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Poultry Profits.

THE WAY A YOUNG NEW ENGLANDER MANAGED TO WIN OUT.

Away up among the New Hampshire hills, back from the railroad and away from town or village, one of the best trained agricultural minds of America is demonstrating that extensive, intensive farming pays in New England as on the prairies. For fifteen years the battle has waged, and his second term of eight-year rotation is about completed, and his 350 acres of tillage have been brought to a high state of cultivation. His cows—160 grades—averaged this year 6,350 pounds of milk, and the problem is well-nigh solved. Alongside, his son, also well trained and having years of experience in large business centres, has taken up the poultry industry in the same methodical manner his father has shown in his larger operations. This work on Wilson Farm by Professor J. W. Sanborn and his son, H. W. Sanborn, must be reckoned among the important demonstrative work of the last quarter of a century.

H. W. Sanborn is now in his fourth year in extensive, intensive poultry raising, and the story he tells and facts he presents are important for others to think over.

From Jan. 1, 1908, to Dec. 31, 1910, the average of his six hundred hens was 156 eggs; for 1909 it was 144.9, owing to the late hatching of his pullets and keeping over so many old hens. The first eleven months of 1910 give an average of 156.45, and unless something unforeseen occurs this will be increased to 167 or 168 before the 31st. This is a great record, when one remembers that one hundred hens occupy each pen. Trap nests are used for every hen, so that the daily record is known. From Nov. 28, 1907, to Nov. 28, 1908, Hen No. 12 produced 255 eggs, the next year 218, and she closed the third year on Nov. 28 with 172, making a total in three years of 645 eggs. Where is there a hen kept under like conditions with a record to equal that, one known to be absolutely correct? Better still, in 1908 eighteen pullets from this hen laid more than 160 eggs each; three of these 200 and one of them 231 the first year and 205 her second. The pullets from No. 12 raised in 1909, being late hatched, have not completed the year, but promise fully to equal the hatch of 1908. One cockerel from No. 12 mated with a good hen from a breeding pen of forty, produced a pullet which from Sept. 12, 1909, to Sept. 12, 1910 produced 282 eggs. Here is strong confirmation of the work so thoroughly done by Professor Gowell of Maine, and proves that the power to produce may be transmitted as well as other factors. The attempt to deny this relegates the whole problem to chance. Mr. Sanborn is carrying forward some important experiments to still further substantiate the claim that like produces like and that great producers may be the dams of better birds. The method of feeding is as follows: To every one hundred hens there is fed in the litter in the morning four quarts of whole corn, two of wheat and two of oats, and the following dry mash is kept constantly before them: One hundred pounds of wheat bran, 200 pounds of flour middlings, 100 pounds of cornmeal, 100 pounds of gluten, 50 pounds of linseed meal, 30 pounds of alfalfa meal, 150 pounds of beef scraps and 3 pounds of salt. Charcoal, grit and oyster shells are kept in the pens at all time. His method of feeding his chicks is to give infertile eggs, boiled thirty minutes and ground up, shell and all, and mixed with six times their bulk of rolled oats, when the chicks are thirty-six to forty-eight hours old, feeding five times a day for three days, when the following dry mash is fed three times a day and commercial chick feed twice: One hundred pounds of cornmeal, 100 pounds of flour middlings, 75 pounds of wheat bran, 25 pounds of alfalfa meal, 50 pounds of beef scraps and 50 pounds of ground oats.

When the chicks are old enough to run out of doors they are fed in an outdoor feeder having four compartments, cracked corn, wheat, oats and dry mash. When the pullets weigh two pounds or a little more they are separated from the cockerels and fed on the dry mash for laying hens. The breeds kept are White Wyandottes and Single Comb Rhode Island Reds. It will be evident that the one standard aimed at is that of utility, and whether these birds would win or not in the show pen, where the point on the comb or turn of a tail feather would settle the momentous question, they are surely winning in that supreme test of real value. These breeds are being kept pure and the type maintained. The fact that for the year closing on April 22, 1910, these six hundred hens paid a net profit of $2.86 a head, or more than $1,700, and that this year promises to increase this is proof positive of good business management. This record can never be duplicated by any "guess so" policy, for it rests upon the application of strict business principles, but any man who likes a hen and is ready to devote himself to the details can win out as truly as our friend at Pittsfield, N. H. The industry is all right.—G. M. Twitchell in Tribune Farmer.

Large Eastern Farms.

While there is a conspicuous tendency in the eastern states toward smaller farms, there is also a visible tendency towards larger farms. This may sound contradictory, but the two statements are matters of fact. It is the middle-sized farms which are falling off in number. In Vermont, there has been an increase in the last 10 years of 13 per cent in the number of farms between 500 and 1000 acres in size; and an increase of 23 per cent in farms of 1000 acres and over. In Connecticut, during the same period, there has been a slight increase in the farms between 500 and 1000 acres, while there has been an increase of 54 per cent in farms of 1000 acres and over. These percentages naturally do not mean very much without the actual figures, but even these are rather surprising, for we find that there are in Connecticut 40 farms of over 1000 acres, and in Vermont 124 farms of over 1000 acres. This, of course, means an entirely new style of agricultural organization. In some cases, these large farms are merely the holdings of wealthy city men. Another class of cases represents holdings of land which are not strictly agricultural. They are more in the nature of forest or game preserves, or parks, even though classified as farms in the census. Then there are a few men who have made a conspicuous success of some line of agriculture and have bought all the surrounding farms. In the last place, this increase of large farms represents the introduction of corporation methods into agriculture. In the western states there are a great many agricultural enterprises, such as fruit growing, cattle raising, etc., in the hands of corporations, but this method of handling the production of farm crops in New England is decidedly new. It is an important feature in the present census. While the census itself does not give the information directly on the increase of corporation holdings, any one familiar with the facts will see in this one of the meanings of the unexpectedly large increases in the number of big farms in the New England States.—Country Gentleman.

It pays to fuss a little with the cows, and they relish a little change in diet, with some dainties added, as well as we do.

Breeding Better Corn.

A good ear of corn is very much like a good boy. Some boys are naturally, constitutionally and inheritably good because their parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents were all good people, says Prof. Taylor of New Hampshire in the American Cultivator. Similarly some ears of corn are constitutionally and inheritably good because they have sprung from a good vigorous ancestry. Other ears are good because they have had better chances for growth, have had the advantage of more moisture, more plant food and more sunlight. We cannot tell the difference between these different classes of ears by any superficial examination, or by any physical or chemical test. The differences are vital and internal, and the only way to discover them is to put the ears to an actual field test.

The ear row method, which was originated at the Illinois Experiment Station, and which has since been modified and used by various other stations is fundamental to all corn-breeding work. Its simplicity, ease of application and definiteness of results readily commend it to the farmer who is trying to improve his strain of corn. The individual ears should be planted in separate rows, a convenient length for which is 100 hills, or about 350 feet. A row of corn 100 hills long with the hills 3 1-2 feet apart, will equal approximately 1-36th of an acre. By planting four kernels to the hill, a sufficiently good stand should be secured so that the rows may later be thinned to an average of three stalks per hill. In the fall each row should be cut and shocked separately, and when cured, husked and weighed separately. The yields may either be kept in pounds per row or figured to bushels per acre. The ears used for planting the check rows are not shelled and mixed together, but are kept separate, and a part of each ear used for planting a portion of each row.

Another important and almost essential feature of the method is to plant duplicate rows to verify the results of the first series of rows. Instead of planting 100 hills in one continuous row from each ear, it is much more satisfactory to plant a series of rows of 50 hills each in one plot, and another series of 50 hills from the same ear in another plot. If ear No. 9, for example, gives a yield of 8 or 10 bushels per acre more than the check row in both series, and ear No. 3 a yield of five or six bushels less than the check row, the conclusion may be readily drawn that ear No. 9 was by far the better ear. On the other hand, if a certain ear gives a good yield in one series and a relatively poor one in the other, the standing of that ear is in doubt. The duplicate tests are equivalent to the testimony of two witnesses, the value of which is always recognized in a court of law.

The ear row tests and breeding can be conducted with any variety of corn, and although the work may seem to call for a lot of "fussing round," it will be found to be intensely interesting and in the end profitable.

Keep the Old Brood Sows.

It is the custom of some farmers to raise a litter of pigs from a sow in the spring that she is a year old, then fatten her for the fall market and keep sows from her litter for breeders the next spring. I believe that in so doing they lose nearly, if not quite, half the profit that might be obtained from their swine. A young sow seldom has as many pigs as an older one, they are seldom as large or as strong, neither does she take as good care of them as does the experienced mother.

It is impossible to tell by the first litter whether a sow is desirable or not, as she may develop later into an excellent mother even if she made a poor showing at first. A young sow that does well at first may, as she becomes older, develop vicious traits and kill and eat her young, or be dangerous to handle, but as this last condition is usually brought about by improper feed and cruelty on the part of her caretaker, it can be avoided.

I consider a good brood sow as profitable as the average cow. I have a grade O. I. C. sow six years old, now being fattened, and I am sorry that I did not keep her another year; but as her teats were failing, I did not think I would try it when her last litter was weaned. However, the chances are that she would have raised pigs enough next year to more than pay for herself.

Here is her record: The spring she was one year old she farrowed nine pigs. She was fat and her pigs were fat. We moved her to a new pen, which she did not like, and five of her pigs died. However, we were sensible enough to lay the loss to ourselves, where it belonged. The four pigs raised were worth $12 at weaning time. In the fall she farrowed ten pigs, worth $2.50 each or $25. The second spring she farrowed in March in a damp, cold basement, caught cold, nearly died herself, and of her eleven pigs only one survived. We were obliged to set down a $30 loss, due to our own foolishness, besides paying the veterinarian $2 for saving us from further loss. In the fall she farrowed eleven pigs that sold for $2.50 each; the following spring, twelve at $3 each; fall, eleven at $2.50; spring, 14 pigs, of which ten were raised, worth $3 each; fall 11 pigs, raised nine, at $2.50 each; spring, seven pigs, of which six were raised, worth $4 each, and this fall eleven, of which ten were raised, and might have been sold for $3 each, but we preferred to raise them ourselves.

This makes a total of 107 pigs, of which 84 were raised—which, if all had been sold at current rates, would have brought $242.50. Her keeping has been a very simple matter. Except while with her pigs, she has run on the manure and been fed slops, vegetables, bran and some corn, not much corn however; her feed has been very cheap, the aim being to keep her in good muscular condition but not fat. She has, we believe, more than half paid for her keeping by the benefit she has been to the fertilizer she has worked over.

She has always considered people as her friends and was kind to her pigs. Her pigs were very large and strong, and, until the last litter, very even in size. The last were some very large, some very small, and they did not seem to get an equal quantity of milk; so, fearing her usefulness was over, we determined to let her go. I believe she has returned a much better profit than young sows would have done.—H. Leigh Hunt in Country Gentleman.

Poultry Hints.

Warmth, dryness, fresh air, dry grain feed, pure water and cleanliness are indispensable in dealing with young chicks. Unless these conditions are to be maintained one had better sell eggs than hatch them.

Wheat and clipped oats are excellent food for young chicks. Oatmeal and occasionally feedings of whole wheat bran aid growth of feathers as well as body.

Chaff makes good litter for young chicks to scratch in. Finely crushed shell should be accessible to the small birds.

Chicks are very sensitive across their backs. If you do not use the hen method take this into consideration when supplying artificial heat.

When the chicks are allowed on the ground be sure that the runs are clean. Soil previously run with poultry should have been ploughed or cropped in the interval.

For lice, treat locally by dusting the birds with sulphur, then disinfect their quarters.

For gapes, disinfect the runs with carbolic acid and treat affected birds by inserting a feather moistened with kerosene into the throat.

Build the line fence strong enough to keep your own and your neighbors' stock on the right side, but not so high as to prevent you from being neighborly.

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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CHAPTER XVII.

As the sun slanted up between the southward hills out from the gossamer haze that lay like filmy forest smoke above the ocean came a snow white yacht.

To Boyd Emerson she seemed like an angel of mercy, and he stood forth upon the deck of his launch searching her hungrily for the sight of a woman's figure. When he had first seen the ship rounding the point he had uttered a cry, then fallen silent watching her as she drew near, heedless of his surroundings. His heart was leaping; his breath was choking him. It seemed as if he must shout Mildred's name aloud and stretch his arms out to her. Of course she would see him as the Grande Dame passed. She would be looking for him, he knew. She would be standing there, wet with the dew, searching with all her eyes. Doubtless she had waited patiently at her post from the instant land came into sight. Seized by a sudden panic lest she pass him unnoticed, he ordered his launch near the yacht's course. His eyes roved over the craft, but all he saw were a uniformed officer upon the bridge and the bronzed faces of the watch staring over the rail. He saw close drawn curtains over the cabin windows, indicating that the passengers were still asleep. Then as he stood there heavy hearted, drooping with fatigue, his wet body chilled by the morning's breath, the Grande Dame glided past, and he found the shell beneath his feet rocking in her wake.

George Balt hailed him and brought his own launch alongside.

"What craft is that?" he inquired.

"She is the company's yacht with the N. A. P. A. officers aboard."

"Some of our boys is hurt pretty bad," he observed. "I've told them to take in their nets and go back to the plant."

"We all need breakfast."

"I don't want nothing. I'm going over to the trap."

Emerson shrugged his shoulders listlessly; he was very tired. "What is the use? It won't pay us to lift it."

"I've watched that point of land for five years, and I never seen fish act this way before," Balt growled stubbornly. "If they don't strike in to-day we better close down. Marsh's men cut half our nets and crippled more than half our crew last night." He began to ramble curses. "Say, we made a mistake the other day, didn't we? We'd ought to have put that feller away. It ain't too late yet."

"Wait. Wayne Wayland is aboard that yacht. I know him. He's a hard man, and I've heard strange stories about him, but I don't believe he knows all that Marsh has been doing. I'm going to see him and tell him everything."

"S'pose he turns you down?"

"Then there will be time enough to—to consider what you suggest. I don't like to think about it."

"You don't have to," said Balt, lowering his voice so that the helmsmen could not hear. "I've been thinking it over all night, and it looks like I'd ought to do it myself. Marsh is coming to me anyhow, and—I'm older than you be. It ain't right for a young feller like you to take a chance. If they get me you can run the business alone."

Boyd laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"No," he said. "Perhaps I wouldn't stick at murder—I don't know. But I won't profit by another man's crime, and if it comes to that I'll take my share of the risk and the guilt. Whatever you do, I stand with you. But we'll hope for better things. It's no easy thing for me to go to Mr. Wayland asking a favor. You see, his daughter is— Well, I—I want to see her very badly."

Balt eyed him shrewdly.

"I see! And that makes it dead wrong for you to take a hand. If it's necessary to get Marsh I'll do it alone. With him out of the way I think you can make a go of it. He's like a rattler—somebody's got to stomp on him. Now I'm off for the trap. Let me know what the old man says."

Boyd returned to the cannery with the old mood of self disgust and bitterness heavy upon him. He realized that George's offer to commit murder had not shocked him as much as upon its first mention. He knew that he had thought of shedding human blood with as little compunction as if the intended victim had been some noxious animal. He felt, indeed, that if his love for Mildred made him a criminal she, too, would be soiled by his dishonor, and for her sake he shrank from the idea of violence, yet he lacked the energy at that time to put it from him. Well, he would go to her father, humble himself and beg for protection. If he failed then Marsh must look out for himself. He could not find it in his heart to spare his enemy.

At the plant he found Alton Clyde tremendously excited at the arrival of the yacht and eager to visit his friends. He sent him to the launch and after a hasty breakfast joined him.

On their way out Boyd felt a return of that misgiving which had mastered him on his first meeting with Mildred in Chicago. For the second time he was bringing her failure instead of the promised victory.

Willis Marsh was ahead of him, standing with Mr. Wayland at the rail. Some one else was with them. Boyd's heart leaped wildly as he recognized her. He would have known that slim figure anywhere. And Mildred saw him, too, pointing him out to her companions.

With knees shaking under him he came stumbling up the landing ladder, a tall, gaunt figure of a man in rough clothing and boots stained with the sea salt. He looked older by five years than when the girl had last seen him. His cheeks were hollowed and his lips cracked by the wind, but his eyes were aflame with the old light. His smile was for her alone.

