on a still morning as it comes over Twitchell Pond and down the valley.

Mrs. W. E. Cummings had several relatives in town who would have attended her funeral Sunday, but were detained on account of the bad traveling and distance.

And now the question comes up as to which is the more proper term to use, a *setting* of eggs or a *sitting* of eggs. A says that *sitting* is the word to use from the fact that the hen sits on them three weeks to hatch them, while B declares that *setting* is the more proper term, since the eggs are set under her before she sits on them. That is similar to the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

Lovell.

The town officers of this town and Stoneham started Wednesday to perambulate the lines between the towns, but owing to a trouble with the compass the work was given up until later.

C. H. Brown and wife and B. E. Brown and wife have been to Portland the past week.

Mrs. J. L. Parker is seriously ill.

W. H. Keniston and wife have gone to Stow for the summer to work for Selden Pinkham.

Dickvale.

Clarence Oldham of Ridlonville is moving here to his farm which he recently purchased of O. O. Tracy.

Mrs. J. E. Dow is quite ill at this writing.

R. S. Tracy has exchanged one of his horses for one that is heavier and a better driver. It is a pleasure to drive the new one. "A new broom sweeps clean."

Celia Farrar and Mildred Tracy go from home to their work at Dixfield by team.

B. B. Wyman is comfortable, reports the nurse.

R. S. Tracy has peas, radishes, etc., up but they have put on a discouraged look during this nine days' storm thus far.

Clyde Burgess is working for J. H. Lovejoy & Son.

Albany.

Mrs. Westcott of Portland is keeping house for Ben Inman.

Mr. Green of Waterford was in Albany recently buying cattle.

Amos Bean and wife visited in Lewiston recently.

Harry McNally is going to move his family to South Paris where he will work in the sled factory.

Mr. Stearns of Stoneham was at J. F. Guptill's one night last week.

Joe George of Locke's Mills was in town one day last week.

East Waterford.

The scholars of this school have organized "The McWain School Improvement League." Officers are:

Pres.—Miss Mary Dresser.
Vice-Pres.—Glenn R. McIntire.
Sec.—Marjorie Pride.
Treas.—Fred B. Chadbourne.

Josiah Weeks, who was taken to the insane hospital at Augusta a short time ago, died the 24th at the age of 78. He was buried the 27th in Elmvale cemetery, South Waterford. He served in the navy in the War of the Rebellion, and received a pension of $20 a month. His wife's nephew, Eldon Cole, of Stark, N. H., came and is still in town to look after the property and sell the farm which he owns.

Louis Brown of Stoneham is working for Geo. Stevens.

Eugene Pinkham has been at L. E. McIntire's a day or two. He went Thursday to Rangeley Lakes where he has work for the summer.

B. G. McIntire was in Stoneham Monday helping to appraise the property of the late William Gammon.

Buckfield.

Mrs. Mary Capen of North Buckfield died Wednesday morning at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. D. Heald, at the age of 73. The funeral was held at Grange Hall Friday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Lamb officiating.

Bert Allen is putting city water into the H. A. Allen house on Elm Street.

B. E. Gerrish is installing a new bath room in his residence.

Carolyn Heald, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Heald, died Thursday afternoon after an illness of a few days. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the family.

West Sumner.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry Abbott of Hammonton, N. J., arrived in town Tuesday, called here by the illness of Mr. Abbott's mother, Mrs. K. P. Bowker, who is very low and not expected to live.

Clinton Bisbee of Auburn made a week-end visit to his father, Sylvester Bisbee, last week.

Blanche and Helen Foster, children of Mrs. John Foster of Bryant's Pond, are with their grandmother, Mrs. Freeman Farrar. They were sent here by their parents hoping that they would escape the measles, which are prevalent there.

W. T. Bisbee is confined to the house with a severe cold. He is under the care of Dr. Atwood.

James Buck has bought a wagon of Horace Farrar.

Wallace Chandler has charge of the building of an open air dining room instead of a piazza, as at first reported, which is being added to Ryemoor Cottage. It is to be enclosed with wire netting and will be very cool and comfortable. Deaconess Caroline Sanford, or the head deaconess, will not come here this summer as she has for a number of years, with the exception of last year, when she went to Europe. Her aged mother, Madam Sanford, is too feeble to make the journey from Philadelphia, so she will remain at home with her. Ryemoor Cottage, however, will be filled with guests.

News has been received that Mrs. Hiram Howe of this place, who is in Rumford visiting relatives, is very ill. Her brother, Mr. James Buck, has gone to Rumford to see her.

Just before the recent rains some person while passing Pleasant Pond Cemetery, carelessly threw a cigar stub into the grass, which set fire to the stubble and burned over eleven lots before it was discovered. Charles Ryerson saw the smoke, and calling for help the fire was soon extinguished. It would soon have reached a wooden fence and then it would have been only a few yards from E. G. Doble's barn.

Mrs. G. P. Heath passed her 85th milestone Thursday, the 28th. A number of friends called that day to pay their respects to her. Her daughter, Miss Ada, who is caring for her, feared as she is quite feeble she was having too much company, but it seemed to do her good.

Harold Knowles of Canton was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young Saturday.

Gladys Young has gone to Canton to visit friends.

F. E. Tainter of Lewiston has put a piano into the home of Charles Barrows to advertise their instruments in this town.

Alice Hadley, daughter of A. G. Hadley of Greenwood, drove through to this place Saturday accompanied by two younger children, returning home Sunday.

Mrs. Clara Clark, widow of the late Geo. Clark, who has been very much out of health and depressed in spirits, has so far recovered as to be able to ride to South Paris. Almon Churchill and wife of South Paris visited Mrs. Clark Monday and she accompanied them home the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Fales of Livermore Falls are with Mrs. Fales' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Farrar.

The spring term of school in this village opened Monday, Apr. 25th, taught by Herschel Libby of Carthage, a student of Farmington Normal School.

W. E. Doble has had a consignment of nursery stock which he has been delivering to customers here. He is now teaching at Sumner Hill.

Horace Farrar took his auto to Canton last week and left it there for sale.

Dr. Atwood is having a balcony built on the east side of his house, which will be used as an open air sitting room.

Mrs. Adelbert Davenport went to Lewiston Wednesday, returning the same day.

Little Miss Hazel Morrill, the eleven-year-old daughter of Nahum Morrill, is high line among the fishers of Pleasant Pond. She caught a pickerel that weighed four pounds and she came very near catching a ducking at the same time for she had all she could do to pull the big fish out.

Mr. and Mrs. David Andrews, formerly of this town, now of Richmond, are desirous of obtaining a rent in West Sumner village. If a desirable rent cannot be found then they would like to get board.

Oxford.

A camp of Sons of Veterans with twenty-eight charter members was organized on Saturday, April 23d, by Division Commander Cressey of Westbrook, assisted by Mr. Means. The officers are as follows:

Com.—Wilfred Perkins.
S. V. C.—Charles M. Andrews.
J. V. C.—John L. Dyer.
Sec.—Harry Andrews.
Treas.—Walter Holden.
Chaplain—Elbridge Edwards.
I. G.—John Chadbourne.
O. G.—Alvin Marr.
Council—Edward Fuller.
Guide—J. V. Hunting.
Musician—Lendall Smith.
Color Bearer—Walter Wood.
Patriotic Instructor—Lincoln Chaplin.

Refreshments of ice cream, etc., were served at the close.

At the corporation meeting held on Monday evening it was voted to place the matter of shingling Engine Hall in the hands of the assessors. Geo. Turner was elected assessor in place of J. L. Holden resigned. Assessors, Arthur Bumpus and Geo. Turner. A committee was appointed to revise the by-laws.

Seven two-horse teams and twenty or thirty men met to grade the grounds around the Methodist church at Welchville. A dinner was furnished by the ladies of the circle.

Wednesday evening at Temperance Hall, the Congregational Ladies' Circle held a sale of fancy articles, aprons, candy, food, etc., closing with an entertainment with songs by Marian Starbird, Perley French, and a duet by Verna Denning and Leotine Robinson. Lulu Stone, organist. Readings by Mr. Dyer, principal of Oxford High School.

Rev. C. W. Robbins has been sent by the conference to supply the M. E. churches at Oxford and Welchville.

Locke's Mills.

A party of seven young men from West Paris spent Sunday at Camp Echo.

Mr. Lucius Trask, who has been on the sick list, is gaining.

Mr. Will Kitteredge spent a few days in Portland last week.

Mrs. Lola Foster was at Norway last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frost and daughter called on friends last week.

Azel Bryant began work on Mr. Wilson's bungalow last week.

Mr. A. G. Woodsum spent Sunday with his son, G. C. Woodsum.

Fred Penley, the census man, was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Chas. Lang and daughter Ethel of Dorchester, Mass., visited relatives in town last week.

North Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Onley were here from Massachusetts and packed their goods so as to let the house this summer.

The next regular meeting of Waterford Grange will be held in the afternoon.

Hattie Knight has returned from a visit to Norway and Lewiston. She and some friends are to stop at the "Play House" a few days.

Mr. White of Roxbury stayed at Mrs. Sarah York's Monday night. His daughter, Mrs. Ernest McGray, went back with him.

Newell Andrews went to Lewiston one day last week.

The Woman's Relief Corps is rehearsing for a drama.

Lucius McAllister had a bad spell which they called an attack of appendicitis.

Herbert Lord is to move into the Onley rent.

Bethel.

Sunday morning at the Congregational church the pastor preached upon tuberculosis. Rev. J. H. Little preached the annual sermon to the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs at the Universalist church. Rev. Mr. Banghart was again with his people, having been returned by the M. E. conference to this pastorate for another year.

Mr. Long has sold his house on Mill Street to Loren Gilnes.

E. C. Bowler has been having an electric motor put into his printing office and Will Garey has a new electric motor in his laundry.

Mrs. John Gould of Portland has been the guest of her sisters, Mrs. E. C. Chamberlain and Mrs. H. N. Upton.

Wednesday and Thursday evenings a company gave an entertainment with moving pictures in Odeon Hall.

Miss Belle Purington returned Thursday from Andover, Mass., where she spent four weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. V. Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrill, who have had charge of Holden Hall, have decided to go to Gorham, Me., to Rines Brothers' farm. Their son will remain in Bethel until the end of the school year.

There was an auction of Mrs. Lawrence's goods Thursday. She will make her home with her son Walter in Portland.

Edward Lyon has purchased the Lawrence jewelry stock and has begun business. Mr. Lyon comes to the business with the highest recommendation as a first class jeweler.

Mrs. Fannie Bisbee Lovejoy was in West Paris Friday.

Mrs. O. M. Mason returned Friday from Portland.

Mrs. Frank E. Purington has returned from a week's visit with her sister in Yarmouth.

Monday, May 2, Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Curtis went to Waterville to attend the State Conference of the Congregational churches of Maine which will be held May 3 5. There will be no preaching service at the Congregational church for two Sundays, May 8 and 15.

The Pomona will meet with Bethel Grange Tuesday, May 3.

The rain Saturday morning called a halt in the game of base ball which was to have been played in South Paris between the Bethel Castle, K. O. K. A., and the Lumley Castle, South Paris.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Mrs. R. A. Sherwood, wife of Rev. R. A. Sherwood, after a pleasant visit at her old home here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Farwell, has returned to Keene, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wight, after a visit here, have gone to Bemis where they are in business.

Miss V. Kilgore of Newry has been a guest at the Carter mansion.

Mrs. E. A. Capen, who has been on the sick list some time, is now slowly gaining.

C. A. Capen has sold his gray mare and bought a nice horse in Lewiston.

Ned Carter had a narrow escape when his team broke through the bridge near Phon Bean's.

