THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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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.

Turning to Agriculture.

That the profession of agriculture is at last being recognized as the most important profession in the whole realm of human endeavor, that the business and industry of agriculture is at last to be accorded the first place in the affairs of the country—the place which it has actually held since the foundations of society were laid—is now being seen in the almost ludicrous way in which all kinds of people are tumbling over themselves and each other in their frantic efforts to be among the first to say "I told you so."

"Meanwhile, we who have been most deeply interested in agriculture have been plodding along the same old path which has all of a sudden been discovered by a lot of modern adventurous spirits in the literary world, who perhaps believe that they have really discovered something, although a great majority of the people knew a good deal about it all the while. We have been singing the praises of agriculture, discussing and solving its problems, and ever working for better conditions and more knowledge, the Maine Farmer for over three-quarters of a century, and perhaps some others longer still.

We do not object, however, to having the farmer re-discovered by some of the people who had almost forgotten that such a personage existed, except as delineated in the comic pages of the funny papers or by a class of actors who acquired their knowledge of the farmer from the same place. For this re-discovery is helping us to some things that we have been desiring very much for a long time, and it is helping because it shows that the advancement of agriculture and the conservation of agricultural interests is after all the most important business need of the country to-day.

We are not able to feel that that need is yet fully recognized, for there are still many people who think that there are several more important needs, and up to yet they have been able to make such a showing that they seem to stand in the first places. One of these is the "need" of preparation for war, the most absolutely useless and senseless business in which civilized people are engaged. If we were not yet a good deal savage, if we were nearly as civilized as we think we are—but that is another matter in which there is material for more thoughts and words than we have room for to-day. Almost everything with which government has had to do has been given greater prominence than agriculture.

And yet there is being evolved a gradual change. There is hardly a topic which is receiving as much, as continuous and regular attention, as agriculture. All sorts of writers are having a dab at it, those who know much about the subject, and those who know little or nothing. With some of the writers, as with the journals they represent, there is a sincere desire to place the greatest and most important industry in the world in its proper light before the people. With others there is only the object of making a catchy story on a popular topic. Life on the farm is pictured as the ultima thule of human comfort and happiness, and the farmer is played up as the chief example of all modern progress.

Fortunately there are plenty of examples of splendid endeavor and cumulating success in this great industry, and many interesting stories which may be told, so that there is not the slightest need of exaggeration to show the possibilities and the actualities of agriculture.

But to the interested agriculturist and the agricultural journal looking on, one of the most significant signs of the times is to be found in the serious and attemptedly exhaustive studies of the philosophical, economical and business phases of the subject by philosophical, economical and business writers, of prominence, near prominence and would-be prominence. A great many, we might say all, of the great business men of the country are giving much consideration to the relation of agriculture toward their particular business and to the effect of the condition of agriculture upon the business of the country in general.

Many of them are dabbling in agriculture in a second hand sort of way, apparently simply for the love of the land inherent in their souls and the desire to have some more or less intimate connection with it. Some have recognized agriculture as a business worthy of their brain power, and there are already indications that they are gradually working up to the point of attempting to gain a controlling power over the industry, as they have over some of the other chief industries of the country; to commercialize it for the benefit of the usual small coterie of financiers to profit by.

God forbid that anything of this sort should ever happen. We are not pessimistic, but we do not believe that any effort to increase the "great" agricultural establishments of the country, the great farms and ranches, so that agriculture shall stand in any such relation to the general business of the country as do other corporation or trust controlled industries, can have any other than an injurious effect upon the people engaged in the business. And after all it is the people that need consideration more than the business or the profits, especially if there is likely to be anything like a combination of the profits into few hands.

The small farm is the foundation of general agricultural prosperity. This is a fact which cannot be successfully controverted.—Maine Farmer.

Sense in Road Building.

There is a lot of good money being wasted in good roads all over our state, but so much progress is being evolved betwixt and between the errors that we don't feel justified in saying a word. For instance, we saw a lot of good men dumping sand on to the bare rocks that they had piled into the road to raise the highway and get it up out of the mud. If they had only taken the trouble to cover the rocks with weeds or swale hay or most anything else of a similar nature they would have saved very nearly half of their soil. As it was it was sifting right in between the crevices of the rocks and disappearing about as fast as it could be applied. We presume we shall see better work when the new order of things is inaugurated after the new year comes in.

Right in this connection we noted in driving through Solon the other day, a splendid piece of state road. It was built over to avoid a long hard stretch of sand that grew worse year after year. They hauled a lot of clay on to it, and the sand furnished a splendid foundation for a hard smooth road that is easily kept in repair the year around. The clay was taken from a bank beside the road, and the whole job was very inexpensive, but is sure to prove very satisfactory.

Here is a case of applying a few brains to local conditions and getting splendid results. Wish that similar cases could be found oftener.—Turf, Farm and Home.

New England Fruit.

During the past year or so Boston has had some fine displays of fruit, but there has never been anything better than the fruit now shown here. The bringing in of California and other fruit from the West has evidently incited the New England growers to a praiseworthy effort in fruit growing words. [illegible] we are now [illegible] New England

MRS. A. J. HAYES,
KARL W. HAYES.
MRS. I. F. EMMONS.
BERTHA A. EMMONS.

Mr. Gilbert Retires.

(Maine Farmer, Sept. 29.)

It is with extreme regret that we are compelled to announce the retirement of Associate Editor Z. A. Gilbert from the editorial staff of the Maine Farmer. With the end of the present month Mr. Gilbert will conclude his labors as agricultural editor, which commenced with the Maine Farmer nearly twenty-seven years ago. Undoubtedly it will be also a matter of extreme regret to the readers of the Maine Farmer, although we hope that we shall be able to give our readers something from Mr. Gilbert's pen occasionally for a long time to come. His long experience in the work of advancing the cause of agriculture in Maine, his broad mind and his practical knowledge of farming in all its details, have made his years of editorial service of unusual value to the agricultural interests of the state, for which he will be long remembered and honored.

As a writer on agricultural topics, Mr. Gilbert was possessed of keen insight into the needs of the farm and the farmer, with a quick perception and decided opinions of the methods by which those needs were to be satisfied.

As one of the editors of the Maine Farmer and as otherwise extensively identified with the agriculture of the state by official positions, he has for forty years held the esteem and confidence of the people of his state, and it has been a source of satisfaction to the Maine Farmer that he has been looked upon as one of the authorities on matters agricultural.

Mr. Gilbert has for many years been prominently identified with agricultural affairs in Maine, even before he took up editorial work in this line. He was born in Greene, Nov. 4, 1832, and early became one of the prominent farmers of the state. In 1869 he became a member of the Maine Board of Agriculture, remaining a member until 1877. He was vice-president of the board in 1871, and was president in 1872. In 1880 Mr. Gilbert again became connected with the Maine Board of Agriculture by being elected secretary, which position he held for eleven years.

He has always been actively interested in all of the movements for the betterment of all departments of agricultural work in Maine as will be seen by his official connection with the various societies. He was president of the Maine State Pomological Society from 1874 to 1878, and again from 1900 to 1907, which is surely an evidence of the high esteem in which he has been held by the Maine farmers who are particularly interested in that branch of the business, and the high value which is placed upon his opinions and upon his connection with fruit growing.

Mr. Gilbert was also a trustee of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts from 1880 to 1888; President of the Maine State Jersey Cattle Association 1886 to 1892; State Inspector of Fertilizers, 1883 and 1884; President Board of Managers Maine Fertilizer Control and Agricultural Experiment Station, 1885-1887; Chairman of Council Maine State College Agricultural Experiment Station, 1888; President Board of Commissioners on Contagious Diseases of Cattle, 1882-1886. He has also been active and prominent as an officer in the Maine State Dairymen's Association.

Mr. Gilbert has been the author of many authoritative articles on agriculture, and has made frequent addresses on agricultural topics. He has been a successful farmer himself, and it is that fact more than any other, probably, which has made him a prominent figure in the agriculture of Maine.

Mr. Gilbert became agricultural editor of the Maine Farmer, Nov. 22, 1883, at the commencement of its fifty-second year. He has been a vigorous writer on agricultural topics and there is no doubt that his work has contributed to the placing of the Maine Farmer in the leading position which it has occupied for many years as an agricultural paper.

Mr. Gilbert's writings were always characterized by the spirit contained in one of the paragraphs of his greeting on Nov. 22, 1883, in which he said: "Always deeply in love with farm work and actively engaged in it, it is not proposed in assuming these new relations to cut loose from the farm. Instead, the business will be carried on as before, and while proving our faith by works shall continue as heretofore to attempt the solution of the problems of agriculture by practical tests."

Maine Breeders' Association.

The annual meeting of the Maine Live Stock Breeders' Association will be held in City Council Chambers, Nov. 15th and 16th, 1910, Waterville, Me.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday, Nov. 15th.

10:30 A. M.
1. Call to order.
2. "Our Meeting," President C. L. Jones, Corinna.
3. Report of Secretary, R. W. Redman, Augusta.
4. "Work of the Maine Cattle Commission," F. S. Adams, Bowdoinham.
5. "Co-operative Breeders' Work," W. G. Hunton, Readfield.
6. "The Work of the Maine Live Stock Breeders' Association," Leon S. Merrill, Director of Extension Work, University of Maine, Orono.

Recess.

1:30 P. M. Introduction of business and appointment of committees.

2:00 P. M. Report of Breeders.

Cattle:
Ayrshire, Dr. John A. Ness, Auburn.
Guernsey, Geo. W. Walker, East Wilton.
Holstein-Friesian, C. A. Bonney, East Sumner.
Jersey, Dr. B. A. Bailey, Wiscasset.
Hereford, D. H. Tingley, Readfield.
Shorthorn, C. H. Chapman, East Corinth.
Heavy Horses: Clydesdale, R. R. Cameron, Caribou.
Sheep: Leicester, E. E. Gifford, Canaan. Hampshire Down, F. D. Hilton, Anson. Dickinson Merino, T. G. Hilton, Anson.
Swine: Berkshire, R. O. Jones, Winslow. White Chester, J. F. Upton, Winnegance.

Discussion to follow the last of the reports as time allows.

7:30 P. M. Lecture, "Raising Draft Horses in Maine," Geo. M. Rommel, Chief Division of Animal Husbandry, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Discussion.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th.

9:30 A. M. Introduction of business.

10:00 A. M. Lecture, "Some of the Problems that Trouble Breeders, Prof. P. A. Campbell, Professor Animal Industry, University of Maine, Orono.

11:00 A. M. Lecture, Contagious Abortion," Dr. F. L. Russell, Professor Vet. Science and Bacteriology, University of Maine, Orono. Recess.

1:30 P. M. Business.

The live stock interests of Maine require considerable organized attention in order to promote their welfare, consequently it will be necessary to transact a large amount of business at this meeting. A full attendance is expected at all sessions, as these matters are of vital interest to every breeder in the state.

A Pittsburgh merchant has an illuminated sign which advertises, "Oleomargarine—Better and Cheaper than Butter." He is on the right track, and as long as he sells oleomargarine as such there can be no possible objection to his business. It is cheaper than butter, and he is entitled to his opinion as to the merits of the two products. If all sellers of oleomargarine had as much sense as this man they would have established a broad legitimate market for it long ago. Instead of that they have a restricted market, a prejudice against their product and strict laws against its sale as butter.—Stockman and Farmer.

The farmer who has some poultry constantly fit for market will have a welcome and fairly regular addition to his income.—Lewiston.

The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER XIV.

DISCLOSURES.

CARMICHAEL sat in the office of the consulate. His letter of resignation was on its way, but it would be in November before he heard definitely from the department. By that time the great snows would have blanketed the earth and the nadir of his discontent would be reached. But what to do till that time? He could ride for some weeks, but riding without companionship was rather a lonesome affair. His own defiance of the chancellor had erected a barrier between her highness and himself. They would watch him now, evade him, put small obstacles in his path, obstacles against which he could enter no reasonable complaint. A withered leaf, a glove and a fan—these represented the sum of his romance.

Two figures moved in the garden beneath. When the two heads came together swiftly and then separated, both smiling, he realized that he had witnessed a kiss. Ah, here was the opportunity, and, by the Lord Harry, he would not let it slip. If this fellow meant wrongly toward Gretchen—and how could he mean else?—he, Carmichael, would take the matter boldly into his hands to do some caning. He laughed. Here would be another souvenir, to have caned—

He jumped to his feet, dropped his pipe on the sill of the window and made for his hat and sword cane. The clerk went on with his writing.

To gain the garden Carmichael would have to pass through the tavern. The first person he encountered was Colonel von Wallenstein. Wallenstein spoke to Frau Bauer, who answered him with cold civility. Wallenstein twirled his mustache, laughed and went into the garden. Neither Gretchen nor the vintner saw Wallenstein. He watched them with an evil smile. After some deliberation he walked lightly toward the lovers.

"A pretty picture!" he said.

"Leave us, Gretchen," said the vintner, with a deceiving gentleness.

Gretchen started reluctantly down the path. As she stepped off the path to go round the colonel he grasped her rudely and kissed her on the cheek. She screamed, and this scream brought Carmichael upon the scene. He saw the vintner run forward and dash his fist into the soldier's face. Wallenstein fell back hurt and blinded. The vintner, active as a cat, saw Carmichael coming on a run. He darted toward him and before Carmichael could prevent him dragged the sword cane away. The blade, thin and pliant, flashed and none too soon. The colonel had already drawn his saber.

"Save him!" Gretchen wrung her hands.

The two blades met spitefully. Half a dozen thrusts and parries convinced the colonel that the raging youth knew what he was doing. Down swooped the saber cuttingly. The blade of the sword cane snapped like a pipestem. The latter came on, and there was death's intent.

Meantime Carmichael had found a short hop pole. He hit the saber with good will. Back came the steel. The colonel did not care whom or what he struck at now. When Carmichael returned the compliment he swung his hop pole as the old crusaders did their broadswords. The saber dropped uninjured, but the colonel's arm dangled at his side. He was in agony. Carmichael's anger abated none.

"You're a fine example of a soldier! Are you mad to attack a man this way? They will break you for this, or my name's not Carmichael.

"I shall kill you for this!"

"Bah! I have fought more times than you have years to your counting," with good, Yankee spirit. "But if you think I'll waste my time in fighting a duel with you, you're up the wrong tree."

"Go to the devil!"

"Not just at present. There's too much for me to do."

Gretchen and the vintner had vanished. Carmichael agreed that it was the best thing for them to do. The vintner was no coward, but he was discreet. Somebody might ask questions. So Carmichael returned to the consulate, equally indifferent what the colonel did or where he went. Of the vintner he thought, "The hot headed young fool, to risk his life like that!" He would see later what he meant in regard to Gretchen. Poor little goose girl!

"Are you hurt, excellency?" asked the clerk solicitously.

"Hurt?"

"Yes. I heard a woman scream and ran to the window. It was a good fight. But that fellow—ach! To run away and leave you, an outsider, to fight his battle!"

"He would have been sliced in two if I hadn't come to the front. A hop pole isn't half bad. I'll bet that lady's man has a bad arm for some time to come. As for the vintner, he had good reasons for taking to his heels."

"Good reasons?" But there was a sly look in the clerk's eyes.

"No questions, if you please."

"Very well, excellency." And quietly the clerk returned to his table of figures. But later he intended to write a letter, unsigned, to his serene highness.

Carmichael, scowling, undertook to answer his mail, but not with any remarkable brilliancy or coherency.

And in this condition of mind Grumbach found him—Grumbach, accompanied by the old clock mender from across the way and a gypsy Carmichael had never seen before.

"Tell your clerk to leave us," said Grumbach.

"Something serious, eh?" Carmichael dismissed the clerk, telling him to return after the noon hour.

"I have already spoken to you about it," Grumbach returned. "But I am here to ask a favor, a great favor, one that will need all your diplomacy to gain for me."

"Ah!"

"For myself I ask nothing. A horrible blunder has been made. You will go to the grand duke and ask immunity for this gypsy and this clock mender as witnesses to the disclosure which I shall make to his highness. Without this immunity my lips will be sealed forever. As I said, I ask nothing for myself, nothing. There has been a great blunder and a great wrong, too, but God sent me here to right it. Will you do this?"

"But why don't you want immunity for yourself?"

"There must be some one for the duke to punish," heroically; "otherwise he will refuse."

"Still, suppose I bargain for you too?"

"When you tell him my name is Breunner there will be no bargaining."

"What has this clock mender to do with the case?"