He never remembered the spoken greetings nor the looks the others gave him, for her soft, cool hands lay in his hard, feverish palms, and she was smiling up at him.

Alton Clyde was at his heels, and he felt Mildred disengage her hand. He tore his eyes away from her face long enough to nod at Marsh, who gave him a menacing look, then turned to Wayne Wayland. The old man was saying something, and Boyd answered him unintelligibly, after which he took Mildred's hands once more with such an air of unconscious proprietorship that Willis Marsh grew pale to the lips and turned his back. Other people whom Boyd had not noticed until now came down the deck—men and women with fieldglasses and cameras swung over their shoulders. He found that he was being introduced to them by Mildred, whose voice betrayed no tremor and whose manners were as collected as if this were her own drawing room and the man at her side a casual acquaintance. The strangers mingled with the little group, leveled their glasses and made senseless remarks after the manner of tourists the world over. Boyd gathered somehow that they were officers of the trust or heavy stockholders and their wives. He led Mildred to a deck chair and seated himself beside her.

"At last!" he breathed. "You are here, Mildred. You really came, after all?"

"Yes, Boyd."

"And are you glad?"

"Indeed I am. The trip has been wonderful."

"It doesn't seem possible. I can't believe that this is really you—that I am not dreaming, as usual."

"And you? How have you been?"

"I've been well—I guess I have. I haven't had time to think of myself. Oh, my lady!" His voice broke with tenderness, and he laid his hand gently upon hers.

She withdrew it quickly.

"Not here! Remember where we are. You are not looking well, Boyd. I don't know that I ever saw you look so bad. Perhaps it is your clothes."

"I am tired," he confessed, feeling anew the weariness of the past twenty-four hours. He covertly stroked a fold of her dress, murmuring: "You are here, after all. And you love me, Mildred? You haven't changed, have you?"

"Not at all. Have you?"

His deep breath and the light that flamed into his face was her answer. "I want to be alone with you," he cried huskily. "My arms ache for you. Come away from here; this is torture. I'm like a man dying of thirst."

No woman could have beheld his burning eagerness without an answering thrill, and, although Mildred sat motionless, her lids drooped slightly and a faint color tinged her cheeks. Her idle hands clasped themselves rigidly.

"You are always the same," she smiled. "You sweep me away from myself and from everything. I have never seen any one like you. There are people everywhere. Father is somewhere close by."

"I don't care"—

"I do."

"My launch is alongside. Let me take you ashore and show you what I have done. I want you to see."

"I can't. I promised to go ashore with the Berrys and Mr. Marsh."

"Marsh!"

"Now don't get tragic! We are all going to look over his plant and have lunch there. They are expecting me. Oh, dear!" she cried plaintively. "I have seen and heard nothing but canneries ever since we left Vancouver. The men talk nothing but fish and packs and markets and dividends. It's all deadly stupid, and I'm wretchedly tired of it. Father is the worst of the lot, of course."

Emerson's eyes shifted to his own cannery. "You haven't seen mine—ours," said he.

"Oh, yes, I have. Mr. Marsh pointed it out to father and me. It looks just like all the others." There was an instant's pause before she ran on. "Do you know, there is only one interesting feature about them, to my notion, and that is the way the Chinamen smoke. Those funny crooked pipes and those little wads of tobacco are too ridiculous." The lightness of her words damped his ardor and brought back the sense of failure.

"I was down with the fishing fleet at the mouth of the bay this morning when you came in. I thought I might see you," he said.

"At that hour? Heavens! I was sound asleep. It was hard enough to get up when we were called. Father might have instructed the captain not to steam so fast."

Boyd stared at her in hurt surprise, but she was smiling at Alton Clyde in the distance and did not observe his look.

"Don't you care even to hear what I have done?" he inquired.

"Of course," said Mildred, bringing her eyes back to him.

Hesitatingly he told her of his disappointments, the obstacles he had met and overcome, avoiding Marsh's name and refraining from placing the blame where it belonged. When he had concluded she shook her head.

"It is too bad. But Mr. Marsh told us all about it before you came. Boyd, I never thought well of this enterprise. Of course I didn't say anything against it, you were so enthusiastic, but you really ought to try something big. I am sure you have the ability. Why, the successful men I know at home have no more intelligence than you, and they haven't half your force. As for this—well, I think you can accomplish more important things than catching fish."

"Important!" he cried. "Why, the salmon industry is one of the most important on the coast. It employs 10,000 men in Alaska alone, and they produce $10,000,000 every year."

"Oh, let's not go into statistics," said Mildred lightly; "they make my head ache. What I mean is that a fisherman is nothing like—an attorney or a broker or an architect, for instance; he is more like a miner. Pardon me, Boyd, but look at your clothes." She began to laugh. "Why, you look like a common laborer!"

"I might have slicked up a bit," he acknowledged lamely, "but when you came I forgot everything else."

"I was dreadfully embarrassed when I introduced you to the Berrys and the rest. I daresay they thought you were one of Mr. Marsh's foremen."

Never before had Boyd known the least constraint in Mildred's presence, but now he felt the rebuke behind her careless manner, and it wounded him

"WHY, YOU LOOK LIKE A COMMON LABORER!"

deeply. He did not speak, and after a moment she went on with an abrupt change of subject:

"So that funny little house over there against the hill is where the mysterious woman lives?"

"Who?"

"Cherry Malotte."

"Yes. How did you learn that?"

"Mr. Marsh pointed it out. He said she came up on the same ship with you."

"That is true."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did not you write me that she was with you in Seattle?"

"I don't know; I didn't think of it." She regarded him coolly.

"Has anybody discovered who or what she is?"

"Why are you so curious about her?"

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. "Your discussion with Willis Marsh that night at our house interested me very much. I thought I would ask Mr. Marsh to bring her around when we went ashore. It would be rather amusing. She wouldn't come out to the yacht and return my call, would she?" Boyd smiled at her frank concern at this possibility.

"You don't know the kind of girl she is," he said. "She isn't at all what you think. I don't believe you would be able to meet her in the way you suggest."

"Indeed!" Mildred arched her brows. "Why?"

"She wouldn't fancy being 'brought around,' particularly by Marsh."

From her look of surprise he knew that he had touched on dangerous ground, and he made haste to lead the conversation back to its former channel. He wished to impress Mildred with the fact that if he had not quite succeeded he had by no means failed, but she listened indifferently, with the air of humoring an insistent child.

"I wish you would give it up and try something else," she said at last. "This is no place for you. Why, you are losing all your old wit and buoyancy; you are actually growing serious, and serious people are not at all amusing."

Just then Alton Clyde and a group of people, among whom was Willis Marsh, emerged from the cabin, talking and laughing. Mildred arose, saying:

"Here come the Berrys, ready to go ashore."

"When may I see you again?" he inquired quickly.

"You may come out this evening."

His eyes blazed as he answered, "I shall come!"

As the others came up she said:

"Mr. Emerson can't accompany us. He wishes to see father."

"I just left him in the cabin," said Marsh. He helped the ladies to the ladder, and a moment later Emerson waved the party adieu, then turned to the saloon in search of Wayne Wayland.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Mr. Wayland's stiff greeting there was no hint that the two men had ever been friendly, but Emerson was prepared for coolness and seated himself without waiting for an invitation, glad of the chance to rest his tired limbs.

"I have a great deal to say to you, sir," Emerson began, "and I would like you to hear me through."

"Go ahead."

"I am going to tell you some things about Mr. Marsh that I dare say you will disbelieve, but I can verify my statements. I think you are a just man, and I don't believe you know or would approve the methods he has used against me."

"If this is to be an arraignment of Mr. Marsh I suggest that you wait until he can be present. He has gone ashore with the women folks."

"I prefer to talk to you first. We can call him in later if you wish."

"Before we begin may I inquire what you expect of me?"

"I expect relief."

"You remember our agreement?"

"I don't want assistance; I want relief."

"Whatever the distinction in the words, I understand that you are asking a favor?"

"I don't consider it so."

"Very well. Proceed."

"When you sent me out three years ago to make a fortune for Mildred it was understood that there should be fair play on both sides"—

"Have you played fair?" quickly interposed the old man.

"I have. When I came to Chicago I had no idea that you were interested in the Pacific coast fisheries. I had raised the money before I discovered that you even knew Willis Marsh. Then it was too late to retreat. When I reached Seattle all sorts of unexpected obstacles came up. I lost the ship I had chartered; machinery houses refused deliveries; shipments went astray; my bank finally refused its loan, and every other bank in the northwest followed suit. I was harassed in every possible way. And it wasn't chance that caused it; it was Willis Marsh. He set spies upon me; he incited a dock strike that resulted in a riot and the death of at least one man; moreover, he tried to have me killed."

"How do you know he did that?"

"I have no legal proof, but I know it just the same."

Mr. Wayland smiled. "That is not a very definite charge. You surely don't hold him responsible for the death of that striker?"

"I do, and for the action of the police in trying to fix the crime upon me. You know, perhaps, how I got away from Seattle. When Marsh arrived at Kalvik he first tried to sink my boilers; failing in that, he ruined my iron Chinks; then he 'corked' my fish trap, not because he needed more fish, but purely to spoil my catch. The day the run started he bribed my fishermen to break their contracts, leaving me short handed. He didn't need more men, but did that simply to cripple me. I got Indians to replace the white men, but he won them away by a miserable trick and by threats that I have no doubt he would make good if the poor devils dared to stand out.

"His men won't allow my fellows to work. We have had our nets cut and our fish thrown out. Last night we had a bad time on the banks, and a number of people were hurt. The situation is growing worse every hour, and there will be bloodshed unless this persecution stops. All I want is a fair chance. There are fish enough for us all in the Kalvik, but that man has used the power of your organization to ruin me not for business reasons, but for personal spite. I have played the game squarely, Mr. Wayland, but unless this ceases I'm through."

"You are through?"

"Yes. The run is nearly a week old, and I haven't begun to pack my salmon. I have less than half a boat crew, and of those half are laid up."

The president of the trust stirred for the first time since Boyd had begun his recital. The grim lines about his mouth set themselves deeper, and, staring with cold gray eyes at the speaker, he said:

"Well, sir, what you have told me confirms my judgment that Willis Marsh is the right man in the right place."

Completely taken back by this unexpected reply, Boyd exclaimed:

"You don't mean to say that you approve of what he has done?"

"Yes, of what I know he has done. Mr. Marsh is pursuing a definite policy laid down by his board of directors. You have shown me that he has done his work well. You knew before you left the east that we intended to crush all opposition."

Emerson's voice was sharp as he cried, "I understand all that, but am I to understand also that the directors of the N. A. P. A. instructed him to kill me?"

"Tut, tut! Don't talk nonsense. You admit that you have no proof of Willis' connection with the attempt upon your life. You put yourself in the way of danger when you hired scab labor to break that strike. I think you got off very easily."

"If Marsh was instructed to crush the independents, why has he centered all his efforts on me alone? Why has he spent this summer in Kalvik and not among the other stations to the south?"

"That is our business. Different methods are required in different localities."

"Then you have no criticism to make—you uphold him?" Boyd's indignation was getting beyond control.

"None whatever. Your complaints do not appeal to me. Even granting your absurd assumption that Marsh tried to put you out of the way, it seems to me that you have more than evened the score."

"How?"

"He is still wearing bandages over that knife thrust you gave him."

Emerson leaped to his feet.

"He knows I didn't do that—everybody knows it!" he cried. "He lied to you."

"We won't discuss that," said Wayne Wayland curtly. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to end this persecution. I want you to call him off."

"In other words, you want me to save you."

Emerson swallowed. "I suppose it amounts to that. I want to be let alone. I want a square deal."

"Well, I want." Wayland's voice hardened suddenly; his sound, white teeth snapped together. "You are getting exactly what you deserve. You betrayed me by spying upon me while you broke bread in my house. I see nothing reprehensible in Mr. Marsh's conduct, but even if I did I would not censure him. Any measures are justifiable against a traitor."

Boyd Emerson's face went gray beneath its coating of tan, and his voice threatened to break as he said:

"I am no traitor, and you know it. I thought you a man of honor, and I came to you not for help, but for justice. But I see I was mistaken. I am beginning to believe that Marsh acted under your instructions from the first."

"WE'VE WON, MY BOY! WE'VE WON!"

"Believe what you choose."

"You think you've got me, but you haven't. I'll beat you yet."

"You can't beat me at anything." Mr. Wayland's jaws were set like iron.

"Not this year perhaps, but next. You and Marsh have whipped me this time, but the salmon will come again, and I'll run my plant in spite of hell!"

Wayne Wayland made as if to speak, but Boyd went on unheeding: "You've taken a dislike to me, but your conduct shows that you fear me. You are afraid I'll succeed, and I will."

"Brave talk!" said the older man. "But you owe $100,000, and your stockholders will learn of your mismanagement."

"Your persecution, you mean!" cried the other. "I can explain. They will wait another year. I will raise more money, and they will stand by me."

"Perhaps I know more about that than you do."

Emerson strode toward the desk menacingly, crying in a quivering voice:

"I warn you to keep your hands off them. Don't try any of your financial trickery with me, or I'll"—

Wayne Wayland leaped from his chair, his face purple and his eyes flashing savagely.

"Leave this yacht!" he thundered. "I won't allow you to insult me. I won't stand your threats. I've got you where I want you, and when the time comes you'll know it. Now, get out!" He stretched forth a great square hand and closed it so fiercely that the fingers cracked. "I'll crush you—like that!"

Boyd turned and strode from the cabin.

Half blinded with anger, he stumbled down the ladder to his launch.

"Back to the plant!" he ordered, then gazed with lowering brows and defiant eyes at the Grande Dame as she rested swanlike and serene at her moorings. His anger against Mildred's father destroyed for the time all thought of his disappointment at her own lack of understanding and her cool acceptance of his failure. He saw only that his affairs had reached a final climax where he must bow to the inevitable or—Big George's parting words came to him—strike one last blow in reprisal.

It was the hour of his darkest despair—the real crisis in his life. There are times when it rests with fate to make a strong man stronger or turn him altogether to evil. Such a man will not accept misfortune tamely. He is the reverse of those who are good through weakness. It is his nature to sin strongly.

But the unexpected happened, and Boyd's black mood vanished in amazement at the sight which met his eyes. Moored to the fish dock was a lighter awash with a cargo that made him stare and doubt his vision. He had seen his scanty crew of gill netters return empty handed with the rising sun, exhausted, disheartened, depleted in numbers, yet there before him were thousands of salmon. They were strewn in a great mass upon the dock and inside the shed, while from the scow beneath they came in showers as the handlers tossed them upward from their "pues." Through the wide doors he saw the backs of the butchers busily at work over their tables and heard the uproar of his cannery running full for the first time.

Before the launch had touched he had leaped to the ladder and swung himself upon the dock. He stumbled into the arms of Big George.

"Where—did those—fish come from?" he cried breathlessly.

"From the trap." George smiled as he had not smiled in many weeks. "They've struck in like I knew they would, and they're running now by the thousands. I've fished these waters for years, but I never seen the likes of it. They'll tear that trap to pieces. They're smothering in the pot, tons and tons of 'em, with millions more milling below the leads because they can't get in. It's a sight you'll not see once in a lifetime."

"That means that we can run the plant—that we'll get all we can use?"

"Say, we've got fish enough to run two canneries. They've struck their gait, I tell you, and they'll never stop now, night or day, till they're through. We don't need no gill netters. What we need is butchers and slimers and handlers. There never was a trap site in the north till this one. I told Willis Marsh that years ago." He flung out a long, hairy arm, bared half to the shoulder, and waved it exultantly. "We built this plant to cook 40,000 salmon a day, but I'll bring you 3,000 every hour, and you've got to cook 'em. Do you hear?"

"And they couldn't cork us after all!" Emerson leaned unsteadily against a pile, for his head was whirling.

"No! We'll show that gang what a cannery can do. Marsh's traps will rot where they stand." Big George shook his tight clinched fist again. "We've won, my boy! We've won!"

"Then don't let us stand here talking!" cried Emerson sharply. "Hurry! Hurry!" He turned and sped up the dock.