Orlando Buck has a fine span of horses which were formerly owned by Ned Carter. A $500 span of horses are of some little account on a farm or elsewhere.

Gladys Buck is in Massachusetts with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Olen Swan, where she is a student at school, and will soon graduate.

Lillian Buck, one of our best teachers, has taken charge of a school in Dummer, N. H.

Lamont Brown is doing some plowing and other work on the Maple and Pine Farm. Our little Blanche has a nice brood of chickens which she takes care of and makes pets of them.

Ellen P. Kimball and Blanche recently visited at Bethel village.

April 28th, cold enough to freeze early in the morning, also April 29th, cold night.

Our old soldier friend, Mark Swan, says he expects to get one dollar a day pension. Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Blake from Berlin, N. H., have been visiting her father, Wm. Brown, and other relatives here.

West Bethel.

"One by one o'er the river they go,
Silently go with the boatman pale,
Those whom we love, and who love us so,
Enter the shallop, and outward sail"

"'He giveth His beloved sleep;'
It readeth thus in Holy Psalm.
How sweet to feel that unto eyes that weep
He sends such healing balm."

Mrs. Etta Rowena Cummings, wife of Wallace E. Cummings of Albany, and daughter of the West Bethel correspondent of the Democrat, after years of suffering, died of cancer Friday noon, April 22d, aged 36 years, 1 month and 19 days. In addition to her husband and father, she leaves one child, a daughter about twelve years old, two sisters and three brothers. The deceased was born in Mason, but when seven months old her parents moved to West Bethel where her mother died in 1889, leaving her, a girl of 15 years, the family housekeeper. She was married on May 1st, 1897, and since that time Albany has been her residence.

Grass is growing rapidly.

Cool winds followed the rains.

River drivers are working this week.

Creamery butter is 36 cents per pound, fresh pork 20 cents, and eggs 20 cents per dozen.

A gravel train with steam shovel is working in the pit west of this station.

Mrs. Michael Vashaw and two youngest children visited in Berlin, N. H., last week.

Miss Laura Dennis came here last week to care for the wife of her brother, Wesley Dennis, who is quite ill.

Almon Tyler has sold his Scribner farm to his aunt, Mrs. Clara Abbott, and she with her two boys, Carroll and Byron, will occupy the house as soon as it is vacated by Alonzo Tyler and family.

Denmark.

Mr. Roy Freeman is reported as very sick and not expected to recover.

The drama, which was to be presented by Denmark High School Friday evening, the 29th, was given up on account of sickness of some of the members.

Mr. Jesse Kenison had a paralytic shock last Saturday and is not expected to recover.

The assessors have finished their work and the tax rate for 1910 is $17.50 on a thousand. The state tax for Denmark is $1,950.00; $800.00 more than in 1909.

There are a number of dogs to be registered yet in town.

Mr. John Ames is on his way with a large drive of pulp wood this side of Walker bridge.

North Buckfield.

Mrs. Francis Dunham of West Sumner is on a visit to Mr. Calvin Keene's.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Sturtevant were at Hebron Saturday visiting at Mr. Henry Sturtevant's.

Mr. Irving Smith has moved into the Chas. Tucker house just vacated by Mr. Pingree.

Died in North Buckfield, Apr. 27, Mrs. Mary (Swallow) Capen, aged 73 years.

Mrs. Mary Swallow Capen passed away Wednesday morning at the home of her sister, Mrs. Enos Heald. She had been in failing health since last fall and failed quite rapidly the last few weeks. Her sister had been constantly by her side, and all that loving hands could do had been done for her. She leaves besides this sister two brothers in the west, also nieces and nephews. Funeral was held at Grange Hall Friday afternoon.

Carolyn, the little 5-year-old daughter of Washington and Jennie Heald, died Thursday of spinal meningitis. She had not been strong through the winter, but the disease developed rapidly. They have the sympathy of the entire community.

Mrs. Frances Dunham has been visiting Mrs. C. B. Keene.

Norway Lake.

Mrs. J. S. Smith has been quite sick for several days and does not seem to improve yet.

C. A. Flint's baby has not been as well for several days. He has been sick a long time.

We are all glad to see Mrs. John Wood out on the street again.

The Partridges finished work in their saw mill Apr. 26th.

Mrs. Mary Bennett from Gilead is stopping at C. F. Boober's.

West Paris.

Wednesday morning the community was appalled on learning of a daring act of depravity which had occurred in West Paris Cemetery since Tuesday noon. Seventy-six stones had been pulled from their places, breaking small pieces from many of them and badly breaking others. People went directly to the cemetery to investigate the affair and found tracks around the stones measuring 8 1-2 and 9 inches, which aroused suspicion that they were those of boys under 11 years of age that attend school near the cemetery. Detective Bassett of Norway was summoned and arrived Wednesday afternoon. On interviewing three of them confessed having done the mischief, but later, one boy, young Ellingwood, proved that he was innocent. The officers of the cemetery association and owners of the lots desecrated met at Centennial Hall Friday afternoon to see what measures were to be taken. It was arranged that a hearing be held in Centennial Hall this evening (Monday) at 7:30 o'clock. It is an exceedingly sad affair. Young Ellingwood's fright at the accusation has caused him to be in a very critical condition and much anxiety is felt for his recovery.

The funeral of George W. Hammond of Snow's Falls, who died at the C. M. G. Hospital Tuesday, was held from the First Universalist church Friday afternoon, Rev. I. S. Macduff officiating. Granite Lodge, F. and A. M., of which the deceased was a member, performed the burial services.

At Dunham's Hall Wednesday evening the drama, "Higbee of Harvard," proved one of the most enjoyable plays given here by local talent for many years. Unlike most dramas there are no minor parts in the play, but each character has a marked individuality. The entire cast was adapted to the parts taken, and the stage management under the direction of Nelson I. Mixer, was above criticism. Much of the success of the play is due to Mr. Mixer's experience in dramatic art. The specialties consisted of piano duet by Mrs. Wardwell and Miss Tuell, vocal duet, Messrs. Wheeler and Tuell, solo by Alice Barden and duet by Earle and Margaret Bacon. Every selection was enjoyed and received an encore.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ridlon gave a delightful whist party at their home Thursday evening. There were seven tables. Lady's prize for highest score was won by Miss Linnie Marshall; gentleman's prize, Mr. Harold Gerrish; consolation prizes were awarded Mrs. Fred Penley and Mr. Alvin Swift. Refreshments of harlequin ice cream, cake, saltines and candy were served.

Curtis Hill Telephone Company will open their central office in Dunham Block about May 1st. For the present Miss Elinor H. Tuell will be the day operator and Clarence E. Stearns night operator. The resignation of Mrs. W. H. Lurvey is much regretted by the public as she has always given faithful and efficient service.

Mrs. F. E. Wheeler was the guest of the Misses Tibbetts in Portland last week and Dr. Wheeler joined her Saturday. They returned home Sunday afternoon.

Miss Annie Schenk of Norway recently visited friends here.

Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Thayer of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Thayer of Paris and Silas Maxim of South Paris were in town Friday to attend the funeral of G. W. Hammond.

Mr. A. S. Curtis of Rumford is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Rev. C. H. Young and wife have moved to Gorham, N. H. Mr. Young was appointed pastor of the Gorham M. E. church.

East Sumner.

A. D. Park and wife of South Paris were in town Wednesday night and stopped at S. C. Heald's.

W. H. Eastman went to St. Albans last week to attend the funeral of his brother.

Lennie Robinson of Concord, Mass., and Dr. J. B. Robinson of Portland were in town over Sunday, the 24th ult.

Geo. Maxim is improving of late but is very hard of hearing. Dr. Pennell of Auburn and Dr. Marston of Buckfield attend him.

The measles scare has subsided without any trouble.

The June session of the Oxford Conference of Congregational Churches is to be at East Sumner.

East Bethel.

Mrs. Z. W. Bartlett visited Lewiston, Canton and Rumford one day last week.

Miss Ella Farwell visited friends at Rumford a few days last week.

Mrs. S. E. Rich and Master Robert Rich of Berlin, N. H., are guests at Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bean's.

Chas. Burke from Prince County, P. Q., has moved to the Abbott farm here, which he has recently purchased.

Joseph Mayconnell has sold his farm here to Mr. Walter Brinck of Newry, who moved there last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayconnell are visiting relatives at South Paris, and will later visit Canada.

North Paris.

Mrs. Josephine Crawford is at her home here.

Mr. Wm. Richardson of Boston is in the place.

Will Berry with a crew of men is repairing the road between North Paris and Trap Corner.

C. E. Peterson is at work for Leroy Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Littlehale of Massachusetts are visiting relatives here.

Walter Littlehale is at home from Durham, N. H., where he is attending school.

Hebron.

There was a game of base ball here Saturday, the 23d, between Buckfield High School and Hebron, scoring 14 to 7 in favor of Hebron.

Miss Grace Bumpus and Miss Tibbetts spent Saturday in Norway.

Mrs. J. C. Donham is visiting friends in Auburn.

Wednesday, Hebron Grange held an all day meeting and instructed five members in the 1st and 2d degrees.

Mrs. A. M. Richardson, who has been in poor health for some time, went to Lewiston this week for treatment.

Hartford.

Frank Allen was in Canton Tuesday.

Harold Parsons, Ernest Glover and Cecil Bartlett went to Lewiston Tuesday.

Mrs. W. O. Eustis was in Lewiston Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Alley went to Canton Monday, returning Tuesday.

Ed Brown spent Sunday with friends in Rumford.

Asa Bosworth was in Lewiston Saturday.

Station Agent W. O. Eustis has gone to Jay Bridge as agent there. Mrs. Eustis will remain in charge of this station until a new agent is appointed.

Obituary.

George W. Hammond, a resident of Snow's Falls, Paris, died at the Central Maine General Hospital Wednesday, April 27, 1910.

He was the son of Joseph and Lydia (Parson) Hammond and was born Nov. 14, 1826. He was the youngest and last survivor of a family of sixteen.

He married Emily C., daughter of America and Caroline (Prentiss) Thayer, Nov. 30, 1852. Two children were born to them, Mary Emogene, born March 17, 1856, and Caroline Prentiss, born March 26, 1865.

Mary Emogene married Charles B. Benson and settled at West Paris. She died there, leaving one son, Robert Benson. The wife died April 26, 1885. The daughter, Caroline, died June 4, 1903. The lights of a model home went out, and it was left in its loneliness.

He settled first on the Ziba Thayer farm, and later removed to Snow's Falls.

His grandson, Robert C. Benson, graduated at Bowdoin College, and since has been his constant companion and care taker through failing health, sickness and death.

He has served his town as supervisor and representative. He has been prominent in the Masonic fraternity as master in Paris Lodge and master in the West Paris lodge at its organization. All positions have been filled with honor to himself and credit to his many friends. An acquaintance and friendship of seventy-five years is now severed. Yet memory will still hold him as one of nature's noblemen. M.

Enforcement of the Sunday laws is again under way at Sanford.

Maine News Notes.

Herbert Randall, 55 years of age and a native of Milford, was accidentally killed in a camp on Sourdnahunk Stream by the discharge of an automatic revolver which another man was handling. He was unmarried.

A new through train, running by daylight direct between Portland and New York, is to be put on this summer. This is additional to the through night train which has for some years been a feature of the summer train schedule.

The West Hartland correspondent of the Pittsfield Advertiser says: We learn from an old resident that 41 years ago on the 14th of April there was a horse trot on the ice at Morrill Pond. Quite a number of fast horses took part and a large crowd of people were in attendance and there was quite a burden of snow on the ground.