"He is Count von Arnsberg."

"By George! And this gypsy?"

"The man who bribed me. Arnsberg is an innocent man, but this has to be proved."

"I will do what I can, Hans, and I will let you know the result after dinner tonight."

"That will be enough. But unless he concedes do not tell him our names."

"You have me a bit dazed," Carmichael admitted. "I ought to know what this blunder is to have something to stand on."

Grumbach shook his head. "Later every question will be answered, and remember at this interview Herbeck must not be present."

"SURELY YOUR MAJESTY WILL NOT SHOOT AN OLD FRIEND?"

"Very well. I promise to see his highness this afternoon."

The three of them solemnly trooped out, leaving Carmichael bewildered. And while he was racking his mind he heard steps on the stairs. The door above shut noisily.

"By George, I'll attend to that this minute. We'll see what stuff this yellow haired boy is made of."

He mounted the stairs without sound. He grasped the handle of the door, boldly pushed it open and entered, closing the door and placing his back against it.

The vintner snatched a pistol from the drawer in the table and leveled it at Carmichael.

"Surely your majesty will not shoot an old friend?" said the American.

CHAPTER XV.

THE KING.

THE vintner slowly lowered the pistol till it touched the table. Then he released it.

"That is better, your majesty."

"Why do you call me that?"

"Your face was familiar, but I failed at first to place it rightly. It was only after you had duped me into going after the veiled lady that I had any real suspicion. You are Frederick Leopold of Jugendheit."

"I shall not deny it further," proudly. "And take care how you speak to me, since I admit my identity."

"This is Ehrenstein. Here I shall talk to you as I please."

The king reddened, and his hand closed again over the pistol.

"I have saved your majesty twice from death. You force me to recall it to your mind."

The king had the grace to lower his eyes.

"The first time was at Bonn. Don't you recollect the day when an American took you out of the Rhine, an American who did not trouble himself to come around and ask for your thanks, who, in truth, did not learn till days after what an important person you were or were going to be?"

"For that moment, herr, I thank you."

"And for that in the garden below?"

"For that also. Now, why are you here?"

Carmichael went over to the table. He bent over it and with his face close to that of the king, "I demand to know what your intentions are toward that friendless goose girl."

"And what is that to you?" said the king angrily.

"It is this much: If you have acted toward her otherwise than honorably, well"—

"Go on. You interest me."

"Well, I promise to break every bone in your kingly body. In this room it is man to man. I recognize no king, only the physical being."

The king pushed aside the table, furious.

"You shall die for this insult!" said the king as quietly as his hard breathing would allow.

"I have heard that before. But how?" banteringly.

"I will waive my crown—man to man!"

"Sword sticks, sabers or hop poles? Come," savagely, "what do you mean by the goose girl?"

So intent on the struggle were they that neither heard the door open and close.

"Yes, my dear nephew, what do you mean by Gretchen?"

Carmichael released the king and with feline quickness stooped and secured the pistol which had fallen to the floor. Not sure of the new arrival's purpose, he backed to the wall. He knew the voice, and he recognized its owner.

"Put it in your pocket, Mr. Carmichael, and let us finish this discussion in English since there are many ears about the place."

"His royal highness?" murmured the king.

"Yes, sire! True to life!"

"A fine comedy," cried Herr Ludwig jovially, folding his arms over his deep chest. "a rollicking adventure! Well, nephew, you have not as yet answered either Mr. Carmichael's question or my own. What do you mean by Gretchen?"

"I love her," nobly. "And well for you, my uncle, that you come as you do. I would have married her. Wrong her? What was a crown to me, who till now have never worn one save in speech? You have been the king."

"Bodies must have heads; kingdoms must have kings. I have made an experiment, and this is the result. I wanted you to grow up unfettered by power; I wanted you to mingle with peoples, here and there, so when you became their head physician you could ably minister to their political diseases. And all this fine ambition tumbles down before the wooden shoes of a pretty goose girl."

"Now, Mr. Carmichael, what is your interest in Gretchen?" asked the king tartly.

Carmichael trembled with joy. Here was an opening for a double shot. "My interest in her is better than yours, for I have not asked her to become a king's mistress."

His royal highness bit his lip.

"Uncle!" cried the king, horrified at this revelation.

"Mr. Carmichael evidently has applied his ear to some keyhole," Herr Ludwig replied, recollecting well the day when he suggested to the beautiful young girl how easily and quickly she could secure the riches, the pretty things and the advantages she desired. It occurred in the tap room of the tavern the day he had the mysterious interview with the aged clockmaker. Yes, well did Herr Ludwig remember how he had told Gretchen that she could win the gowns, the carriages and the jewels her girl's heart craved solely through her beauty, "by the supreme right of her beauty alone."

"No, no, not through the keyhole!" retorted Carmichael. "The window was open. My clerk heard you plainly."

"Uncle, is this damnable thing true?"

"Yes. What would you? You were determined to make a fool of yourself. But rest easy. She is ignorant where this offer came from, and, moreover, she spurned it, as Mr. Carmichael's clerk will affirm. Oh, Gretchen is a fine little woman, and I would to God she was of your station!" And the mask fell from the regent's face, leaving it bitter and careworn. "Our presence is known in Drelberg; it has been known for three days at least. And in coming up here I had another errand. Oh, I haven't forgotten it. In the street there are at least ten soldiers under the subchief of the police. Rather a curious conjunction."

The king turned white.

Carmichael ran to the rear window. He shrugged. "There's half a dozen in the garden too."

"Is there any way to the roofs?"

"None that would serve you."

"Mr. Carmichael," said the king, offering his hand, his handsome face kindly and without rancor, "I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not ask your full pardon. I am indebted to you twice for my life, little as it amounts to. And in my kingdom you will always be welcome. Will you accept my hand as one man to another?"

"With happiness, your majesty. And I ask that you pardon my own hasty words."

"Thank you."

"He is only young," sighed Ludwig.

The king emptied the drawer, put the contents in his pack, tied the strings and put it under his arm.

"What are you going to do?" asked the uncle, vaguely perturbed.

"I am going down to the soldiers. I am no longer a vintner; I am a king!" And he said this in a manner truly royal.

"Gott!" burst from the prince regent. "This boy has marrow in his bones, after all. But the incarceration will not be long. There are 10,000 troops on the other side of the passes."

"Ten thousand? Well, they shall stay there," said the king determinedly. "I shall not begin my reign with war. I will tell the duke the truth. He will not dare go far."

"He will be a good politician, too," said Ludwig, with a smile of approval at Carmichael. "No, boy, there will be no war. And yet I was prepared for it, nor was I wrong in doing so. Already, but for Herbeck, there would be plenty of fighting in the passes. Ach! Could you but see the princess!"

"I have seen her," replied the king. "Heaven would have been kinder had I seen her months ago."

"Say to his serene highness, then, that you are willing to marry her."

"I'm afraid you do not understand, uncle," the king replied sadly. "I have the supreme happiness to love and to be loved. Of that nothing can rob me. And for some time to come, uncle mine, I shall treasure that happiness."

"And the little Gretchen?"

"Yes, yes! I have been a scoundrel." And the king's eyes grew moist. "You are happy, Mr. Carmichael. You have no crown to weigh against your love."

And from that moment Carmichael's heart warmed toward the young man, whose sorrow was greater than his own, for the king was giving up the woman who loved him, while Carmichael was only giving up the woman he loved, which is a distinction.

"Come, uncle," said the young king; "let us see what is going on downstairs."

Carmichael followed them down.

"There they are, men!" cried the subchief. "You are under arrest!"

"I am the king of Jugendheit," calmly announced Frederick Leopold. "Will you subject me to public arrest?"

"And I," said the uncle, "am Ludwig, prince regent."

The subchief laughed uproariously. The king of Jugendheit and the prince regent! This was a good joke indeed!

"Your majesty and your royal highness," said the subchief, his eyes twinkling, "will do me the honor of accompanying me to the Steinschloss. You are accused of being military spies from Jugendheit."

"May I retain this bundle?" inquired the king.

"Yes. I know what is in it. Forward, march!"

Carmichael made as though to protest, but Prince Ludwig signed for him to be silent.

An hour later Gretchen appeared before Frau Bauer. Gretchen had gone home immediately after the termination of the fight in the garden.

"He was not hurt, frau?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, no! The two of them gave themselves up readily. They are snug in the Steinschloss by this time."

"The Steinschloss!" Gretchen blanched. "Holy mother, what has happened?"

"Why, your vintner and Herr Ludwig were arrested an hour ago, accused of being spies from Jugendheit."

She groped blindly for the door.

"Where are you going, Gretchen?"

"To her highness! She will save him!"

Her highness was dreaming. She had fallen into this habit of late. A maid of honor announced that the young woman Gretchen sought her presence.

"Admit her. She will be a tonic," said Hildegarde.

Gretchen appeared, red eyed and disheveled. Instantly she flung herself at the feet of the princess.

"Why, Gretchen?"

"They will not let me see him, highness!" Gretchen choked.

"What has happened, child?"

"They have arrested him as a spy from Jugendheit, and he is innocent. Save him, highness!"

"How can I save him?"

"He is not a spy."

"That must be proved, Gretchen. I cannot go to the Steinschloss and order them to liberate him." She lifted Gretchen to her feet.

"I have been there, and they will not let me see him. I love him so!"

"I can arrange that for you. I will go with you myself to the prison."

"Thanks, highness, thanks!" Gretchen was hysterical.

The king and his uncle had been given adjoining cells on the ground floor. The princess and her protegee were admitted without objection. The sergeant in charge of that floor even permitted them to go into the corridor unattended.

Voices.

"Hush!" whispered her highness, pressing Gretchen's arm.

"Ach! Wall, dear nephew; beat your hands upon the bars, curse, waste your breath on stone. Did I not warn you against this very thing when you proposed this mad junket? A fine scandal!"

"Woe to the duke for this affront!"

Gretchen started to speak, but the princess quickly put her hand over the goose girl's mouth.

"Uncle, I will have revenge for this!"

"Good! Bang—bang! Slash and cut! War is a great invention—on paper. Come, my boy; you were sensible enough when they brought us here. Control yourself. Be a king in all the word implies. For my part, I begin to see."

"And what do you see?"

"I see that the duke knows who we are, even if his police do not. He will keep us here a day or two and then magnanimously liberate us with profuse apologies. We shall be escorted to the frontier with honors. His highness loves a jest too well to let this chance escape. Besides, I see in the glass the fine Italian hand of Herbeck."

"I AM THE KING OF JUGENDHEIT."

"Gretchen, Gretchen!" said the king.

Gretchen could stand it no longer. She wrenched herself free from the grasp of the princess, who, with pitying heart, understood all now. Poor, unhappy Gretchen!

"Here I am, Leopold," the goose girl cried, pressing her body against the bars and thrusting her hands through them.

"The devil!" murmured the man in the other cell.

"You here, Gretchen?" The king covered her hands with passionate kisses.

"Yes, yes! They have made a dreadful mistake. You are no spy from Jugendheit."

"No, Gretchen," said the voice from the next cell. "He is far worse than that. He is the king, Gretchen, the king."

"Uncle!" in anguish.

"Let us have it over with," replied Prince Ludwig sadly.

"The king!" Gretchen laughed shrilly. "What jest is this, Leopold?"

The king, still holding her hands, looked down.

"Leopold!" plaintively.

Still he did not speak, still he averted his head. But God knew that his heart was on the rack.

"Leo, look at me! You are laughing!" Gretchen cried. "Why, did we not work together in the vineyards, and did we not plan for the future? Ah, yes! You are a king only to me. I see. But it is a cruel jest, Leopold. Smile at me! Say something!"

"Gretchen, forgive me!" despairingly.

"He asks me to forgive him!" dully. "For what?"

"For being a villain! Yes," his voice keen with agony, "I am the king of Jugendheit. But am I less a man for that? Ah, God help me, I have a right to love like other men! Do not doubt me, Gretchen; do not think that I played with you. I love you better than my crown, better than my honor!"

CHAPTER XVI.

TWIN LOCKETS.

CARMICHAEL tramped about his room restless, uneasy, starting at sounds. He was waiting for Grumbach and his confreres. Anything but this suspense. A full day! And deeper, firmer, became his belief and conviction that Grumbach's affair vitally concerned her highness. He welcomed the knock on his door. Grumbach came in carrying under his arm a small bundle.

"Where are your companions?"

"They are waiting outside."

"The duke agrees," went on Carmichael. "He will give us an audience at 8:30."

"Did you mention my name?"

"No. I went roundabout. I also obtained his promise to say nothing to Herbeck till the interview was over."

Grumbach spread out on the bed the contents of the bundle.

"Look at these and tell me what you see, captain."

Carmichael inspected the little yellow shoes. He turned them over and over in his hand. He shook out the fold of the little cloak and the locket fell on the bed.

"When did you get this?" he cried excitedly. "It is her highness!"

"So it is, captain, but I have carried it about me all these years."

"What?"

"Yes, captain. Count von Herbeck is a great statesman, but he made a terrible mistake this time. Listen. As sure as we are in this room together I believe that she whom we call the princess is not the daughter of the grand duke."

Carmichael sat down on the edge of the bed numb and without any clear idea where he was. Free! If she was not a princess she was free, free!

* * * * * * *

The duke allowed the quartet to remain standing for some time. He strode up and down before them, his eyes straining at the floor, his hands behind his back.

"I do not recognize any of these persons," he said to Carmichael.

"Your highness does not recognize me, then?" asked the clock mender.

"Come closer," commanded the duke. The clock mender obeyed. "Take off those spectacles." The duke scanned the features, and over his own came the dawn of recollection. "Your eyes, your nose— Arnsberg, here and alive? Oh, this is too good to be true!" The duke reached out toward the bell, but Carmichael interposed.

"Your highness will remember," he warned.

"Ha! So you have trapped me blindly? I begin to understand. Who is this fellow Grumbach? Did I offer immunity to him?"

"I am Hans Breunner, highness, and I ask for nothing."

"Breunner! Breunner! Hans Breunner, brother of Hermann! And you put yourself into my hands?" The tone developed into a suppressed roar. The duke took hold of Hans by the shoulders and drew him close. "You dog! So you ask for nothing? It shall be given to you. Tomorrow morning I shall have you shot! Hans Breunner! God is good to me this night! Thanks, Herr Carmichael, a thousand thanks! And I need not ask who that damnable scoundrel is who has the black face and heart of a gypsy."

"Your highness," said Von Arnsberg quietly, "all I have left in the world are these two withered hands, and may God cut them off if they ever wronged you in any act. I am innocent. Those letters purported to have been written by me were forgeries. Tonight I shall leave this palace a free man, and you shall ask pardon for the wrong you have done me."

There was no fear in the voice. The duke glared at the speaker somberly, recalling what Herbeck had often said.

"What you say still remains to be proved. Now, what is at the bottom of all this?" was the demand.

Hans crossed the room to the duke's desk and spread out his treasures under the flickering candlelight. The duke, with a cry of terror, sprang toward the secret drawer. His first thought was that the shoes and cloak, upon which only his eyes ever rested now, had been stolen. Nothing was missing. He was overwhelmed, but he steadied himself. He came back to the desk and fingered the locket. The duke opened the locket, looked long and steadfastly at the portrait and shut it. Then he went to the drawer again and returned with the counterparts. He laid them side by side. The likeness was perfect in all details.

"Carmichael," he said, "will you please help me? Do I see these things or do I not? And if I do which is mine, and what does this signify?"

Grumbach answered: "This, highness. I took these from the little princess with my own hands. They have never been out of my keeping. Those you have I know nothing about."

The duke rubbed his eyes. "My daughter?"

"The Princess Hildegarde is not your daughter, highness," said Hans.

"Gott!" The duke smote the desk in despair. "Herbeck! I must send for Herbeck!"

"Not yet, highness; later."

"But if not Hildegarde— I believe I must be growing mad!"

"Patience, your highness," said Carmichael.

"Patience!" wearily. "You say patience when my heart is dying inside my breast! Patience! Who, then, is this woman I have called my child?"

"God knows, highness!" Hans stood bowed before this parental agony.

"But what proof have you that she is not? What proof, I say?"

"Would there be two lockets, highness?"

"More proof than this will be needed. Produce it."

"Spe[illegible]" said Hans to the gypsy.

"Highness," said the gypsy, bowing, "he speaks truly. He came with us. For fear that the little highness might be recognized as we traveled, we changed her clothes. He took them, together with the locket. One day the soldiers appeared in the distance. We all fled. We lost the little highness, and none of us ever knew what became of her. She wore the costume of my own children."