He had come into his own at last, and he vowed with tight shut teeth that no wheel should stop, no belt should slacken, no man should leave his duty, till the run had passed. At the entrance to the throbbing, clanging building he paused an instant and with a smile looked toward the yacht floating lazily in the distance. Then, with knees sagging beneath him from weariness, he entered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUZZLING THE PRESS.

A Much Favored Official Duty at One Time In England.

There was a time in England when government officially viewed the press as a hostile power, to be destroyed if possible—to be curbed at any cost. In 1633 Roger L'Estrange, "overseer of the press," brought out his "Considerations and Proposals In Order to the Regulation of the Press." He advocated the severest restrictions for authors and printers, as well as for "the letter founders and the smiths and joiners that work upon the premises" and "the stitchers, binders, stationers, hawkers, mercury women, peddlers, ballad singers, posts, carriers, hackney coachmen, boatmen and mariners."

A proposal of L'Estrange was that culprits convicted of having broken the law should be condemned "to wear some visible badge or mark of ignominy, as a halter instead of a hatband, one stocking blue and another red, a blue bonnet with a red letter T or S upon it." A few years later L'Estrange went one better by declaring that newspapers ought not be allowed at all.

He said that the reading of them "makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and councils of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch but a kind of colorable right and license to be meddling with the government." In 1685 L'Estrange was knighted.—Chicago News.

Accommodating.

Applicant—Did I understand you to say that you accommodate 200 persons at this hotel? Hotel Proprietor—No. I said this hotel had capacity for 200.—Browning's Magazine.

Smart Girl.

The Fellow—Next to a man what's the jolliest thing you know of? The Girl—Myself, if he's nice.—Illustrated Bits.

Before employing a fine word find a place for it.—Joubet.

HOW NIX FOUND HIS MASTER

While mamma, papa, grandma and Trix were at breakfast one morning there was a sudden tap, tap at the outside door of the dining room, which opened on a portico.

"Trix, see who it is," said mamma. And when he went to the door there stood a little Scotch terrier with bright, knowing eyes.

Trix was so astonished he could not say a word

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The Oxford Democrat,

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ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. K. FORBES.

TERMS:—$1.50 a year if paid strictly in advance. Otherwise $2.00 a year. Single copies 4 cents.

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

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Wash Goods.
Free!
Our Clearance Sale.
Comfortable House Shoes.
Good News for the Sick.
Make This Test.
Causes 95 Per Cent of Diseases.
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It is Our Desire.
She is Going to See.
For Sale.
The Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Co.
Providence Washington Ins. Co.
Legislative Notices.
Lettuce.

Notes from the Legislature.

With the last week, the fourth week of the session, the legislature "got down to business," that is, to the business that shows more or less results of some kind, as the work of the first three weeks does not. Like previous legislatures, this one has been criticised for doing so little in its first weeks, but in point of fact, it did about all that was possible. No business of importance can be even introduced until after the committees are organized, and no hearings can be held until after seven days notice, so that little actual work can be done in the first three weeks.

The flood of new measures is now at full height, and in the lot are a few old friends of former years, some of them slightly changed in appearance. Among these are the bill establishing a state board of charities and corrections; the Donigan bridge bill, putting the maintenance of all large bridges on the state, which seems to have about the same chance of passage as in former sessions; and the resolve in favor of Michael Burns of Augusta, the original original package man, which has been turned down by every legislature for nearly two decades.

A bill introduced early last week provides for the merger of the Maine Central Railroad and the leased lines which it is now operating—the Washington County, the Somerset, and the Sebasticook and Moosehead. If this is passed it will abrogate the tax rebate on the Somerset extension, which has still a number of years to run.

Another act provides for the electrification of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Aroostook County, and another authorizes a long extension of the Aroostook Valley electric road, foreshadowing an extensive electrification of the railroads in that part of the state.

A ballot bill has been introduced by Senator Donigan which provides for a form of ballot practically such as is used in Connecticut. This is a party column ballot, and according to the description it is apparently less simple than the present Maine ballot.

Davies of Yarmouth has introduced a resolve for a constitutional amendment providing for the election of Secretary of State, State Treasurer and Attorney General by the people, instead of by the legislature as now. This has been urged by Mr. Davies for some time.

Representative Bisbee of Rumford has introduced bills to extend for two years the charters of the Rumford Falls and Bethel Street Railway, and the Rangeley Lakes and Megantic Railway.

A bill to amend the apple law introduced by Representative Wheeler fixes the size of the standard bushel box and the barrel, and provides that smaller packages shall be marked "short barrel" or "short box."

The expected measure providing for the division of the common school fund entirely on the basis of school population, and not partly on the basis of valuation as now, was put in last week. It will have both strong support and strong opposition.

A bill introduced to regulate the taking of fish in the waters of the state provides that no person shall catch more than forty fish in any one day. Another bill makes an open time of three months, from Sept. 1st to Nov. 30th, on gray squirrels, on which there is now no open time.

On Tuesday Mr. Davies sprung a surprise in the house, by introducing a resolution declaring, in view of the value of Maine's undeveloped water power and the position taken by the last legislature against the transmission of power outside the state, that this legislature will continue that policy, "to the end that no corporation engaged or to be engaged in the transmission of power shall be granted unrestricted rights of eminent domain." Although a surprise, this was passed under suspension of the rules, and by a practically unanimous vote. The next day it went through the senate in the same way.

Senator Stearns has introduced a bill changing the time of the regular meetings of the county commissioners of Oxford County from the second Tuesday of May and September to the first Tuesday.

Senator Stearns has also introduced a bill permitting the Mexico Water Co. to take water from Swift River, and to supply water to the towns of Roxbury and Byron.

The much-heralded bill to incorporate the Kennebec Dam and Reservoir Co., popularly known about the state house as "the octopus," made its appearance Wednesday. It seems to have been shorn of at least some of its objectionable features, though it will be closely scrutinized in any event. At the same time there was introduced by Mr. Pattangall a bill which modifies the present law with regard to electric light and power companies, and allows competition in a territory when so decreed by a judge of the Supreme Court after investigation.

The committee on legal affairs reported favorably on the bill to abolish the office of assistant attorney general, and the house accepted the report and passed the bill by a vote of 119 to 19.

In a caucus of practically all the Democratic members Thursday night, it was decided to support a bill for the creation of a public utilities commission. This will take the powers of the board of railroad commissioners, which will be abolished, and will also have other extensive powers, including the regulation of rates on railroads, gas, telephone, water, and in fact, all public utilities.

Considerable work is being put into the matter of the reapportionment of the state for senators and representatives in the legislature, the workers taking various points of view. It seems to be settled that Hancock County will lose one senator, and in the five counties to one of which it might possibly go is included Oxford. But it is not likely that this Democratic legislature will give another senator to a county so nearly certain to go Republican as Oxford, especially when there are two or three other counties that have quite a claim to it. On the other hand, it is quite probable that Oxford will gain a representative, increasing its number from seven to eight.

The senate commitee on the contested election case has decided in favor of Dr. Fred A. Chandler of Addison, the sitting Republican, finding him elected by a plurality of thirteen votes in a total vote of about 8000.

The committee on insane hospital propose to investigate those institutions thoroughly, and according to what is intimated, they expect to find "something rotten in Denmark."

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.

Mrs. Agnes M. Slattery, who was recently married to Mr. Arthur Davis of Woodstock, moved last week from her home in this village to Bryant's Pond, where Mr. Davis is employed.

Mrs. William G. Hammond sold her place in this village last week to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adams, who now reside on the Gilbert Abbott farm, south of The Beeches. Mr. and Mrs. Adams expect to move to their new purchase the coming spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Shaw and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert E. Shaw gave a whist party Saturday evening at the home of the former, which the guests pronounce a very enjoyable occasion.

Perley F. Ripley went to Portland last week and ran home a new 1911 Ford Roadster of the fore-door type, that is a handsome car and attracted considerable attention. Mr. Ripley found no snow below Poland and from there to Paris the snow in the roads was packed so hard that it made an ideal auto road. It is not always that we have good automobile roads the last of January, but several cars were running here last week and owners and prospective owners began to have "Spring Fever," but the snow storm Friday night and blow of Saturday put an end of it for the present.

There will be a social and supper at the Baptist church on Tuesday evening. Supper at half past six. All are invited.

Although it was a small party at the masquerade ball Thursday evening it was a most enjoyable time for those who did attend. The music by Howard Shaw, piano, George Davee, violin, and Ralph Easson, trombone, was very good indeed. Next Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, there will be a povery ball under the same auspices; music and admission the same.

Greenwood.

It is doubtful if the person lives who remembers a fall and winter up to the last week in January, when there fell so little rain and snow as in the two seasons in question. Winter came in with the fountains at low water mark, with the result that their wells or aqueducts have been dry for several weeks, thus making it necessary to melt snow or bring water from a more favored location for all purposes. But there is plenty of ice in the ponds yet, and those who are harvesting it report it two feet thick and nearly all of first quality.

Snow is not more than a foot deep in the woods, thus making it very convenient for cutting and hauling timber; and sleighing could not be finer even if made to order.

And now they are beginning to talk about getting their town reports ready for March meeting which is fast approaching.

Our company the past week consisted of Mrs. Edgar Morgan and little boy, Willie, also I. W. Swan of Locke's Mills, who the doctors thought a year ago, was very near the end of life.

Mrs. Ransom Cole is now slowly improving with a fair prospect of recovery.

Jason Bennett has hired out to D. R. Cole cutting timber, while his wife is stopping with her folks at the City. They intend to commence keeping house on the Charles Brooks place in the spring.

Did anybody's eggs get broken the first of the week, when they fell from 30 to 24 cents in one day?

Slocum's history of those double weddings was particularly interesting to us, since we were an eyewitness to the first mentioned. Rev. Benjamin Willey tied the knots and they were performed in first class style. He was a brother to the Mr. Willey, who with a whole family, perished in the White Mountain slide, well known in history.

Within a few days Dr. Jayne's medical almanac found its way here, and also Hood's calendar in miniature form, accompanied by a picture of a pretty girl. Both are worth looking at, the former giving the most detailed history of Perry's victory we have ever seen, and the latter tells us all about their wonderful medicine, and how many calendars they have published during the last 25 years; the number being several million a year.

Now that it is well along in January, perhaps it is time to publish our death record for 1910, only premising that the persons here mentioned were, or had been, all known in former years.

JANUARY.

Annie Green, Joseph Cummings, Andrew Hill, William Cushman, Hiram Cummings, 5.

FEBRUARY.

Edwin Morgan, Lucy M. Davis, H. C. Davis, Rev. A. S. Ladd, Leonard Whitman, 5.

MARCH.

William Day, Lydia A. Bryant, Lydia Alley, I. W. Andrews, 4.

APRIL.

Amanda V. Hadley, Dr. B. T. Sanborn, George W. Hammond, 3.

MAY.

Stephen Rowe, Sewel Brooks, Lester E. Brooks, Calvin E. Chapman, 4.

JUNE.

Albert Bolster, Charles Estes, 2.

JULY.

Cyprian Benson, 1.

AUGUST.

Lawson Cole, 1.

SEPTEMBER.

Mrs. James M. Day, Orene Cole, Winona Whitman, Perley Whitman, Mrs. Rachel E. Dunham, Lydia R. Morse, Adoniram Swan, Elizabeth B. Gammon, G. O. Chickering, 9.

OCTOBER.

Austin J. Hayes, Abner C. Libby, Nelson Swift, 3.

NOVEMBER.

Rev. G. B. Hannaford, Mary E. Morgan, 2.

DECEMBER.

Charles O. Whitman, 1.

Making a total of 40 persons, if our figures are correct.

School at Greenwood City closed last Friday, the 20th, after a term of eight weeks, that began the Monday after Thanksgiving. School kept in about the usual order in the forenoon, and after dinner teacher and scholars played games and enjoyed a treat which consisted of two kinds of home-made candy.

At Christmas time the pupils, twenty in number, gave their teacher, Miss Elva Kendall, a beautiful handkerchief and box. Little Della Cole, five years old, who lives about a mile from the school house, has attended school every day this winter, except one day when on her way to school she slipped down and had to return home on account of the nose bleed. Pupils not absent one-half day are:

Ruth Cole,	Hazel Cole,
Bertha Cole,	Leslie Cole,
Simeon Farr,	Henry Walker.

Early this winter, Mrs. Frank Ring received two green cotton bolls from her sister, Miss Lena Bliss, who is teaching school in Southern Pines, N. C. One of the bolls dried while on the way, but the other remained green for nearly a week so that its owner enjoyed showing it to her friends. At Christmas time she received some mistletoe and holly from the same source.

E. H. Bliss of Westbrook, who has been stopping with his daughter, Mrs. Florence Ring, has gone to Groveton, N. H., where he will remain for a time with another daughter.

F. H. Maxfield took his first and second degrees in the Grange at Bryant's Pond last Saturday.

North Buckfield.

Mrs. EuDora Ames of Rumford has been visiting her brother, J. E. Bicknell.

S. D. Swallow, who has been confined to the house two weeks with a severe cold, is gaining.

Elmer Roberts is at work for S. J. Spaulding.

Mrs. R. J. Warren and Mrs. M. A. Warren spent one day last week with Mrs. Amos Foster.

Ada and Percy Turner of South Paris spent Sunday at Vinton Keene's.

Oscar Turner of East Sumner visited his sister, Mrs. S. D. Swallow, one day recently.

Among the teamsters who are hauling cordwood is one, George Chase, who hauls four cords at a load, with a four-horse team.

Bethel.

Hon. J. R. Libby of Portland gave an address upon Temperance in Odeon Hall Sunday evening, Jan. 22, under the auspices of the Bethel W. C. T. U. He gave a plain talk from a business man's standpoint and his arguments were most convincing to the large audience, and he held the closest attention of his listeners. There was special music, consisting of a chorus from the different churches under the direction of Mrs. Banghart, who sang a solo most pleasingly.

The funeral of Mr. Hannibal Grover was held at his late home Monday afternoon. Mr. Grover left two sisters, one who had kept his home since the death of Mrs. Grover several years ago, and one who lives in the west. Rev. W. C. Curtis, pastor of the Congregational church, of which Mr. Grover had long been a member, spoke of the life of Mr. Grover among his neighbors and friends by whom he will long be missed.

Harry Jordan has been appointed town clerk to fill the place of the late L. T. Barker until the close of the year.

A remonstrance against resubmission has been circulated by the W. C. T. U. the past week and very generally signed.

Miss Mildred Keene has returned to the Citizen office.

Friday evening the Canadian Jubilee Singers sang to a full house under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor and gave a pleasing program, refined and cultivated.

Friday evening the boys' basket ball team of North Bridgton Academy played the Gould Academy team, the result being 49-9 in favor of Gould.

The following students of Gould Academy have been chosen for the annual prize speaking: Girls—Misses Bertha Thurston, Helen Spencer, Edith Marsden and Ruth Mason. Boys—Messrs. Edward Lawler, Carroll Valentine, Harold Rich and Percy Taylor. Alternates—Ida Packard and Winfield Wight.

Miss Belle Purington went Wednesday to Andover, Mass., to spend several weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. V. Holt.

Saturday morning there is a heavy fall of snow and it is still increasing.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Daniel Mason Kimball has gone to California, and is picking oranges most likely.

School closed here Jan. 27th with interesting exercises.

Our little Blanche is feeding the birds and making friends with them.

Ella Farwell of East Bethel recently visited here.

George Bell from Bryant's Pond was here on business the 25th inst.

Hermon Mason called on his aunts here, three aged ladies who live very near together. Two of them live on the old homestead known as the "Uncle Israel Kimball" farm where they were born and brought up.

There was a pleasant gathering at the Carter mansion last Monday evening, Jan. 23d, in the interest of the church and a memorial building here.

Charles Eames and family were up Sunday River to see relatives and friends the 22d of January. He has a dog that will be harnessed to a sled and take the girl to and from school.

Frank Russell is doing good business cutting and hauling birch to the village. He sells it to Fred Edwards.

"Spring-time" is coming, and we'll sing our new song.

West Bethel.

"The man that's rich may wear a threadbare coat;
To be ill dressed is not in him a crime;
The man that's poor, if he would keep afloat,
Must wear the best of garments all the time."