Dr. Henry W. Miller, clinical director of the government hospital at Washington, D. C., has been chosen by the trustees as superintendent of the Maine insane hospital at Augusta, to take the place of the late Dr. B. T. Sanborn. The appointment is subject to confirmation by the governor and council. Dr Miller has accepted the position, and will assume the duties of the office early in June.

Hearings on several petitions for pardon were heard by the governor and council Friday. Hilaire Mercier of Rumford, who has served a little more than half a sentence of one year in jail at Augusta for perjury, was granted a pardon. A pardon was refused to George W. Pierce of Lewiston, who in 1899 was sentenced to thirty-eight years in state prison on two cases for attempt to murder by poisoning.

Sumner has never been noted for tropical fruits, yet Luville Buck, the mail carrier, shows a huge lemon grown by him that weighs about 1 1-4 lbs. The little tree on which it grew is only about two feet high, is six years old and began bearing last year producing two good specimens. It now has upon it 20 from the blossom to those the size of a hen's egg. The limbs have to be supported to prevent breaking. In the summer season the tree is out of doors, but of course is kept inside during cold weather. In color and flavor it is like the lemon in the country markets.

Stephen Purinton of Harpswell, who is 96 years old, is the oldest citizen in his town. On his place is the oldest building in town, a cooper shop built 150 years ago. It is constructed of hewn lumber and wrought nails. The original shingles are still in use and still good. Each shingle measures about 5 1-2 x 18 inches. The part exposed shows that nearly half the original thickness has been wasted away, but some of the shingles are still perfectly sound. The nails, too, are well preserved, and each nail shows the roughness and irregularity that is common to the old hand-made article.

The building of Caribou's first mill is described by that Parkhurst man as follows: "Cochran was a mill-wright by trade and a good one. He constructed the mill entirely out of material at hand. Every wheel was made of wood, the belting was made of moose hide tanned by the Indians and the mill stones he made from two boulders lying on the shore. The linen for bolting was woven by an Acadian woman at Violette Brook; the nails used in covering the structure were made from discarded horseshoes and scraps of old iron found around the timber camps. The boards were cut out with a whip saw, and the timber was hewn with a broad ax. Cochran never got his land from the Canadian government but at the close of the Aroostook war the State of Maine deeded him a block of land a mile square at the mouth of the Caribou stream. He died and was buried on the banks of the Caribou, and lies in a neglected grave. Many of his descendants still live in Aroostook."

LION FONDLES A CHILD.

In Pittsburg a savage lion fondled the hand that a child thrust into his cage. Danger to a child is sometimes great when least regarded. Often it comes through Colds, Croup, and Whooping Cough. They slay thousands that Dr. King's New Discovery could have saved. "A few doses cured our baby of a very bad case of Croup," writes Mrs. George B. Davis of Flat Rock, N. C., "We always give it to him when he takes cold. It's a wonderful medicine for babies." Best for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Weak Lungs. 50c. $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

A MAN WANTS TO DIE

only when a lazy liver and sluggish bowels cause frightful despondency. But Dr. King's New Life Pills expel poisons from the system; bring hope and courage; cure all Liver, Stomach and Kidney troubles; impart health and vigor to the weak, nervous and ailing. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

Notice.

Commencing May first shall sell milk at 6 cents per quart. Skim milk two quarts for 5 cts.

17-18 O. K. CLIFFORD.

Wanted.

Two girls for chamber and table work. Five dollars per week and board.

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; 3:25 P. M., daily except Sunday; 5:47 P. M., daily; 10:22 A. M., Sunday only.

Chester Merrill is clerk in the grocery store of Penley & Plummer.

Mrs. J. H. Little and Mrs. J. S. Burbank of Bethel visited friends at South Paris Tuesday.

Miss Addie L. Edgerley went Friday to South Weymouth, Mass., where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Park went to East Sumner Wednesday, Mr. Park going to do business as auctioneer.

Miss Grace Dean returned several days ago from the Eye and Ear Infirmary at Portland, where she had been for surgical treatment.

Included in a lot of second hand books dispersed at auction in Boston last Thursday, April 28, was a copy of Lapham and Maxim's History of Paris. It was sold for $2.

The Delta Alphas held their regular meeting with Mrs. Ordway Thursday evening. Refreshments were served, and a social evening with games, etc., was enjoyed.

Willard G. Pratt, who has been in Rumford for a number of years, is now with the Cummings Manufacturing Co. at their shop here, and will move his family here soon.

A delegation of Masons from Paris Lodge attended the funeral of George W. Hammond at West Paris Friday afternoon. Mr. Hammond was master of Paris Lodge in 1877.

Maurice L. Noyes is finishing up the grounds around his house built last year on Pine Street, grading and seeding the lawn, building concrete walk, and so on. It is good work well done.

A great variety of weather last week, including one heavy warm rain, one heavy cold rain with hail and sleet, a cold blow, a heavy frost and freeze Friday morning, and one or two fine days.

Advertised letters at South Paris post office:
Mr. C. H. Cotte.
Mrs. R. H. Rhubard.
Miss Mable Richardson, (card.)
Mrs. A. C. Thomas, (card.)
Mr. D. C. Wilkins.
S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

Mr. and Mrs. David S. Knapp and son, Frank P. Knapp, the well known cornet player, have moved here from Rumford, and are occupying Sumner E. Tucker's house on Hillside Avenue. Frank P. Knapp will be employed by the Paris Manufacturing Co., and will play in the band.

Miss Grace Thayer arrived home Saturday night from a trip to Baltimore, Washington and other places. Mrs. George F. Eastman, who has been visiting in Baltimore, returned as far as Portland with her, and remained there to visit relatives for a day or two before coming home.

The Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. recommends that the second Sunday in May of this year be observed as "Mothers' Day," and all comrades are requested to wear in the lapels of their coats on that day, a white carnation, or other white flower in honor of their devoted mothers.

L. E. Scruton, the contractor on the water system, arrived here last Monday afternoon, with his foreman and some twelve or fifteen Italian workmen, and has begun on the work of completing the reservoir of the village system, which was suspended early in January on account of the cold.

Frank L. Doble and his son, Frank C. Doble, formerly of South Paris, now of Methuen, Mass., were in town a few days last week. Frank L. Doble is now in the grocery business. Frank C. Doble, who is a graduate of Paris High School in the class of 1903, is now a junior in Tufts College, taking a course in electrical engineering.

Work has begun on an addition to Davis Block. A small wing at the rear of the building will be removed, and in its place twenty feet will be added the full width of the building. The space thus added will be occupied by the Paris Home Bakery, as Mr. Walker's business is increasing so as to make more room a necessity. A large new oven is to be added to the equipment, and machines for doing some of the work, to be run by electricity, will be installed.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Mission Circle of the Baptist church the following officers were elected:

Pres.—Mrs. L. C. Morton.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Wm. Morse.
Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. W. B. Edwards.
Programme Committee for Foreign Missions—Mrs. E. A. Davis, Mrs. G. B. Crockett, Mrs. Lester West.
For Home Missions—Mrs. W. B. Edwards, Mrs. W. L. Bonney, Miss Annie Edwards.

The monthly meeting of the Mission Circle will meet at the Baptist vestry next Thursday at 3 o'clock. Subject, Missions in the Philippines.

Some brown-tails do and some don't. A South Paris man told the Democrat a few days since that he had just finished cleaning up his trees, and had carefully examined all the nests, without finding a live caterpillar. They were all dead. A few minutes later another man was met with a basket containing his last gleanings of brown-tails, and in answer to the question whether they seemed to be alive he said they were very much alive. He picked a nest at random from the basket, and a third of the surface of it was covered with live caterpillars.

The last meeting of the season of the Euterpean Club is held with Mrs. Brickett this Monday afternoon. The programme is devoted to light opera, the two operas selected being the Pirates of Penzance and the Red Mill. The full programme is as follows:

Roll Call—Current Musical Events.

PART I. PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

Story of the Pirates, Mrs. Morton.
Overture, Mrs. Burnham.
Vocal Solo—Mabel and Chorus, Mrs. Noyes.
Vocal Solo—"Ruth's Song," Mrs. Smiley.

PART II. RED MILL.

Sketch of Victor Herbert and His Work, Mrs. Shurtleff.
Opening Chorus, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Burnham, Miss Leach, Mrs. Noyes, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Smiley, Miss Thayer, Miss Tolman.
Gretchen's Song, Mrs. Wilson.
Duet—"Because You're You," Mrs. Wilson, Miss Wheeler.
Song—"Legend of the Mill," Mrs. Wheeler.

A large number of Odd Fellows, Rebekahs, and invited guests gathered in Odd Fellows' Hall last Monday evening for the purpose of observing the ninety-first anniversary of Odd Fellowship, the assembly being one of the largest ever there on such an occasion. At 8 o'clock the exercises of the evening began, Noble Grand C. A. Marston presiding. The formal ceremony laid down for the occasion was first performed. This was followed by an eloquent address by Grand Warden Charles E. Jackson of Portland. Later in the programme Rev. Chester Gore Miller and Rev. E. A. Davis were called upon, and though neither is a member of the order, each responded with remarks which were appropriate and appreciative of the principles and the work of the order. The other numbers of the programme were furnished by the Bates College Quartette and Mr. Farnsworth, the reader accompanying them. Besides the quartette selections, there was a bass solo by Mr. Morrison, and a violin solo by Mr. Davis. The quartette and the reader have been here before this winter, and gave so much pleasure that by special request some of their selections were repeated at this time, and they were given a very hearty reception. Ice cream and cake were served after the programme, and a sociable "for the young people," without any census taker present to inquire their ages, wound up the evening, which was one of the pleasantest of these affairs ever enjoyed.

More rain—that we don't seem to want.

Mrs. Clara Clark of West Sumner is a guest at Almon Churchill's.

Harold Briggs has bought a pointer pup of excellent breeding of Grant Royal.

On account of the moving pictures at New Hall, there will be no skating rink Tuesday evening.

The Wm. K. Kimball Post, G. A. R., have engaged the South Paris band for Memorial Day exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cummings have gone to the Rangeleys, where they are to be employed this summer.

L. S. Sessions is working in the store of F. N. Wright, taking the place of Irving Barrows, who is ill.

Howard W. Shaw, clarionetist, went to West Paris Friday night to play with the orchestra there for the May ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Morse have moved to Lewiston, where Mr. Morse has a position with the Maine Central Railroad.

The Knights of Pythias will work the rank of Page on two candidates next Friday evening. After the work there will a full rehearsal for the rank of Knight.

A special train has been secured to take the Knights of Pythias Lodge to Bryant's Pond next Monday evening, May 9th, to visit Fraternal Lodge. The train will leave South Paris at 7:30.

The "Careful Gleaners" of the Methodist Sunday School hold their class meeting in the small vestry at 2 P. M Thursday. An extra nice comfortable is to be made up and will be for sale.

Mrs. C. A. Allen went to the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston Friday on account of blood poisoning starting from a cut on her finger. It is probable that she will have to remain several weeks.

A new wrinkle in night telegraph rates, initiated by the Western Union, has been adopted by the Great Northwestern. A letter of fifty words will be sent in the night hours for the same price as a day message of ten words.

The many friends of Howard W. Shaw gave him a surprise party Thursday evening at his home on Main Street. The affair, which was in honor of his birthday, was a complete surprise, as well as the many presents which were showered upon him. Dainty refreshments were served and a very pleasant time enjoyed by all.

J. H. Jones reports having seen a new advertising sign on his last trip to Aroostook County, and one that doesn't look particularly pleasing in Maine. In the window of a store are displayed some Oregon apples, and a placard advertising to give eight of them for a barrel of potatoes. Eight Oregon apples for a barrel of potatoes!