"We shall produce that in time," said Von Arnsberg.

"Damnable wretch!" said the duke, addressing the gypsy.

The other shrugged. He had been promised immunity. That was all he cared about unless it was the bag of silver and gold this old clock mender had given him a few hours gone.

"I am summoning her highness," said the duke as he struck the bell.

"And, highness," added Grumbach, "dispatch some one for Gretchen, who lives at 40 the Krumerweg."

"The goose girl? What does she know? Ah, I remember. She is even now with her highness. I shall send for them both."

Gretchen? Carmichael's bewilderment increased. What place had the goose girl in this tragedy?

"Now, while we are waiting," resumed the duke, his agitation somewhat under control, "the proof, the definite proof!"

"Her highness stumbled one night," said Hans, "and fell upon the fire. I snatched her back, but not before her left arm was badly burned."

The gypsy nodded. "I saw it, highness."

And that was why Grumbach went to the military ball with opera glasses! Carmichael was round eyed. But Gretchen?

"The Princess Hildegarde has no scar upon either arm," continued Grumbach. "I have seen them. They are without a single flaw."

"More than that," reiterated the duke. "That is not enough."

They became silent. Now and then one or the other stirred. The duke never took his eyes off the door through which her highness would enter.

Hildegarde came in presently, tender with mercy, an arm supporting Gretchen, who was red eyed and white.

"You sent for us, father?"

How the word pierced the duke's heart! "Yes, my child," he answered, for, it mattered not who she was, he

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 11, 1910.

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SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

Coming Events.

Oct. 14-17.—Maine State Sunday School Association, Portland.
Oct. 25, 26.—Oxford Congregational Conference, South Paris.
Oct. 27, 28—Convention of Maine Teachers' Association, Bangor.
Nov. 1.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Bolster's Mills.
Nov. 8, 9, 10.—Annual meeting of Maine State Pomological Society, Auburn.
Jan. 3.5.—Western Maine Poultry Association, New Hall, South Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Suits and Coats.
Cutlery.
Don't be Bald.
Why Hesitate?
Filthy Stomach.
Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.
Eye Troubles.
Dandruff Means Baldness.
Shur-on Eyglasses.
For Sale.
Last Chance for Magazine Bargains.
For Sale.

Here and There.

Nevada has abolished gambling. Monte Carlo next?

The executive committee of the Maine State Grange has passed resolutions asking and demanding of the legislature that a farmer be elected United States Senator. No chance for discussion as to what that means.

In the opinion of Gen. Miles, the aeroplane is lively to make a navy needless as far as coast defence is concerned. For more than a generation now, invention has been engaged in making war impossible, whether by making it intolerably destructive or intolerably expensive, or in some other way. Yet all the time the expense for possible war is going up by leaps and bounds, and we still build more and larger battleships, and shall probably continue to do so, in spite of the aeroplane.

Things have come to that pass that the burning at the stake of a Negro ravisher in Alabama is briefly described in the news dispatches as a "quiet lynching."

The Argus in its anti-prohibition zeal is giving currency to the views of Count Tolstoi in opposition to any restriction on the sale of liquor. Better stick to "local option." Tolstoi's advanced views won't find much sympathy in Maine, even among those who don't believe in prohibition. To be sure, the local option argument, carried to its logical conclusion, lands one in the camp of no restriction, but not everybody realizes it.

After a big slice of the time of the last legislature had been taken up with the hard-fought Bar Harbor automobile exclusion law, there is already a movement on foot to have the law repealed, and petitions to that effect are in circulation at Bar Harbor. Probably the Bar Harbor automobile fight will be, like the liquor question, always with us.

Holman Day's last book, "The Ramrodders," has achieved the distinction of being included in a "wet five-foot shelf" of convivial literature. That is really unkind. The publishers, and possibly the author, may glory in such fame, but with all that is justly subject to criticism in the book, it is not worthy of such condemnation.

Both Lewiston and Bangor have taken to seeing airships at night. And resubmission as yet only in prospect.

As was to have been expected, both Baptist and Free Baptist state conventions last week expressed themselves strongly in favor of prohibition, and opposed to any attempt to do away with it. Other denominations may be expected to be equally emphatic.

Nothing that has occurred in this section for years has caused the sensation that was made by the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times office, causing the loss of a number of lives and much property, besides an attempt to blow up the home of the proprietor, Gen. Otis. The matter is of particular interest to Maine, because Harry E. Andrews, a former well known Maine newspaper man, is the managing editor of the Times. Gen. Otis has been in contest with the labor unions for a long time, and perhaps not unnaturally the labor unions are now under some degree of suspicion. But the labor unions promptly repudiate any connection with it, and join in offering rewards for the perpetrators. The total amount of rewards reaches the sum of over $100,000, more than was ever before offered in any case. It is due to all concerned, including the general public, that the matter be searched to the bottom, and the truth found if possible. Anything less would be criminal.

Portugal seems to have become, almost on the spur of the moment, a republic, at least in name. How long it will remain so is is another question.

Maine News Notes.

The election of sheriff in Sagadahoc County will be decided by the courts. On the face of the returns John W. Ballou, Republican, has a small plurality over George C. Pease, Democrat. The ballots have been inspected in the entire county, and about 200 found the legality of which is questioned.

Four years of a degree of domestic unhappiness in the family of Albert Folwarishny of Portland terminated in a tragedy Monday. The man came home drunk, and his wife barred him out. He broke in the door, put her out, attacked her, finally shooting her with a shot gun, then blew the top of his own head off with the same gun. He died instantly. The woman will recover.

In a wild runaway accident at Portland Wednesday, F. M. Gelase, a New York traveling salesman, was killed, and Gaspare Vervena, the Italian consul in Portland, and Dr. Edward L. Solima of Portland were seriously injured. Dr. Solima was driving his own horse, which was started by an auto and became uncontrollable, dashing into a pole and throwing the three men out.

The slaughter of men in the Maine woods has begun early in the hunting season, the first fatality being reported from the town of Haynesville in Aroostook County. Wednesday afternoon, Alfred Lane, aged 20, of Haynesville, was shot and almost instantly killed by his hunting companion, Charles O'Brien, also of Haynesville. O'Brien mistook Lane for a deer and shot him in the head, inflicting a wound from which Lane died in a few minutes. [illegible] was summoned and the body was c[illegible] Sts., miles to the house of Edward [illegible] in Haynesville village, whe[illegible] William Buzzel of Houlton [illegible] quest Thursday morning.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

Paris Hill.

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

The Everett Republican of Oct. 1 contains the following of the death of Mrs. William E. Perkins, formerly of this village: "After a long illness patiently borne, Mrs. Edna Webber Perkins passed away on Wednesday, September the fourteenth, at the age of 58.

The funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon at her late residence, 102 Cleveland Avenue.

Rev. A. T. June of the Union Christian church officiated and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Heath of the Bowdoin Square Tabernacle, a relative of the deceased. The interment was at Glenwood cemetery.

For many years Mrs. Perkins was a resident of Everett, and by the sweetness of her disposition and the strength of her Christian character had won many friends. She is survived by a sorrowing husband, Mr. William E. Perkins, two daughters, Mrs. May Andrews and Mrs. Lillian Brackett, and one son, Mr. Everett Perkins. Several sisters and other relatives also mourn the loss of one whose life was a constant testimony of the power of a life hid with Christ in God." Mrs. Perkins was for many years previous to the removal of the family to Everett, a resident of Paris Hill, where she had the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends whose sympathy goes out to the bereaved family.

Dr. M. M. Houghton went to Lewiston Thursday for a stay of a few weeks. Dr. Houghton received news this week of the death in Revere, Mass., of her sister, Mrs. Matilla K. Greene, thus leaving her the last surviving member of a family of nine children.

Hon. and Mrs. Edward L. Parris of New York arrived Saturday to spend some time at their summer home here.

Mrs. E. H. Jackson has gone to Portland to attend the Music Festival this week.

The Wednesday hours at Hamlin Memorial Hall are to be from 7 to 8:30 instead of 7:30 to 9 o'clock as heretofore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stone of Portland were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Andrews last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll I. Hooper of Boston are guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hooper.

Mrs. Edward H. Guyer and daughter, who have been at the Hubbard House for several weeks, left here last week.

PARTRIDGE DISTRICT.

George Hammond has taken down the old house on what is known as the Will Gray corner, as Charles L. Case of New York has bought the land. Mr. Hammond moved the barn across the road for a hay barn.

Henry Kerr and son Robert of South Paris have been threshing in this neighborhood this week.

Frank Bennett has built a new silo this fall and is now filling it.

Cora Wight of South Paris is teaching our school this term. She boards at Mrs. Will Parlin's.

Clarence Damon has let his cows to parties in Buckfield and will work at the Maine Sanatorium, Hebron, this winter.

John Hammond, who sold his farm a little time ago, will move over to his father's, George Hammond's.

West Sumner.

The wind blew at great velocity last Sunday. No damage was done except blowing the apples from the trees in some orchards.

Thursday was the hottest October 6 in years. The thermometer registered 82 in the shade.

Ralph Merrill of Rumford is with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Howe.

Adney Tuell and wife of West Paris were in town Thursday calling on friends.

Henry Adams and wife of Paris were the guests of W. E. Lothrop and wife Saturday.

Mrs. Mary J. Pulsifer, who has been ill with a bilious attack, is able to be up around the house.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Heath have gone to Buckfield to visit their daughter, Mrs. T. Lunt.

E. D. Tuell and wife of West Upton, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Tuell's son, Walter Chandler, and other relatives.

Dr. C. M. Bisbee of Rumford dined with Geo. E. Pulsifer Thursday. Dr. Bisbee came in his auto.

Mrs. P. G. Barrett and daughter, Celia, and little son, Emil, left for Dixfield Thursday to visit relatives.

The public house kept by George H. Barrows is closed this week while Mrs. Barrows is away from home caring for her sister, Mrs. Jennie Thomas. In her absence Mrs. Herbert Barrows will furnish meals to all travelers.

In some orchards this year the apples are said to be of very poor quality on account of the injury done them by the late frost.

Mrs. Eva Whitman of Rumford is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bisbee. Mrs. Whitman is canvassing for extracts, perfumery, and toilet articles.

Edwin Bonney, wife, and daughter, Helen, have returned from Hammonton, N. J., where they have been to visit Mr. Bonney's sister, who is the wife of Rev. Henry Abbott.

Thursday evening, H. T. Heath and wife were surprised by a company of the neighbors who came into the barn to help them husk corn. A merry time they had finding red ears. Later they were invited to the house where Mr. Heath entertained them with his graphophone and gave them a nice treat of confectionery.

Miss Leone York, who went to Berlin, N. H., a few weeks ago to live with her aunt and attend high school there, has had an attack of appendicitis. She was operated on Wednesday and is doing well. Her mother, Mrs. Alton York, left Tuesday for Berlin to be with her in her illness.

C. N. Ford and son Elmer, whose barn was struck by lightning and burned to the ground last August, raised another on the same site last Saturday. It was an old fashioned raising minus the rum. The Fords dinnered about forty men in the church hall. The singular thing about it was that their work was interrupted by a thunder shower.

North Paris.

Oct. 2d, to the wife of A. B. Abbott there was born a daughter.

Mr. Brown of Norway is helping John Ross pick apples.

F. A. Dunham has put in and filled a silo 12 x 24 feet.

The heavy wind of Oct. 2d blew off large numbers of apples.

Gordon Abbott has been quite sick with a liver trouble.

Vines are still green in our garden.

Webb & Cushman are selling barrels at the mill for which there is a large call.

West Lovell.

Miss Lillian E. Lord has gone to Augusta where she is to be employed.

Mrs. Joan McAllister has returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends at the village and elsewhere.

G. H. Fox has returned from South Paris for several weeks' hunting and trapping.

M. A. LeBaron's horse is lame so he cannot drive him.

Miss Emogene Fox is quite sick.

North Stoneham.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Richards of East Stoneham visited her mother, Mrs. Maud McAllister, last Sunday.

Alonzo Adams from Bethel came to see his mother, Kate Adams, who is very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and little son from Norway, are at her sister's, Mrs. Herbert Adams'.

R. M. McKeen went to Norway on business Friday.

[illegible] C. Sa[illegible] not as well as he has W. C[illegible] Mr. Jones and Mr. [illegible] Jersey was at I. [illegible]

West Paris.

Dr. Austin J. Hayes died at his home in Greenwood Wednesday morning, Oct. 5th, after a brief but very painful illness. He was the son of the late Sewall F. and Fannie Hayes and was born in Norway Feb. 2, 1864. Dr. Hayes was twice married. His first wife was Grace, daughter of Rev. J. W. Smith of Poland. One son, Karl, was the result of this union, who since the death of his mother about twelve years ago, has lived in the family of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Emmons of West Paris. His second wife was Mrs. Abbie (Emmons) Roberts, who with his son Karl, his mother, Mrs. Fannie Emmons, and his half sister, Miss Bertha Emmons, of Portland, survives him. Dr. Hayes was educated in the public schools, at Hebron Academy and Gray's Business College, Portland. After graduating he clerked in the store of I. F. Emmons at West Paris, later moving to the farm in Greenwood where he died. He was a graduate veterinarian and followed his profession with success. For several years he had been supervisor of schools in Greenwood and a member of the board of health. Since the death of the husband and two children of his stepdaughter, Mrs. Susie (Roberts) Whitman, she and her two surviving children have lived in his family, and his death following so closely those in the family so nearly related, has come with crushing force to his family and cast a gloom over the community. The funeral service was held from his late home Friday, at 10 A. M. Rev. D. R. Ford officiated and the interment was in West Paris cemetery. There were beautiful flowers from relatives and friends, also beautiful floral pieces from the Locke's Mills grammar and primary schools, Howe Hill and Greenwood City schools. Dr. Hayes was a Mason, also a member of the Knights of Pythias and of the Grange.

At the annual election of officers of the Good Will Society held Wednesday evening in Good Will Hall the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. Abbie Penley.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Mildred Davis.
Sec.—Mrs. Mabel Mann.
Treas.—Mrs. Annie Wheeler.

There will be a social dance at New Grange Hall Friday evening, Oct. 14th. Good music.

Mrs. O. K. Yates has been spending a day or two in Portland where she is receiving treatment for her eye.

Mrs. Elva Locke has been quite ill with symptoms of typhoid fever, but is much improved.

Mrs. F. S. Farnum returned from Andover Friday where she has been with millinery.

Mrs. Jennie Brown Dunham of West Lynn, Mass., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Brown.

Luther Dana and Miss Mary Dana have returned from a delightful visit with relatives and friends in Portland and Westbrook.

Mrs. Ellsworth Curtis is the guest of relatives at Rumford Falls.

Millard Emmons and Mrs. Christiana Emmons attended the funeral of Dr. Austin Hayes at Greenwood Friday.

Luther Irish has moved his family into the rent in Mrs. Hattie Mooney's house, recently vacated by Miss Jennie Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett, Mrs. Irving L. Bowker, Warren Cookson and Irwin Lowe of Portland, Mrs. Wallace Mason of Gorham, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. Ned I. Swan of Bryant's Pond were in town last Sunday to attend the funeral of Beryl Athlene Briggs.

Mrs. Mary E. Briggs, who recently suffered a severe collapse, while speaking at the telephone, is gaining.

A very pleasant surprise party gathered at the residence of J. R. Tucker Thursday, Sept. 29th, the occasion being the 68th birthday of Mrs Tucker. Those present were Rev. Seth Benson of West Paris, Gibbs Benson of New Gloucester, brothers of Mrs. Tucker; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lowe, North Paris, Mrs. Kate Doe, Paris, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Field, Norway, Mrs. Emma Barrett and son Edgar of Sumner. The ladies are all sisters of Mrs. Tucker. Miss Ruth Tucker was at home from Lewiston for the occasion and there were also present Benson C. and Llewellyn Lowe, North Paris, Mrs. L. C. Bates, and Miss Mary Campbell, West Paris. The brothers and sisters were all present with the exception of Mrs. L. E. Tubbs of California. A very enjoyable day was passed.

There was a good number out to the harvest supper and social in Good Will Hall, and a good sum cleared for the benefit of the society.

As Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Willis, Mrs. Emma Mann and Clarence Stearns were returning from the Waterford fair Friday afternoon an accident to their automobile made it necessary to leave the machine below the residence of C. R. Penley, South Paris. A team was sent from Stearns' livery stable and the people were brought safely home. Herrick Bros. of Bethel were called and towed the machine to West Paris Saturday morning.