"Prize well those friends whom God hath given,
And shrine them in thy heart;
For friendship's bonds when once they're riven,
More widely grow apart."

Good-by to January.

Candlemas Day next Thursday.

The expected January thaw has not arrived.

Alden F. Mason is visiting his son and family in Rumford.

Mrs. W. W. Goodridge visited in Lewiston last week.

Edward Mason and Merton Bean are working in Rolfe Bros'. mill.

Fred Scribner and wife of Albany recently visited his parents in this village.

Webster E. Walker and family have moved from Mason to the house of his brother, Horace E. Walker.

Better sleighing than we have had thus far this winter no one can ask for, or ever expect to see.

L. D. Grover is getting a small lot of logs from his woodland to be hauled to the mill of F. I. Bean in Mason.

The Dennison Sales Co. are employing agents to sell post-cards in packages of seven at ten cents per package, and give a watch on every twenty packages sold.

The new steam mill of Geo. E. Leighton & Co. is nearly ready to be started, and may be in operation before this item appears in print. They have a large lot of nice birch in their yard, and more is coming daily.

West Sumner.

Ida Bisbee, little daughter of Roy Bisbee, received the largest number of votes in the child contest conducted here Saturday night by the Hungarian Glass Blowers. The prize (a beautiful glass ornament) was awarded to her by Harry Jacobs and Selden Barrett who counted the votes.

The S. B. R. Club was entertained by Mrs. Amanda Bisbee Thursday afternoon. Author, Shakespeare. The next meeting will be Feb. 9th.

The saw mill is now running on full time and business is quite lively for the men who are hauling in the logs and hauling away the boards and shingles. Charles Holland of Buckfield, who has bought the mill, is boarding at Harry Jacobs'.

Mr. Genthner is at H. B. Maxim's again with pianos to sell.

E. W. Chandler is in poor health. He has not been able to go to his planing mill for several days.

Levi Turner of Buckfield is visiting friends and relatives here.

L. P. Merrill and Allie Jotham of Rumford visited Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Howe Thursday.

Arabella T. (Farrar) Heath, wife of G. W. Heath, died Jan. 21, after a brief illness, aged 85 years and 9 months. Mrs. Heath visited her daughter, Mrs. Lunt, of Buckfield, recently and was not feeling well when she returned home and soon became very ill with acute bronchitis. She had been a member of the Universalist church for many years. She will be greatly missed for although she has been physically weak for some years she was always bright and cheerful and exerted a strong influence for good. A veritable mother in Israel. Funeral services were held at her late home Tuesday, Rev. C. G. Miller officiating. The deceased is survived by a husband, G. W. Heath, and two daughters, Mrs. Timothy Lunt and Miss Ada Heath, of Buckfield, and Herbert T. Heath with whom she resided, five grandchildren, also one sister, Mrs. Delphina Lowe of Melrose, Mass., and two brothers, Harry of South Paris and Jefferson of this place. They laid her to rest amid beautiful flowers in Pleasant Pond cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Farrar of Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Farrar and Mrs. Everett Farrar of South Paris were here Thursday, called here to attend the funeral of Mrs. G. W. Heath.

Fidelity Lodge, No. 136, K. of P., worked the rank of Page on three candidates Jan. 26. This makes five candidates who are receiving the different ranks. One new application was read.

Henry Parlin of Auburn and Fletcher Parlin of South Paris visited their sister, Mrs. D. D. Small, last Saturday.

Hebron.

Z. L. Packard W. R. C. held their usual meeting Friday with supper and entertainment in the evening. Sixteen dollars was cleared.

Hebron Grange held an all day meeting Wednesday and installed the officers for the year.

Mrs. Charles Dwyer and baby are at home now. Mrs. Dwyer was unable to come earlier as the baby was ill with whooping cough.

A letter this week from our friend, Ira M. Bearce, teacher of science in Fitchburg High School for three years, tells us he has resigned there and accepted a position in Washington, D. C., Business High School where he will teach physics, chemistry and physical geography. Mr. Bearce is a Hebron boy and his friends here wish him success in his new position. Mr. Bearce's family will remain in Fitchburg for the present.

West Paris.

Last Monday afternoon the left leg of Raymond, the little son of Carl P. Dunham, was amputated above the knee by Drs. Webber of Lewiston and Wheeler of West Paris. Several years ago Raymond received an injury from a fall on the ice from which he has always been lame, but recently an ulcerated condition of the leg made it necessary to amputate. He is doing well at this writing. Miss Minnie Tibbetts of Portland is the trained nurse.

Mrs. O. K. Yates is recovering from a serious illness from pneumonia.

Mrs. Eliza Curtis has returned from a visit with relatives and friends at Mechanic Falls, Norway and South Paris. Mrs. Curtis is in very poor health and since her return has been much worse.

Dr. Packard of South Paris was in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Robbins and little daughter Gertrude of West Sumner were guests at Bert Day's last Sunday.

Mrs. Dora Jackson entertained the Jolly Twelve whist club Monday evening.

The Good Will society met with Mrs. Geo. W. Ridlon Wednesday afternoon. The next meeting will be held in two weeks with Mrs. Clara Ridlon.

Monday evening, the Happy Go Lucky whist club was very pleasantly entertained by Edwin J. Mann. First prizes were received by George Jackson and Miss Mabel Ricker. Consolation prizes Herbert Day and Mrs. Doble.

Thursday evening, the Happy Go Lucky Club attended the dance at Paris Hill and enjoyed a royal good time.

Mrs. Otis A. Curtis and Mrs. Ellis Doble spent a few days at South Paris last week.

Mrs. Josephine Bates has returned from a visit at O. A. Thayer's, Paris.

North Paris.

Mrs. Grace Stevens has been quite sick the past two weeks. She is now on the gain.

James Abbott is at home from Crystal, N. H., Paris Co.'s camp.

A. B. Abbott is drawing spool strips for E. W. Penley.

Mrs. L. J. Trask is with her mother at Chesterville. Mr. Trask's mother is keeping house for him.

M. S. Bubier is grinding grain and corn for the farmers in his vicinity.

M. D. Foss does not gain very fast.

R. B. Nevers is very poorly and suffers much with rheumatism.

David Graves and daughter of Boston are at the Graves' cottage for a stay of two weeks for his daughter's health.

Dr. Atwood was called to see James Ripley last Friday.

M. D. Foss is suffering from an attack of asthma.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Redamarker and two children, who have been visiting his sister, Mrs. C. E. Peterson, and husband for a few months, returned to their home in Addison Jan. 14. Mrs. Peterson returned with them and will visit relatives and friends for several weeks.

Misses Della and May Elwell and Doris Field, who are attending high school at West Paris, are boarding there this term. The other scholars from here continue to drive back and forth.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rines have been visiting relatives and friends in Gardiner.

Mrs. A. D. Andrews, accompanied by her father, Rev. Seth Benson, of West Paris, visited her aunt, Mrs. Emma Barrett, of Sumner, Jan. 25.

Wallace Hazelton and his sister, Miss Elva Hazelton, of West Sumner, spent January 24 at E. E. Field's. Miss Hazelton spent a few days there.

Bryant's Pond.

Robert B. Taylor has moved from North Woodstock to Paris.

Hortense Arkett is attending the winter term of Bridgton High School.

Our dramatic club was greeted with a packed house at its entertainment Friday evening. Many came from outside towns, and all expressed their appreciation of the play. The company may arrange to repeat the play here or at some other point.

C. R. Whitman is slowly recovering from a slight shock with which he was stricken three weeks ago.

Dr. R. B. Bucknam intends to leave soon for Philadelphia to be absent several weeks.

Thurston & Waterhouse have finished one logging job for John McKenzie on the mountain lot and have a new contract in another section.

Arthur W. Davis and wife will soon move to the Littlefield farm above the village.

Locke's Mills.

Business is dull at the spool mill just now.

Mr. Lucius Trask is on the sick list.

Mrs. Azel Bryant and Mrs. J. C. Littlefield were at Rumford Corner Tuesday.

Mr. J. F. Reed and Frank McKenney of West Paris were at Camp Comfort a few days last week.

Charlie Tebbets, Arthur Stowell, Eddie Peverly and Chris Bryant spent Sunday at Island Cottage.

Mrs. Warner died at her home, Broadview Inn, Tuesday after an illness of two days. Funeral services were held Thursday and the remains were placed in the tomb.

Mr. Fred Bubier, who was taken to the hospital in Lewiston, had his leg amputated Tuesday. He is quite comfortable at this writing.

Miss Eva Andrews of South Woodstock visited friends in town last week.

Quite a crowd from here attended the drama at Bryant's Pond and all reported a fine entertainment.

The first load of spool strips came from the Milton mill Wednesday.

It is good sledding on the road, but not snow enough to do much work in the woods.

Every day there are several parties fishing through the ice on the different ponds, and some "big" fish are caught.

Miss Winnie Maxim took her first and second degrees in the Grange at Bryant's Pond Saturday, the 21st.

Oxford.

The members of the senior class of Oxford High School presented the drama, "The Deacon's Second Wife," at Robinson Hall Friday evening, Jan. 20. There was a large crowd present. The play was followed by a sale of ice cream and a dance. It is reported that between fifty and sixty dollars was cleared.

Almon Crooker is ill with pneumonia.

The State School Inspector, Mr. Taylor, visited this high school Thursday.

Miss Ruth Downing, who has been quarantined for scarlet fever, is now boarding at George Turner's and going to school here.

Verner Smith of Otisfield is stopping at Walter Holden's.

Lovell.

James W. Charles was attacked with heart trouble, from which he had suffered lately, on Friday afternoon and died instantly. He was a native of Fryeburg, but came to this town many years ago. He leaves a widow and one sister, Mrs. Leonard Emerson, of Stow. He was nearly 80 years of age.

The drama, "The Spy of Gettysburg" was played at Pine Grove Hall on Friday evening by members of the senior class of Fryeburg Academy.

The officers of the Eastern Star were installed at Pine Grove Hall Wednesday evening. Packard's orchestra was present and dancing was indulged in after the installation.

Wilson's Mills.

Mrs. D. C. Bennett is convalescent.

H. G. Bennett broke his shoulder Jan. 24th.

Fred York is working at Richardson Pond.

Joe Hart has finished getting Peter Littlehale's ice.

Mrs. Bertha Wilson is sick in bed with the grippe, also Claude Linnell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bucknam are out from their camp on the Diamond.

Mrs. Homer Leach and daughter Margaret have returned from Colebrook, where they have been visiting relatives.

Welchville.

Mrs. Fred Morse is visiting friends in Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Maud Fuller has gone to West Medford to visit her sister, Mrs. Frank Harris.

E. H. Boynton from Melrose, Mass., was in town Saturday.

Bert Hall is working for Miss Louisa Holmes.

Mrs. Jane Soule had a shock Sunday, and is very low at the present time.

Buckfield.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Irish and Miss Myra started for Redlands, California, Monday, the 23d inst. Mr. Chaffin's family came to Mr. Irish's place to live till their return on the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Rawson went to Waterville Monday for a visit with friends, returning Thursday.

Rev. F. M. Lamb was in Auburn Monday and Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Rupert Rodgers of Boston and two boys are guests of her sister, Mrs. S. M. Benson.

Mrs. Josie Cole submitted to a surgical operation Saturday, the 21st inst. Dr. Williams of Lewiston performed the operation and Mrs. Cole is doing well at this time.

The senior class of the high school will present the popular drama, "The Country Doctor," at the Grange Hall, Turner Center, Feb. 3, and at I. O. O. F. Hall here Feb. 10.

The Glass Blowers will be here the week of Jan. 30.

Miss Etta Miller of Auburn is the guest of Mr. Wilson Shaw.

Mrs. Josie Drummond and son Dick returned to their home in Waterville Friday.

East Sumner.

In the death of Mr. Thomas J. Stephens which occurred at the residence of his son, R. G. Stephens, on Jan. 21, the town has lost one of its best citizens, and withal one of its landmarks, so to speak, as he was past 82 years of age and nearly his whole life has been spent in town and at the ancestral homestead. In his active life he had been a successful farmer and a brick mason and many chimneys for miles around stand to-day as monuments to his skill and faithfulness. Honesty and morality characterized his whole life which was void of any stain and whose influence for good was never doubted. He was a worthy and esteemed member of the Baptist church and of Nezinscott Lodge of Odd Fellows and honored both organizations by his consistent life. He leaves a son, R. G. Stephens, at East Sumner, and a daughter, the wife of H. C. Field of Bristol, N. H. Several years ago he lost his wife, but not until they had observed their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. Stephens' brother, Roscoe G. Stephens, was one of the first to lose his life while in the service of his country at Hilton Head, S. C., as a member of Co. F, Ninth Maine Vols. Music, morality and love of home and country characterizes the family name. Of them it may truthfully be said, "Verily their works do follow them."

We have received the announcement card of the marriage on Jan. 25 at Hale, Me., of Winslow J. Heald and Miss Delia A. Kidder. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hanson of Rumford Falls. Mr. Heald is a native of East Sumner and the owner of camps near Oquossuc and is also an excellent guide in the hunting and fishing season. As Mr. Heald will be busy in building another camp, he with his wife will occupy one of his camps for the present.

Chas. Gray's "Bohemian Glass Blowers" and Carnival Co. gave exhibitions of their skill at Grange Hall on five evenings of last week. Their manipulations of melted glass are truly interesting and excited the curiosity of those who had never before seen any such feature. They also gave a vaudeville entertainment with music on each evening.

There was a good attendance at the Congregational circle dinner Wednesday as it was the last one before Rev. Mr. Eaton's removal to Oxford.

G. A. Chandler and wife were happily surprised by a number of their friends from West Sumner calling on them Wednesday evening.

Denmark.

Fred Sanborn's horse ran away Tuesday and the sleigh was badly broken up. No one hurt.

The officers of Silver Rebekah Lodge, No. 19, were installed Thursday evening by D. D. G. President Mrs. Brickett of Fryeburg, assisted by Mrs. Charles Farrington as marshal. Seventeen sisters and brothers from Julian Lodge of Fryeburg were present. After the installation a banquet was served in the banquet hall. Reading by Miss Myrtle Fessenden, music by the Silver Lodge orchestra which was very much enjoyed. The following officers were installed.

N. G.—Mrs. E. W. Berry.
V. G.—Mrs. Annie Barker.
R. S.—Mrs. Ada Gray.
F. S.—Mrs. Addie Wentworth.
Treas.—Mrs. F. C. Jewett.
Warden—Miss Myrtle Fessenden.
Con.—Mrs. Addie Alexander.
R. S. N. G.—Mrs. Flora Pingree.
L. S. N. G.—Mrs. Ella Allen.
R. S. V. G.—Mrs. Mae Wood.
L. S. V. G.—Mrs. Emma Smith.
O. G.—Geo. F. Kenison.
I. G.—Mrs. Minnie Jack.

The following past grands assisted:

Grand Warden—Mrs. Flora Pingree.
Grand Secretary—Mrs. Emma Lord.
Grand Treasurer—Mrs. Clara K. Belcher.
Grand Chaplain—Mrs. Kate Sanborn.

Alphonzo Hilton was taken to the insane hospital the 26th for treatment.

East Bethel.

Mr. George Swan went to Grafton last week on business.

Miss Bertha Cole is working for Mrs. Z. W. Bartlett.

Urban Bartlett, who has been very ill of pneumonia, is slowly gaining.

Freeborn Bean visited a friend at Gorham, N. H., over Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Bean is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. G. Holt.

Miss Eva Glines of Bethel village is teaching the remaining term of school here and boarding at F. A. Bean's.

Officers of Alder River Grange were installed Jan. 20 by Past Master O. B. Farwell in a very able and pleasing manner. The ceremony was conducted by Mr. H. E. Bartlett assisted by Mrs. H. E Bartlett. Refreshments of hot coffee, cake and sandwiches were served and the social hour enjoyed.

Mr. F. B. Howe is loading a car of potatoes at Locke's Mills to be shipped to Berlin, N. H., at 40 cents.

Albany.

Ezma Hutchins, who has been working for Mrs. Bowler of Bethel for a short time, has returned to M. F. Lord's.

Roy Wardwell, who has been on the sick list, is so as to be out again.

Large quantities of wood and lumber are being hauled to market by the farmers of this vicinity.