George W. Hammond.

George W. Hammond of Snow's Falls, Paris, died in the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston early Wednesday morning. He had been in the hospital for treatment for some weeks, and two or three weeks before his death suffered the amputation of a leg because of gangrene in the foot. It was not however possible to arrest the disease in that way, and he never regained his normal condition after the operation.

Mr. Hammond was the youngest of the large family of Joseph Hammond, and was born Nov. 14, 1826, in Paris. Before advancing age and infirmities bowed him over, he stood considerably above six feet, and was a commanding figure physically. In the early days of the California gold excitement he went to that region by the way of Cape Horn, but after a few years returned to Paris. After a few years in another part of the town he settled at Snow's Falls where he lived for the rest of his life. He was postmaster at Snow's Falls for most of the time he lived there, and to the time of his death. He had served the town as supervisor of schools, and as representative in the legislature.

Mr. Hammond was a genial and companionable man, who liked association with his fellows, and found peculiar satisfaction in Freemasonry. He was made a Mason in Paris Lodge in 1864, and from 1866 to 1877, although living six miles from the hall, held various offices in the lodge, serving as master in the last named year. When Granite Lodge at West Paris was chartered, he with a number of others left Paris Lodge to join that. He has in recent years several times attended the meetings of his lodge at an age and in a physical condition such as would prevent most men from crossing the street to meet with their brethren.

Mr. Hammond married Emily C. Thayer, daughter of America Thayer of Paris, who died a number of years ago. They had two daughters. The elder daughter, Mary E., married Charles B. Benson of Paris. She died leaving a young son, Robert C. Benson, who has since her death made his home at Mr. Hammond's. The younger daughter, Caroline P., died a number of years since, and for some time the household has consisted solely of Mr. Hammond and Mr. Benson.

The funeral of Mr. Hammond was held Friday afternoon at the Universalist church at West Paris, attended by Rev. Miss Macduff, and in charge of Granite Lodge of Masons, which performed its funeral service following the service conducted by the minister. Burial was in Hillside Cemetery, Paris Hill.

Reception to Rev. Mr. Davis.

Very informal and delightful was the reception given Rev. Mr. Davis and family at the Baptist church Tuesday evening. Despite the rain nearly two hundred friends, members of the church and congregation, gathered to bid them welcome. The vestry was prettily decorated with chairs, rugs, potted plants and cut flowers. A cordial welcome to the Baptist church was extended by Dea. Geo. B. Crockett, and to the social and religious life of the village by Rev. Mr. Kewley of the M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Miller of the Universalist, Rev. Mr. McWhorter of the Congregationalist, and by Alonzo Shurtleff, Supt. Charles Howard and Supt. C. L. Buck, to which Mr. Davis gave a most earnest response. Hubert Davis of Bates College was present and kindly gave two violin solos, and Rev. Mr. Davis by request sang "The Pearly White City." Refreshments were served.

Base Ball.

On account of the rain Saturday, Paris found it necessary to call the game off with Norway. Manager Lowell has made arrangements so that this contest will be played Tuesday, May 3d. Game called at 3 o'clock.

Since the game with Mechanic Falls, Paris has made a change in the line-up, which will probably strengthen the team. Phil King has been shifted from third base to left field, and Kimball put on third.

Next Saturday Paris plays the town team, which is composed of boys who have graduated from Paris High in the last few years. Last year in two games with a similar team, one was a tie and the high school team won the other. A hot game is expected. This is called at 2 o'clock.

Meeting of Patriotic Association.

By advice of the executive committee I hereby announce that the annual meeting of the Oxford County Patriotic Association will be held at South Paris on July 4th next, instead of June 17th, as previously arranged.

This change is made on account of the state encampment of the G. A. R., which occurs the 15th and 16th of June.

As soon as arrangements are completed an extended notice of the meeting will be published.

O. A. MAXIM,
President of the Association.

Mrs. Sarah J. Merrill.

Died at Kennebunkport, April 25, Mrs. Sarah J. Merrill. Mrs. Merrill was born in Paris, May 19, 1824, being the youngest daughter of David and Sarah (Cushman) Bolster, who then occupied the original "Bolster farm," the buildings being where Henry Record now lives. She married Andrew Merrill in 1854. They always lived at Kennebunkport.

The 1910 hay crop has got a good start.

Professor Tubbs on Halley's Comet.

A few weeks since Professor F. D. Tubbs of Bates College gave his lecture, "Among the Stars," which might almost be termed unique among lectures, in New Hall, and those who heard him did not fail to be present when, last Friday evening, he lectured at the same place on Halley's comet—though it would well have repaid a great many who were not there if they had attended.

Halley's comet, said Professor Tubbs, has aroused more interest than any other body in the heavens, and much of the present interest is justified by the fact that during the last week in May it will appear in the evening sky, with a head fully as large as the face of the full moon, though not of the same brilliancy, and with a tail sixty times as long as the diameter of the moon's face.

The comet is now 80,000,000 miles distant from the earth, and the two bodies are approaching each other in their respective orbits so that they get nearer together by about forty miles each second.

A comet is no rare phenomenon. Practically any day of the year the astronomer may point his telescope at a comet. Halley's comet is of special interest because of the nearness of its approach to us and its apparent magnitude in the heavens, and the regularity of its appearances.

Professor Tubbs then illustrated the movements of the earth and the comet by two intersecting loops of wire, one two inches in diameter and approximately circular representing the earth's orbit around the sun, and the other, an ellipse of considerable eccentricity, 36 inches in its larger diameter, representing the orbit of the comet. At the outside extreme of its orbit the comet is 3,000,000,000 miles from the sun, away out beyond Neptune, the most distant member of our solar system. The speed of the comet varies in different parts of its orbit. Its average rate of travel is three miles per second. To travel around the orbit of the comet an express train would require 20,000 years; the time required for the circuit by the comet varies, but is on the average about 76 years.

The orbit of the comet is not in the same plane as the orbits of the planets, said Professor Tubbs, and he then proceeded to explain why it varies in the time of making its orbit. As it makes its way through our solar system, it each time approaches the several worlds which constitute that system at different angles and distances. Each one of these worlds pulls upon the comet by the attraction of its mass, and has a tendency to divert it somewhat from its course, and either quicken or retard its motion, according to its situation. In order for astronomers to reckon the orbit of the planet exactly, and the time of its reappearance, they must know the weight of each of these bodies and just the amount of pull it exerts upon the comet. It thus becomes a very complex problem.

The comet was last seen in May, 1836. The astronomers calculated according to the best of our still imperfect methods, and reckoned that it would again reach its nearest point to the sun on the 17th of April this year. In fact it reached that point on the 20th of April. The astronomers had reckoned that it would complete its circuit in 27,180 days. In fact it took it 27,183 days. When the first calculation was made, a hundred and fifty years ago, it was wrong by about a month. Now, by our still imperfect methods, we have reduced the error to three days.

To show how far distant from any other part of the universe except our solar system the comet is, Professor Tubbs used as an illustration that if the comet's orbit is represented by the wire ellipse which he held, with a long diameter of thirty-six inches, the nearest star would be four miles away, and the pole star would be over forty miles.

By means of a diagram the relative positions of the earth and the comet were shown. The best time to see the comet in the morning is during the coming week. It is a little north of Venus, rising about two hours ahead of the sun, and may be seen with the naked eye if the sky is clear. After it passes between us and the sun about three weeks later, it will be visible in the evening sky, and will be a striking spectacle.

The tail of a comet always points away from the sun. This is because the matter of which it is composed is driven back by the energy emanating from the sun, as a girl with loose hair going up to a powerful dynamo will have the hair all driven backward by the electrical force. The tail—or the "tresses," as the Greeks more appropriately termed it—of a comet, is composed of fine dust. A new set of tresses are given off from Halley's comet about every twenty minutes, and driven off into space.

Turning to the question of what a comet really is, Professor Tubbs referred to the superstitious and absurd ideas which have prevailed regarding comets, and the fact that men had suffered from their fears, and had even committed suicide, and would probably do so again this year, because of the appearance of a comet. A comet, he said, is a sand bank, with the sand widely scattered. It is composed of small masses of matter, so widely separated that we may see the stars directly through the comet's head.

In taking up the question of what would happen if the earth should strike a comet, Professor Tubbs took occasion to express his opinion forcibly regarding those newspapers which for the sake of a sensation scare ignorant people with their forecasts of what might happen. We have struck many a comet. The result is seen in an unusual number of "shooting stars," which are almost without exception converted to fine dust in the atmosphere before they reach the surface of the earth.

I have been asked many times, said Professor Tubbs, if the comet would stop the earth. In answer to that I give this comparison, much exaggerating the influence of the comet. Let the earth be represented by a cannon ball weighing a ton and moving rapidly. The comet would be represented by a charge of fine bird shot fired against it.

When the earth and the comet reach the right points in their orbits, a little later, we shall be only about fourteen million miles from the comet, and we shall go through the tail, providing the tail is long enough. It is true, as has been said, that the spectroscope, directed to the tail of the comet, shows the characteristic lines of cyanogen gas, a deadly poison. So it does if directed at an arc light, and there is just as much danger from one as from the other.

A reasonable estimate of the amount of matter we shall pick up in passing through the tail of the comet is one pound, and if it could be gathered into one mass, a man could easily put it in his pocket.

In closing, Professor Tubbs said that comets are the bits left over from the creation, traveling through space, and their destiny is to be torn to pieces and picked up by the worlds which they encounter along their way, and be added to their volume.

The lecture was under the auspices of the High School Athletic Association.

Sunday School Convention.

The convention of the Oxford County Sunday School Association will be held at the Baptist church, South Paris, Tuesday, May 10. Field Secretary H. E. Lufkin of the State Sunday School Association, and Rev. J. J. Hull of Lewiston, will be among the speakers. The full programme is as follows:

FORENOON.

10:00. Devotional service, led by Rev. Mr. Davis.
10:15. Business.
10:20. Adult Work, H. E. Lufkin.
10:50 Music.
11:00. Primary Work, Mrs. Harry Morton.
a Beginner,
b General Primary Work, Mrs. Frank Taylor.
Discussion.
12:00. Dinner.

AFTERNOON

1:30. Praise and Devotional Service, Led by C. H. Howard.
1:45. Business.
2:00. Teacher Training, H. E. Lufkin.
2:30. Music.
2:40. Our Boys, a T. M. Davis. b Rev. J. G. Flaherty.
Discussion.
3:25. Question Box, Rev. B. C. Wentworth.
4:00. Adjournment.
7:30. Praise Service; Scripture Reading and Prayer, Rev. Mr. Hill.
7:45. Address, Rev. J. J. Hull.

Special rates have been secured on the railroads for the 9th, 10th and 11th.

A Richmond girl who wanted to marry a Greek workman in that town, but was refused permission by her father, attempted suicide by poison, but is expected to recover from both troubles.

Rear Admiral Kimball.

NOTABLE SERVICES OF AN OXFORD COUNTY NAVAL OFFICER.

The New York World of April 24th contains the following sketch of Rear Admiral William W. Kimball, who is the son of the late Gen. William K. Kimball and a native of Paris Hill. Admiral Kimball is about closing his naval career and will at once come to Paris Hill, where he is to make his future home at the old Gen. Kimball mansion at the north end of Main Street:

When Rear Admiral William Wirt Kimball hauls down his flag from the cruiser Albany as Commander-in-Chief of the Nicaragua Expeditionary Force he will have ended a five months tour of duty which has been of exceptional interest and importance. The assignment, moreover, has been extremely complimentary to him, inasmuch as he is the only officer of the navy who has been assigned to the command of a squadron after having been transferred from the list of active service to the roster of the retired.

