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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Cow Comfort and Efficiency.

When the returns from the dairy business are not satisfactory it is not at all unusual for the owner to complain that his cows are poor, and for his friends to advise him to obtain better ones. The explanation is plausible, and the remedy is easy to suggest. But it often occurs that the explanation is incorrect and the remedy is impracticable.

It is easier to blame the cows than it is to carefully investigate the cause of their shortcomings, and it is pleasanter to do this than it is to admit that the owner may be more deserving of blame than are his cows. But easy and pleasant ways are not always the right ways. They sometimes lead those who follow them far astray. Comparatively few cows have ever reached the limit of their possible productiveness. The great majority have an actual and a potential accomplishment—what they do and what they have the capacity for doing. The quantity of milk which they yield is below, and in many cases it is far below, what it might and ought to be. If judged by their present productiveness, they must be ranked as poor cows. But if possible yield is made the basis of judgment, many of them will go into a higher class.

It is perfectly natural that the owner of a cow that never yields more than a very moderate quantity of milk should be dissatisfied. But in a great many, probably in the majority of cases, much can be said in behalf of the cow. She has never had any special care or attention She has never been placed under conditions which would enable her capacity for milk production to be determined. No intelligent and persistent effort to find whether she can do better than she has done has ever been made. It is true that she may not be valuable, but it is not fair to the cow or profitable for her owner to condemn her as inferior until she has had a fair and adequate test. She should not be put into the class of poor cows until well-directed efforts for her improvement have been made. Whenever conditions are at fault they should be corrected and the cow should then be given a fair period of probation. If this is done it is not at all improbable that a good part of the blame for the shortcoming of which he has complained should be placed on the owner rather than on the cow.

There are various ways in which conditions may fall below a proper standard. There are farms on which the cows should be better protected against sudden changes of temperature, from extremes of heat and cold, and from exposure to storms. There should be protection from flies, and all other causes of discomfort should be removed as fully as possible. It is useless to expect that a cow will do her best if she is not satisfied and contented.

On many farms the principal efforts for improving the condition and thus increasing the productiveness of the cows should be directed toward the feeding. Changes along this line may be made with great advantage. They may involve the giving of larger quantities of food, or the use of more expensive materials in the ration. Or they may require the use of the same materials in different proportions, or some change of food-stuffs which will not increase the cost of keeping. On some farms where the convenience of the owners is regarded as of greater importance than the welfare of the cows, greater regularity in the times of feeding would be of marked benefit. The water-supply, too, is sometimes at fault. Where this is deficient, or the quality of the water is poor, the yield of milk will be only moderate and the character of what is produced will probably be bad. In cases like these all adverse criticism should be withheld from the cows and be bestowed upon the owners.

The only profitable course to take where the dairy does not yield a fair profit is to find out whether the cows are inherently, and consequently hopelessly, inferior, or whether their low rate of production is due to the conditions under which they are kept. If the conditions are not favorable, the first thing to do is to improve them. Then, if the cows seem to be well and are contented with their surroundings, but still fail to be productive, careful experiments in changing their feed should be made. The present rations may keep them in good health, yet may not enable them to produce large quantities of milk. Or the kind of feed may be right, but the quantity may not be sufficient to maintain the cow and leave a surplus from which milk can be made. It is from liberal feeding that a large part of the profit of the dairy comes.

If one has cows that are only paying their way, or perhaps not quite doing that, it will be well to try all reasonable means to increase their production. If this is done, it will be found that in some cases the capacity for production is much greater than has been supposed. Cows that have been regarded as hardly up to the average may develop into superior animals, and the apparently poorest one may prove to be well worth keeping. But this will not be the universal experience. Some cows cannot respond to even the best directed efforts to make them more productive. They are lacking in capacity to such an extent that they are hopeless subjects for a profitable dairy. The sooner they are made ready for the butcher the better the interests of their owners will be served.—Elliot in Country Gentleman.

A Short Apple Crop.

PRESIDENT OF MAINE STATE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY ON THE SITUATION.

With the buyers and packers shouting "a big crop of apples and low prices," it will be well for growers to take note of conditions. The apple crop of the east will fall below 1910, while the same report comes from the extreme west. Whether because of the absence of bees and birds, the long and severe drouth, or the very hot wave just as the blossoms opened, or for some other cause, we now know that the set of fruit all over the eastern and middle states is very irregular. Edward Van Alstyne of New York reports this the general condition in that state, especially with Greenings, Hubbardstons and Baldwins. Reports from the far west are not favorable for a full crop. The yield in Maine will be considerably less than in 1910.

One condition to be kept in mind is the abnormal size of winter apples at this season—July 8—and with this the color, by which varieties may be distinguished. Whether this indicates early maturity or not can be determined only as the season progresses.