"Aunt" Ann Flint is quite ill of pneumonia at this writing.

Blanche Emery is assisting Mrs. E. R Bartlett of Bethel for a short time.

Man Drowned at Rumford.

As James Turneval was returning to his home in Rumford Friday evening about midnight he attempted to cross the stone railroad bridge over one of the artificial ponds in the Oxford mill yard. Several freight cars were on the track and the sleepers were icy. Turneval slipped and fell through the bridge to the canal. A companion, Aitkman Campbell, tried to save him and but for the efforts of a third party, David Carr, Campbell would have met the same fate as Turneval, who was drowned.

Although a large crew has been searching for the body it has not yet been found. Turneval was 24 years old and was a back-tender on machine No. 8 in the Oxford paper mill, where a brother of his also is employed. He came from the Scottish highlands in the summer, returning here after visiting relatives in Scotland. It is understood that his sweetheart was to have come to America soon, where they were to be married.

Mr. Turneval is spoken of as a very fine young man and the accident is deeply felt particularly among the Scotch people.

Young Man Killed in the Woods.

While at work in the saw mill of N. S. Stowell & Co. in township No. 6, in the northern part of the county, on Friday, the 20th, Howard Holt of Dixfield, 18 years of age, was fatally injured by a piece of lumber thrown from the stripping saw on which he was working, striking him in the stomach. He lived about half an hour, but did not recover consciousness. His remains were taken to Norridgewock, his former home.

DEATH IN ROARING FIRE

may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subdues inflammation. It kills pain. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c. at the store of the C. H. Howard Co.

Rev. E. P. Bartlett.

Rev. Edwin Payson Bartlett was born near Hebron, Feb. 15, 1844, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 14, 1910. At the age of 14 he united with the Hebron Baptist church. He graduated from Hebron Academy, spent three years in Colby University, then took one year and graduated from Rochester, N. Y. He taught seven years in Minnesota, and studied law, but instead of entering that profession, took a course in divinity school at Chicago, and was ordained as a minister of the Baptist church at La Moille, Ill., his first pastorate, in 1876. He was there thirteen years, at the East Des Moines Baptist church six years, and for a number of years secretary and general missionary of the Iowa Baptist State Convention. Because of failing health he had been retired for the past seven years. A wife and two married daughters survive him. Of the family of nine children of whom he was one, two now survive, F. W. Bartlett of Berkeley, Calif., and Mrs. Mary E., widow of Abijah C. Hall, formerly of South Paris, now in Pawhuska, Okla.

In the Baptist Standard is this tribute to Mr. Bartlett from a friend:

In the departure of Rev. Edward Payson Bartlett of Des Moines, Iowa, I have experienced a keen sense of personal bereavement. Our first acquaintance began thirty-seven years ago in the old theological seminary at Chicago. Being about the same age and of similar tastes and convictions, there was a little more than the ordinary in our intimacy. Brother Bartlett had a strong experience of God in his soul and this was a bulwark of strength to him during his seminary life and ever afterward.

I remember going to his room one day in 1873 during the hard times of the panic of that year, when he recounted an experience that strengthened his faith in God. He was poor, like the most of the "theologues" of that time and in hard lines for money. He had been in prayer that morning for God's help. When I arrived he had just received a letter from a friend in another state, containing a present of $5 from a friend of the writer who had volunteered to send him this money, although there was but a slight acquaintance between them. This was a great encouragement to him that day. Brother Bartlett was a man of great faith in God as a hearer and answerer of prayer.

He had clear convictions of Bible truths and held them with uncompromising tenacity. His piety was of that unostentatious, transparent kind which carried its own evidence of genuine sincerity. He was of a lovable disposition and many are the hours in which we have held sweet converse together. His was a faithful ministry of about forty years and during this time he was never swerved aside from his high vocation by any consideration of material gain. For nine years he was the efficient secretary of the Iowa Baptist State Convention. He was a noble man and served his generation faithfully.

D. D. PROPER.

Omaha, Neb.

Maine News Notes.

Clarence Powers, 6 years old, was instantly killed in Portland Tuesday by falling under a street car. No blame was attached to any one.

Emile Stickman, 12 years of age, was drowned at Lewiston on the 22d, by breaking through thin ice while skating on the Androscoggin River.

The Waterville Board of Trade has selected Wednesday, March 15, as the date for the semi-annual meeting of the Maine State Board of Trade to be held there.

Deputy Sheriff John S. Ballou of Bath, who was shot while attempting to recapture an Italian storekeeper at Topsham, has had his right eye removed, and is not yet out of danger.

By the dropping of a lighted match when lighting a lamp, Mrs. M. C. McCann of Portland was so severely burned on the 21st inst. that she died the next day. This is the sixth fatal fire in Portland in six months.

For the first time in the history of the Sons of Veterans of this state the annual encampment of that organization will be held at the same time and place as the encampment of the G. A. R. bodies, which has been arranged for June 14th and 15th at Augusta.

The Allegash branch of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad will be built, even without a tax rebate, and a hearing on approval of the location has been ordered. The length of the proposed road is about 157 miles, and the estimated cost of construction is $7,774,555. The route is almost entirely through a wilderness.

Seventy-eight pupils have been excluded from the schools of Portland on account of their dangerous physical condition. The medical board has examined 7014 children and 3000 were found to have some form of physical trouble. The matter of providing open air school rooms for tubercular children was discussed at the last meeting of the board.

Here and There.

New Orleans wins the first round in the Panama exposition fight, by a vote of 9 to 6 in its favor in the house committee. But this does not finish it. San Francisco has the money to fight to the last ditch, and we may now expect that the streets of Washington will flow with California wines and New Orleans cocktails as they have never flowed before.

Secretary Norton is to retire from his position and to go into business for himself. It has not taken him many years to learn that the lot of the President's private secretary is not an entirely happy one. A rare comb

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing September 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)—9:50 A. M., daily; 3:35 P. M., daily except Sunday; 8:47 P. M., daily.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. T. McShorter, 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 7:00 P. M. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

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

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 7:00. 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 fullmoon.

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

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

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

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

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

U. 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. 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.

Mrs. Emily Cook is visiting in Bethel for a few weeks.

Mrs. Dora B. Greene is visiting relatives in Auburn.

Miss Alice Abbott has gone to Auburn to visit her sister.

Ralph Edwards was in the house a few days last week, sick with a cold.

Miss Helen Porter has gone to Lynn where she has a position in a shoe shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Albion Andrews and Miss Mildred Parlin were in Lewiston Saturday.

Miss Nellie Preble of Bryant's Pond was a guest of Miss Rose Murphy Saturday and Sunday.

The Christian Endeavor Society will have a food sale at N. D. Bolster's store Friday afternoon, Feb. 3d.

The boys of Lumley Band, with their instruments, went to Norway Saturday to have their picture taken.

Miss Florence Richardson, who is attending Bliss Business College, was at home over Saturday and Sunday.

The Ladies' Whist Club was entertained by Mrs. Whittle and Mrs. Fletcher at Mrs. Whittle's Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Ellis Doble of West Paris was in town a few days last week and attended the Rebekah meeting Friday evening.

Mrs. Mary E. Daniels has gone to West Minot, where she will spend several weeks with her son, William M. Daniels.

Miss Eva E. Walker left Monday morning for Ilion, N. Y., where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Nathan A. Chase, for two weeks.

A good house greeted the Canadian Jubilee Singers Thursday evening, and their singing as at their former appearance here gave great pleasure to everybody.

Miss Catherine Briggs received a summons last Wednesday to go to Rangeley to care for a patient. She started Thursday and will probably remain for the rest of the winter.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office Jan. 30, 1911:

Mr. Paul Bennett, (letter.)
Mrs. H. F. Martin, (letter.)
Mr. Frank Benson, (card.)
Miss Ada Cole, (card.)
Mr. P. N. Hatt, (card.)

The Seneca Club meets this Monday evening with Mrs. Barnes. The programme is concerned with domestic science. Household suggestions will be made by the members on the roll call, and later recipes will be exchanged.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Baptist church will hold its meeting Thursday at half past two. The Maine Vice-President, Mrs. Howatt, is to be present. Special singing, and a mite box opening. A full attendance is desired.

Mt. Pleasant Rebekah Lodge had an enjoyable and largely attended meeting Friday evening. The degree was conferred upon four candidates after which coffee, sandwiches, cake, etc., were served, then a sociable enjoyed for the rest of the evening.

At the quarterly conference of the Methodist church Wednesday evening, which was the last one of the conference year, a unanimous invitation was given Rev. T. N. Kewley to return to this church for another year. Mr. Kewley has been here four years.

Automobiles have been doing more or less business on the good sleighing during the past week. The first of the week P. F. Ripley went to Portland and drove home a 1911 Ford roadster, which has since been run quite a distance on the roads, and others took advantage of the good weather to get out and take a run.

February 9th is the date of the next Congregational supper. This is the supper served by the young married women and is one of the best of the season. The entertainment will be furnished under the auspices of the Norway Congregational church, and we can be assured that it will be a good one. Remember the date, Feb. 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cotton of Windsor, Vermont, have taken one of the three section memorial windows in the new Methodist church in loving memory of their mother, Harriet Howard Pulsifer. The middle section of this window has an open Bible scroll resting on roses with her favorite text thereon—"God is Love"; the first and third sections the letters—A for alpha, and O for omega—the first and the last.

Miss Marion E. Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, observed her twelfth birthday last Tuesday evening with a party from 7 to 9. Fourteen guests were present, making a merry party of seventeen in all. One of the guests was a cousin, Miss Alixena Simpson, of Shelburne, N. H. Games were played, and a birthday cake made by Mrs. Simpson was a feature of the affair. Needless to say, every one had a good time.

The team horses should have been glad of the breathing spell afforded them by the snow storm of Friday night, which checked the teaming a little. Up to that time for several weeks the sledding on the roads in this immediate vicinity had been as good as possible, and there was never more stuff hauled into the village in the same length of time. Three cords of pulp wood behind one pair of horses was not an unusual load.

Mrs. Maria R. Baker, who lived with her nephew, W. E. Morse, on Park Street, died very suddenly Thursday night. She was in her room, and as she had not come out into the other rooms during the evening as was her custom, her sister, Mrs. Gould, went into Mrs. Baker's room and found her sitting in her chair dead. A physician pronounced the cause apoplexy, and was of the opinion that she had been dead some time when found. She was 73 years of age. Prayers were held at the house at 10 o'clock Saturday, and the funeral on Sunday was at Canton, where her husband is buried, and was attended by Rev. E. A. Davis of the South Paris Baptist church. Mrs. Baker had no children.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Mason are visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle E. Bessey of Boston are guests at Mrs. L. C. Morton's.

Josiah W. Taylor of Augusta visited at George M. Giles' the past week.

The snow and blow of Friday and Saturday made things look a little old-fashioned for a while. It will help out in the woods.

Mrs. Carrie A. Briggs has been seriously ill with pneumonia and complications during the past week. She is now somewhat better, though not out of danger.

Any one caring to donate a handkerchief to that booth for the Universalist Good Cheer fair, March 1 2-3, will receive the hearty thanks of the chairman, Miss A. M. Douglass, for the same.

Don't forget the Universalist Good Cheer supper will occur on Tuesday of next week, Feb. 7th, which is the first Tuesday. The entertainment will be a concert by Lumley Band, which can't fail to please.

Another range is to be given away at Hobbs' Variety Store, and the advertisement starts in this issue of the Democrat. The time exires in August, and the advertisement will be published for six months. Look after it.

Wilfred E. Ricker of Portland, Grand Keeper of Records and Seal of the Knights of Pythias, was at South Paris, and went with J. A. Kenney, who is District Deputy Grand Chancellor for this district, to Stoneham Saturday night, where Mr. Kenney installed the officers of Hiawatha Lodge.

Mrs. Harry D. Cole was called to Livermore Falls last week by the illness of her stepmother, the widow of C. R. Houghton, formerly of Bryant's Pond and later of Canton. Mrs. Houghton died Sunday morning. The remains will be brought here Tuesday morning, and the funeral will be held at Mr. Cole's at 10:30 A. M. Burial will be at Bryant's Pond later.

Mrs. Fred S. Brown and son, who have been for some time with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stuart, left Saturday for their new home in Caribou. They were accompanied by Mrs. Brown's sister, Miss Leona D. Stuart, who will spend the rest of the winter at Caribou. Miss Stuart gave a farewell dinner party Thursday evening to the members of the W. A. S. Club. The guests present were Miss Myrtle Buck, Miss Ida M. Field, Miss Eva Swett, Miss Flora Murch, Miss Helen M. Barnes, and Miss Florence Gordon.

A Protest.

Editor Democrat:

Will you allow me a few lines by way of protest? In your last number appeared an article entitled "A Hero and Patriot." The article was a summary of Thos. Paine's life, and was splendidly written. But while Paine was all that the article represents him, be it remembered that he is more famous as an inveterate enemy of the Bible and Christianity than as a great patriot. Paine's "Age of Reason" is a most relentless attack on the Bible and Christianity, and also contains a vulgar attack on the Holy Mother of Jesus. I was personally led into the night of infidelity by reading this book, and it took me years to break away from its pernicious influence. This happened when I was a school boy. Paine was not a friend to our Holy Bible and our Holy Religion. Our American schools are based on the rock of Holy Scripture. I therefore, without bigotry or narrowness, protest against the life of Thos. Paine being made conspicuous in our public schools.

A. T. McWHORTER.

South Paris, Jan. 26, 1911.

Golden Wedding.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Jones of Denmark was held at Odd Fellows' Hall in that town, Wednesday evening, the 25th inst. About 150 friends and neighbors gathered at the hall and gave them their hearty greetings and good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been residents of Denmark a good many years, and are well known through the surrounding towns. They reside at the well known summer house, called the Maplewood.

Mrs. Jones was born in Holderness, N. H., 65 years ago, is a good sister in Silver Rebekah Lodge. Mr. Jones is well known, and is sometimes called the old man of the mountains, is a member of Pequawket Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F., Brownfield, and a Past Chief Patriarch of Mt. Pleasant Encampment, No. 14, I. O. O. F., Bridgton, and is 71 years of age, strong and hearty.

There was a large number of presents consisting of gold and other things. Readings, singing and play were indulged in until a late hour. Suppsr was served in the banquet hall.

Pomona Grange Dates.

Oxford County Pomona Grange has arranged the following places of meeting and dates for the present year:

Jan. 31, Norway Grange, Norway.
Feb. 7th, Franklin Grange, Bryant's Pond.
March 7th, West Paris Grange, West Paris.
April 4th, Pleasant Valley Grange, West Bethel.
May 2d, Mountain Grange, North Buckfield.
June 6, Hebron Grange, Hebron.
June 28, Upton Grange, Upton (special.)
Aug. 1st, Bear Mountain Grange, South Waterford.
Sept. 5th, Frederick Robie Grange, Otisfield Gore.
Oct. 3d, Lakeside Grange, Harrison.
Nov. 7th, Round Mountain Grange, Albany.
Dec. 5th, Paris Grange, South Paris, (annual meeting.)

L. E. McINTIRE,
C. S. HAMLIN,
A. M. RYERSON,
A. E. MORSE,
Committee.

Resubmission May Drop Out of Sight.

It is now said that resubmission stands a good chance of failing to get the necessary two-thirds vote in the legislature a good chance of failing to go through after all, even though fifteen Republican members, according to the canvass, will either vote for it or refrain from voting at all. The trouble is that six Democrats, according to the report, have been found who will not vote for resubmission, either voting against it or not voting. It is also said that quite a part of the Democrats are rather more than willing it should go so, because if resubmission is defeated, they will again have it to use for campaign purposes as in the past.

Married.

Cenas C. Bowen, of Waterbury, Ct., and Isa Gertrude Whitman, of South Paris, Maine, were united in marriage by Rev. H. Y. Markland, at the M. E. church parsonage this afternoon.—Catskill (N. Y.) Daily Mail.

The above paragraph is properly vouched for by a correspondent who sends it to the Democrat, but there is nothing to indicate the date. Our correspondent adds: "Mr. Bowen is a wealthy poultry fancier, and has a beautiful home and a fifteen acre fruit farm in the suburbs of Waterbury."

Justices Reappointed.