The Admiral had almost rounded out the stipulated period of active service when the Nicaraguan troubles broke out. When in the first of last December the government deemed it necessary to send a strong body of marines and a numerous force of warships to the scene, it was announced that Admiral Kimball, then on duty in Washington, had been assigned to command the expedition. The Admiral was then almost on the verge of retirement and it was practically certain that this duty would considerably overlap into the retired period. But as explained by the Navy Department, "Kimball is the very man for the work."

EMERGED WITH UNSCORCHED FINGERS.

Those intimately acquainted with the Admiral and who had a foreknowledge of what the work was likely to be, did not need that official indorsement to know that he was the very man to handle it. Eminently competent in his profession, the Admiral possessed other qualifications which peculiarly fitted him for this task, one of these being a thorough knowledge of international law. The result has shown that it was to Admiral Kimball, more than to any other man, that is due the credit of our having emerged from the Nicaragua imbroglio with so few blunders when the possibility of creating numerous ones and accentuating those already made were so numerous and prolific.

But the Admiral showed himself to be a diplomat of high order. He won the confidence and esteem of the whole of Nicaragua, irrespective of party. He was cheered wherever he went, by the Madriz Government party, by the Estradists, by the Interventionists.

"What we need," one of the Interventionists enthusiastically said to the Admiral at the time when intervention talk was running high, "is American occupation and the strong arm of your country compelling order in Nicaragua."

"What you really most need," the Admiral with his customary good sense replied, "is less talk of revolution, less importation of firearms and more of farm implements."

The Nicaraguan newspapers have had columns of complimentary references to Admiral Kimball. Considering that he was in Nicaraguan waters and in command of a military force which might any day have been called into use against Nicaragua, this praise from these Sir Huberts is praise indeed. With three parties struggling for supremacy, with the one in power being distinctly hostile to everything American, the situation from any point of view was an extremely delicate one and required infinite tact to handle. The Admiral is possessed of that tact in a high degree and brought it into play. Not only did he prevent any conflict between the forces of the United States and those of the contending parties, but in so doing fully maintained the dignity of the flag and met every situation with a strict observance of the requirements of international law and of naval usage.

FOUR WEEKS IN WHICH TO FLY TWO STARS.

It is a commentary on our system of promotion that this distinguished officer had almost rounded out his active service before he had obtained a flag command. "All things come to him who waits—too late," he one day paraphrased to the writer, who had accompanied his expedition. "Four weeks from retirement," he continued, "and my flag hoisted for the first time, and hoisted on a transport."

The Admiral was born in Paris, Me., on Jan. 9, 1848. He entered the Naval Academy on July 31, 1866, graduating four years later. In 1870 he was promoted to the rank of ensign and in the following year to that of master, a rank which was abolished many years ago. He was one of the first of his profession on this side of the Atlantic to recognize the potential value of the submarine, and it was largely through his efforts that John P. Holland was eventually enabled to construct the pioneer of that type of vessel. One naval board after another sat on the device, and sat on it in more senses than one. And you know the dictionary definition of a board: A thing, "long, narrow and wooden." Holland and Kimball know it, too.

It was because of Kimball's knowledge of torpedoes and torpedo boats that he was assigned to the command of the First Torpedo Flotilla at the outbreak of the war with Spain. It was before the Havana blockade, "The Peaceful Endeavor Blockade," as a large part of the navy and of the war correspondents came to know that string of ships which hovered off the harbor entrance with orders not to fire unless they were first fired upon, that Kimball originated an idea and urged that it be put in practice. His faith in Holland's invention was so great that he asked the department to allow him to take the submarine and install an aerial torpedo. In this vessel, properly manned of course, he would dive with the submarine to come to the surface when within short range of the fortifications, let fly the missile, and then dive out of sight before the batteries could be trained on the boat. It struck many as a very excellent plan, but for some reason the department withheld its sanction.

In a still earlier day, the Admiral, then a lieutenant, rendered conspicuous service. When the United States of Colombia broke into revolution in the early eighties, this nation, acting under an international agreement, sent its fleet to Aspinwall, as Colon is now known, and under the command of the then Commander Bowman H. McCalla landed a brigade of marines for the purpose of keeping the trans-Isthmian railway open to commerce. Kimball, who was then attached to the flagship Tennessee, was ordered to aid McCalla and throughout the occupation was in command of an armored car, which had been constructed under his direction, and which did valuable work.

Before his assignment to the command of the Nicaraguan Expeditionary Force Admiral Kimball had been on duty in Washington as a member of the naval examining and retiring board, and also as a member of the board on construction. Prior to the present service his last sea duty was in command of the battleship New Jersey.

Red Men's Hall at Fryeburg Burned.

The building at Fryeburg occupied by Sabattus Tribe of Red Men and the Daughters of Pocahontas was burned on Monday, April 25, together with the paraphernalia of the orders. A traveling entertainment company, which had been occupying the hall for a few nights previous, lost most of its belongings. The building was of wood, two stories in height. The loss is reckoned at $3000; Insured for $1500.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

is patient, even with a nagging wife, for he knows she heeds help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters-the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, backache and weak kidneys have used them and become healthy and happy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

NORWAY.

The I. O. O. F. Lodge will build only one story on their Main Street property on account of the condition of the foundation on the brook side of the building. The additional story will be rented for offices and to the Municipal Court.

Mrs. Charles R. Smith of Portland is the guest of Edith M. Smith for ten days.

Mr. John C. Shepard and family have moved from their residence on Bridge Street to the Freeman farm he recently purchased.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo H. Heath have purchased their old homestead farm in Greenwood from W. M. Russell and will move on to it at once. Mr. and Mrs. Heath have for some time made their home with their son, Timothy Heath, on lower Main Street.

C. B. Cummings & Sons have something like a half million of sawed logs, mostly pine, in the lake at Norway Lake. The logs will be driven down the lake through Crockett's Bridge to the upper mill.

Tim Heath will open up his quarry on Pike Hill in a few days. There is some prospect that he will supply the granite for the South Paris M. E. church. Mr. Heath has some excellent granite for building purposes.

The usual Past High Priests' night at Oxford Royal Arch Chapter, No. 29, will be observed in May by the working of a degree by the Past High Priests of the Chapter. This is considered the time of the season with the Chapter.

Mrs. H. P. Frost returned with her little four-year-old son from the Lewiston hospital on Saturday. He has been sick with pneumonia for several weeks.

James Danforth is improving his lawn by re-turfing the banks next to Main Street.

D. Eugene Lebroke, who broke his leg some weeks ago while at work for C. B. Cummings & Sons logging, is rapidly recovering. He is now able to be about his work nearly all the day.

Landlord Conrad of the Beal's House took possession the first of the week. Mr. Woodman will occupy his cottage for the present.

Bertha M. Chaney is in Wilton for a two weeks' visit.

Capt. J. W. Nash and Ray Eastman are at Rangeley Lakes for a two weeks' outing and business trip.

The fishing at the lake continues first class. Many bass and red spots are taken every day.

Town Clerk Goodwin will occupy the Brown tenement on Danforth Street recently leased by Eugene Russell. Mr. Russell stores his goods.

Norway Grange will hold their May ball at the new Grange building on Monday evening, May 2d. Supper, good music and an order of sixteen dances.

The adjourned corporation meeting was held at the opera house Monday evening and the report of the committee on new by-laws accepted. The laws are to be approved by a Supreme Judicial Court Justice and printed.

The ladies of the Universalist church will serve a supper at Concert Hall Tuesday evening, May 10th. After the supper will be given by the members of Mrs. C. F. Ridlon's Sunday School class the farce entitled, "Our Church Fair."

Rev. Josiah Dutton, after a visit with friends in Bethel, Hanover, Newry and other places, was in town last week. He will make his home here.

George E. Brown will go to Broken Bow, Nebraska, about the middle of May. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown, who are now living there, moved last fall, and are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pendexter of Rochester, N. Y., will spend the summer with Mrs. Pendexter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Faunce. They will come to Norway about the first of May.

Mrs. Cragin returned Saturday from Portland with her daughter Harriette, who has been very sick.

Stephen L. Ethridge of Portland is visiting his Norway and Paris friends for a time.

Bert Mains of Portland is employed in the barber shop of S. C. Foster.

Mrs. Freeland Howe, Jr., who was called to Bangor some weeks ago by the sickness of her father, returned to her Norway home the first of the week.

J. O. Wiles has accepted a position in the steam fitting works at Frankford, N. Y., where Will Shank is an employee.

Henry O. Stimson has moved to Conway, N. H., where he is clerk in the Conway House. Mrs. Stimson is housekeeper, and Clyde, the son, is bell boy. The Conway House and the Pickwaukett House are owned by Mr. Stimson's brother-in-law, John Shorey.

Major Bial F. Bradbury and medical department have been assigned to duty with the Coast Artillery Corps. They have heretofore been with the First Regt., N. G. S. M.

Repairs on the Holmes place on Fair Street are being made by Harry Everett and crew.

C. B. Cummings & Sons have completed their work at New Gloucester and will move the mill fixtures to Norway at once.

Mrs. Fred Cole's condition remains about the same. She is able to sit up a few minutes once or twice each day, but gains, if at all, very slowly, indeed.

Dr. Geo. M. Whibley of Portland, Me., a graduate of the American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo., under the founder of the science, Dr. A. T. Still, will be at rooms over Noyes' Drug Store, Norway, every Tuesday and Friday. Chronic diseases a specialty. Hours, 10 to 12; 2 to 6; 7 to 9 P. M. tf

Ira Grady of Unity and Sidney E. Bennett of Belfast are on trial in the Supreme Court at Belfast, on charge of murdering Mrs. Hattie French Thomas.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 15-18

Born.

In West Paris, April 16, to the wife of Charles H. Martin, a daughter.
In South Paris, April 27, to the wife of Joshua Colby, a son.
In Norway, April 23, to the wife of F. E. Wood, a daughter.
In Norway, April 23, to the wife of Ned Cross, a daughter.
In Norway, April 23, to the wife of Adelarde Morisette, a daughter.
In South Waterford, April 20, to the wife of George Hill, a daughter, Dorothy Louise.

Married.

In South Paris, April 25, by Rev. Thomas N. Kewley, Mr. Harry A. McKeen and Mrs. Carrie Tripp, both of South Paris.
In Paris, April 23, by Rev. G. W. F. Hill, Mr. Benjamin S. Doe and Miss Mary E. Slattery, both of Paris.
In North Conway, N. H., April 16, Dr. C. M. Bisbee of Rumford and Mrs. Bert E. Maddocks of South Framingham, Mass.
In Lovell, April 19, by Rev. F. H. Reeves, Mr. Walter Smith and Miss Ernestine Staples, both of Fryeburg.

Died.

In Lewiston, April 27, George W. Hammond of Paris, aged 84 years.
In Albany, April 22, Mrs. Etta Rowena, wife of Wallace E. Cummings, aged 36 years.
In North Buckfield, April 27, Mrs. Mary (Swallow) Capen, aged 78 years.
In West Minot, April 23, Mrs. Mary Thomas, wife of L. E. Thomas.
In Bridgton, April 21, Mrs. Marian Jones Chandler, formerly of Fryeburg.
In Norway, April 17, Mrs. Maria Pottle, aged 73 years, 8 months, 8 days.
In North Buckfield, April 27, Carolyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Heald, aged 5 years.
In Augusta, April 24, Josiah Weeks of East Waterford, aged 78 years.
In Lewiston, April 29, Mrs. Alvira J. Bicknell of Canton, aged 80 years.