Mrs. F. S. Farnum will have her display of trimmed hats next Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14th and 15th. All are invited to attend.

Locke's Mills.

Miss Florence Littlefield is at work for Mrs. Chas. Farnham.

Mrs. Herbert Crooker is entertaining relatives from Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cobb were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Trask last week.

Mr. Frank Reed and wife of West Paris are at Camp Comfort for the month of October.

Dr. Austin Tenney of Portland was in town last Wednesday.

Last Thursday while engaged in shingling Mt. Abram Hotel, Nelson Swift fell from the staging and broke four ribs.

Chas. Farnham, Eddie Goodwin, Ralph King and Amos Taylor returned Thursday from a hunting trip. Goodwin and Taylor each had a fine deer.

Albany.

Bears have been killing sheep for A. A. Bruce, and seem to be more numerous than for several years.

Mrs. Wescott of Portland is stopping at Ben Inman's

E. T. Judkins was in North Norway recently.

Geo. Cummings, who has been quite ill, is gaining.

Roger Sloan found a blue violet Sept. 27th, also a strawberry blossom Oct. 4th. Roger has a collie who is a fine hunter and she is death to skunks, woodchucks, coons, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Guptill have been to the Andover and Waterford fairs with their merry-go-round.

Sumner.

Mrs. Laura Bartlett is working for Mrs. Lydia Varney.

Mrs. Mamie Noe is visiting at W. E. Bowker's.

Mrs. Cora Bartlett has returned to her home in Haverhill, Mass.

C. F. Silver of Lewiston visited at H. A. Sturtevant's recently.

Wm. Lord and family have returned to their home in Rockland, Mass.

Mrs. E. P. Bartlett's father, Mr. Cook, has returned to his home in Massachusetts.

Eva Tibbetts is working for her aunt, Mrs. C. N. Ford, at West Sumner.

Denmark.

A recount of the ballots for sheriff was held at the home of town clerk, A. W. Belcher, Thursday.

Mr. George Dealey, manager for the Burnham & Morrill Packing Co., is in town.

C. E. Cobb has started his new engine to run his motor for lights.

W. C. Ordway is at home for a short vacation.

There was a large delegation from here to Fryeburg fair Wednesday and Thursday.

Geo. A. Hill is spending a short vacation with his mother, Mrs. C. K. Belcher.

Welchville.

Mrs. Frank Harris of West Medford, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. S. Fuller.

Silas Wright is spending a few days at J. F. Fuller's.

Mrs. Chas. Brett and Mrs. Wm. Gibson attended the Grange Fair at Spurr's Corner Wednesday.

Miss Emma Washburn is building a stable.

Mrs. Frank Andrews of Kennebunk is visiting her sister, Miss Emma Washburn.

Bethel.

Mr. A. Vandenkerckhoven has purchased a touring car.

An interesting W. C. T. U. meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Horace Andrews and the delegates to the State Convention gave reports.

Mr. Arthur Barker and family are to start for Washington State next Friday, where they will make a home.

Labeling is going on rapidly at the corn shop and corn is already being shipped.

Mr. Davis of Mechanic Falls is with his daughter, Mrs. Hanscom.

The first lecture by Mr. Cross, illustrating Washington City, was very much enjoyed. The second will be given at the Academy next Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Addie Wentworth was in Bethel the past week.

Dr. Austin Tenney, the optician, has been in Bethel this week.

Mrs. Eva Mason Chapman of California has been the guest of relatives in Bethel the past week.

Mrs. J. U. Purington will be among those who will attend the Music Festival Oct. 9-12.

Mrs. Lauretta Valentine will attend the meetings in Boston next week as a delegate from the Bethel Congregational church. Rev. William Curtis will also attend.

Mr. Edward Garland will preach at the Congregational church Oct. 16, in the absence of the pastor.

Rev. C. L. Banghart attended the wedding of Miss Millie Oliver and Mr. Harold Powers Oct. 4.

The ladies of the Methodist society will hold their fair and sale with their annual harvest supper Thursday, Oct. 13, afternoon and evening.

Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Wight and little daughter have returned from a trip to Montreal and Niagara Falls.

Station agent Purrington is taking a vacation, the trip extending to Niagara Falls and a visit with relatives in Maine.

Mrs. O. M. Mason of Bethel and Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney of East Brownfield were chosen delegates at the State Convention to attend the National Convention to be held in Baltimore.

West Bethel.

"Do you not dread the time, so near,
When leaves must fall from each massive tree;
When all the earth seems sad and drear,
And cold winds whistle with ghoulish glee?
Do you not dread the shortening days,
Crowded so full with murky gloom,
The fitful shadow that often plays
Around your chair like a sign of doom?"
I asked all this of the editor, free,
And he answered exceedingly wrathy,
"Blow it!
Not one of these things do I dread," said he,
But I really do dread the autumn poet."

Delightful October weather.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dennison visited in Freeport and Augusta last week.

A valuable horse owned by Hazen B. Lowell died of lockjaw last week.

Thomas Vashaw and wife have gone to Grafton to spend the coming winter in a lumberman's camp.

Mrs. John Wight of South Paris visited her father, E. R. Briggs, and her brother Edgar the first of last week.

Bert Akers and family have moved from the village to the cottage on the farm of Mrs. L. E. Bean.

The village hotel, bought last spring by G. D. Morrill, is now a tenement house, occupied by three families.

Mrs. Harry Pitts of Bridgewater, Mass., recently visited her uncle and aunt, J. E. Pike and Mrs. L. E. Allen.

Geo. A. Grover and Edward S. Smith have returned from their visiting tour in Minnesota and other western states.

G. D. Morrill has been buying more cows, now owning not far from thirty, and is sending milk daily to Berlin, N. H.

Mrs. Lydia A. Morrill of Yarmouth is with her brother, Eben H. Scribner, and will be housekeeper for the winter.

Mrs. Eugene Lary visited her home in this village last week, but has gone back to Wildwood, N. H., where her husband is engaged in business.

Bryant's Pond.

The measles have had an extra good run in our village, amounting in all to some over thirty cases, mostly school children.

A. R. Allen has sold the Littlefield farm to Edwin Andrews.

The Baptist society will soon erect a stable on the parsonage lot.

John A. Krohn, the man with the wheelbarrow, known as "Colonial Jack," arrived in our village Thursday evening. Mr. Krohn gives a very interesting account of his recent 9000-mile trip through the border states.

George W. Davis is building a new barn on his South Woodstock farm.

Clifton Curtis of Portland captured the first deer in our town this season.

A new athletic association has been formed here. Probably two basket ball teams will be maintained here through the winter.

H. Alton Bacon has the contract to build a three hundred foot lumber shed for the Tebbets Spool Co. at Locke's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dolloff of Concord, N. H., were guests this week at the home of Mrs. Loanza Mountfort. Mr. Dollof was a clerk here in the Lyman Bolster store nearly forty years ago.

Charles B Brooks has sold his place at Bristol and moved here with his family, occupying a part of the residence of his daughter, Mrs. John Howe.

North Waterford.

Solon McAllister has been laying a new platform in front of Will Ray's barber shop.

Mrs. Eugene Lovejoy and two children from Rumford are guests of her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McAllister and four children, who have been visiting relatives in Rumford for two weeks, have returned home.

Mr. McKenney and son are putting in the wall and iron fence around the door yard at Parris Paige's.

The members over fifty years of age will furnish the entertainment at Waterford Grange, No. 479.

Mrs. Lizzie Jewett, who has been on the sick list, is greatly improved.

Winfred Knight has been quite sick with jaundice. He is out again.

Peru.

Rockemeka Grange hired the house belonging to A. M. Carter and furnished meals during the Canton fair, clearing $77.22.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cox have returned to Connecticut.

Mrs. Matilda Wyman from North Abington, Mass., has been spending her vacation among her friends in town.

S. A. Getchell from Dallas was here last Thursday and Friday.

Miss Helen Packard, who has been working for I. C. Kidder, has finished work, and Mrs. Wm. Pratt has taken her place.

Mrs. W. H. Bent, who has been in ill health, is improving.

Mrs. Mell Frost is improving slowly.

Mrs. H. Turner, who has been in poor health, is improving slowly.

E. A. Markham, the official tester of the Oxford County Association, is in Peru and Dixfield the last of every month. H. A. Stevens, the former tester, is at the U. of M.

Born the 29th of September, to the wife of C. H. Robinson, a daughter, Audrey Lucille.

The farmers are all busy cutting corn into their silos and preparing for winter.

Mrs. D. Babb visited at Mrs. E. M. Howard's at Worthley Pond one day last week.

There was a very heavy frost here last night.

Hebron.

The Ladies' Circle held their usual meeting Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Chas. Dwyer is visiting her mother in Gardiner.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Melcher went to Augusta Tuesday, Mr. Melcher to attend the postmasters' convention and Mrs. Melcher the Baptist convention. Rev. Mr. Bock and Principal W. E. Sargent attended the convention and Mr. Sargent made an address.

Miss Etta S. Sturtevant of Woodfords is in town.

Mrs. Cornelia Moody starts for California this week where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Ira M. Bearce and her two children, and Miss Isabelle Benson went to Fitchburg, Mass., Tuesday where Mr. Bearce is teaching in the high school.

Mrs. Simonton is expected this week and they will have rooms in the Whitney house as last year.

The football game here Saturday between Hebrons and Portland High School scored 10-0 in favor of Hebrons.

Buckfield.

Miss Mildred Shaw went to Boston Monday where she will continue her musical studies for the winter.

Miss A. H. Prince went to Boston Monday where she will spend the greater part of the winter with friends.

Rev. F. M. Lamb went to New Glasgow, N. S., Friday to assist in an evangelistic campaign of four weeks duration. During his absence there will be no preaching service, but Sunday School will meet at 11 o'clock A. M., and the regular Sunday and Thursday evening meetings will be held.

There was a small fire in the house of Jerry Crowe on River Street Sunday which started on the roof from a spark from the chimney, but was fortunately discovered and extinguished before much damage was done.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Ricker and daughter went to Sabattus Sunday to visit Mr. Ricker's mother, and also visited relatives in Farmington, returning home Friday.

C. W. Shaw took possession of the Childs store and meat market Oct. 1.

The heavy wind of Saturday night and Sunday blew down two maple trees in the village beside doing considerable damage to fruit trees and apples.

J. A. Rawson has exchanged his Maxwell runabout for a higher power car that will carry four people.

Mrs. Abel Irish is in town for a short stay.

The Nezinscot History Club met with Mrs. E. B. Austin Tuesday afternoon. Refreshments of cake and ice cream were served and a pleasant time reported.

Miss Lizzie Allen, who has spent the summer in Portland with relatives, returned home this week.

Mrs. W. C. Allen went to Portland Wednesday morning for a visit with her people.

Mrs. B. E. Gerrish, Mrs. F. L. Warren and Mrs. R. H. Morrill were in Lewiston Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Heath of West Sumner are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Eva Lunt.

G. W. Tilton and J. W. Cobb have been drawn as jurors to serve at the October term of court at Paris.

Mrs. Anna Pike Buck, formerly matron of Sturtevant Home at Hebron, has accepted a similar position at the Little Blue School at Farmington, Me.

Mrs. Sarah B. Harlow has returned from Boston and will hold her opening display of fall and winter millinery Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15, 16 and 17. Mrs. Harlow has amply demonstrated her tastefulness and ability in this line of work.

The mission circle of the Baptist church met with Mrs. A. F. Warren Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Benjamin Spaulding, Sr., returned from a four weeks' visit in Caribou, Me., Saturday night accompanied by his brother, W. C. Spaulding.

Mr. C. N. Taylor of Wellesley, Mass., was in town Friday and Saturday.

Hon. John E. Warren and wife and a lady friend of Westbrook made an auto trip from their city to Buckfield Thursday. Leaving home at nine o'clock in the morning they reached South Paris in time for dinner, after which they rode to Buckfield, calling at the Methodist parsonage for an hour, and at three o'clock started on their return trip. Mr. Warren is the agent of the S. D. Warren Co. Paper Mills in Westbrook.

Rev. A. W. Pottle was in Waterville and Skowhegan on Tuesday and Wednesday. Saturday and Sunday he was in Portland attending the S. S. Convention.

Miss Alice Lucas of East Buckfield has been spending the past week with Mrs. Pottle. She is ten years old and is a smart promising girl.

Harlow Gerrish is making good as teacher of his first school at East Buckfield. He graduated from Buckfield High School last June.

There were no services at the Methodist church Sunday on account of the absence of the pastor in Portland.

Greenwood.

To show how we have been favored here in regard to frost, it might be mentioned that up to the middle of the week some of the pumpkin leaves were still green, nor were the fields white until Saturday morning.

As before stated, Mr. Yates' barn was burned by lightning on the first day of the month, and the next day lumber was being hauled there for another building to answer until spring, when he will build a good sized barn. But how the wind did blow that day! One man says it blew 50 barrels of apples off his trees, and he offers them to any one who will pick them up. The air was full of forest leaves and those left on the trees are very much faded—like old people.

A better corn crop was never harvested about here, while potatoes are rotting badly in many places, one half or more [illegible] on the ground.

Our recent company consisted of Mrs. Charles A. Dunham and her two little boys, together with Mrs. Will Swan and her little boy and girl, all of South Bethel. More recently Mrs. Dannie Bryant, accompanied by Lydia, widow of the late Abner D. Bryant, and her sister, both of Freeport.

A few days since Daniel Bryant called here to get some apple barrels, and stated that while some years he had picked 125 barrels of apples from his orchard, he might get 25 this year. And others report it about the same way, with now and then an exception. Mr. Bryant had just been to Portland to get something, as he said, to hold him together a while longer. He has been troubled with a rupture almost from his boyhood, and it is now getting worse in his old age.

Thanks to those who have sent us post cards of late, Mrs. Prof. H. E. Smith among the rest.

Having heard that Dr. Austin J. Hayes was sick at his home, we took a walk down there the first of the week to learn his condition, and heard he was more comfortable with a fair prospect of recovery. Soon after typhoid pneumonia set in and he passed away on Wednesday morning, funeral Friday forenoon conducted by Alfred Andrews, South Woodstock; divine services by Rev. D. R. Ford, assisted by Rev. Seth Benson, both of West Paris, where the remains were buried.

Mr. Hayes was twice married, his first wife dying several years ago, leaving a little boy who has always lived with his grandparents at West Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Israel Emmons. His second wife was the widow of John Roberts, who died leaving her with two sons and a daughter, now the widow of Pearl Whitman, who died only a few weeks ago. Mr. Hayes also leaves a mother, father-in-law, and a half sister, Bertha Emmons.

Wilson's Mills.

Mrs. C. T. Fox is very sick.

Miss Leach was in Lewiston the past week.

Mrs. Leon Bennett is visiting her parents in Pontook.

Rev. McKay has returned to Bangor to school.

A. O. Wilson is working at Leslie Hart's.

Mrs. Dory from Grafton is boarding at Azel Wilson's.

Mrs. Archie Travers of Providence, R. I., is working at N. R. Leach's.

P. C. Ripley and family have moved into a cottage at Aziscoos Dam.

Fred Bennett has a new auto.

School has closed for a two weeks' vacation.

Fred Shaw has returned from a visit to his brother Henry in Fort Fairfield.

W. H. Hart has a new auto.

Leslie Corbett is the new stage driver.

Monty Fox has finished driving the carry team.

Bessie Cameron has finished work at W. H. Hart's.

Mrs. C. L. Derry of Errol, N. H., is in town with millinery.

Mrs. Lillian Annis and three children of Millsfield have been visiting her parents at the dam.

Miss May Fox is at home.

E. S. Bennett has sold a drove of cattle to Walter Philbrook.

W. B. Garfield of Waltham, Mass., is spending his usual two weeks' vacation at his camp on Pickerel Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewey, who have been running the Parmacheenee camp, have closed the camp and gone away.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Philbrook of Milan, N. H., were in town the past week.

The Twitchell Bros. have closed their store house at the dam.

Exceptions Overruled in Fogg Case.

RESPONDENT MUST TAKE PENALTY FOR EAST SUMNER LIQUOR NUISANCE.

A decision overruling the exceptions of the defendant was last week handed down by the law court in the case of State vs. Maurice R. Fogg. This case was tried at the October term of court in 1909, and was the leading case of the year in the interest felt in it.