The presence, at this early period, of the fall web worm and the evidence of destruction will necessitate a sharp eye and knife, constant watchfulness and a good fire.—G. M. Twitchell, President State Pomological Society.

Co-operate with your neighbor in shipping your eggs to the distant market and in the disposition of your live and dressed poultry. It will pay. Maine has her quota of large and successful poultry farms. They are increasing in size and number every year. Each plant is to quite a large extent working out its own salvation. Some are large breeding establishments which supply breeding stock, eggs, for hatching, and day-old chicks, at moderate prices. Others are quite largely concerned with the production of eggs and poultry for market. There is room for more of both types. The possibility of the market being overstocked is remote. The demand for poultry produce as a whole is increasing faster than the production.

About Meadows and Hay.

I think more labor is lost in raising poor crops of hay than in raising poor crops of any kind of grain. Go where you will with observant eyes, and you will see on the same farm, perhaps, good fields of growing grain and poor meadows, the grass being thin and short and intermixed and choked to death with yellow daisies and white weed. The reason of this is not hard to find. "Corn is king," the Cæsar of the farm, and Cæsar gets the tribute.

The late George M. Clark, of Connecticut, who raised enormous crops of hay an acre, proved conclusively that the liberal use of both stable manure and commercial fertilizers was needed to produce great yields of grass and that heavy fertilization was profitable. I top dressed half a meadow that was failing fast with good stable manure, and it not only doubled the yield of grass on that part but improved the quality of the hay. A neighbor who seeded an old garden that had been liberally manured and cultivated for forty years and was as rich as a guano island and full of humus raised a heavy crop of grass on it in a drouthy season, when old meadows generally were hardly worth cutting.

The great value of dung for raising farm crops and fruit trees has been known and appreciated since the earliest ages and in New Testament times. The keeper of the vineyard said: "Lord, let it alone [the barren fig tree] this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it."

"The constant exhaustion of the soil," says an ancient English writer, "demands a periodical nourishment, and this is best done by keeping live animals." "Farmyard manure," says "The Library of Universal Knowledge," "contains all the elements of plants, and without its use in ordinary circumstances the fertility of the land would rapidly depreciate." "Hale's Husbandry," published in 1758, says: "The world has been sensible to the use of manures at all times, and it is to the farmer's interest to continue the use of them and not neglect them for any other practice."

There is no question about the value of the dung of animals for raising grain and grass; the only trouble is we seldom have enough of it, and must look to other sources for an additional supply of the needed plant food. Probably nine farmers out of ten in seeding a field for a meadow do not put on seed enough. I have sometimes made the mistake myself when clover seed was $9 a bushel. It was hoped that the plants would soon spread and cover the ground. On the contrary, before the plants had time to spread, if they ever would, the noxious weeds took possession of the vacant spaces and were bound to "hold the fort." George M. Clark practised heavy seeding, and his favorite grasses were timothy and red top mixed in about equal proportions. He says: "I sow fourteen quarts of each kind of seed to the acre, and no other seed should ever be sown with them." He found that when mixed they produced one and a half tons of hay an acre more than when each was sown separately.

From my own experience and the testimony of others I am of the opinion that to make the best meadows the land should be ploughed and harrowed until the soil was made very fine and mellow; that a liberal quantity of seed should be sown, and no misnamed "nurse crop" grown with it to struggle for the same nourishment required for the grass plants.—J. M. Ingham, Sugar Run, Penn., in Tribune Farmer.

Agricultural College Extension Work.

The lecture and demonstration work carried on by the College of Agriculture during the summer vacation will begin in earnest about August 1st. Already a great deal of interest is being manifested and a large number of meetings arranged for, all phases of farm work being fairly well represented in the requests for demonstrations. The season promises to be a very active one.

Very significant of the increased interest in live stock improvement are the very many requests for demonstrations in live stock judging. Years ago considerable of this sort of work was done and then came a period when such demonstrations were almost unheard of and now again it is coming into favor. This factor is, in the opinion of the writer a very hopeful sign, for it indicates an increased interest in the types of animals and their relation to the economics of the animal and dairy husbandry business. Prof. Campbell and other members of the animal industry department of the college expect to be very busy from now until the beginning of the college year Sept. 20th.

What has been said of the Animal Industry department can be said equally as well of the other departments—Farm Crops, Farm Management, Poultry Husbandry, and Horticulture. It cannot be denied that the demonstration idea is growing in popularity and value. Responding to this demand the college is trying in so far as it can with the funds at its disposal to meet the wishes of the people. During the past few years in addition to the lectures and demonstrations, co-operative demonstrations or experiments have been carried on with several hundred people in the state each year. The present year these demonstrations are being conducted with corn, oats, and alfalfa. In number they are as follows:—corn 175, oats 32, alfalfa 25.