May 2, 1910.

I wish to state to my milk customers and all others interested in the purchase of milk that my herd of cows were tested by direction of the State Board of Cattle Commissioners on April 30; that three of the herd were found somewhat affected, so that they were ordered killed. The cows from which I am now distributing milk were pronounced entirely well and free from all taint of disease.

O. K. CLIFFORD.
South Paris, Maine. 18

For Sale.

Desirable building lot. Suitable for public building. Near G. T. depot on Pleasant St. Inquire of
18-19 A. J. PENLEY, South Paris.

For Sale.

Two fresh cows, one shoat and two O. K. plows (one new). Cash paid for poultry.
GEORGE M. ELDER,
18 South Paris.

John's Letter.

The older ones in this and near-by towns will remember B. C. Perry, or if not him, the B. C. Perry axes, which were in pretty general use a half century ago. We knew him and often visited him when we were both citizens of Rumford town. It was a sunny and a quiet, secluded spot, not so secluded now, and perhaps not so sunny. Barney was a jolly good fellow in those far-off days and we have no doubt but he is a jolly old fellow now—if he is old, which is hard to believe. Forty-seven years since we heard you laugh, Barney! Yes, we are forced to believe it. We have before us a letter from him, mailed from Island Falls, and with the letter three picture-cards, one of Sewall and Roosevelt sporting camps on the neighboring lake, and two views in the village.

He says, "How mightily things and times have changed, and the little one-horse town of Island Falls has developed from obscurity to celebrity as the starting point of the grand President Roosevelt. He came here in feeble health and low spirits, consigned to the care of one of God's real noblemen, Wm. W. Sewall, honest, truthful, kind, wholehearted, fearless for the right, modest, yet sensible, always the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. I have lived near him almost forty years, and he is every day the same. May he never die. He took the youngster in the woods, lived mostly on fish and game, camped out for a long time. When he had improved much in health and spirits, he told him to enter the political arena and strive for the presidency, for he wanted to vote for him for that office, and Roosevelt hearkened to the advice of the guide and prophet, for he had learned to love him for his sterling qualities.

"Speaking of changes. When I came here there was a cheap saw mill, three frame houses, no store, and the Sewalls lived in an old log house. Now it is a large village, the largest tannery in the world, two big steam saw mills, electric lights, I think about twenty stores, and telephones innumerable."

Ah! my friend, if you could look upon the old Rumford home you would sympathize with Rip Van Winkle after his long sleep on the Katskill mountains. You could not find it unless by instinct keener than ours. JOHN.

A REGULAR TOM BOY

was Susie—climbing trees and fences, jumping ditches, whistling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve and cured her quick. Heals everything healable—Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Old Sores, Corns or Piles. Try it. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

is "an ounce of prevention" as well as a "pound of cure." For bowel troubles, skin wounds, colds and other ills. 35c. and 50c. sizes. 15-18

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At Druggists, 25c. Try it to-day. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 15-18

Children's and Infants' Apparel.

DEPARTMENT SMILEY STORE

We have taken especial pains to consider the wants of the little folks. Everything that is necessary for the little ones can be found here.

Children's Colored Dresses.

When once you have seen our line you will not spare the time to make them. These are made of print, ginghams, percales and croxton cloth.

FOR CHILDREN OF 2, 3, 4, 5 YEARS.

DRESS of striped percale, collar, cuffs and bands piped with plain color, has two bias folds down front Fancy cut yoke trimmed with buttons. Very neat. 50c.

DRESS of plain blue gingham prettily trimmed with white wash braid, 50c.

DRESS of checked gingham made with wide box pleat down front and back. Is prettily trimmed with bias bands of plain color, 50c.

DRESS of fine quality 1-4 inch checked gingham. Has two inverted box pleats in front trimmed with clusters of small pearl buttons, all pleats neatly piped with white, 98c.

FOR CHILDREN OF 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 YEARS.

DRESSES of navy blue print with white polka dot, made in sailor suit style, collar, cuffs and shield trimmed with light bias band, full skirt, 98c.

DRESSES of light tan percale with red or blue trimmings, has two crossed bands in front, turnover collar, cuffs and belt of the color, has two pockets in front, 98c.

SAILOR SUITS of washable chambray in blue, tan and ox-blood, trimmed with rows of white wash braid, full pleated skirt, 98c.

DRESSES of plaid gingham, fine white tucked yoke, collar and cuffs of swiss embroidery, yoke finished with bias bands. Full pleated skirt, $1.25.

GINGHAM DRESSES in Tartan plaids. Square shaped 2 inch band forming yoke of plain dark blue gingham, collar, cuffs and belt of the same. These bands are piped and trimmed with white soutache. Pleated skirt, $1.50.

ONE PIECE DRESS of Croxton cloth in light colors. Has panel front. Two box pleats on sides, each edge neatly piped. Tabs of light blue piped with white between box pleat and panel. Trimmed with pearl buttons, has side pleated skirt, $2.50.

CHILDREN'S WHITE M

Cook in Comfort

You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives **no outside heat.** All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking — none in outside heating.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is **no surrounding heat — no smell — no smoke.**

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. One wipe with a cloth cleans it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

STANDARD SEWING MACHINES.

Send for Catalogue.

W. J. WHEELER & CO.,
South Paris.

INSURANCE.

FIRE, AUTOMOBILE,
EMPLOYERS' AND PUBLIC LIABILITY,
STEAM BOILER,
FIDELITY BONDS,
BANK AND HOUSEHOLD BURGLARY,
ACCIDENT AND HEALTH.

When you need some "Insurance that Protects", I will be glad to hear from you.

PERLEY F. RIPLEY,
PARIS, - - MAINE.

PLEASE Keep in MIND!

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

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. WE SELL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. P. MAXIM & SON,
South Paris.

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

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

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

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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

For Sale.

200 Oxford County Farms, and Village property; a Bakery with good business; a steam engine and some Valuable Pine Timber Lots.

I can save you money. Come and see.

HAZEN'S
Farm and Real Estate Agency,
Oxford, Maine.
16-38

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

HILLS,
Jeweler and Graduate Optician.

Lowest Prices in Oxford County.

NORWAY, MAINE.

We Do all Kinds of....
JOB PRINTING.
Atwood & Forbes South Paris.

The Land of Puzzledom.

No. 901.—Easy Anagrams—Names of Cities.

These anagrams are formed of the names of cities, each being preceded by a description of that city:

A philanthropic city—Sob not.
An enterprising city—On, we kry.
A river spanning city—Crost here.
A magnificent city—In shag town.
A seaport city—Let's anchor.
A hot city—Boil me.
A new city—Up last.

No. 902.—Charade.

My first is the motion a little bird makes
with its wings when it's ready to fly.
Or it may be the moving of clothes in the
wind that are hung on the line to
get dry.
My second's the name of two heroes of
whom the children have heard, one
and all—
The one who slew giants, the other who
climbed to the top of that beanstalk
so tall.
My whole is delicious when properly
made, but the cook must have skill
and beware
That the griddle is neither too hot nor too
cold, and the turning requires greatest care.

No. 903.—Transpositions.

Transpose a term in long measure and leave a kind of cart.

Transpose a number and leave a thing used by a fisherman.

Transpose material used for summer hats and leave ugly growths, usually on the hand.

Transpose a recompense for being good and leave a part of a bureau.

No. 904.—Novel Zigzag.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the second letter of the fourth, and so on. These letters will spell the name of certain persons who are much in public notice.

Crosswords: 1. Caution. 2. A part of speech. 3. Unlawful. 4. Base. 5. A Spanish nobleman. 6. To repeat. 7. A broad belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast and under the opposite arm. 8. To impeach. 9. An Egyptian monolith. 10. To allure. 11. An ancient long handled weapon. 12. To attest. 13. That which remains after a part is used. 14. Austere.—St. Nicholas.

No. 905.—A Spring Puzzle.

B	M	F	G	L
T	E	R	O	T
F	L	W	A	N
A	Y	I	S	D
D	B	U	G	P

Can you find ten insects and animals on this chart? You may move up, down, slanting, using the same letter any number of times, but you must not skip.

No. 906.—Concealed Word Squares.

I.

(One word in each line.)
"Don't let that ape run wild!
Oh, you are naughty, child!"
"The ape can't see."
"Then act like me,
With currant sauce beguiled."

II.

(One word in each couplet.)
"Put on your wraps, Alma," I said,
"If you're going out with your sled."

The bystanders listened with awe
While the consul laid down the new law.

I'm sure when you're all a year older
You will have grown braver and bolder.

If you pull another tooth out
You'll get the right one without doubt.

I asked pretty Kitty to wed.
"I may or I may not," she said.
—Youth's Companion.

No. 907.—Charade.

My first always means to increase;
My last is a number of years.
Unite them with ease,
And then, if you please,
A pithy old proverb appears.

No. 908.—Divided Cities.

1. A "tramp" and "to know."
2. A "decree" and "leases."
3. A "perforation" and "to unite."
4. A "projection on a wheel" and a "lair."

These are all towns in the United States.

Conundrum.

To what great race does the hen belong? Malay (may lay).

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 894.—Antonyms: Scott. 1. S-able. 2. C-rave. 3. O-pine. 4. T-rain. 5. T-rail.

No. 895.—Beheadings: H-ill, H-ale, B-ox, P-ink, C-ape, P-ail, S-ash, C-row, M-arch.

No. 896.—Hidden Parts of a Book. Page, cover, leaf, type, title.

No. 897.—Charade: Man, date—mandate.

No. 898.—Code Rebus: Enjoy your vacation while it lasts. Words: Earnest, joyous, hot, win, lily, cat, via.

No. 899.—Hidden Proverb: "Enough is as good as a feast."

No. 900.—Dropped Letter Puzzle: 1. "We have met the enemy and they are ours." 2. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Do you use an atomizer in treating Nasal Catarrh? If so you will appreciate Ely's Liquid Cream Balm, the quickest and surest remedy for this disease. In all curative properties it is identical with the solid Cream Balm, which is so famous and so successful in overcoming Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the head. There is relief in the first dash of spray upon the heated sensitive air-passages. All druggists 75 cents, including spraying tube, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren St., New York.

J. Curtis Sturtevant at a dinner at Palm Beach illustrated with a story the modesty of children:

"One warm February morning here in Florida," he said, 'I was motoring with a young lady, and by a stream we got out to gather flowers. After a while a boy came up and said:

"'Hey, mister, is that your girl over there?'

"'Yes, I suppose so,' said I.

"'Well, tell her to go home,' said he. 'Us fellers wants to go in swimmin'.'

"I told the young lady of this odd request; but she had not finished her bouquet, and she said, with a laugh, I must tell the boys she wouldn't look. She'd shut her eyes.

"This they were duly told. And they consulted gravely on it. Then the spokesman returned to me and said:

"'The fellers says they dassent trust her.'"

"Have any luck on your hunting trip?"

"No, but my guide had pretty good luck."

"What'd he get?"

"Nothing. I didn't hit him once."

She—I'm sorry we married on Friday, the 13th.

Why?

She—I'll bet we'll have a hard time to get a divorce.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Some Novel Economy Hints.

Do not discard your long gloves when the fingers are past further mending, for here are some of the uses to which they can be put:

Cut the armlets of your black suede ones into round pieces the size of a coffee cup at the top. About eight such pieces fastened together in the middle with a fancy button, make a penwiper. One, let it be added, that never scratches, nor blunts the most delicate nibs.