Maurice R. Fogg of East Sumner was indicted for maintaining a liquor nuisance at East Sumner, in the boarding house of the corn shop at that place, the events from which the indictment grew occurring mainly on the 5th and 6th of July, 1909. Mr. Fogg is superintendent of the corn shop, has served as one of the selectmen of Sumner for several years, and in 1909 was chairman of the board.

On the trial a verdict of guilty was returned, and Chief Justice Emery imposed a sentence of $400 fine and four months in jail. The case was taken to the law court, which overrules the exceptions, and the sentence will have to be carried out.

The rescript was drawn by Judge Peabody, and is in substance as follows:

The case presents only the questions whether the place described in the indictment was a place of resort where intoxicating liquors were unlawfully kept, sold, given away, drunk and dispensed on the third day of July, 1909, and whether the respondent then and there kept and maintained the place.

The respondent admits that on that night intoxicating liquors were there drunk or given away, and so the exceptions are in their application confined to the relevancy of evidence as proof of the character of the place, and of the connection of the respondent with it at that time.

The first exception claims that it was error to receive the testimony of witnesses as to what was found in the boarding house and corn shop indicating the presence of intoxicating liquors, the sounds of disturbance on the night of the fourth of July, and the acts of an intoxicated man, who was neither a boarder nor a visitor in the boarding house, as it had not been made to appear that the respondent was in control of the place; but as circumstances consistent with the charge against the respondent relied upon by the state to connect him both with the control of the place and with the acts done and conditions found there on the day in question, we think the evidence was admissible.

By the same rule of evidence the testimony of the expressman, the subject of the second exception, is admissible, as to shipments to the respondent of numerous packages from Dayton, Ohio.

As to the fourth exception the court could decline to give the requested instructions "except so far as given in the charge to the jury," if the substance of those which were correct legal propositions was covered by the charge.

The first was given in substance properly omitting the adverbs "commonly" and "habitually" as mere tautology. According to Webster's Dictionary the natural meaning of the word "resort" is "a place of frequent assembly."

The second, requesting a specific negative and affirmative definition of a common nuisance, was substantially given by the justice.

The remaining requested instructions were properly refused, the fourth because it could not be given without material modification, and the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and tenth because they are not strictly accurate statements of the law of the case.

About the State.

Joseph F. McCole, Jr., aged 5, was killed by a Maine Central passenger train near where he was playing with companions, in Bath Saturday. He was the son of Joseph F. McCole, U. S. N., retired.

The discharge of a gun which he had just picked up while gunning sent a charge of shot through the heart and both lungs of Clarence Leach, aged 16, of South Union, Saturday, and he was almost instantly killed.

The vote for congressman in the First Maine District, as shown by the official returns, is: Asher C. Hinds, Rep., 17,500; William M. Pennell, Dem., 16,916; Percy F. Morse, Soc., 326; James Perrigo, Pro., 428; giving Hinds a plurality of 593.

Hambraham Iro, the Albanian, charged with manslaughter in causing the death of Ernestine Townsend, 11 year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Townsend of Beach Street, Saco, May 17, while firing at a target, was sentenced to one year in the county jail.

An unusual charge for Maine is that against William R. Peters of Seeboomook, who has been arrested by United States officers for running an illicit distillery. He denies the charge, and professes ignorance of distilling methods. For some months past, however, the federal authorities have been aware that some one in the vicinity of Seeboomook has been manufacturing whiskey from oats, raisins, prunes and coarse sugar and investigations led to the arrest of Peters. He was arrested at his camp, which is 21 miles north of Seeboomook, in the great Maine woods, and the officers had to travel many miles through the woods on foot.

A woman well known in Maine was Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, who died on Tuesday of last week at her home in Medford, Mass., at the age of 62 years. She was a native of Maine, and had always lived in the state until within about two years. She married C. C. Hunt, and their home was in Augusta for many years. Later they moved to Auburn, and about two years since to Massachusetts. Mrs. Hunt was prominent in the work of the Baptist societies, the W. C. T. U., and women's club work in Maine. She had done

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing September 25, 1910,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:36 A. M., daily; 9:50 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:36 P. M., daily.
Going up (west)—9:30 A. M., daily; 3:35 P. M., daily except Sunday; 3:47 P. M., daily.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

Universalist Church, Rev Chester Gore Miller, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. C. U. at 7 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

D. of R.—Mount Pleasan Rebekah Lodge, No. 20, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

G. A. R.—W. R. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets first and third Saturday evening of each month, in G. A. R. Hall

W. R. K. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in Grand Army Hall.

K. of L.—Joshua L. Chamberlain Camp meets on the first Tuesday night after the full of the moon.

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

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

N. E. O. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.

U. of P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every Friday evening at Pythian Hall.

Walter S. Abbott is employed as clerk in the store of F. N. Wright.

Mrs. E. N. Anderson is visited by her aunt, Mrs. Melinda Bean of Bethel.

Ralph B. Penfold and family of Mechanic Falls visited relatives here a few days last week.

Emulus Benson and son have gone to Mercer, where Mr. Benson is to be employed in lumbering.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Stanley of South Portland were guests at C. W. Bowker's a few days last week.

Miss Myrtle Buck was at Hebron last week, tending the telephone central in the absence of Mr. Melcher.

Malcolm C. Briggs has the foundation in for a house on his lot on the west side of High Street near the north end of the village.

Mrs. H. G. Fletcher, Harold C. Fletcher, Mrs. F. N. Wright, and Miss Clara Emerson of Norway attended Fryeburg fair Thursday, going by auto.

Donald S. Briggs, who has been employed as clerk at the Rangeley Lake House during the summer, returned here last week, the house having closed.

Miss Carrie R. Hall, clerk in the registry of deeds, has been somewhat ill for a few days, and Mrs. C. A. Marston has been assisting in the registry in her place.

The owners of lots in Riverside Cemetery are hereby reminded that the annual fee for care for 1910 is now due and payable to the treasurer, James S. Wright.

The Good Cheer supper last Tuesday night was a good one and well patronized. The next one will occur on the first Tuesday in November which will be the first day of that month.

Albert L. Clark has returned from Old Orchard, where he has been conducting a drug store during the summer, and is at his old place in the drug store of the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Almon Churchill, who recently sold his farm on Hill Street to W. D. Clark, has purchased the stand of W. N. Judkins on the same road, a house which Mr. Churchill formerly owned.

A. L. Tubbs has sold his house on Highland Avenue to L. L. Jackson. Mr. Tubbs has purchased of W. D. Clark the store building in which he is now doing business, with tenement above.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton C. Wheeler were at Lewiston a few days last week, and attended the wedding of Mrs. Wheeler's sister, Miss Mabel A. Hayes, and Rodney W. Brown of Reading, Mass. Their home will be in Reading.

Last week's hot wave, which held until Thursday night, was something almost without precedent in its intensity. In the middle of the day the thermometer registered in the eighties, and the nights were as oppressive as in midsummer.

A party which drove to the New Gloucester fair Tuesday was composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Haskell, Mr. and and Mrs. Walter L. Bonney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Newell, Mrs. J. D. Haynes, Mrs. N. G. Elder and Mrs. W. P. Maxim.

Charles Robinson, who fractured his hip some weeks ago, is now so he gets out on crutches. The fracture has healed well, and he has a good prospect of an entirely good limb when its strength is fully regained, but meanwhile he is exercising great care with it.

The Seneca Club had a very pleasant meeting with Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Taylor at Mrs. Barnes' last Monday evening. The programme was carried out, refreshments served and a season of music and sociability enjoyed. The club is anticipating a more enjoyable winter than ever, if possible.

The adult class of Benjamin Swett in the Methodist Sunday School has been "earning a dollar" for the new church, and on Thursday evening they met at Mr. Swett's for the "dollar social," when each one related the manner of earning the dollar. Some entertaining stories were told, and the evening was passed socially.

An amateur farmer in Belfast is getting more or less fame by reason of having performed a surgical operation to relieve a "crop-bound" pullet, cutting the crop open, unpacking it, and sewing it up again. If the aforesaid amateur farmer will consult the files of the Democrat, he will find there at least one account, and very likely more, of the same operation having been performed by local amateurs. In fact, it is an operation not uncommon, and by no means "unique."

One of the things in the Paris Grange exhibit at the county fair a little out of the usual line was a native pineapple. This was raised, not out doors, needless to say, but in the house of B. F. Richards, by his sister Mattie, and it took a number of years to get the plant in condition to produce. The fruit was about the size of a billiard ball, and nearly round. A few days ago it was cut, and the Democrat has had an opportunity of sampling the flavor. It is a decided pineapple, but is softer of flesh and sweeter than the pineapples of commerce which reach us, and of a very pleasant flavor.

"Colonial Jack," long distance walker, was in South Paris Friday, being on a training trip, and incidentally selling his book to pay expenses of this and other trips. Colonial Jack's name is John Albert Krohn, and his home is in Newburyport, Mass., where he has a wife and daughter. As he travels he pushes ahead of him a wheelbarrow containing literature and necessary articles. On June 1st, 1908, he started from Portland for a walk around the border of the United States, and in July, 1909, completed a trip of 9024 miles at the same city. His book relates the story of that walk. He is now preparing for a walk from Los Angeles, Calif., to New York, on which he will start about the first of February. He is a young man, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and evidently "hard as nails." Soon after Christmas he will take the train for California, and spend two or three weeks walking in the desert, because, as he says, "I want to burn the skin on my head and arms to a blister, and have it come off, before I start on the long walk."

Mrs. Isa Gertrude Whitman has gone to visit friends in Catskill, N. Y.

The farmers are being paid for their corn at the Burnham & Morrill factory.

Electric lights have been installed in the house of Hon. James S. Wright on Pleasant Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stone of South Portland have been guests of relatives here for a few days.

A sociable was given in New Hall Friday evening under the auspices of the high school class of 1911.

The scholars of the seventh grade took a hay rack ride Saturday afternoon, in charge of their teacher, Miss Penley.

Mrs. Nellie Roberts of Medford, Mass., has been visiting her cousins, B. F. Richards and sisters, for the past week.

Charles R. Dunham is taking his vacation and he and Mrs. Dunham have been visiting in Portland during the past week.

Mrs. M. V. Ruge, formerly of New York, has opened coat and dress making rooms in the Hersey house on Main Street.

There will be a meeting of the Western Maine Poultry Association Tuesday evening at W. C. Thayer's at 7:30 o'clock.

Quite a number of South Paris people were in Lewiston Thursday night to see William Hodge in "The Man from Home."

Robert Paterson is putting a furnace in his house on Pine Street. A new furnace is also being installed at the Baptist church.

Conductor H. E. Wilson, who has been off the Grand Trunk since the beginning of the strike in the summer, went back on the Norway train Monday morning.

A mixed school team from Paris defeated the freshman team of the Norway High School 5 to 0 in a game of football at the high school grounds Saturday forenoon.

Postmaster Davis is smiling broadly over a new granddaughter. A daughter was born to the wife of Percy P. Allen, formerly of this place, on the 6th, at Havre de Grace, Md.

Those who attended the Baptist state convention at Waterville last week were Rev. E. A. Davis, Geo. B. Crockett, Mrs. L. S. Hammond, Mrs. L. C. Morton and Miss Annie Edwards.

Wirt Stanley has found two blue violets in blossom in different places within a few days. This seems to be rather an unusal fall for out-of-season flowers and fruits. Violets in the fall are very rare.

The ladies of the Congregational Circle will serve their annual harvest supper in the vestry of the church Thursday, October 13th. An entertainment will follow the supper. All are cordially invited. Supper served at 6:45.

Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Ramsdell and son Donald of Caribou are visiting relatives in town, and Mr. Ramsdell, who was formerly for a number of years pastor of the South Paris Baptist church, occupied the pulpit there on Sunday.

There was a banner attendance at the Rally Day exercises at the Baptist Sunday School on Sunday. The programme included addresses by Superintendent E. N. Swett of the Norway Congregational Sunday School and Rev. T. J. Ramsdell of Caribou.

The Oxford Congregational Conference will meet with the South Paris church on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25 and 26. The Tuesday evening services will be devoted to the ordination of Mr. Paul Rochinni. Among the speakers will be Rev. W. W. Pirazzini, D. D., of New York city, who will speak on Italian Work in the United States.

Estimates of the amount of apples blown off in the gale of Saturday, the 1st inst., by different growers, vary from one-third to one-half the crop. The loss by this blow is one of the largest misfortunes that the farmers have had this season, and those who began apple picking early and had harvested part of their crop were in luck.

The Grand Trunk's annual Boston excursion, which was run on Monday, was well patronized, even though it was not advertised here until Saturday evening. Among those who have gone on the excursion are Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Paterson and daughter Winifred, E. N. Haskell, Louis Clark, Miss Olive C. Swett, and others.

Among those who are attending the Maine Music Festival in Portland this week are Mrs. George I. Burnham, Mrs. Cora S. Briggs, Mrs. James S. Wright, Mrs. W. P. Morton, Mrs. Walter L. Gray, Miss Hattie M. Leach, Miss Grace Thayer. There are also from Norway Misses Bernice Nash, Alna Shepard, Ruth Cummings, Marjorie Barker, Lillian Powers and Lida Hutchins. Others will go for one or more of the concerts.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Oct. 10, 1910:

Harry Clancy.
Blin Booker.
Miss Babe Currier, (2 cards.)
Joe Cavanaugh, (card.)
Arthur Darling, (card.)
Mrs. A. A. Farrar.
Mrs. Jennie Hegus.
Roy Holland, (card.)
Mrs. Cora Gifford, (card.)
Jack M. Goff, (card.)
Elliott Kimball.
Fred A. Marston, (card.)
Elsie Morey.
Samuel Mahoney, (card.)
Mrs. Hattie Prescott.
Mrs. Anna Seger, (card.)
C. L. Austin.
Henie Pence.
J. L. Leavy.
J. P. Morton, (card.)
A. S. Scott, (card.)
Mrs. Ester Hardson.
Mrs. E. E. Johnson, (card.)
Miss Elton, (card.)
Al Young, (card.)
E. F. Jackson, (card.)

S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

Eight Horses Killed by Lightning.

During the shower on Saturday, Oct. 1st, eight horses were killed by lightning in a pasture in that part of Waterford known as Blackguard. At least that is the reasonable explanation of their death, though their bodies were not found until Wednesday. They were evidently standing in a close bunch, as six of the bodies were lying in one heap, the other two being at a distance of a few feet. So far as examined, no marks were visible except on one, which had a scratch such as might have been made with a pointed stick. Decomposition had progressed to such a degree when the horses were found that it was difficult to bury them, and they were so far as possible removed by burning. All were young horses, and some of them of considerable value. They belonged to several owners.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

Oxford Pomona Grange will hold its November meeting with Crooked River Grange at Bolster's Mills on the first Tuesday.

PROGRAMME:

Opening Ceremony.
Routine Work.
Business.
Music.
Reading, ... Crooked River Grange.
Paper, ... Oxford.
Music.
Question:—Are the present methods of road repairing satisfactory? To be opened by Bros. George Cummings and George Greene.
Music in charge of Crooked River Grange.

Fined for Labor Day Swindle.

The cases of four men, indicted for the Labor Day swindle at Canton in 1909, were disposed of in the United States Court at Portland Tuesday. It will be remembered that a big celebration was advertised, and that the promoters took the gate receipts and disappeared in an automobile. Some months afterward the four men were arrested in Lewiston. John J. Crowley of Lewiston was fined $500 and John Fahey $300. William J. Mahaney and Henry McDermott were allowed to go on their own recognizance.

We the undersigned wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the neighbors and friends, particularly the teachers and pupils in the several districts, who by the beautiful floral offerings, showed their love and respect for the dear one who has passed from our midst, also to the ministers who spoke such comforting words.

MRS. A. J. HAYES AND FAMILY.
KARL W. HAYES.
MRS. I. F. EMMONS.
BERTHA A. EMMONS.

Court Opens This Week.

Tuesday morning the October term of court opens at the court house at South Paris. Hon. Leslie C Cornish of Augusta will preside. It is expected that the term will close next week.