On the college farm several hundred demonstration plots are being carried, the seed for a large portion of them having been sent in by the farmers and granges of the state. Out of all this work a vast amount of good will come in the improvement of the various kinds of seed used in the state. These different kinds of demonstration work are all good; they each serve a purpose and logically lead up to the demonstration farm where a part of the whole farm devotes itself to the demonstration of modern agricultural methods. Such work has been tried by other states under the leadership of the college of agriculture and the results have been far reaching in their effect upon increased and profitable crop production.

The plan generally followed is to establish an agreement between the college and farmers whose farms are centrally located and easy of access to a large number of people, whereby the farm or certain parts of it is to be known as a demonstration farm. Representatives of the college agree to visit the farm at certain intervals for the purpose of advising with the owner, who is in turn to keep accurate records of methods, of expenses, of results both in yield and in financial returns. In addition to this one or more field days or demonstration meetings are to be held on the farm each year. This plan of demonstration work the college is now ready to undertake, whether it be along the line of animal and dairy husbandry, of poultry keeping, of crop raising and seed improvement, of fruit growing, or of farm management.

It may be interesting to know that last winter two farms in Maine were offered for this purpose by their owners with the stipulation that the whole farm operations should be directed by the college for a period of ten years. These offers the college was obliged to decline for the reason that at that time it was not in a position to undertake the work. Any farmer interested in this proposition should write the college in the near future as the plans are now being made for next year's work. Full plans will be sent on application.

Any grange, agricultural society, club or individuals desiring lectures or demonstrations on any phase of farm work should write Leon S. Merrill, Director of Extension Work, at once so that satisfactory dates can be arranged. Last year the college gave 160 of these demonstrations. This year it is hoped to give at least 250. The demonstrations are given without expense, except transportation to and from the railroad station and entertainment during the day.

The DANGER TRAIL

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER X.

THE HOUSE OF THE RED DEATH.

HALFWAY down the ridge a low word from Croisset stopped the engineer. Jean had toggled his team with a stout length of babeesh on the mountain top, and he was looking back when Howland turned toward him. The sharp edge of the part of the mountain from which they were descending stood out in a clear cut line against the sky, and on this edge the six dogs of the team sat squat on their haunches, silent and motionless, like strangely carved gargoyles placed there to guard the limitless plains below. Howland took his pipe from his mouth as he watched the staring interest of Croisset. From the man he looked up again at the dogs. There was something in their sphinxlike attitude, in the moveless reaching of their muzzles out into the wonderful starlit mystery of the still night, that filled him with an indefinable sense of awe. Then there came to his ears the sound that had stopped Croisset—a low, moaning whine which seemed to have neither beginning nor end, but which was borne in on his senses as though it were a part of the soft movement of the air he breathed—a note of infinite sadness, which held him startled and without movement, as it held Jean Croisset. And just as he thought that the thing had died away the wailing came again, rising higher and higher, until at last there rose over him a single long howl that chilled the blood to his very marrow. It was like the wolf howl of that first night he had looked on the wilderness, and yet unlike it. In the first it had been the cry of the savage, of hunger, of the unending desolation of life that had thrilled him. In this it was death. He stood shivering as Croisset came down to him, his thin face shining white in the starlight. There was no other sound save the excited beating of life in their own bodies when Jean spoke.

"M'seur, our dogs howl like that only when some one is dead or about to die," he whispered. "It was Woonga who gave the cry. He has lived for eleven years, and I have never known him to fail."

There was an uneasy gleam in his eyes.

"I must tie your hands, m'seur."

"But I have given you my word, Jean."

"Your hands, m'seur. There is already death below us in the plain, or it is to come very soon. I must tie your hands."

Howland thrust his wrists behind him, and about them Jean twisted a thong of babeesh.

"I believe I understand," he spoke softly, listening again for the chilling wail from the mountain top. "You are afraid that I will kill you."

"It is a warning, m'seur. You might try. But I should probably kill you. As it is"—he shrugged his shoulders as he led the way down the ridge—"as it is, there is small chance of Jean Croisset answering the call."

"May those saints of yours preserve me, Jean, but this is all very cheerful!" grunted Howland, half laughing in spite of himself. "Now that I'm tied up again, who the devil is there to die—but me?"

"That is a hard question, m'seur," replied the half breed, with grim seriousness. "Perhaps it is your turn. I half believe that it is."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when there came again the moaning howl from the top of the ridge.

"You're getting on my nerves, Jean—you and that accursed dog!"

"Silence, m'seur!"

Out of the grim loneliness at the foot of the mountain there loomed a shadow, which at first Howland took to be a huge mass of rock. A few steps farther and he saw that it was a building. Croisset gripped him firmly by the arm.

"Stay here," he commanded. "I will return soon."