In a list of nominations made last week by Governor Plaisted are the following:

Trial Justice—Seth W. Fife, Fryeburg.
Dedimus Justice—Lewis Leavitt, Magalloway Plantation.
Justice of the Peace—H. L. Elliott, Rumford.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank my neighbors and friends who have been so kind and thoughtful during my recent illness, and also to thank the Sunday School class of the M. E. church for the nice bouquet of pinks they sent me. WM. CULBERT.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our hearty thanks to all who kindly gave us sympathy and aid in our recent trouble and bereavement.

GILMAN W. HEATH.
HERBERT T. HEATH AND FAMILY.

West Sumner, Jan. 27, 1911.

Abel D. Russell, for twenty-five years engrossing clerk in the office of the secretary of state at Augusta, has resigned. Mr. Russell is 74 years of age, and is the oldest member of the state house force.

Remember, if your tax is not paid at once, your name will be in the list of delinquents printed in the town report.

Money in your pocket to trade at F. H. Noyes Co. stores this week. Read their ad.

Buy a fur coat now. F. H. Noyes Co. have their coats marked down $3 to $5.

Large Fire Damage at Norway.

THREE STORES BURNED OUT, WITH LOSS OF $15,000 OR MORE.

A fire which started in the basement of Opera House Block at Norway Saturday morning caused a practically total loss of stock in three of the stores in the building, and damaged the building itself. By hard work the damage was confined almost entirely to those three stores.

The building, which is the largest and costliest in the town, is a brick block containing on the ground floor the rooms of the Norway National Bank, the clothing store of H. B. Foster, the jewelry store of V. W. Hills, the millinery store of Mrs. R. L. Powers, the shoe store of the E. N. Swett Co., the armory of Co. D, Second Regiment, N. G. S. M., and the selectmen's office, and above the opera house.

It was about 7 A. M. when the fire was discovered. It was then in the basement of Hills' store, and the only cause that can be assigned for it is crossed wires. There is no fire in the building, it being heated by steam from the Cummings plant, and lighted by electricity.

R. O. Porter, who is employed in Foster's store, had been in and opened the store and done his morning work, and had been in the basement of the store, without noticing anything wrong. When Lee M. Smith came into the store about 7, he discovered smoke pouring into the rear of the room in volumes, and the fire, which had apparently been smouldering for some time, made fast headway from that time.

An alarm was immediately rung in, and the fire department was quickly at work. Two streams were first put into the basements of the Hills and Foster stores from the rear. Soon after it was found that the fire was getting into the stores on the ground floor, and streams were put into the three stores from the front. After about an hour's work the fire was under control.

The stock in the clothing store of H. B. Foster, the jewelry store of V. W. Hills, and the millinery store of Mrs. Powers, is nearly or quite a total loss, a large part of the damage being by water. Goods in the basement of the E. N. Swett shoe store were a little damaged by water. Other parts of the building were filled with smoke, but the actual fire was confined to the three stores, which are in the middle of the building. With the damage to the building, the total loss is doubtless $15,000 or more. All the parties carried insurance.

At the height of the fire, when a number of streams of water were being used, a telephone call was sent for the aid of the pressure on the South Paris water system, and Superintendent Bowker of the South Paris system opened the gate at the fair grounds between the systems of the two towns—the first time it has been opened since the South Paris system was put in use a year ago. This improved the pressure at the fire quite a little. Later, when the fire was under control, the gate was shut again.

Once More the Sewer.

WEST PARIS, Jan. 26, 1911.

Editor Democrat:

The sewer question at South Paris is of so much importance it does not easily down. It has been so long before this town and so extensively discussed, that it is hard to enlarge, but the communication of E. E. Field places it in such a light that South Paris people too well understand what good citizens ought to do.

The good people of South Paris, many of them are opposed to forcing this large expense on our town and oppressively grinding those not living immediately there with so heavy and burdensome taxes for matters that really benefit only a class, and are not called for by the public good. This is special class action, as outside of South Paris no one can say it is demanded, and largely of no benefit to citizens there.

The statutes say that towns may, not shall, when necessity and public convenience require it, construct public sewers, and defines how and when, but not until the town votes to raise the money therefor, and not then unless necessity calls for it. This town has for six years voted not to construct sewers there, and the voice of the town fairly given is against it and should have been accepted, or else the voice of the people for government is fallacy. But at the last annual meeting the weather was terrible, and people living out in back parts of the town could not get to town meeting, and South Paris by old Tammany methods coaxed and drove in schemingly enough to get a vote to raise thirty-five hundred dollars to construct a South Paris sewer, and did other things marvelous to relate, thus plunging our town further into debt, making taxes heavier and more burdensome and oppressive.

Mr. Field says a party at South Paris said to him that an article should be put into the warrant till the town could be forced to build a sewer (at South Paris, of course). This calls to mind the story of Uncle Solon Chase, though I do not know who the party may be, but the retort will well apply. In the Greenback days Uncle Solon was an inveterate Greenbacker, and stumped about the country on "too much hog in the dollar." But after the question was settled in favor of hard money, Uncle Solon went west to speak for McKinley in the campaign. In a great meeting while speaking, he was interrupted by a growler who said, "Seems to me you have changed your mind since you were here before." Uncle Solon said, "Yes, men sometimes change their minds, but mules and asses never." This fellow at South Paris ought to smoke that until repentance smooths his way of citizenship.

Many of the good citizens of South Paris are opposed to making the town help a few persons put in their sewers, and we feel grateful for their candor and unselfishness; and when we think of what has been named and others to be crowding on, can they not see the injustice done to those having no interest?

If a party chooses to build a house in a mud hole or a pot hole, is the town under obligation to grade up and put in sewerage to make his property valuable? Not at all. Then to think that these parties who are the movers for this sewer are able to make all needed ones assist in crowding on the poor and unfortunate is lamentable. Look at the poor widow, left perhaps without ample means, hardly able to keep the wolf from the door and struggling on for her little ones, to hold them in her little home, and the unfortunate and humble homes of those who have hardly the necessaries of life, and are able to get along only by the utmost economy, and women having no right of voting to protect themselves. Yet these suffer by such oppressive ways, and the votes of dozens of men who can be rallied in and about South Paris who pay only a poll tax, to build sewers for the benefit of the favored ones. I must and can say I envy not the head or heart of any one that will do it.

When the struggle was on to change the place of town meetings I felt and feared these difficulties, and opposed changing from Paris Hill. We were told by residents of South Paris that the cost for a hall to hold town meetings would be only a trifle—not over five dollars a meeting, and only two or three a year, but we see the bill paid for last year was $100.

Other things are equally wondrous. Fifty dollars per year for water fountain. The Crocker fund of one thousand dollars left to the deserving poor in the care of the town, expending the fair income, swapped off for a western railroad security that was worthless, and had to be made good by the town.

The sewer now being constructed by the same questionable methods is in harmony with the other schemes, so that the dear wealthy ones can have water to drink and wash in, and be wafted away to the sea, and their health and lives can be lengthened for the general good. Better go to Jordan and see the Good Samaritan, and to Jericho and come up with more broad and liberal views, and remember the poor and those in bonds, as bound with them.

I am in favor of Mr. Field's position. Rescind the last year's vote on prices to enter the sewer, and have a fair and reasonable price made and a modification of the sum raised. And I say let all interested be at our annual March meeting and act as we feel is right and just, and then abide like men.

H. G. BROWN.

Now It's Our Turn to Kick.

IF WE THINK AS MOST OF 'EM DO, THAT THE CENSUS MAN WAS SHY.

Detailed figures of the population of Maine in the 1910 census were given out by the census bureau last week, and the figures for Oxford County are given below. In most places the publication of these figures is the signal for a protest, and probably no one will find a larger growth than was anticipated in any one division of the county:

	1910	1900
Albany	410	538
Andover	757	727
Andover North Surplus	21	22
Bachelder's Grant	49	178
Bethel	1,930	1,835
Bethel village	894	722
Brownfield	933	1,019
Buckfield	1,087	1,189
Buckfield village	357	376
Byron	187	204
Canton	1,013	946
Denmark	596	634
Dixfield	1,056	1,052
Fryeburg	1,332	1,376
Fryeburg village	540	550
Fryeburg Academy Grant	14	15
Gilead	233	340
Grafton	64	81
Greenwood	664	741
Hanover	196	214
Hartford	592	650
Hebron	603	494
Hiram	945	1,015
Lincoln Plantation	307	73
Lovell	668	693
Lynchtown (township 5, range 4)	3	8
Magalloway Plantation	97	77
Mason	60	67
Mexico	2,065	816
Milton Plantation	204	242
Newry	271	286
Norway	3,002	2,902
Norway village	2,215	2,034
Oxford	1,221	1,331
Oxford village	473	491
Paris	3,436	3,225
Paris Hill village	262	251
South Paris village	1,542	1,457
Parkertown (township 5, range 3)	3	
Peru	746	773
Porter	864	836
Richardsontown (tnsp. 4, range 1)	11	21
Riley Plantation	10	13
Roxbury	311	288
Rumford	5,427	2,595
Stoneham	253	284
Stow	174	270
Sumner	762	802
Sweden	266	282
Upton	306	242
Waterford	934	917
Woodstock	908	816
Letter C	5	7
Township 4, range 2	4	12
Township 5, range 6	6	
Total	36,256	32,238

William Henry Clifton Noble.

William Henry Clifton Noble of Ipswich, Mass., died at the Westboro State Hospital, Westboro, Mass., January 15. Mr. Noble was a native of Oxford, and was born on April 1, 1867, being the son of Charles S. and Columbia (Perkins) Noble. When he was 10 years of age, he went to live with an aunt in Boston, Miss Clara Perkins, by whom he was reared and with whom he continued to live till his marriage. He was educated in Boston's public schools, and afterwards attended the Boston University Law School, from which institution he was graduated in the class of 1901, soon thereafter opening an office in Boston for the practice of his profession. In the early part of 1904, symptoms of a mental malady which at first appeared like nervous prostration, but which did not at all yield to the usual treatment for such a malady, began to manifest themselves, developing after a time into a distinct mania, not violent, but evidently incurable. On December 2, 1903, only a short time before this mental malady began to manifest itself, he married Miss Fannie W. Jordan of Ipswich, and everything seemed to portend a happy future for the young couple. When the shadow fell, none thought it would bring so lasting a gloom, but the shadow never lifted, and in December, 1904, the malady—which had been diagnosed as paresis—had become so serious that he was obliged to close his office and give up his business. After he had taken a long rest, however, his health had so much improved that he reopened his office and resumed the practice of his profession. Ere long, however, his health again gave away, and he was compelled a second time—and, as it proved, finally—to give up business. Mrs. Noble, resuming the position of stenographer in Boston, which she had relinquished on her marriage, retained the pretty home which they had fitted up in Dorchester, and for six years proved what a brave woman can do in the face of disappointments and discouragements. Late last autumn, Mrs. Noble with her husband, and the sister who made her home with them in Dorchester, and upon whom the care of Mr. Noble largely devolved, returned to the Jordan homestead in Ipswich. A few days later, all hope of Mr. Noble's recovery having been abandoned, and it being found necessary for the safety of the household that he should be removed, he was taken to the above mentioned state hospital at Westboro, the removal being made on the 4th of last month (December). He failed very rapidly after his removal to the hospital, and, as already stated, died on January 15. He was a member of the Masonic order, of the Boston Light Infantry, and of the J. C. Wellington camp 14 of the Sons of Veterans of Cambridge, Mass., of which camp he was one of the organizers. Besides his wife, he is survived by his father, who resides in Paris, and by two sisters, Mrs. David Knight of West Somerville, Mass., and Mrs. Oscar Kinch of Orford, N. H. The remains were removed from Westboro to the late home of the deceased at Ipswich, and there the funeral was held on January 18, interment being in the Jordan family lot in the cemetery in that town. Mr. Noble grasped the fundamental principles of the law with rare intuition, and having a pleasing personality and an unusual cordiality of manner, his success in his chosen profession, had his life been spared, could not fail to have been marked. To his many friends it is the source of the deepest sorrow that a career which opened so auspiciously should thus prematurely have been brought to its close. Mrs. Noble has the deep sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Samuel T. Littlefield.

Mrs. Evelyn (Greene) Littlefield, wife of Ex-Alderman Samuel T. Littlefield of Somerville, Mass., died Thursday afternoon, Jan. 5, at the residence of their son, Robert T. Littlefield, 53 Elmore Street, Newton Center, Mass., where she and her husband had made their home since the serious illness of Robert last summer. Her death was caused by a shock of paralysis, and occurred within less than an hour after she was stricken. Mrs. Littlefield was a native of Albany, and was born on June 12, 1848, being the daughter of John A. and Ella A. (Lovejoy) Greene. When a young girl she went to Somerville, where she married Mr. Littlefield on Dec. 9, 1869, and where, at 321 Broadway, Winter Hill, they thenceforth resided. The couple had two children—the above-mentioned son, and a daughter who died in childhood. Mrs. Littlefield was a most estimable woman, and to know her was to love and admire her. She never was rugged and robust in health, though to her friends her strength seemed inexhaustible. Though bestowing unlimited attention upon her husband and son and a large family of sisters, she yet found time to listen to any cry of need in the neighborhood. She had a kind word for every one, and her first thoughts were always for others. Being a great reader and having a large fund of information, her conversation was sparkling and witty; and to be in her company was a great pleasure. She was a member of the Broadway Methodist church of Somerville, of the Somerville Historical Society, and of Bunker Hill Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Besides her husband and her above mentioned son, she is survived by three sisters, all of whom reside in Waltham, Mass. The funeral took place on Sunday, Jan. 8, interment being in Woodlawn Cemetery, Everett, Mass.

SAVES TWO LIVES.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living to-day, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery," writes A. D. McDonald of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. It's the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, la grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough—all bronchial troubles—it's supreme. Trial bottle free. 50c. and $1.00. Guaranteed by the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Read F. H. Noyes Co. clearance sale ad in this paper. It is full of bargains.

NORWAY.

Charles R. Smith and wife of Portland were the guests of Georgia A. Walker and Edith M. Smith during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Hills gave a sociable and musical at their home on Cottage Street Wednesday evening. The musical program consisted of eleven selections, vocal and instrumental music. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kimball, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Noble, the Misses Millett, Mr. Herms, Mr. and Mrs. Schnuer, and an orchestra of five pieces discoursed excellent music. After the programme was carried out, the company of nearly seventy-five did ample justice to the light refreshments of cake, punch, sandwiches, etc. The gathering was in the interest of the Universalist church choir fund and was a great success.

Autos were out in full force the first part of the week. The roads were hard and it is reported that the machines operated as well as in the summer. A little cold riding but very enjoyable.

James Danforth has been confined to his home for some weeks with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Clara Hayden celebrated her 82d birthday Wednesday. Mrs. Hayden is as smart as the ordinary woman at sixty-two years of age. Once each year the family assemble to give the mother God's cheer and enjoy a family day. This year all were present except Mrs. J. B. Chaffin of Buckfield and John J. Hayden of Lynn, Mass. There were present in all seventeen: Samuel H. Hayden and wife of Haverhill, Mass.; Frank P. Knight, wife, and children, Samuel and Mary; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Winchester, and son, Marshall, of Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.; Dr. Frank A. Hayden of Portland; Henry B. Hayden of Buckfield; Eugene F. Hayden and wife and Dr. and Mrs. Fred E. Drake and Mary Chaffin of Norway. The usual abundant dinner, birthday cake and chickens, was enjoyed by the happy company. The evening was passed with music and readings. All joined in rendering the old songs so filled with the history of the happy and pleasant days gone by. Mrs. Hayden made the cake and much of the dinner and enjoyed fully all the arrangements for the day and at its close was one of the youngest.

Hon. Charles P. Barnes, who has been re-appointed Assistant Attorney General under Attorney General Tupper, has sold his house on Pleasant Street to James N. Favor. It is understood that Mr. Barnes will occupy the place for a short time only. After making repairs and improvements Mr. Favor will make it his home.

Frank Buswell and wife are soon to return to Norway. Mrs. Buswell is the daughter of Mrs. Annie E. Chaney. Mr. Buswell, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Buswell, of Elm Street, this village. Both Mr. and Mrs. Buswell have many friends in town who are pleased to have them return. Mr. Buswell will take the position of manager of the telephone business in town vacated by the promotion of George K. Robinson to a like position in Skowhegan. Mr. and Mrs. Buswell will have rooms at V. W. Hills', Cottage Street.