Besides a number who are out on bail, fifteen respondents are now confined in the jail awaiting this term of court. These respondents and the charges against them are:

Giuseppe Pietrantonio, murder.
Carmell Finn, murder.
Grace Delano and Gertrude Perham of Rumford Corner, Keeping house of ill-fame.
Herman Littlehale of Wentworth's Location, N. H. Breaking and entering at Magalloway.
Steven Petranskas. Larceny at Canton.
John Lord of Rumford. Larceny.
Alfred Gauthler of Rumford. Larceny.
Napoleon Caservant of Rumford. Larceny.
Laurin Patkas of Rumford. Adultery.
Earle Witham of Portland. Breaking and entering and larceny.
Richard Greene of Everett, Mass., and Charles West of Boston. Breaking and entering and larceny at Fryeburg.
Thomas Lanigan of Oxford. Assault with intent to kill.
Arthur Tucker of Paris. Breaking and entering and larceny.
Three Italians who are essential witnesses in the Magalloway murder case are also confined in jail, as they were placed under bonds to secure their attendance, and were unable to secure bondsmen.

A new grand jury will be empaneled at this term. The full list of jurors is as follows:

GRAND JURORS.

C. R. Abbott, Rumford.
Otis Andrews, Lovell.
Winthrop M. Andrews, Dixfield.
Fred L. Berry, Paris.
Freeman Chamberlain, Brownfield.
Elbridge G. Child, Peru.
J. W. Cobb, Buckfield.
George P. Fox, Porter.
Burt W. Goodwin, Mexico.
Harry E. Jordan, Bethel.
Irving L. Merrifield, Hiram.
Frank Millett, Norway.
A. G. Morse, Waterford.
A. A. Newell, Gilead.
W. A. Paul, Canton.
Albert H. Ruse, Woodstock.
Marcus M. Smart, Fryeburg.
A. D. Thayer, Oxford.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Will P. Andrews, Woodstock.
S. G. Bean, Albany.
Carl C. Blake, Brownfield.
Ellis F. Blake, Denmark.
E. A. Bradford, Hebron.
J. Herbert Carter, Bethel.
Ernest F. Clason, Paris.
E. C. Ruzzell, Fryeburg.
Charles W. Day, Stow.
E. K. Day, Rumford.
Oscar R. Delano, Peru.
J. Willis Dunham, Dixfield.
E. C. Farnum, Rumford.
A. L. Farrar, Grafton, (Excused.)
Perley C. French, Oxford.
Elbridge Gammon, Norway.
Alfred B. Hebbard, Norway.
George A. Holmes, Hartford.
William F. Kendall, Bethel.
Oscar L. Newell, Sumner.
Enfield S. Plummer, Sweden.
S. P. Rand, Andover.
Abbott A. Russell, Canton.
Marshall Spring, Hiram.
Gilbert W. Tilton, Buckfield.
Charles A. Wakefield, Porter.
William Walker, Mexico.
W. W. Watson, Waterford.
Leslie C. Whitman, Greenwood.
Charles A. Young, Paris.

It is a peculiar coincidence that in this list of jurors are two of Oxford County's seven representatives-elect to the legislature, A. G. Morse of Waterford and E. C. Buzzell of Fryeburg.

No Water Extension at Present.

The special meeting of South Paris Village Corporation Thursday evening was in session not much more than twenty minutes, and the attendance was small. There was only one article of business, to see if the corporation would lay a water pipe or water main to the house of J. A. Noyes on the Stony Brook road, and authorize the treasurer to borrow money to pay for it. Arthur E. Forbes was chosen moderator.

When the business was introduced, Walter L. Gray of the water commission gave some figures. In view of the matter coming up for action, some measurements had been made. There is no main nearer the house of Mr. Noyes than the foundry, and the distance from there to Mr. Noyes' house is 1581 feet. To lay a six-inch pipe would cost, exclusive of rock work, approximately $1185.75. A two-inch pipe could be laid, to connect with the two inch pipe near J. A. Kenney's, for about $300 not including rock work.

J. A. Noyes stated that he had no water. His well was dry and he was lugging water. There were three families on that road that wanted water. They paid the corporation tax and got no benefits. They felt that they were entitled to a fair show.

There was discussion of the financial question involved, and Mr. Gray stated in answer to inquiries that he was frank to say he thought the debt limit had been reached.

More or less discussion followed, some of which got rather personal and a little tinged with acrimony. The general sentiment seemed to be that the water system should be extended where needed as fast as possible, but that the means for it is not just now in sight. With this in view, a motion to pass over the article was made and carried. Mr. Noyes announced that he and his neighbors who are refused the water would ask to be set off from the corporation.

The Fryeburg Fair.

One of the most successful fairs in its history was that of the West Oxford Agricultural Society at Fryeburg last week. The territory of this society includes not only the western section of Oxford County but several towns adjoining in New Hampshire. There is always a good show of stock, and it was particularly large this year. Four granges made exhibits, and Fryeburg Grange won the first award.

Tuesday was children's day, when there were special exercises for the children. Chandler's Band of Portland furnished music.

Thursday was grange day, with addresses by State Master Stetson and others.

The only complaint to be made of the weather was that it was too hot.

There was some good racing, the summaries of the races being as follows:

2:18 CLASS—PURSE $175.

Smithfield Girl, br. m.,	1	1	1
Stanley C.,	2	2	2
American Blossom,	3	4	3
Annie Sidney, ch. m.,	4	3	4
Princeton E., b. g.,	5	5	5
Cremona, b. g.,	6	6	6
Anti-Friction, ch. g.,	7	7	7
Catherine F., b. m.,	dis		

Time, 2:18 1-4, 2:20, 2:22 1-2.

2:35 CLASS—PURSE $150.

Col. Direct,	1	1	1
Bryant, b. g.,	3	2	3
Alsalone, b. s.,	2	3	4
Ethel S., ch. m.,	5	4	2
Bell Cander, b. m.,	4	4	5
Irey W., ch. g.,	6	6	6

Time, 2:25 1-4, 2:25 1-2, 2:24 1-4.

2:22 CLASS—PURSE $150.

Harry Wilkes, b. g., (Rideout),	1	1	1
Steel, b. g., (Morrill),	2	2	2
Bells Early, b. g., (Burrill),	4	3	3
Dandy Joe, b. g., (Howland),	3	4	4

Time, 2:23 1-2, 2:23, 2:22 1-2.

2:30 CLASS—PURSE $150.

Attorney at Law, b. g., (Howland),	1	1	1
Colonel Direct, blk g., (Morrill),	2	2	2
Directo, b. g., (Rideout),	3	3	3
Irey W., ch. g., (Bearce),	4	4	dr

Time, 2:25 1-2, 2:24, 2:25 1-2.

Free-for-all, Purse $250.

Queen Inez, b m, (Burrill),	1	2	1
Louise G., b m, (Rideout),	2	1	2
Stanley C., b g, (Bradbury),	4	3	3
Beveridge, b g, (Watson),	3	4	4
Leanna, bl m, (Smith),	5	5	5 dr

Time 2:15 3-4, 2:16, 2:16 3-4, 2:19 1-4.

2:26 Class, Purse $150.

Upper Dyke, b g, (Watson),	1	1	1
Maid of Pines, b m, (Jackson),	2	3	4
Bryant, b g, (Fogg),	3	4	2
Attorney-at-Law, b g, (Howland)),	4	2	3

Time, 2:25 1-4; 2:27 1-2; 2:25 1-4.

Oxford Association of Universalists.

Oxford Association is to hold its annual meeting with the Universalist society at Mechanic Falls October 26 and 27. The General Theme is "Fishers of Men." There are to be four addresses treating several phases of practical Christian work. Other features of the program are devotional and praise services, conferences and discussions of practical religious work. Entertainment on Harvard plan. Special R. R. rates.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to all our friends who so kindly assisted us in our recent bereavement by words of sympathy and beautiful floral tributes.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK S. BRIGGS.

Sabattus wants to be annexed to Lewiston.

Mr. Cummings' Version of the Iliad.

Reference has already been made in the columns of the Democrat to a translation of the Iliad of Homer in English hexameter, by Hon. Prentiss Cummings of Boston, who is a native of Oxford County, and now has a summer home at Paris Hill. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, and is in the most approved style of the printer's art.

As stated in his introduction to the book, it is hardly correct to say that Mr. Cummings has spent his leisure time for twenty years upon this work; still it is true that he has been at work upon it as opportunity offered for twenty years, and that he did it largely from love of the work. The date of issue of the book was the seventieth anniversary of Mr. Cummings' birth.

Mr. Cummings should be entitled by heredity to a good degree of literary ability, as there are unusual literary gifts in the Prentiss and Mellen families which are of his ancestry. His mother, Mary H. (Prentiss) Cummings, was well known to a former generation by her pen name of Olthona, under which she was a life-long contributor to the Oxford Democrat, the Portland Transcript, and Zion's Advocate, both in acceptable prose and verse.

Mr. Cummings was born in Sumner in 1840, graduated at Harvard, and for several years was tutor in Latin in charge of the sophomore class at Harvard. He has since been a successful lawyer and man of affairs in Boston.

In his translation he has at least accomplished two things of considerable difficulty—he has made it in the meter of the original, and he has made it readable. Many of the previous translations have failed in these respects. The Iliad is full of human interest, and owing to the full introduction in this publication, it can be read understandingly and with pleasure by people who have had no classical learning whatever.

For generations it has been desired to render the Iliad in Homer's own meter, but this has often been declared impossible in English. Nevertheless it has been accomplished by a Maine man, in a form that is not only readable, but in the poetical parts poetical, and equally good whether the passages are pathetic, or descriptive of nature or of battles, or in the speeches of which Homer is full.

About half the Iliad is rendered in the translation, and all the main story and nearly all the celebrated passages are included. The abridgment was not merely to save work. The omitted parts are of inferior literary merit, have little relation to the movement of the story, and delay the action. Mr. Cummings is one of those who hold the opinion that the Iliad is the work of a number of authors, and many of the parts which he omits he regards as interpolations or later additions.

Already a number of highly complimentary reviews of the book, by high literary authorities, have testified to its merits.

A few selections from the work will illustrate its very readable style.

That the innate character of wasps and boys has not changed since the days of Homer is apparent in this:

"Like unto wasps which nest by a roadside, and mischievous children
Always are stirring them up, and roguish boys are tormenting,
Till, in the end, they make them a common nuisance to all men;
So, when a wayfaring man passeth by with no thought to molest them,
Every infuriate wasp swarmeth out, full of fight for its children;
Such were the Myrmidons then, and with similar spirit and vigor,
Came pouring out of the Danaan camp with unquenchable shoutings."

Nor has the mood of the heifer with her first-born been materially modified, as is illustrated when Menelaus

"Strode to the front, and the corse bestrode, as calf by a heifer,
Lowing over her first-born and new to the cares of a mother.
So, in his auburn hair, Menelaus stood over Patroklos;
Spear in hand he stood, and his shield held over the body,
Ready to slay on the spot whosoever should sally against it."

The fly, also, through the years has maintained its habit of persistence, from the days when Athena strengthened Menelaus,

"—and put in his heart a fly's invincible daring,
Which, though driven again and again from the flesh of its victim,
Still returneth and biteth, and blood of man is its dainty."

Who would suppose this was written a thousand years before Christ?

"Why these tears, Patroklos, as sobbeth a little girl baby
Running her mother beside as she beggeth up to be taken,
Fastens herself on the gown of the mother, and hinders her going,
Weeping, wild-eyed and wistful till, lo, her mother uplifts her,—
Like to that baby, Patroklos, thou pourest thy piteous tears."

Here is a passage which gives a little glimpse of such Christianity as there was in the Greek paganism:

"Up, then, Achilles, and chasten thy turbulent soul; it befits thee
Not, thy pitiless heart; the very gods are prevailed on—
They whose majesty, glory and might are greater than ours—
Even they, by passion of prayer and sacrifice offered
After transgression and sin, are moved—the divine by the human.
Prayers of contrition are daughters, remember, of mighty Kronion;
Lame, and with agonized faces, and eyes distorted and downcast,
Eyes they go in pursuit of Temptation, and halt in their going;
She, however, Temptation, is strong and nimble, and therefore
Far outrunneth them all, and getteth a start that is world-wide,
Leading mankind astray, which the Prayers try to remedy later.
Whoso respecteth these daughters of Zeus when they come to entreat him,
Him they benefit much, and to his entreaties they hearken;
Whoso aboweth them despite when they come, and denieth them roughly,
Straight to their Father Kronion they go, and urge that Temptation
Follow that man, and beguile him to sin and its sure retribution."

And here is the doctrine of *noblesse oblige*, in the words of Sarpedon:

"Glaukos, why in our land hold we the chiefest of honors,
Seats of honor, and meats, and wines in generous wine-cups?
Wherefore to us granted noble demesnes on the banks of the Xanthos,
Beautiful orchards and vineyards, and many a wheat-bearing acre?
Now in return it behooves us to stand in the forefront of danger,
Even the Lyklan van, and the fight face where it is hottest,
So that our followers bold, beholding, may say, and with meaning:—
"Not inglorious, surely, are these our Lyklan masters:
True, they are kings, and eat fat sheep, and their wines are the choicest—
Yes, but they fight in the front, and their valor is great as their station."
Comrade, I tell thee true, if, this one battle escaping,
Death did not face us still, and age and decrepitude face us,
Neither would I myself go forth to fight with the foremost,
No, nor urge thee on to man-ennobling battle.
But, as it is, (for the minions of death are lurking all round us,
Myriad, such that no mortal can shun, much less can escape them,)
On to the front, be it victory won, or a warrior's death-bed!" "

Sudden Death of Stephen C. Heald.

Stephen C. Heald of East Sumner, a prominent citizen of the town, was found dead Friday afternoon in his field beside his cart, with which he had gone out to gather some pumpkins. He had left the buildings only a short time before. Death was due to a heart trouble with which he had been affected for some time.

Mr. Heald was one of the best known citizens of Sumner, and had served as one of its selectmen. He was deacon in the Congregational church, a member of the Grange, a soldier of the civil war, and a member of W. A. Barrows Post, G. A. R. For most of his life he was engaged in farming, though for a time he conducted a grist mill. He was 75 years of age.

Mr. Heald leaves a widow, who was before marriage Miss Ella Robinson He also leaves three sons by a former wife, Samuel S. and James H. Heald of East Sumner and Ernest H. Stetson of Springfield, Mass., the latter having been adopted in a Stetson family after the death of Mr. Heald's first wife. There is also a daughter of the second wife, Mrs. Ernest L. Russell of East Sumner.

IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST.

No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Salt Rheum. For Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands, or Sprains, it's supreme. Infallible for Piles. Only 25c. at the pharmacy of the C. H. Howard Co.

NORWAY.

Warm weather last week.

Republican sheriff for Oxford County.

The October term of the Norway Municipal Court was held at Judge Jones' office on Tuesday.

Work is going forward rapidly on the I. O. O. F. block on Main Street.

Hon. A. J. Stearns and M. L. Kimball, Esq., are the attorneys for Bartlett and McIntire in the sheriff contest.

Harvest dinner and supper were given at Concert Hall Tuesday. An entertainment was given after the supper of a musical and literary description.

A small cottage house is being erected near Elbridge Walker's.

Porter C. Seavey has the store building erected by H. O. Holden on Water Street ready to move on to his Summer Street lot. Mr. Seavey will change the store building into a dwelling house for one family.

Saturday sales at the grocery stores have become a weekly feature of the business. Special and cut prices are then in order.

Vivian W. Hills attended a meeting of the Maine Association of Opticians at Waterville Wednesday evening.

The annual convocation of Oxford Chapter, No. 29, of Royal Arch Masons will be held at Masonic Hall Wednesday evening, Oct. 12, at 7:30 P. M. Election of officers and work in Royal Arch. Banquet.

Many apples are being shipped from the Norway station. The prices are reported as very satisfactory to the farmers.

John C. Shepard entertained his many friends at an old fashioned husking at his home, the Charles Freeman farm, Tuesday evening. About one hundred and twenty-five bushels were husked. After the work supper was served to the company at which each one was at home. The barn floor was cleared and Col. Dunham furnished music for the company to dance Portland fancy and a few other old timers.

Don J. Whitney of Colby was at home for Saturday and Sunday.

Willis F. Flint's son fell from the piazza Tuesday afternoon and broke his arm. The family occupy one of the Frost tenements.

At the meeting of Home and Foreign Missionary Societies at the M. E. parsonage the following officers were elected on Thursday. Home Missionary Society:

President—Mrs. B. C. Wentworth.
Secretary—Mrs. Flora Buswell.
Treasurer—Mrs. O. L. Stone.

Foreign Missionary Society:

President—Etta Noyes.
Secretary—Mrs. O. L. Stone.
Treasurer—Mrs. Lilia Cobb.