Again, cut them to form little bags. All around the opening a little way from the edge, pierce eyelet holes, through which you can run a pretty cord or ribbon, after which you will be provided with the handiest little copper bag ever invented.

Long kid ends of any color will make button covers of an absolutely up-to-date kind; also binding for hats, coat cuffs, and collars. Nothing is so fashionable as kid for these purposes. We must not forget, too, that belts, pompons and fringes are made by clever American girls from gloves that, as such, can see no further service.

The arms of long silk gloves make excellent undersleeves to an over-dress, and the wristlets of woolen ones warm mittens for frosty days.

Note this good use for stockings the feet of which are beyond more faithful darning: Select three and cut open at the seam. Take one, and at its broadest end cut two slopes on the principle of shoulder seams. This makes the back of a spencer. At their broader ends cut also shoulder seams in the other two legs. Run and herring-bone these seams, so that two stockings form fronts to the one arranged for a back. Leave spaces for armholes, under which join again.

The narrow ends you will find provide the tapering for the waistline, and the material being supple, no further shaping is needed for covering the bust. Scoop the neck a little, however, and overcast it with the blanket stitch with mercerized silk.

On the under side of the fronts run down a strip of red flannel. This will steady the edges for sewing on buttons and working buttonholes.

It is always good economy for your toilet table to use strips of the same description as a Duchess table requires. A whole large toilet cover is expensive to buy, and expensive to launder. In its place provide the worn remains of your tablecloth. All the main part of this is covered by your glass and glove boxes. For the actual front, which is where all wants to be dainty and fresh, make strips of any odd pieces of muslin or linen. With lace borders or little frills attached, even breadths taken from your older summer curtains, make all that is required.

Where there are chests of drawers to cover, if you follow out the same idea you will never return to the old arrangement, which is so difficult to keep spotless where most in evidence.—McCall's.

The Absurd Fashions in Shoes.

Time was when shoes were long at the toe to yard lengths, tied to the garter, tied to the girdle; even by stern fighting-men. Time was, again, when shoes were wide at the toe, bulbous, and slashed freely—patterned on the footgear of a gouty king.

From the scant sandal to huge tub-topped sea boot they have wavered in size; from the hardly visible slipper to the towering Wellington they have altered in height; in color and texture and value they change continually, and in the means of fastening, as well as the whole scale of decoration, from diamond buckles to copper toes. All this may be endured, but it is asking too much of a patient world to have them change the shape of our feet to fit the shoe.

Yet this is what is done to us relentlessly by those who decide for us what shoes we shall wear. Why this should be at all—why any man, woman, or group of either or both should be able to dictate to free citizens the nature of their personal apparel—is wonder enough; but, granting that we have no choice, is there not room for appeal when physical pain is forced upon us? And not only pain, but deformity?

A foot is a thing of use, and by nature a thing of beauty; but ours are so useless that we are exhausted and agonized if compelled to be "on our feet" for any length of time—we say it pathetically, as if we should be better off on any other support!—and so ugly that we must wear stockings when we swim.

The question of heels alone is one of the mysteries of life. Why on a member in such constant use we should have added this useless and mischievous pile of leather is an unanswered riddle.

A thicker piece at that end, as in the "spring-heeled" shoe of a child, is reasonable.

Heels we have, however; and not only heels, but such size, shape, and cost of heel as seem good to our masters. They say, if we presume to question, that the public demands these things.

High heels spoil the gait. They are injurious to the health, of women especially, and are ugly, as any physical distortion is ugly.

The whole shape of the last has been altered, so that not only the foot is forced into conformity, but its action is contradicted.

"These are the new lasts," we are told, smilingly. But we have not new feet. Our feet are the same shape they were formally—why should our shoes be different?

The special characteristic of the last ukase in shoe shapes is a pigeon-toed in-curve of the sole of unusual ugliness. But how useless is complaint! They are wearing them, and what can we do?—Harper's Bazar.

Table Napkins.

There was always a noisy rebellion in my family whenever it became necessary to discard old, soft napkins for the new ones. The stiffness inheres in table-linen through many washings. So I bethought me of cutting a new dozen piece into twos and threes at first, and using them for top-covers while they were going through the number of waters to render them soft. Then I cut them apart, had them laundered, sent them to the table, and, presto! I have not heard a cry of "stiff, scratchy napkins" since. And besides, my extremity opened up the possibilities of the uncut napkin. They make neat, easily laundered covers for sideboard, serving-table, bureaus, and chiffoniers, while they are going through their "training school for napkins"—even the despised new glaze is of value, for it resists dust, and they "stay clean" longer in consequence.

To Change the Atmosphere.

If the odors of cooking are unpleasant in any room of the house, try the following, which has been found to act like a charm:

Put in a bowl-shaped vessel about ten cents' worth of "salts," such as is used in "smelling salts," and cover, either with alcohol or ammonia. Keep this covered when not in use, as the liquid evaporates. Such a bowl put in a smoking room or "den" will make the atmosphere breathable by absorbing or destroying the odor of smoke and tobacco. One may cook onions or cabbage without the unpleasantness, and the smoker need not fear to sit in the "best room" and smoke.

Clean and Sanitary Dusting.

When people, for the first time, see me cleaning my rooms, they invariably express surprise at my methods of dusting; which, unlike the ordinary method, I consider clean and sanitary.

Instead of using the usual sort of duster, I use a damp cloth—preferably some soft stuff, such as a piece of an old gauze undervest or a worn napkin. The cloth is soaked in tepid water, then wrung absolutely dry—so dry that not another drop of water can be wrung from it. With a cloth of this sort the dust is quickly lifted from woodwork and furniture, without being scattered over the floor in the process. When the duster is dirty it is washed out and again wrung dry.

It is essential that the cloth be wrung perfectly dry as often as it is put in the water; otherwise it will streak the furniture and leave damp surfaces to catch more dust. This method of dusting is employed in hospitals to prevent the dust flying about, to be breathed by the patients, and is the sanitary method of dusting the home as well.

The Wars of Our Country.

LIV.—Spanish War—The Lineup.

By Albert Payson Terhune

BEFORE going further into the story of our war with Spain it will be interesting to recall how and where the naval and military forces of both nations were situated at the time and what preparations for defense and attack were made on each side.

The United States regular army at the beginning of 1898 contained only 25,706 enlisted men and 2,116 officers. That of Spain numbered 352,197. President McKinley's call for 125,000 volunteers, however, met with quick response, thus vastly strengthening Uncle Sam's land forces. The chief points of mobilization for the regular army and volunteers were at Chickamauga, Ga., and Tampa, Fla.

The nominal sea forces of the United States consisted of five battleships, fifteen armored or protected cruisers, twenty-one unprotected cruisers and gunboats, six monitors and seven other craft, making a total of fifty-four vessels. That of Spain was one battleship, eleven armored or protected cruisers, nine unprotected cruisers and gunboats, two monitors and 113 other (mostly smaller) craft. The Spanish total was thus 136 vessels, 84 of which were merely undersized gunboats. While the United States navy was in a high state of preparation, that of Spain was more or less demoralized, with many of its ships little better than floating heaps of rusty metal. In cruisers and battleships Spain was woefully inferior.

Nor did the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Spanish army count for so much as it might, for the war promised to be largely one of naval engagements.

The United States could not hope to land troops successfully in Cuba without first gaining control of the surrounding waters. Nor could Spain or the Spanish possessions in the Philippine Islands be invaded until mastery should be won over the adjacent seas.

Following the example promptly set by Great Britain, all the European powers except Germany issued proclamations of neutrality, thus insuring the combatants against outside interference or international complications.

A fleet under Commodore George Dewey had been rushed to Hongkong in expectation of war. On April 25 this brave squadron was ordered to the Philippines, where an important section of Spain's navy protected Manila.

Similarly on April 30 a strong Spanish fleet, under Admiral Cervera, left the Cape Verde islands and hurried to the defense of Cuba. On the Cervera squadron Spain relied for her most important naval operations.

Like players in a chess game, both nations proceeded to guard their weak points and to maneuver for the overcoming of the enemy's. Rear Admiral Sampson on April 22 sailed with a large fleet to carry out President McKinley's orders as to blockading Cuba's ports. Sampson wished to attack Havana at once, but the navy department, not knowing when Cervera might appear in West Indian waters, would not let the American admiral risk crippling his battleships and cruisers from Spanish shore batteries and thus leave the blockaders too weak to cope with the squadron from Cape Verde.

SHELLING MATANZAS.

Nevertheless Sampson, almost at the outset of his cruise, was to see service and to fire some of the first shots of the war. On April 27 he arrived off the fortified Cuban seaport of Matanzas. He knew there were Spanish batteries protecting the place and determined not only to locate these batteries and learn their exact strength, but to prevent if possible the building of any new forts there. So the cruisers New York and Cincinnati and the monitor Puritan dashed into Matanzas bay and began blazing away at a line of breastworks that had just been erected. The Spanish batteries returned the fire.

The three American ships fired eighty-six shots, the Spaniards replying with only twelve. Not one of the Yankee vessels was hit nor a man killed. The only loss of life from the warships' volleys occurred when one of their eighty-six shots struck and killed a Spanish army mule. While the little bombardment was in progress a Cuban force took advantage of the confusion to try a rear attack on the city. The Cubans were easily chased away and lost twenty men before they got safely out of range again.

Thus ended the first episode of the Spanish-American war. The waste of artillery and the one dead mule tickled the American people's sense of humor. But directly on the heels of the Matanzas affair followed startling news that thrilled the whole nation to wildest enthusiasm.

Salt as a Medicine.

I have in the past seven or eight years found the advantage of putting a little salt in all the water I drink. I also put a little salt, with sugar and milk, in every cup of tea, coffee or cocoa I use.

I have been a resident in the tropics for over forty years and except for a sprained ankle have not had occasion to call in a doctor or to take any medicine in the last thirty years. I believe every one's health in the tropics would be very much better if he used more salt. I find the benefit of drinking a tumbler of cold water with a little salt in it every morning on rising at about 5 o'clock, before my bath or cup of cocoa, which I usually take between 5:30 and 6.

If people could be induced to try the easy and cheap method of taking a little common salt with the water they drink they would in the generality of cases find that they would seldom require other medicine.—F. N. Burn in Chambers' Journal.

Poisonous Gas Geyser.

In the midst of the great faunal wilderness near Nairobi, Africa, is a big blowhole in the earth issuing poisonous gases. Surrounding this hole for many yards are piled bones of dead animals poisoned by this gas geyser. Dogs dragged by ropes over the hole were killed in less than a minute. The gas has been found to be hydrochloric, coming from some volcanic depth. The death trap has been fenced and billed with warnings.—New York Press.

Lively Times in Billville.

"Well, sir," said the Billville citizen, "ef they ain't a power o' confusion in the skies after awhile I'll give it up!"

"What's the trouble?" he was asked.

"Well, over yander is Deacon Jones prayin' fer rain, an' jest 'cross the way is Elder Brown peritionin' fer dry, an' the whole poperlation's crowdin roun', bettin' which'll win. An the high sheriff's done sarved notice to all of 'em to appear in court an' answer to the charge o' gamblin' in futures, an' he says he'll git enough cash out o' the gang to finish the artesian well an' paint the town hall."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Guarded His Beard.

As Sir Thomas More laid his head on the block he begged the executioner to wait a moment while he carefully placed his beard out of reach of the ax, for, he said, "it hath not committed treason," which reminds one of the story of Simon Lord Lovat, who the day before his execution on Tower hill bade the operator who shaved him be cautious not to cut his throat, as such an accident would cause disappointment to the gaping crowd on the morrow.—English Magazine.