The good people who reside nearly under the Norway Water Company's reservoir on Water Street live with fear and trembling. Once or more each year the water finds its way down the side of the hill through a break or over the top of the reservoir. Friday evening about supper time came the leak for January. The ice had formed on the side of the reservoir and as it was filled the bank gave way. It appeared that great damage resulted, but was really slight. The leak was soon repaired and all is safe again.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Faunce observed the 40th anniversary of their marriage Friday.

Florus Bartlett called on his Norway friends the first of the week.

Monday the stockholders of the Norway Water Company elected the following officers:

President—Chas. N. Tubbs.
Vice-President—Luther F. Pike.
Treas.—W. W. Whitmarsh.
Sec.—Howard D. Smith.
Directors—E. E. Andrews, A. L. F. Pike, Frank Q. Elliott, James N. Tubbs, Harry M. Jackson.

Mrs. Herbert Bradbury is with her mother, Mrs. Annis, at the Central Maine General Hospital.

Frank A. Gammon and William Dyer are at the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston. The first for hernia and the second for appendicitis.

The men's circle supper at the Congregational church will be served Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, at 6:30 o'clock. The supper will be followed by an entertainment. Both will be first class. This is *the* supper of the winter season.

Rev. J. H. Little of Bethel, assisted by Charles A. Frost and Emma Swan, installed the officers of Norway Grange.

John F. Swain and Arthur F. Morrill are the two jurors drawn for the March term of the S. J. court.

Donald B. Partridge is rapidly recovering from the operation for appendicitis. He is now with his parents at Norway Lake for a few weeks.

George Merrill, who had been in poor health for a long time, died Friday morning, at the age of 78 years. Mr. Merrill was a millwright by trade, and was in his prime a very active citizen of Norway, enjoying the respect of all. Since the death of his second wife he has made his home with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. DeCoster, and has been kindly cared for by them. He leaves one son, Clarence W. Merrill of Norway.

SOLVES A DEEP MYSTERY.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. B. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c. at the pharmacy of the C. H. Howard Co.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 3-6

This is an Easy Test.

Shake Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sample Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 3-6

Born.

In Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 9, to the wife of Harry T. Jordan, a son, Harry Thomas Jordan, Jr.

In Norway, Jan. 21, to the wife of Clement E. Ward, a daughter.

In Norway, Jan. 22, to the wife of H. M. Jackson, a son.

Married.

In Buckfield, Jan. 27, at the Methodist parsonage, by Rev. A. W. Pottle, Mr. Claude M. Whitman and Miss Nellie J. Turner, both of Buckfield.

In Portland, Jan. 5, Mr. Robert L. Wormell of Woodfords and Miss Maude A. Davis of Bethel.

In Hale, Jan. 25, by Rev. Harold L. Hanson, Mr. Winslow J. Heald and Miss Della A. Kidder.

In Norway, Jan. 18, by Rev. R. J. Bruce, Mr. Robert McAfee and Miss Elizabeth Hutchins, both of Topsham.

Died.

In West Sumner, Jan. 21, Mrs. Arabella T. (Farrar), wife of G. W. Heath, aged 85 years.

In Bethel, Jan. 20, D. Hannibal Grover, aged 75 years.

In East Sumner, Jan. 21, Thomas J. Stephens, aged 82 years.

In Norway, Jan. 27, George Merrill, aged 78 years.

In Norway, Jan. 20, Mary Louise Lewis, aged 13 days.

In South Paris, Jan. 26, Mrs. Maria R. Baker, aged 73 years.

In Lovell, Jan. 27, James W. Charles, aged 79 years.

In Rumford, Jan. 26, James Turneval, aged 24 years.

In South Portland, Jan. 29, Aurelius V. Cole, a native of Buckfield, aged 83 years.

For Sale.

A stand at North Paris. House, wood-house and barn connected. Twenty-five acres of land, more or less. Cuts hay for one cow. Some wood and lumber. On R. F. D. Will sell low if sold at once. Moses D. Dow of West Sumner will show the place and make sale, or write to D. B. DOW, 339 Haverhill Street, Lawrence, Mass. 5-8

Causes 95 per cent of Diseases.

Advice Concerning Stomach Troubles and How to Remedy Them.

Do not neglect indigestion which leads to all sorts of ills and complications. An eminent doctor once said that ninety-five per cent of all the ills of the human body have their origin in a disordered stomach.

A physician who made a specialty of stomach troubles, particularly dyspepsia, after years of study perfected the formula from which Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are made.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be the greatest remedy known for the relief of acute indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. Their ingredients are soothing and healing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. They are rich in pepsin, one of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine. The relief they afford is almost immediate. Their use with persistency and regularity for a short time brings about a cessation of the pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will insure healthy appetite, aid digestion and promote nutrition. As evidence of our sincere faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give you entire satisfaction, we will return you the money you paid us for them, without question or formality. They come in three sizes, prices 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Remember you can obtain them only at our store,—The Rexall Store. Chas. H. Howard Co.

It is Our Desire

to give the public as much information about the Eye and Eye Troubles as we can in our advertisements.

WE FULLY EXPLAIN

the trouble to you in our examination. If there is no trouble we will tell you so.

That is how we hope to build and keep a reputation.

S. RICHARDS,

Optometrist

SOUTH PARIS.

Make This Test.

How to Tell if Your Hair is Diseased.

Even if you have a luxuriant head of hair you may want to know whether it is in a healthy condition or not. 98 per cent of the people need a hair tonic.

Pull a hair out of your head; if the bulb at the end of the root is white and shrunken, it proves that the hair is diseased, and requires prompt treatment if its loss would be avoided. If the bulb is pink and full, the hair is healthy.

We want every one whose hair requires treatment to try Rexall '93' Hair Tonic. We promise that it shall not cost anything if it does not give satisfactory results. It

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Because the statement of their bank account sent them at the close of each month, affords them a complete record of their cash receipts and expenditures.

Paying a laborer, a store account or any other bill with a bank check is much safer than with money, because the person receiving the check must endorse it and the check, being returned to the maker by the Bank, can be preserved as a receipt.

FARMERS:—Make the experiment for one year of keeping a bank account and see if it does not pay you.

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AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

I have the Merrill, Poole, Pease, Norris & Hyde, Briggs and other make. Also second hand organs from ten to thirty dollars. I have some nice trades in pianos and organs which I offer to the public. I have twelve pianos and playerpianos in stock in my ware-rooms in Billings Block, South Paris, Maine, and we are always ready to show them to the public. Send for catalogue.

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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.

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PARIS TRUST COMPANY.

Money has a working value, just the same as a man's time. If your money is in cash and idle in your pocket it should be taken out and made to earn something. Put it in the bank and set it to work, where it will be doing you and the community some good.

It is a dangerous thing to carry money in this way, it is liable to be lost, our houses may burn or we may be robbed. This may not apply to many, but there are some men in our vicinity that carry about large sums of money.

Five dollars in money and a check book, with a balance due you in the bank, is as good at all times as the cash, and the time may come when it will be worth a great deal more.

DO YOU WANT TO BORROW MONEY.
HAVE YOU ANY MONEY TO INVEST.
DO YOU WANT TO OPEN A CHECK ACCOUNT.

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AND OTHER CUT FLOWERS.
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Spruce and fir. For sale by
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— ON —
Wool Carpets
to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.
Chas. F. Ridlon,
Corner Main and Danforth Sts.,
NORWAY, - MAINE.

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1212.—Primal Acrostic.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed the initials will spell something we could not well do without.

1. To wish happiness to.
2. To command.
3. A large body of water.
4. The sound of a bell.
5. To cover from light.

No. 1213.—Charades.

I.

The answer to this riddle queer
I'm very sure you often hear.
From stage and platform, clear and high,
It seems to soar above the sky,
Until my whole you'd scarcely call
My first my second, after all.

II.

Of my first no man has two,
Yet every man has one.
Its work no other thing can do
And can't be left undone.

My second holds for all a charm
Not found in stress or toil.
My whole's for sorrow sweetest balm
And soothes the world's turmoil.

III.

My first a boy may be or make,
But wear it scarcely ever.
His sister it will gladly take,
Though when she's second, never.

My whole for breakfast's very good
Fresh from the oven's baking.
And every little maiden should
Such breads some day be making.
—Youth's Companion.

No. 1214.—Acrostic.

*** and children come to me
***** to view the chimpanzee,
***** tigers, lions wild,
*** there any that are mild?
**** and gray old pachyderms,
*** so large and trunk that squirms
*** and llama, orang-utan,
***** of primeval man;
*** and parrot, pelican.

No. 1215.—Hidden Colors.

The top of the flower was light, the centre dark.

The bulb Luella planted bloomed.

I liked the diamond pin Karl wore.

I covered the scar Letty had with lint.

When I sounded the gong Ray came down.

No. 1216.—Zigzag Puzzle.

This zigzag contains nine words of five letters each. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another in correct order their zigzag letters, beginning with the upper left hand letter and ending with the lower left hand letter, will spell the name of something we all enjoy of a morning. The cross words are: 1. One who makes bread and cake. 2. That which is often competed for. 3. A company of ships. 4. Small, annoying insects. 5. A name often applied to a man of idle habits. 6. Things belonging to a horse. 7. A most vital part of our anatomy. 8. Something always to be found after a fire. 9. Part of the hand.

No. 1217.—Pudding Puzzle.

What kinds of pudding are pictured?

No. 1218.—Anagram Spelling Lesson.

In each of these examples the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition:

1. Tullipanill. Very small.
2. Tenntoopml. All powerful.
3. Missnupocor. Mixed up.
4. Smeetutsoup. Turbulent.
5. Xigoreecphral. Author of a dictionary.
6. Tascootnilne. A group of stars.

No. 1219.—Mystic Ants.

This labors for you day or night;
This spoils your slumbers sweet;
This one's oblique, while this one shows
The beggar of the street.

This next one runs away from school,
And this gives melody.
And this, imperious, claims a throne;
This last, a deputy.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1204.—Charade: Organ, dies, organdies.

No. 1205.—Ices For Many: 1. Justice. 2. Surplice. 3. Practice. 4. Dentifrice. 5. Office. 6. Bodice. 7. Avarice. 8. Dice. 9. Rice. 10. Mice.

No. 1206.—Beheadings: St-arch, st-ale, sm-ail.

No. 1207.—Numerical Enigma: Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Words: Brown, rat, health, ring, zebra, big, tea.

No. 1208.—Concealed Word Square: Estate, stamen, talent, amende, tender, enters.

No. 1209.—Pictured Word: Mainspring.

No. 1210.—Riddle: Letters of the alphabet.

No. 1211.—Hidden Stones: 1. Pearl. 2. Opal.

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

"I don't see any extraordinary emotional display in that actress."

"My dear fellow," replied the manager, "you have seen her only on the stage. You should see her when she gets thoroughly in earnest about collecting her back salary."

Medicines that aid nature are always most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. Sold by all dealers.

"You used to hold me on your lap every day when we were first married," complained Mrs. Bloggs.

"Yes," asserted Mr. Bloggs. "You used to sit on my lap for an hour at a stretch. Now you sit on me most of the time."

Do you know that fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, and require no internal treatment whatever? Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely and see how quickly it gives relief. 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.

Advantages of the Fireless.

THOUGH DEPENDENT ON THE STOVE IT CAN DO THINGS THE STOVE CAN'T.

The gas stove at the Teachers' College is feeling better. Some officious persons have been saying that when Miss Anna Barrows gave her lecture on the fireless cooker the nose of the gas stove would be put out of joint. Nothing of the kind happened, however. In fact, the stove found itself so essential to the welfare of the fireless cooker that it seemed to gleam with added complacency before the hour was over. There were all kinds of cookers, too, so that it means a great deal to the stove. From vulgar little things, made out of sugar buckets and water pails, to pompous mission oak affairs, which looked as if they fed on nothing less rich than venison stew and plum pudding, they all were dependent on the fire, for they all pretended to be fireless.

"The only advantage of the cooker over an ordinary stove," began Miss Barrows, "is that it can be used in various predicaments when you can't use the stove." It would be absurd, of course, to put something in it when you have space and time to watch it over a flame. But if you have a large amount of meat or grain to cook, or if you want to go off and leave your dinner cooking, then the fireless is very convenient. Tough fowl can be made very good, indeed, by this slow process of cooking. Just cut them up, bring the pieces to a boil, and let them stay in the cooker all night. Large pieces of meat, too, like ham and tongue, are really better cooked this way, as they do not slice so well if cooked quickly. The harder cereals, such as cracked wheat, require a longer cooking than can be afforded over gas, and dried fruits and vegetables like peas and beans should be brought to a boil over a flame and then put in the fireless.

"All these are elementary matters. There are however a few tricks in the trade which you may need to know.

"One of the greatest complaints against the fireless is that it cannot be used for small quantities. But it can. Just fill your large kettle with boiling water and put small cans inside it. You can cook half a dozen things in this way at the same time."

To illustrate this device Miss Barrows had five cans—empty cocoa and baking powder tins. Into one she put a veal loaf mixture, into another dried lima beans, into others two kinds of rice pudding, and into another some prunes. Then she filled in the chinks between the tins with potatoes. When the class period was over everybody had a taste of the finished products, and were full of enthusiasm, especially for the beans, which had been supposed to be utterly unpalatable things. Even prunes were found to be edible, too, though one girl was heard to groan that there was no hope of there being like that at the dormitory.

"The only danger about using the cooker," Miss Barrows explained, "is that things may spoil in hot weather in it, if you don't heat them through before putting them in, or if you let a bit of the meat, for example, stick out of the water. Then, in hot weather, everything should be brought to a boil again over the stove before it is set away. Lukewarm things just out of the cooker may spoil.

"A good way to save heat, of course, is to warm the cooker before you put your food in. Set a kettle of hot water in it, and let the whole thing get hot.

"Another way of using the fireless is as a means of saving heat. A can of hot water can be kept hot in this way for twenty-four hours. Bread, too, can be put to rise in a warmed fireless cooker. It is equally true, of course, that ice cream and lettuce can be kept cool in it."

Recipes.

GRAPE FRUIT, PLAIN SERVICE.

Cut the grape fruit into halves, crosswise to form two portions. Remove the seeds. With a thin, sharp-pointed knife cut around the pulp in each little section of the fruit, so that each triangular section of pulp may be lifted out with an orange spoon or fork. Set the halves of fruit on plates. A lace paper dolly is often laid between the fruit and plate.

SOUP NIVERNAISE.

Slice the red portion of six carrots (one pound of carrot is needed), and put over the fire with a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping; stir and cook until the butter is absorbed; add two cups of white broth (chicken or veal) and one cup of bread crumbs (center of loaf) and let simmer until the carrots are tender; press through a fine sieve; add broth as needed to make the soup of a proper consistency, also salt and pepper. Serve with small bread croutons (cubes of bread browned in butter).

PUMPKIN SOUP.

Let a quart of milk, one cup of cooked pumpkin, one stalk of celery and two slices of onion cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler. Beat three level tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; gradually beat in three level tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika; dilute with a little of the hot soup, stir until smooth, then stir into the rest of the soup; stir constantly until the soup thickens a little, then, occasionally, while cooking ten minutes. Strain into four plates. Finish with a tablespoonful of whipped cream on each plate.

SWISS STEAK.

Select a slice of round steak, cut about two inches thick. A steak from the top of the round is preferable. For a small family half of the slice will suffice for two meals. A full slice from heavy beef will weigh four or five pounds. Pound into the steak, on both sides, as much flour as it will take up (nearly one cup). The pounding is to break the fibers of the meat, the flour will take up the loosened juices which would otherwise be lost. Brown the meat on both sides in bacon or salt pork fat, cover with boiling water and let simmer about two hours. Peel an onion for each person to be served; let cook five minutes in boiling water, drain, rinse in cold water and set to cook around the meat. If preferred the onions may be sliced into the dish before the steak is put into it. If the meat is browned in an iron frying pan, finish the cooking in an earthen dish. The sauce around the meat is thick and brown. Mushrooms may be added to it. This steak may be served on a plank.