Rev. B. C. Wentworth of the M. E. church left for his vacation Monday. He was accompanied by Rev. J. M. Frost and Rev. W. F. Berry of Waterville and Rev. J. R. Clifford of Gardiner. They will camp in Moosehead region for three weeks. Rev. B. F. Fickett, a former pastor of the Norway church, will supply for the pastor during his absence.

Jackson Clark and wife are visiting relatives in Peru for a few days.

George P. Downing as usual attended the Fryeburg and North Waterford fairs. He takes his stock of ladies' boots and shoes along with him.

A party consisting of the following are at their camp in Upton for two weeks: I. W. Waite and wife, Ed Allen and wife, Horace Dinsmore and wife, George Richardson and wife.

The new electric light on Pearl Street is a big improvement on a dark night.

Arthur Hebbard has greatly improved his lawn by some artistic work by W. Bolton, landscape gardener.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th, the ladies of the Methodist society will give a harvest supper at Grange Hall. The supper will be followed by an entertainment. Programme:

Piano solo, ... Lafayette Dow.
Reading, ... Cecil Brown.
Ladies' Trio, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Towle, Mrs. Joslin.
Piano duet, ... Mildred Noyes, Marion Gibson.
Reading, ... Ella Clark.
Solo, ... Mrs. Robinson.

Sadie Howard was taken to the Sisters' Hospital at Lewiston where she was operated on for appendicitis last week.

George Stephenson, the boat builder, has gone to Roxbury Pond on a hunting trip.

George H. Bennett is building an extension to his paint shop on Whitman Street.

Mrs. Hattie Packard, for the summer with her daughter, Mrs. L. I. Gilbert, has gone to Roslindale, Mass., for the winter with her brother, C. D. Noyes.

Josephine Stearns of Bates is visiting her people in town for a few days.

A reception was given Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Bruce at the vestry of the Congregational church Wednesday evening. The vestry was very pretty in its decoration of evergreen and flowers. Ushers were Judge Jones and E. N. Swett. Rev. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. H. L Horne, M. and Mrs. F. H. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Bean received. About two hundred attended. A short musical and literary programme was carried out. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served by the young ladies of the Sabbath School.

Fair and supper at G. A. R. Hall Friday afternoon and evening, Oct. 14th. Fair opens at 2:30. Supper at 6:15. Benefit of the athletic association of Norway High School.

Born.

In Peru, Sept. 29, to the wife of C. H. Robinson, a daughter, Audrey Lucille.

In North Paris, Oct. 2, to the wife of A. B. Abbott, a daughter.

In Havre de Grace, Md., Oct. 6, to the wife of Percy P. Allen, formerly of South Paris, a daughter.

In Rumford, Sept. 30, to the wife of Harry Dunton, a son.

In Rumford, Sept. 25, to the wife of Harry P. Hall, a daughter.

In Canton, Sept. 30, to the wife of Ernest Dillingham, a son.

Married.

In South Paris, Oct. 1, by Rev. Chester Gore Miller, Mr. Alice B. Sturtevant of Hebron and Miss Ida Rosabelle Sturtevant of Paris.

In Fryeburg, Oct. 2, by Rev. Baman N. Stone, Mr Zack Wilson Chandler of North Fryeburg and Miss Lella Agnes Chandler of North Chatham, N. H.

In Naples, Oct. 1, by Llewellyn W. Welch, Esq., Mr. Edward J. Sharon and Miss Rubina E. Wiley, both of Norway.

In West Paris, Oct. 1, by Rev. C. Julin, Mr. Arvitti Roosenberg and Miss Liisa Kyllonen, both of Paris.

Died.

In East Sumner, Oct. 7, Stephen C. Heald, aged 75 years.

In Greenwood, Oct. 5, Austin J. Hayes, aged 46 years.

In Denmark, Oct. 1, Mrs. Miranda, wife of Dean Abbott.

In South Paris, Oct. 1, Arthur Leroy Walker, aged 19 days.

FOR SALE.

Four cosset sheep. Apply to
E. E. CHAPMAN,
41 South Paris.

Shur-on EYE GLASSES
GRACE THE FACE

No Other Eyeglasses Takes the Place.

Toric lenses are the best,
Leave all others at rest;
OPTOMETRIST PARMENTER will fit them right.
Come to him day or night.
He is sure you to suit
With the eyeglass that's a bute.

Come here, do it now. NORWAY, ME.

Dandruff Means Baldness.

Dandruff is caused by a grem—a vicious, persistent, tenacious grem—that up to the discovery of one of the world's greatest scientists, was supposed to be unkillable. That discovery is called Parisian Sage, and Chas. H. Howard Co., the druggists, guarantee it to kill dandruff germs, to remove all traces of dandruff, to stop falling hair or itching scalp in two weeks, or money back.

It contains just enough of sage properly combined with other ingredients to make any woman's or man's hair grow luxuriantly. It makes everybody's harsh lusterless hair change to soft, lustrous, and beautiful hair. 50 cents a large bottle at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s, try it.

DEPARTMENT SMILEY STORE

SUITS and COATS.

FOUR POINTS WHICH OUR GARMENTS POSSESS—
and these have made our COAT and SUIT Departments so successful—
STYLE, FIT, QUALITY AND SERVICE.

These words mean satisfaction to the wearer. The Fall Suits are chic and natty. The variety of style is large. This is the most impressive display of Coats and Suits we have ever featured, let us show them to you.

$19.50 Suits $19.50
Like the one pictured, made of Cheviot Serge, in navy, green, brown and black, trimmed as cut shows, lined with extra quality, guaranteed satin; stylish cut, skirts with pleats, finished with buttons, splendid value.

$12.50 Suits $12.50
Made of self striped Venetian in navy, black and green, semi-fitted styles with mannish notched collar, cuffs with buttons trimmed, double envelope pockets; double box pleated skirts in front, inverted pleats at sides, good

Free! - Free! - Free!

A KING KINEO RANGE.

$2.00 down and $2.00 a month.

THE PERSON bringing the largest number of this entire advertisement to Hobbs' Variety Store, Norway, Wednesday, November 23, 1910, at 3 P. M., will receive a No. 8-20, King Kineo Range, valued at $60.00, FREE. Ask your friends to begin to save this advertisement for you.

Pythian Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME

C. E. TOLMAN & CO.,
INSURANCE,
PIANOS & ORGANS.

New Baxter Building, PORTLAND, ME.

STANDARD SEWING MACHINES.

Send for Catalogue.

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

SEE L. S. BILLINGS FOR

Lumber of All Kinds for Building Purposes.

OUR SPECIALTIES--Paroid Roofing, Shingles, Apple Barrel Heads, Flooring, Sheathing, etc.

I am the ONLY AGENT here for Paroid Roofing. There are other makes, but Paroid is the best.

L. S. BILLINGS, South Paris, Me.

PLEASE Keep in MIND!

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

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. WE SELL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. P. MAXIM & SON,
South Paris.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**

FOR COUGHS & COLDS. PRICE 50c & $1.00. Trial Bottle Free

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

GRAY'S Business College
and School of Shorthand and Typewriting
PORTLAND, MAINE
Send for Free Catalogue
ADDRESS FRANK L. GRAY

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.

34-46

Merritt Welch

LINEN CRASH for towels,
HAND TOWELS, ROLLER TOWELS, DISH TOWELS, GLASS TOWELS,
at 7c, 10c, and 12c per yd.

These are the best that can be bought for these prices.

Merritt Welch,
124 Main Street,
NORWAY, - MAINE.

A LOW PRICE — ON — **Wool Carpets**

to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

Chas. F. Ridlon,
Corner Main and Danforth Sts.,
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.

I HAVE ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF

Harness, Blankets, Fly Nets, Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases.

Can show you Suit Cases from 90c to $7.00.

W. O. Frothingham,
South Paris, - Maine.

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1077.—Riddles.

I.

In days of old I served both king and queen,
Was gay in velvets, blue and red and green,
But now I'm serving you from morn till night.
Most often I'm of sober black and white.
Each king and queen had one or maybe two,
But hundreds of me now belong to you.

II.

I sang one day with a linnet;
I came at the end of a minute;
I stood in the heart of a flower
That hung on a vine covered bower.
I came in the breeze
And swung in the trees,
And I'm fifth in the line every hour.

III.

A cavern dark and long,
Whence issue wail and song;
A red bridge moist and strong,
Where white robed millers throng.

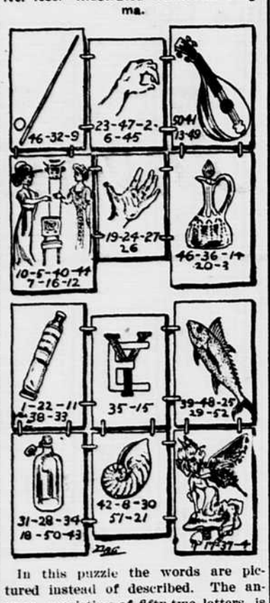
No. 1078.—Charade.

My first is a thing that is often found
Deep in the woods, coming out of the ground.
It ne'er harms a creature, but much good does do.
'Tis liked by all people, by me and by you.
My second denotes each hour of the day.
'Tis something that's coming, but never does delay.
'Tis not a respecter of man, woman or child,
But by them 'tis often most merrily beguiled.
My whole is a season (two words making one),
And while solving this puzzle I wish you much fun.

No. 1079.—Curtailings.

1. Doubly curtail a sweet sirup and get part of an atlas. 2. Doubly curtail garments worn by little boys and get a kitchen utensil. 3. Curtail an aquatic mammal and get a large body of water.

No. 1080.—Illustrated Numerical Enigma.



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of fifty-two letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare.—St Nicholas.

No. 1081.—Charades.

Out from the east my first will come,
And promise it is of rain.
My second, a cry we often give
When we feel joy or pain.
My third my whole may also be
For ornament or use.

No. 1082.—Zigzag Puzzle.

This zigzag contains five words of three letters each. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another their zigzag letters, beginning with the upper left hand letter and ending with the lower left hand letter, will spell the name of an animal. The crosswords are: 1. Something most ladies like to have in the latest style. 2. A small bed. 3. Denoting distance. 4. A certain kind of tree. 5. A fish.

No. 1083.—Jumbled Proverbs.

1. Teu oruy oate ccoargnid ot royu tohcl.
2. A lttle niar syal cmhu stud.
3. Tteerb etal naht eernv.

No. 1084.—Hidden Fish.

Louis had a Red Riding Hood on.

My boys' names are Philip, Ike and Tom.

Gladys, hark, do you hear the nightingale?

She gave her chain and her ring to her friend.

The lily bulb lacked nourishment, so died.

Look, Phyllis, under the couch is your pencil.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1068.—Charade: Barn, yard—barnyard.

No. 1069.—Changed Initials: Ale, bale, dale, gale, hale, kale, male, pale, rale, sale, tale, vale, wale, Yale.

No. 1070.—Reverses: 1. Ten-net. 2. Smart-trams. 3. Pool-loop.

No. 1071.—Diagonal and Word Square: Diagonal, April. Square: 1. Ashes. 2. Spelt. 3. Herse 4. Elsie. 5. Steel.

No. 1072.—Anagram: Hearthstone.

No. 1073.—Pictured Word: Slipper-y ell-m, slippery elm.

No. 1074.—Riddle: Gilt, guilt.

No. 1075.—Charade: Hair, cloth, haircloth.

No. 1076.—Hidden Vegetables: Corn, Spinach, pea, bean, beet.

You are not experimenting on yourself when you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a cold as that preparation has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its remarkable cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. It is equally valuable for adults and children and may be given to young children with implicit confidence as it contains no harmful drug. Sold by all dealers.

Played and Lost.

"I never was kissed in all my life," she declared, backing from him to a safe distance.

"Then, my dear young lady," said he, considerately, "as much as I would like to do so, I will not change that beautiful situation."

Then, calling him a mean old thing, she swept disdainfully out of the room.

Nasal Catarrh, an inflammation of the delicate membrane lining the air-passages, is not cured by any mixtures taken into the stomach. Don't waste time on them. Take Ely's Cream Balm through the nostrils, so that the fevered, swollen tissues are reached at once. Never mind how long you have suffered nor how often you have been disappointed, we know Ely's Cream Balm is the remedy you should use. All druggists, 50c. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

She—What do they make in a chafing-dish?

He—Indigestion.

Don't trifle with a cold is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in a case of a child. There is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds in children. It is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Peach Recipes.

In paring fruit for preserving, use silver-plated knives, and drop each piece as soon as pared into a bowl of cold water which has been made acid by the addition of lemon juice; it prevents the fruit from turning dark.

PEACH CHARLOTTE.

Peel and cut up one quart of fresh, juicy peaches. Mash them (in a vegetable press if you have one), saving the juice that flows from them. Put this aside in a cold place. Half an hour before dinner whip the whites of four eggs stiff and into them beat the peach pulp, first sweetening this with powdered sugar. Put a half pint of sweetened cream with the peach juice. Line the inside of a glass dish with sponge cake or lady fingers and decorate the top with halves of peaches. Pour in the peach juice and cream. On this heap the peach meringue and arrange slices of peach on top of this. Set on ice until needed.

LARGE PEACHES AND WHIPPED CREAM.

For this dessert select large, perfect peaches and put them on the ice for some hours before they are to be served. An hour before dinner peel them carefully and halve them, removing the peaches to the ice box. When time for dessert arrange them on one large dish or in individual plates. Have ready half a pint of cream, whipped stiff and sweetened with a couple of tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Sprinkle the peaches with sugar and place a large spoonful of the whipped cream on each half peach. Serve a dish of fancy cakes at the same time.

PINEAPPLE EN SURPRISE.

Select a good sized pine, cut off the top and trim it away at the bottom so that it will stand steadily on a plate. With a sharp knife loosen the pulp inside the fruit and remove it, cutting it into dice. Peel and cut up some peaches until you have the same quantity of these as of the pineapple pulp. Mix them and sweeten to taste; turn them into a jar or freezer with a tightly-fitting top and pack in ice and salt for a couple of hours. Set the pineapple shell on the ice, so that it will become thoroughly chilled. When ready to serve, put the peaches and the pulp into the pineapple shell, set it on a plate, putting on the top cover, and garnish with leaves from the crown of the pine.

PEACH SHERBET.

One quart of peach juice from canned peaches, two cupfuls of sugar, one quart of water, whites of two eggs and juice of one lemon. Boil the water and sugar together, add the juice of peaches and lemon, and freeze.

STUFFED PEACHES.

Select medium-sized peaches, wash and take out the stones; cover with salt water and let them stand overnight. In the morning fill the center with grated horseradish, mixed with a little celery seed and a small piece of ginger root. Tie each peach with string and pack in jars. Turn over them heated vinegar, with sugar and spices to taste. Seal the jars and you will find you have a delicious accompaniment for your turkey at Thanksgiving time.

PRESERVED PEACHES.

Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar and one cupful of water to every pound of fruit. Peel the peaches, cut them in half if the fruit is large. Cook the sugar and water, skim it well and drop in the fruit and cook until they are tender. Take out carefully, pack in heated glass jars, boil the syrup until thick and clear, then strain over the fruit and seal at once.

PEACH MARMALADE.

Peel, stone and cut up ripe peaches quite small. Take three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit and one teacupful of water to each pound of sugar. Place on fire and when it boils, skim it clear; then put in the peaches, let them boil quite fast, stir and mash them until the whole is a thick, jellied mass, then put into glass jars.

SPICED PEACHES.

Peel seven pounds of fruit, but do not remove the stones; to one pint of cider vinegar add three pounds and one-half of sugar, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon and mace and one teaspoonful of cloves. Tie the spices in a bag. Cook the vinegar, spices and sugar for fifteen minutes, then add the peaches, a few at a time, and cook until tender; pack into jars, pour over them the scalding syrup and cover closely. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain, cook the syrup ten minutes and again return to the fruit. Put a plate over the fruit in the jar as a weight, tie a cloth over the top and keep in a cool place.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.

To seven pounds of fruit allow three and three-quarters pounds of sugar. Put the sugar into a kettle with one quart of vinegar and two ounces each of cloves and stick cinnamon. Pare the peaches and stick three or four whole cloves into them at intervals. Place a few at a time in the boiling syrup and cook until they look clear, but not so soft as to fall apart. When all are cooked, continue to boil the syrup until it is reduced nearly one-half, then pour over the peaches and pack in glass jars and seal.

PEACH CATSUP.