GOOD as GOLD
TWICE as SAFE
THRICE as CONVENIENT
ARE THE
TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
of the
AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION
(Accepted *everywhere* (in America or Abroad) in payment of travelers' expenses—hotel, railroad, steamship and other charges. Safer than money; very convenient and easy to carry; save foreign exchange worries; identify the traveler at "every port."

Norway National Bank

Let us explain the system

ALL READY FOR BUSINESS

PLENTY OF HELP.

We do all kinds of
House Heating, Fine Plumbing, and Common Water Piping.

Plenty of new material on hand.
Call and see new white tank and seat.
Shop open most of the time.
Air pressure water systems installed.
Agent for Magee Ranges.

Telephone 127-12.

L. M. LONGLEY,
NORWAY, MAINE.
16-20

We Want Agents,

Local and traveling. Age 25 to 50. Employment the whole year, if desired. Outfit free. Pay weekly. Write for terms.

Homer N. Chase & Co., Nurserymen,
16-19 AUBURN, MAINE.

FOR SALE.

A 40 acre farm, one mile out from the village, on telephone line. Scenery that feeds the mind, soil that feeds the body. House, ell, shed and barn connected. Spring that never fails. Price $1000 and no back talk.

Inquire of J. B. MASON, or the owner two miles below. J. N. IRISH.
Buckfield, Me., March 3, 1910. 10tf

Where the Finest Flour is Made

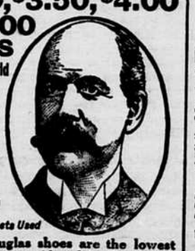
"The bread-making qualities of flour are due entirely to the kind of wheat. Nature gives to wheat, and flour, all the strength they possess."
R. JAMES ABERNATHEY,
in "The American Miller."

WILLIAM TELL FLOUR is made from the finest specially selected OHIO Red Winter Wheat. President John W. Burk, who personally inspects the wheat offered for this famous flour, has an experience of 45 years at the business. Every shipment of grain must come up to the long established William Tell standard in every respect.

Ask any expert. He will tell you that the whitest—most delicious bread—the lightest biscuits, the kind that melt in your mouth—are made from the flour of this wheat. That's the only kind that goes into—

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

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 & $5.00 SHOES
Best in the World
UNION MADE



Boys' Shoes $2.00 and $2.50
Fast Color Eyelets Used

W. L. Douglas shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world. Their excellent style, easy fitting and long wearing qualities excel those of other makes. If you have been paying high prices for your shoes, the next time you need a pair give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial. You can save money on your footwear and get shoes that are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you higher prices.

If you could visit our large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes.

CAUTION—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom to protect the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitute. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

—FOR SALE BY—

J. F. Plummer, So. Paris.

WORMS

Unsuspected worms are the cause of numerous little things that go wrong with children. When a child is sick you rarely think that its sickness is caused by worms, yet worms, either directly or indirectly, are the cause of three quarters of all the ills of childhood. Children, and often-times adults feel out of sorts, are irritable, feel listless and unrefreshed in the morning; suffer with indigestion, have a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath; hard and full belly, with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; eyes heavy, and dull; itching of the nose; short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions—in the majority of cases the cause of all the trouble is worms though you may not suspect their presence.

TRUE'S ELIXIR

a pure vegetable compound, has been the standard household remedy since 1851; it never fails to expel not only worms but all waste matter, leaving the blood rich and pure, the stomach sweet, the bowels regular and the whole system strong and healthy.

The mother who gives her children Dr. True's Elixir regularly is wise, because it not only increases the appetite, acts as a preventative of coughs, colds, fever and worms and gives rugged, robust health.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 35c, 50c and $1.00.

"Keeps you and your children well."

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO.,
Auburn, Me.
Established 1851.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

South Paris Savings Bank,

SOUTH PARIS,

As it existed on the 24th day of March, 1910.

N. DAYTON BOLSTER, President.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD, Treasurer.

TRUSTEES:—N. Dayton Bolster, William J. Wheeler, John F. Plummer, Albert W. Walker, J. Hastings Bean, S. Porter Stearns, Henry D. Hammond, James S. Wright, Edward W. Penley.

Organized March 6, 1873.

LIABILITIES.

Deposits,	$370,071 92
Reserve fund,	14,000 00
Undivided profits,	9,754 93
	$393,826 85

RESOURCES.

	Par Value.	Estimated and Market Value.	Charged on Books.	Total.
PUBLIC FUNDS OWNED.				
County of Cumberland, 3 1-2, 1921, Ct. House,	$ 5,000	$ 4,900 00	$ 4,950 00	
Washington, 4s, opt. 1923, Railroad,	4,000	4,100 00	4,000 00	
South Paris Village Corporation, 4s, 1929, Water,	10,000	10,000 00	10,000 00	
Livermore Falls Water Dist., 4s, 1929,	2,000	2,080 00	2,000 00	
Total public funds of Maine,	$ 21,000			$ 20,980 00
County of Allegheny, Pa., 4s, 1937, Road,	2,000	2,080 00	$ 2,000 00	
King, Wash., 5s, 1928, Refunding,	5,000	5,550 00	5,000 00	
City of Alpena, Mich., 4s, 1931, Elec. Light,	3,000	3,000 00	3,000 00	
Boston, Mass., Reg. 3 1-2s, 1923, Highway,	5,000	4,850 00	5,000 00	
Columbus, O., 3 1-2, 1921, Sch. Dist.,	1,000	980 00	1,000 00	
Columbus, O., 4s, 1920, Epidemic,	5,000	5,100 00	5,000 00	
Ishpeming, Mich., 4s, 1918, Sch. Dist.,	3,000	3,000 00	3,000 00	
Marinette, Wis., 4s, 1918, Dock & Wharf,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Massillon, O., 4 1-2s, 1914, Paving,	5,000	5,075 00	5,000 00	
Muskegon, Mich., 4s, 1917, 8s. Imp.,	4,000	4,040 00	4,000 00	
Town of Danbury, Conn., 3 1-2s, 1923, Funding,	5,000	4,925 00	4,925 00	
Borough of Dunmore, Pa., 4s, 1911, Sch. Dist.,	2,500	2,500 00	2,500 00	
Total public funds out of Maine,	$ 45,500			$ 45,425 00
RAILROAD BONDS OWNED.				
Aroostook Northern, 5s, 1947,	5,000	5,500 00	$ 4,750 00	
Bangor & Aroostook, 4s, 1951,	5,000	4,500 00	4,750 00	
Boston & Maine, 4s, 1925,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Portland & Rumford Falls, 4s, opt. 1124,	5,000	5,000 00	4,912 50	
Somerset, 4s, 1955,	5,000	4,900 00	4,800 00	
Total railroad bonds of Maine,	$ 25,000			$ 24,212 50
Blue Hill Street, Mass., 5s, 1926,	3,000	3,000 00	$ 2,985 00	
Boston & Northern Street, 4s, 1954,	5,000	4,500 00	4,575 00	
Bristol County Street, Mass., 5s, 1921,	5,000	2,500 00	5,000 00	
Brockton & Plymouth St., Mass., 4 1-2s, 1920,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Brooklyn Union Elevated, N. Y., 5s, 1950,	5,000	5,100 00	5,000 00	
Canton-Massillon Electric, O., 5s, 1920,	10,000	10,000 00	10,000 00	
Central Branch, 4s, 1919,	5,000	4,750 00	4,900 00	
Cicero & Proviso St., Chicago, 5s, 1915,	3,000	2,100 00	3,000 00	
Cincinnati, Richmond & Muncie, 5s, opt. 1910,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Citizens' Electric St., Newburyport, Mass., 5s, 1920,	5,000	5,100 00	5,000 00	
Dayton, Covington & Piqua Traction, O., 5s, 1922,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Des Moines, Iowa Falls, & Northern, 5s, opt. 1906,	6,000	6,000 00	6,000 00	
Des Moines Street, Ia., 5s, opt. 1918,	3,000	3,195 00	3,000 00	
Detroit & Mackinac, 4s, 1995,	1,000	920 00	500 00	
Hartford & Springfield Street, 5s, 1921,	5,000	5,000 00	4,975 00	
Hereford, 4s, 1930,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Ithaca Street, N. Y., 5s, 1937,	5,000	5,000 00	4,700 00	
Lehigh & New York, 4s, 1945,	2,000	1,900 00	1,955 00	
Lexington & Boston St., Mass., 4 1-2s, 1920,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Manhattan Railway, N. Y., 4s, 1990,	2,000	2,000 00	2,000 00	
New Bedford, Middleboro & Brockton St., Mass., 5s, 1920,	10,000	10,000 00	10,000 00	
Northern Pacific, General Lien, 3s, 2047,	3,500	2,625 00	2,500 00	
Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain, 4s, 1948,	3,000	2,700 00	3,000 00	
Old Colony Street, Mass., 4s, 1954,	5,000	4,250 00	4,100 00	
Rochester, Syracuse & Eastern, 5s, opt. 1915,	5,000	4,750 00	4,500 00	
Rutland Ry., Light & Power Co., Vt., 5s, opt. 1916,	5,000	5,000 00	4,750 00	
Sioux City Traction, Ia., 5s, 1919,	3,000	3,000 00	3,000 00	
Toledo Terminal, 4 1-2s, 1957,	5,500	5,250 00	5,500 00	
Utica & Mohawk Valley, 4 1-2s, 1941,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Wabash, Omaha Division, 3 1-2s, 1941,	3,000	2,400 00	2,700 00	
Williamsport & North Branch, 4 1-2s, 1931,	7,000	5,950 00	7,000 00	
Total railroad bonds out of Maine,	$ 146,000			$141,640 00
CORPORATION BONDS OWNED.				
American Realty Company, 5s, opt. 1923,	9,000	9,000 00	$ 9,000 00	
Berlin Mills Company, 5s, 1913,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Consolidated Electric Light Company of Maine, Portland, 4 1-2s, 1925,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Eastern Steamship Company, 5s, 1927,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Lewiston & Auburn Elec. Light Co., 5s, 1939,	3,000	3,000 00	3,000 00	
Maine Water Company, 5s, 1931,	5,000	5,000 00	5,000 00	
Norway Shoe Shop Company, 5s, optional,	660	660 00	460 00	
Rumford Falls Power Co., 4 1-2s, 1929,	5,000	5,000 00	4,950 00	
Total corporation bonds of Maine,	$ 37,660			$ 37,410 00
Rensselaer Water Co., N. Y., 4 1-2s, opt. 1905,	500	500 00	$ 500 00	$ 500 00
CORPORATION STOCK OWNED.				
Masonic Building Association, South Paris,	1,000	1,000 00	1,000 00	
Mt Mica Building Association, South Paris,	1,000	1,000 00	1,000 00	
Norway Water Company,	500	500 00	500 00	
Pythian Building Association, South Paris,	1,000	1,000 00	1,000 00	
Richmond Water Works,	2,800	2,800 00	2,000 00	
Sanborn Shoe Company, Norway,	300	150 00	100 00	
Total corporation stock of Maine,	$ 6,600			$ 5,600 00
Oconto City Water Supply Co., Wis.,	12,400	11,160 00	$ 9,300 00	
Rensselaer Water Co., N. Y.,	400	100 00	200 00	
Total corporation stock out of Maine,	$ 12,800			$ 9,500 00
NATIONAL BANK STOCK OWNED.				
Canal National Bank, Portland,	700	742 00	$ 700 00	
Casco National Bank, Portland,	500	525 00	500 00	
First National Bank, Bath,	1,000	1,100 00	1,000 00	
First National Bank, Lewiston,	1,000	1,350 00	1,000 00	
First National Bank, Portland,