CRANBERRY MUFFINS.

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar, then one egg, beaten light, three-fourths a cup of milk and two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. When well mixed, beat in one cup of cranberries, cut in halves. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a well-buttered muffin pan.

CREAM CHEESE AND PRESERVED GINGER SANDWICHES.

Chop preserved stem ginger very fine; add syrup from the jar if at hand, if not use sweet cream. Mix the ginger and liquid into an equal bulk of cream cheese. Spread bread prepared for sandwiches with butter and then with the prepared mixture. Press together in pairs.

BANANA MUSH.

Remove the skins from three bananas, scrape with a silver knife to remove coarse threads, etc. Press through a ricer into an agate boiler; add a teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a cup of boiling water and stir over the fire until boiling, then let cook over boiling water (double boiler) until thick. Serve with milk as a breakfast dish or at luncheon or dinner as a dessert dish.

Striped fabrics will be worn a great deal this spring. Black and white striped silks, chiffons, silk and woolens are many, and some admirable models in these materials are among the importations.

THE AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS.

Ready, Always Ready!

If every one adopted a motto as good as that adopted by the boy scouts the world would be a happier place. "Be Prepared" are the words and sign under which the youthful soldiers go forth to conquer. The boys are taught the dignity of labor and the value of its fruits. They are taught to be honorable in their dealings with each other and the world at large. They are taught to live right, think right, act right and be "prepared always" for any emergency, even to the facing of death in the cause of humanity. The

Photo by American Press Association.

SCOUTS IN MIMIC BATTLE.

work is made attractive to the boys first by giving them a military training and teaching them the necessity of obeying orders. It takes them into the open air, where they learn nature as it exists in the fields and woods.

Boy Scouts In Paper Chase.

It was a good old fashioned hare and hounds chase for the boy scouts of the Fourth Pennsylvania troop that took place a few days ago. Dwellers on the outskirts of the city saw the sprinting youngsters searching for the mysterious chalk marks on the sidewalks; the dwellers in the open country watched the ruddy faced lads scrambling over their hedges and stone walls, down their embankments and through their cornfields, hot on the scent of the paper scrap trail.

Fifty neat little chaps in heavy shoes and sweaters faced their starter, George D. Porter, scout commissioner of Philadelphia and scout master of their troop. There were Panthers and Buffaloes, Silver Foxes and Wolves, Black Bears and Lions on hand for the chase. The Lions were the smallest boys in the menagerie. It was rough going as a general thing. The hares didn't intend to be caught, and they led their chasers a pretty chase. Even at that, the kill came near taking place before the finish mark was crossed. The distance was three miles, and the hares finished two minutes ahead of the fleetest hounds. Every boy was in at the finish.

An English Boy Scout Field Day.

At a recent field day of the public schools at Savernake forest, England, the Winteland army (Winchester and Wellington cadets) met the Khakiland army (Bradfield and Marlborough cadets) in mimic battle. The picture herewith shows the Khakiland army attacking the Winteland troop in thick undergrowth in the forest. American boy scouts will note that the young English scouts wear caps instead of the cowboy hats that are worn by the boy scouts of this country.

Boy Scouts In Factory.

The organization of patrols of the Boy Scouts of America, which heretofore has been practically confined to associations, clubs and churches, is now to extend into at least one Newark factory, the plant of the Whitehead & Hoag company.

The directors of this concern are so impressed with the boy scout movement that they have taken steps toward forming patrols among all boys between fourteen and eighteen years of age in their employ. It is believed this is the first time that the movement has been taken up by any manufacturing concern in this country.

Boy Scouts Celebrate.

Philadelphia boy scouts under the leadership of George D. Potter, scout commissioner of Philadelphia, celebrated the anniversary of Daniel Boone's birth by a field day.

Troop No. 7 of the organization went into scout camp at a spot in the woods four miles below Marlton, N. J. This troop is a recent accession to the ranks of the scouts and is composed of three patrols. Scout Commissioner Potter's own troop, No. 4, engaged in the regular scout games after a hike through the woods.

Night Thoughts.

Why does the wind lie down at night
When all the sky is red?
Why does the moon begin to shine
When I am put to bed,
And all the little stars come out
And twinkle overhead?

I see the sun shine all the day,
I gather daisies in my play,
But, oh, I truly wish that I
Could see the stars bloom in the sky!
I'd love to see the moon shine down
And silver all the roofs in town,
But always off to sleep I go
Just as the sun is getting low.

I wish the moon would come and shine
Before I go to bed.
I want to feel the wind awake
When all the sky is red,
And, oh, I want to see the stars
Just blossom overhead!
—Youth's Companion.

Judge and Jury.

The company should be seated in two lines facing each other, and one of the party should be elected to act as judge. Each person has to remember who is sitting exactly opposite, because when the judge asks a question of any one it is not the person directly asked who has to reply, but the person opposite to him. For instance, if the judge, speaking to one of the company, asks, "Do you like apples?" the person spoken to must remain silent, while the person who is opposite to him must reply before the judge can count ten or must, if he fails, pay a forfeit. A rule with regard to the answers is that the reply must not contain the words "yes," "no," "black," "white" or "gray." For the breaking of this rule a forfeit may also be claimed.

Tolstoy's Intensity.

Everything in Tolstoy's character, says a Russian writer, attains titanic proportions. "As a drinker he absorbed fantastic quantities of liquor. As a gambler he terrified his partners by the boldness of his play. As a soldier he advanced gayly to bastion four, the bastion of death at Sevastopol, and there he made dying men laugh at his witty sayings. He surpassed every one by his prodigious activity in sport as well as in literature."

MYSTERY OF BULL'S CAVE.

In an out of the way corner of Pennsylvania people used to talk of the bull's cave. This cave is far from the usual roads of travel, so that few tourists hear of it.

A number of years ago my Uncle Joseph visited that country on a fishing trip and happened to come upon the entrance of the cavern. He proposed to the boy who was acting as guide that they make torches of pine splinters and venture in. To his great surprise the boy hung back. "Come on, Pete," said Uncle Joseph. "Where I come from the boys would think this a great lark."

"But they never have to go into the bull's cave," said Pete. "There are dreadful things in there," he added.

"Why do they call it the bull's cave?" asked my uncle.

The boy led him into what might be called the vestibule and said, "Listen." They were silent and heard a low distant murmur.

"What is it?"

The boy looked very solemn. "That is the bull grinding," he said. "He is grinding treasure. The rock falls into his mill, which is a round, flat place. In the middle of it stands an upright stone, and on the top of this stone a heavy round beam is fastened by one end, the other end being fastened to the bull's yoke. This beam is really an axle, for it sticks through the middle of another great round stone that stands on edge. The bull walks around the mill pushing the beam, which makes the millstone go forward and at the same time around and around, so that it crushes everything beneath it. The rocks are always falling into the mill, and they are crushed into precious stones. A stream of water washes them out, and sometimes we find them in the brooks. You found one the other day." The boy alluded to a pebble of moss agate which my uncle had picked up.

"You seem to know all the details of this wonderful bull," said uncle. "Have you ever seen it?"

"No, indeed," replied Pete, with a shudder. "Our hired man knew a couple of men who once went in, and they had an awful time."

"Tell me about it."

"These two fellows had heard about the jewels, and they thought they'd go in and get a lot. They had a ball of string with them, so as to find the way out, and they tied one end of it to that sassafras tree. They carried lanterns and walked and walked through lots of passages, the noise getting louder all the time. At last they came to a place where a light came in through the roof, and they say that the ground in front of them took a sudden drop. The cave had widened out in a place as big as a circus tent, and way down below they saw the bull working just as I have told you. How the jewels sparkled! They were of all colors, and

THE NEW MAN SPOKE TO HIM.

that one you have was of the poorest kind. One of the men—he was a colored man named Jake Jenkins—was frightened and wanted to go back, but the other man said they must go down and fill their pockets. Jake couldn't get up the nerve, but the other fellow went, while Jake watched. And I guess he was glad he didn't go."

"What happened?" asked Uncle Joseph, much interested.

"He climbed down the rocks and went to the mill and looked into it, searching for the place where the best jewels lay. Then he leaned over and grabbed a lot. No sooner did he do it than an odd thing happened. The bull stopped and began to change. He began to get smaller, and his horns seemed to shrink. He stood up on his hind legs, and in a few moments he was a man. He walked up to Jake's friend, and Jake saw that an awful thing was happening to him. He was turning into a bull. The other man said something that must have been 'You don't need that coat,' for he stripped him of his clothes and put them on. In a few moments Jake's friend was altogether a bull and roaring horribly. The new man spoke to him in a strange language, which yet sounded something like English."

"It must have been English as it used to be pronounced," said uncle.

"I don't know about that," went on Pete, "but it seemed to be a warning against covetousness. When he ended he took the stones that had been removed from the mill and made them into a chain and placed it around the new bull's neck. Then he fastened him to the mill pole and beat him until he started to push. Then he turned away. Jake didn't dare stay any longer. He was afraid his turn might be next, so he beat it."

A Pretty Compliment.

His incessant work, his avoidance of all rest and recreation and his rigorous self denial made Joseph Pulitzer in his days in harness the despair of his family.

In this connection a pretty story is told about the famous journalist's son Ralph. Mr. Pulitzer had refused to take a holiday, and Mrs Pulitzer exclaimed:

"Did you ever know your father to do anything because it was pleasant?"

"Yes, once—when he married you," the young man gracefully replied.—Washington Post.

The Tiny Shoes She Wanted.

"Now, madam, what size shoe will you have?" asked the salesman as soon as he was at liberty.

"The smallest and shiniest you have," she said.

The other women buying shoes sniffed.

And when the clerk returned with a pair of the tiniest imaginable the woman accepted them with the remark, "I guess baby's eyes will open when she sees these on her feet."—Buffalo Express.

An Exclusive Lassie.

Grandma—Why don't you play with that little girl across the street, Nettie? I'm sure she's a nice girl. Nettie (aged six)—But, grandma, you surely don't want me to play with a girl who lives in a frame house! I only play with brownstone front girls.—Chicago News.

A WEIGHTY REASON.

It Told Why One of the Nineteen Commissions Was Executed.

Before a certain gentleman set out for Japan and India his relatives gave him errands. One wanted an Indian shawl, another a silver Buddha, a third a chryselephantine carving, and so on, till the list of commissions was appalling. He agreed, however, to fill them so far as possible.

But when he returned he had executed but one of the nineteen commissions that had been given him. He had brought back only the chryselephantine carving. This he gave to one smiling cousin amid the disappointed looks of the other relatives. Why, the disappointed ones asked, had he executed that one particular commission and disregarded the rest?

The traveler smiled. "It happened," he began quietly, "that each of you had written your commission on a sheet of paper. On the second day of the voyage out I took all these sheets of paper from my notebook, opened them and spread them on my lap as I reclined in my steamer chair.

"The air was very still at the time, but suddenly a brisk wind sprang up, and every sheet was blown away except that of Cousin Max. Max's sheet was weighted down with the gold coin he had given me to pay for his carving."—St. James' Gazette.

Trees and Wind.

The effect of wind upon trees is powerful. Even the presence or absence of forests may be determined by the character of the prevailing wind or the conditions that modify it. The wind acts as a drying agent, giving a special aspect to many plants. When it is almost always from the same quarter the plants show greater development upon one side. Trees are smaller on the windward edges of forests, and trunks and branches are bent to leeward. The deformations are most marked near the sea or in flat regions. The cherry, plum, walnut, black poplar, ash and certain pines are very sensitive to the wind, but mountain pines and certain firs offer great powers of resistance, and these are recommended for reforesting wind swept lands.

His Way of Getting Even.

"You know that fellow, Jim McGroarty, the lad that's always comin' up an' thumpin' ye on th' chest and yellin' 'How air ye?'"

"I know him."

"I'll bet he's smashed twinty cigars for me—some o' thim clear Havannys—but I'll get even with him now."

"How will ye do it?"

"I'll tell ye. Jim always hits me over the vest pocket where I carry me cigars. He'll hit me there just once more. There's no cigar in me vest pocket this mornin'. Instead of it there's a stick of dynamite, d'ye mind!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Matter of Business.

"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family."

"Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.

Visitor—We're getting up a raffle for a poor old man. Won't you buy a ticket, my dear?

Sweet Thing—Mercy, no! What would I do with him if I won him?

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and cause of anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. Sold by all dealers.

Mrs. Handout—My rugs need beating. Are you willing to help?

Happy Hike—Sure, lady. Where is yer vacuum cleaner?

When buying a cough medicine for children bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is most effectual for colds, croup and whooping cough and that it contains no harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.

Life in the Balance

The right remedy at the critical moment oftentimes means life itself in the balance. The old reliable family medicine—"L. F." Atwood's Medicine is unsurpassed as a regulator and corrector of the stomach, liver and bowels. It is an unfailing cure for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

"I wish to have you know what 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine has done for me. I have taken it for years, whenever my appetite is gone it makes me feel like a new being. I think it is a great help to sufferers." MRS. K. C. LEWIS, SALOR.

East Corinth, Me.

The large red letters—"L. F." are on the bottle. Get your dealer's—35 cts.

Write for liberal sample to
THE "L. F." MEDICINE CO., Portland, Me.

PROTECT YOUR HORSES

From the cold, stormy days. Good values in BLANKETS at

W. O. FROTHINGHAM'S,
South Paris, Maine.

Largest Stock of
Bath Room Trimmings
in town. Towel Bars, Soap Holders, Bath Seats, etc. Special low price on Glass Shelves for Christmas.
L. M. LONGLEY, - Norway

Pythian Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME

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

New Baxter Building, PORTLAND, ME.

U.S. U.S. U.S. U.S. U.S.

SAVE ALL YOUR CREAM
By using a United States Separator.
They are money earners, being cream savers.
Pan-American World's Record proves it, Seattle
Grand Prize assures it.
The 1910 Interlocking Style
U. S. SEPARATORS
are the cleanest skimmers, easiest running, most easily washed and durable separator ever made.

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

T. M. DAVIS, AGENT, SOUTH PARIS.

Abandoned Farm
For Sale!

Located one and one-half miles from Buckfield village, known as the Drake farm, contains about 130 acres suitably divided into tillage, pasturage and woodland. Small orchard, 25 good apple trees; fifty to seventy-five thousand pine ready to cut and lots growing pine left; good barn 40x60 with split stone cellar under whole. House needs some repairs, but can be made comfortable with small outlay. High ground, excellent view of whole village. R. F. D. and telephone. Lowest price for all $1,000, or will sell buildings and 14 acre field for $500. I will sell the pine on the stump for $7.00 per thousand.

GEORGE H. HERSEY, owner,
47tf Buckfield, Me

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY
For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER

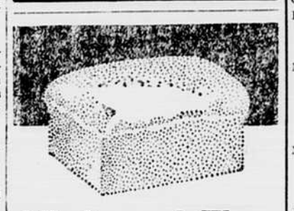
Dr. David Kennedy

Backed by over 33 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles; Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, $1.00, all druggists. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

Cord Wood,
Slab Wood,
Edgings,
Stove Wood and Coal.
A. W. WALKER & SON,
South Paris, Maine.

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.
FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE
it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.



All-Around Flour

Light, wholesome bread—flaky pastry—cake that melts in your mouth—all out of one sack!

That's William Tell Flour—equally good for every baking need.

William Tell is the most economical flour, too—it makes more loaves to the sack than ordinary flour.

That is because it is made from Ohio Red Winter Wheat—richest in bread making qualities.

Order a sack from your grocer today.

William Tell Flour

For Sale by N. Dayton Bolster Co.

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

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.

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

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of CHARLES W. KINGMAN, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

CHARLES W. KINGMAN of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 3rd day of September, 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 7th day of Jan., A. D. 1911.

CHARLES W. KINGMAN, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 14th day of Jan., A. D. 1911, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 24th day of Feb., A. D. 1911, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

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

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 16th day of Jan., A. D. 1911.

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

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

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of WILFORD J. SMITH, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

WILFORD J. SMITH of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 19th day of November, 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 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

his
WILFORD J. X SMITH, Bankrupt.
mark

Witness: MERTON L. KIMBALL.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 21st day of January, A. D. 1911, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1911, 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