Pare and quarter eight quarts of sound, ripe peaches. Simmer the parings for thirty minutes in one pint of water. Then strain, add the peaches to the liquor and simmer for thirty minutes longer. Add one and one-half cupfuls of best cider vinegar, one-half cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, mace and pepper. Simmer slowly until rather thick and seal hot in pint jars.

VIRGINIA PEACH.

Take one peck of ripe, freestone peaches, mash them after peeling and pitting, then press the pulp through a coarse sieve. To four quarts of the pulp allow one pint of sugar, preferably brown. Mix well, cook about two minutes, stirring all the time, then spread on plates and dry in the sun. If the weather is hot, three days will suffice. When the paste on the edges looks like leather and cleaves from the plate readily, if a knife is passed around the edge, it is ready. Dust with white sugar, then roll up. If stored in a dry place it will keep for several months.

CREOLE BAKED PEACHES.

Take large, fine fruit, not overripe. Peel and cut in halves, taking out the pit. Fill the cavity with a paste composed of powdered sugar, ground cinnamon and fresh butter. Place the halves together in their original form and put in the baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven until the fruit is tender, basting often with a thick lemon syrup, flavored with grated nutmeg. Five minutes before they are cooked, ornament with a meringue and brown slightly. Serve either hot or cold.

PEACH TAPIOCA.

Pour one pint of boiling water over one-half a cupful of tapioca and cook in a double boiler until transparent. Pare and remove the stones from seven or eight rather sour peaches. Put them into a deep pudding dish; mix the cooked tapioca with one-third cupful of sugar, one scant tablespoonful of molasses and one-half teaspoonful of salt, and pour over the peaches. Bake until the peaches are done. Serve with cream.

PEACH JUICE.

Cook as for jelly; strain. Add for each quart of juice half a pint of sugar. Boil for ten minutes; add sugar, cook for ten minutes. Pour in jar set in a pan of boiling water and cook for twenty minutes.—Ex.

To scale fish easily pour on hot water slowly till the scales curl, then scrape quickly. Wash in several waters, having the last cold and well salted so no slime will be left.

If boiled or roasted meat that is to be used cold is wrapped in a moist cloth it will be more tender.

A teaspoonful of common salt and a little borax, in a pint of starch, will prevent the annoying "sticking" often experienced with flatirons.

A Diplomat

How He Got His Start In His Profession.

By SAMUEL E. BRANT.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

James Maitland, son of an admiral in the U. S. navy, fell in love with and married Mlle. Julie de Lavalle, the daughter of a French diplomat who had spent many years in the French service, a considerable portion of which time he resided in Washington. M. de Lavalle never represented his country as ambassador; he was an adept at secret methods then in vogue between nations, but, since the open diplomacy of the late Secretary Hay, now largely done away with. When any quick Machiavellian work was to be executed it fell to Lavalle.

Maitland and Mlle. de Lavalle were married while the groom was employed in the state department. At the time the Panama canal was being located and there was any amount of chicanery perpetrated both as to its location and the prevention of its location both by Central and North Americans. Then came young Maitland's opportunity. One morning the secretary sent for him, handed him a dispatch and told him that he wished him to take it to the United States consul at Vera Cruz, who would see that it reached its destination.

Delighted at being thus enabled to make a beginning in his profession, Maitland took the dispatch—it was placed in an official envelope of the state department addressed to the consul—and was about to leave when the secretary said to him:

"It is essential that the information contained in that envelope reaches our consul in Vera Cruz on or before the 13th. After that date it will be too late. It is well that you should know that its prompt delivery will involve the making or the failure to make millions of dollars by certain capitalists. You will therefore be very guarded in speaking of your mission and watch well the dispatch. I send it to Vera Cruz by you in order that no one in this country may know its ultimate destination. Nevertheless there are plenty of spies about, and we may have them right here in the state department. Be careful, and good luck to you."

When Maitland went home and with the exhilaration of youth told his wife of his mission, its importance, considering the interests involved, and all that, she failed to show a similar enthusiasm.

"What is it, pet?" he said. "You don't seem pleased."

"Jimmie," she replied, "you will never get it through."

"Why not?"

"They will steal it from you."

"What makes you think so, Julie?"

"From a little girl I have heard my father tell the ways people take to outwit one another. I know all about it. You know nothing."

However, the little woman packed her husband's suit case—all the baggage he proposed to take—then took the dispatch to the library, and when she returned handed her husband a box of cigars. He opened it and removed the top layers and below was an envelope addressed to Senora Sanchez, Mexico City, in Mme. Maitland's own hand.

"Little one, you're a brick," said the young diplomat. "I see your scheme. It would never do to leave the dispatch in my suit case under cover of a state department envelope, would it?"

"No. Now, Jimmie, do be careful of the suit case and don't let it out of your sight a moment."

Maitland gave her a dozen kisses, picked up the suit case, called a carriage and started for the train. He reached New York during the afternoon and went at once on board the steamer which was to sail early the next morning. He was about to lock his stateroom door on the suit case, when, remembering that there might be other keys that would unlock it, he took the dispatch out from under the cigars and put it in his pocket. If he was followed, with a view of stealing the document, his baggage was surely the first place the thief would look for it. In order to discover if the case had been opened for the purpose, in replacing the cigars he laid all of those on the top row with the ends in the same direction except one, which he reversed. Having done this he went on deck for air.

The next morning Maitland found himself out on the Atlantic ocean heading for the Gulf of Mexico. He walked the deck alone, having resolved not to make a single acquaintance. In the afternoon he went to his stateroom for a nap, and before lying down it occurred to him to examine his suitcase. Not that he really expected to find evidence of any one having been there, but simply to satisfy himself that it was as he had left it.

What was his astonishment to find every cigar in the box laid in the same direction. The one he had placed differently had been reversed.

The discovery took his breath away. After all, his wife was right. If there were those on his track who had already shown such skill in hunting for the document, what more would they do? Instinctively he clapped his hand to his breast pocket. The dispatch was there. But he did not feel assured that it would be there when he arrived at Vera Cruz. He vowed that no one should during the passage come within arm's length of him.

He napped in his berth and read a novel which he had brought with him during the afternoon and evening, not leaving his stateroom. The next morning he passed on deck. He expected every moment that some man would attempt to make his acquaintance. No man did, but a very pretty young woman sitting in a steamer chair looked at him as he passed her and cast down her long Spanish lashes. Every time he passed in pacing back and forth she gave him the same glance and the same downward sweep. He suspected her at once and put himself on his guard.

With the exception of the Spanish woman there was no evidence of any person or persons shadowing him. But on the second day out an old lady with very white hair came up the companionway and looked about for a seat. The ship was rolling, and Maitland, taking hold of her arm, supported her to a steamer chair. She thanked him, but he would have nothing to do with her. Surely he had reason to suspect every one. The old lady besides thanking him made some commonplace remark, to which it would have been polite for him to respond, but he turned from her as though she had some infectious disease.

Several times after that he surveyed her from a distance and noticed that she looked very peculiar. Indeed, after scrutinizing her one afternoon as she sat dozing in her steamer chair it occurred to him that she was a young person disguised as an old woman.

When the day before the ship was due at Vera Cruz he saw her and the young Spanish woman sitting side by side and talking confidentially he made up his mind that they had been sent out from Washington to steal his dispatch and that one or both of them had already opened his suit case. Probably one did the work while the other kept watch.

A few hours before his arrival in port Maitland went to his stateroom, took the dispatch from his pocket and looked at it. He felt very happy. If he had got it so far on the journey despite those who were trying to get it from him surely he could do what little remained. Replacing it, he picked up his cigarette case, which he had left on a shelf, lighted a cigarette and, lying down with his novel, began to read. He soon became drowsy and fell asleep.

When he awoke the ship was in port. He felt nauseated. Something had happened. He clapped his hand to his side pocket.

The dispatch was gone.

"Beaten after all," he moaned.

Starting up, he staggered out and on to the deck. No one had gone ashore. A last hope occurred to him. He would have the two women arrested on a trumped up charge. There they were near the companionway. He rushed forward and, seeing a policeman on the dock, beckoned to him. The man met him on the companionway, and Maitland, slipping a ten dollar bill into his hand, told him that there were two women thieves on board who had robbed him. When the women reached the dock they were taken into custody. They made a great ado at their arrest, asserting their innocence.

"I am an American," said the old lady, "and I demand to be taken before the United States consul."

"I will take you to the consulate," said Maitland, "provided your confederate will consent to go with us."

The old lady persuaded the other woman to make no objection, assuring her that it was their best course. Maitland called a carriage, and the three travelers entered, the policeman climbing to the box. On reaching the consulate Maitland insisted that the Spanish woman go in with them. He did not dare leave her in the carriage. She seemed indifferent about it, and the three went in together. The consul being engaged at the time they were placed in the waiting room.

While waiting, Maitland, facing the old lady, scrutinized her. What was there that was familiar about her? Suddenly the Spanish woman's back was turned—she gave him a smile.

He recognized his wife.

Rising, Julie went into the hall, Maitland following her.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's safe."

"Where?"

"In my corsage."

"How did you come by it?"

"I've had it all the time. When I handed you the cigar box in Washington it contained a dummy. I kept the dispatch."

"Who opened my suit case?"

"The woman in there."

"How do you know?"

"I saw plainly that she had been sent to delay the delivery of the dispatch and, pretending that I was on the same errand, won her confidence and we agreed to work together. After she found the envelope was not in your suit case she was sure you had it on your person. You were very careless to leave your cigarettes in your stateroom. She picked the lock with a skeleton key, went in and replaced your cigarettes with those that had been drugged. When you were asleep she robbed you."

"And the dummy? What did she say when she discovered that?"

"She cried. Had she secured the dispatch she would have been paid $100,000."

While Julie was explaining she was opening her dress, took out the real dispatch and handed it to her husband. Returning to the room he had left, he told the Spanish woman that he had found the missing article, apologized and said she might go where she liked.

When Maitland delivered his dispatch his wife did not appear in the transaction. He was well launched in the profession he had chosen.

A RECORD IN HITTING.

Delehanty's Four Homers and a Single In Five Times at Bat.

The baseball expert Hugh S. Fullerton, in an article on "Batting" in the American Magazine, describes as follows the greatest hitting feat recorded, executed by Ed Delehanty, and which it was his good fortune to witness:

"Adonis Terry was pitching—a great pitcher with a wonderfully fast curve ball—and three of the home runs were made off the curve. The first time at bat Delehanty hit the ball high over the right field fence, perhaps seventy feet from the foul line, which would be 245 feet from the plate, and the fence was thirty-five feet high. The second time he hit over the same fence, but farther toward center field. The third time he drove a single over short stop, a line hit and perhaps the hardest hit of all. Dahlen, leaping, touched the ball with both hands. They were torn apart and the ball caromed almost to the left fielders before it struck the ground. The next home run was straight to the center field between the clubhouses, nearly 400 feet away. The last time he came to the bat the crowd was cheering him on. Lange retired between the clubhouses, which were set at angles. Delehanty hit a curve ball. It alighted on the roof of one clubhouse, bounded to the roof of the other and rolled halfway back to the second baseman. And yet Chicago won the game—8 to 6.

The Cat and the Tail.

Once upon a time a cat who prided herself on her wit and wisdom was prowling about the barn in search of food and saw a tail protruding from a hole.

"There is the conclusion of a rat," she said.

Then she crept stealthily toward it until within striking distance, when she made a jump and reached it with her claws. Alas, it was not the appendage of a rat, but the tail of a snake, who immediately turned and gave her a mortal bite.

Moral.—It is dangerous to jump at conclusions.

Biliousness is due to a disordered condition of the stomach. Chamberlain's Tablets are especially a stomach medicine, especially intended to act on that organ; so cleanse it, strengthen it, tone and invigorate it, to regulate the liver and to banish biliousness positively and effectually. For sale by all dealers.

Maud—How did you feel when Jack was proposing?

Ethel—I felt sure I'd say "yes" if he ever got through.

Lame back is one of the most common forms of muscular rheumatism. A few applications of Chamberlain's Liniment will give relief. For sale by all dealers.

Wife (reading)—After their separation he sent her a legal document giving her control of their child.

Husband (with a sigh)—I wish I knew where we could get a document that would give us control of our child.

The best plaster. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound over on the affected parts is superior to a plaster and costs only one-tenth as much. For sale by all dealers.

Health vs. Wealth

We cannot all be wealthy; but we can all be healthy, which is far more important. The young man who protects his health with the true "L. F." Atwood's Medicine has a good chance of becoming as rich as the old man with the prospect of getting much more enjoyment with his riches.

You can protect yourself with this wonderful remedy from the common ailments such as constipation, biliousness, colds and poor circulation and thus avoid the more serious diseases that are apt to follow.

Madrid, Me.
"Several months ago I had considerable trouble from indigestion. I took one bottle of 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine and was greatly benefited. I am nearly 87 years old." S. W. POMEROY.

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Possibly you who read this have never kept a bank account. If not, let us suggest that you try the experiment. You will find it helpful in many ways. Aside from the fact that your money will be safe from theft and fire, such a habit tends to thrift, economy, disipline and a general understanding of business principles, all of which are essential to success. It also affords a convenient method for the payment of bills; and as the checks are always preserved and returned to you, they serve as receipts for the amounts paid.

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Grand Prize assures it.

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Year in and year out they run without a hitch, *ever making money, never making trouble.* We sell them, you need one.

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Have you a reputation as a cake maker—is your pastry your pride?

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We need men to train in three weeks, for positions paying $20 to $30 weekly. Easy work. Short hours. Great demand now. Driving and garage work. Five years of success. Write now.

Portland Auto Company,
8-23—2-23 '11 Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE.

Horse, good worker, lively driver, also pullets.
Live poultry and cows wanted.
GEORGE M. ELDER, South Paris.

Notice.

My wife, Hattie W. Bryant, having left my home at Locke's Mills without just cause, I warn all persons from harboring her, or giving her credit on my account.

CHRISTOPHER BRYANT.
Sept. 29, 1910. 40-2

Notice of Sale.

Pursuant to license from the Hon. Judge of Probate within and for the County of Cumberland and State of Maine, I shall sell at public vendue on the premises, on Saturday, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest which Betsey G. Gordon, at the time of her decease, had in and to the following described real estate; certain real estate situated in Fryeburg in the County of Oxford in said State, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Homestead premises (previous to intestate's removal to Bridgton) situate on each side of the Lovell and Fryeburg road, and the parcel on the westerly side of said road is bounded: northerly by land of Frank Barker; easterly by said road; southerly by land of heirs of E. C. Farrington and westerly by Old Saco River; and the parcel on the easterly side of said road is bounded: northerly by said Barker's land; easterly by land owned by Albion F. Gordon at the time of his decease; southerly by land of Ruth Buzzell and westerly by said road; but reserving and excepting any land included in such bounds that may be owned by Edward E. Hastings.

Dated September 23, A. D. 1910.
33-41 J. BENNETT PIKE, Administrator.

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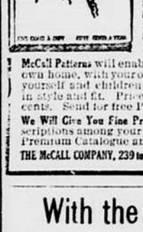

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Sulky Plow

for your fall plowing. You can do your plowing much better and a great deal easier with one than you can to chase the old walking plow. And don't forget one very important item, you can get repairs for the machines you buy here.

A. W. Walker & Son,
South Paris, Maine.

Wanted.

Everybody to save their RAGS, RUBBERS AND METALS for me. Mail orders promptly attended to. I also buy Poultry. NORMAN N. KLAIN,
32-1yr. Box 817, Norway, Maine.

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Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of WILLARD G. PRATT, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

WILLARD G. PRATT of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 26th day of February, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt, under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

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

Dated this 23rd day of Sept., A. D. 1910.
WILLARD G. PRATT, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 1st day of October, A. D. 1910, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 11th day of Nov., A. D. 1910, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in The Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

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

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 1st day of Oct., A. D. 1910.

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

NOTICE.

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

In the matter of HERBERT L. WOOD, of Rumford, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Herbert L. Wood, in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1910, the said Herbert L. Wood was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 8 Market Square, South Paris, on the 12th day of Oct., A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, Sept. 16, 1910.
WALTER L. GRAY, Referee in Bankruptcy.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of THOMAS B. STEVENS, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

THOMAS B. STEVENS of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 25th day of September, 1909, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

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

Dated this 16th day of Sept., A. D. 1910.
THOMAS B. STEVENS, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 24th day of Sept., A. D. 1910, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 4th day of Nov., A. D. 1910, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in The Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

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

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 24th day of Sept, A. D. 1910.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.
A true copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest:—JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

At a Probate