For a quarter of an hour Howland waited. Twice in that interval the dog howled above him. He was glad when Croisset appeared out of the gloom.

"It is as I thought, m'seur. There is death down here. Come with me."

The shadow of the big building shrouded them as they approached. Howland could make out that it was built of massive logs and that there seemed to be neither door nor window on their side. And yet when Jean hesitated for an instant before a blotch of gloom that was deeper than the others he knew that they had come to an entrance.

Howland could feel the half breed's hand clutch him nervously by the arm as they went step by step into the black and silent mystery of the place. Soon there came a fumbling of Croisset's hand at a latch, and they passed through a second door. Then Jean struck a match.

Half a dozen steps away was a table and on the table a lamp. Croisset lighted it and with a quiet laugh faced the engineer. They were in a low, dungeon-like chamber without a window and with but the one door through which they had entered. The table, two chairs, a stove and a bunk built against one of the log walls were all that Howland could see. But it was not the barrenness of what he imagined was to be his new prison that held his eyes in staring inquiry on Croisset. It was the look in his companion's face, the yellow pallor of fear—a horror—that had taken possession of it. The half breed closed and bolted the door and then sat down beside the table, his thin face peering up through the sickly lamp glow at the engineer.

"M'seur, it would be hard for you to guess where you are."

Howland waited.

"If you had lived in this country long, m'seur, you would have heard of la Maison de Mort Rouge—the house of the Red Death, as you would call it. That is where we are—in the dungeon room. It is a Hudson Bay post, abandoned almost since I can remember. When I was a child the smallpox plague came this way and killed all the people. Nineteen years ago the red plague came again, and not one lived through it in this Poste de Mort Rouge. Since then it has been left to the weasels and the owls. It is shunned by every living soul between the Athabasca and the bay. That is why you are safe here."

"Ye gods!" breathed Howland. "Is there anything more, Croisset? Safe from what, man? Safe from what?"

"From those who wish to kill you, m'seur. You would not go into the south, so la belle Meleese has compelled you to go into the north. Comprenez vous? You would have died last night, m'seur, had it not been for Meleese. You escaped from the coyote, but you would not have escaped from the other. That is all I can tell you. But you will be safe here. Those who seek your life will soon believe that you are dead, and then we will let you go back. Is that not a kind fate for one who deserves to be cut into bits and fed to the ravens?"

"You will tell me nothing more, Jean?" the engineer asked.

"Nothing, except that while I would like to kill you I have sympathy for you. That perhaps is because I once lived in the south. For six years I was with the company in Montreal, where I went to school."

Then he unbolted and opened the door. Faintly there came to them, as if from a great distance, the wailing grief of Woonga, the dog.

"You said there was death here," whispered Howland, leaning close to his shoulder.

"There is one who has lived here since the last plague," replied Croisset under his breath. "He lost his wife and children, and it drove him mad. That is why we came down so quietly. He lived in a little cabin out there on the edge of the clearing, and when I went to it tonight there was a sapling over the house with a flag at the end of it. When the plague comes to us we hang out a red flag as a warning to others. That is one of our laws. The flag is blown to tatters by the winds. He is dead."

Howland shuddered.

"Of the smallpox?"

"Yes."

For a few moments they stood in silence. Then Croisset added, "You will remain here, m'seur, until I return."

He went out, closing and barring the door from the other side, and Howland seated himself again in the chair beside the table. Fifteen minutes later the half breed returned, bearing with him a good sized pack and a two gallon jug.

"There is wood back of the stove, m'seur. Here are food and water for a week and furs for your bed. Now I will cut those thongs about your wrists."

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave me here alone—in this wretched prison?" cried Howland.

"Mon Dieu, is it not better than a grave, m'seur? I will be back at the end of a week."

The door was partly open, and for the last time there came to Howland's ears the mourning howl of the old dog on the mountain top. Almost threateningly he gripped Croisset's arm.

"Jean, if you don't come back what will happen?"

He heard the half breed chuckling.

"You will die, m'seur, pleasantly and taking your own time at it, which is much better than dying over a case of dynamite. But I will come back, m'seur. Goodby!"

Again the door was closed and bolted, and the sound of Croisset's footsteps quickly died away beyond the log walls. Many minutes passed before Howland thought of his pipe or a fire. Then shiveringly he went to seek the fuel which Jean had told him was behind the stove. The old bay stove was soon roaring with the fire which he built, and as the soothing

THE HALF BREED CLOSED AND BOLTED THE DOOR.

fumes of his pipe impregnated the damp air of the room he experienced a sensation of comfort which was in strange contrast to the exciting happenings of the past few days.

He laughed aloud and began pacing back and forth across the rotted floor of his prison. And then a flush burned in his face and his eyes glowed as he thought of Meleese. In spite of himself she had saved him from his enemies, and he blessed Croisset for having told him the meaning of this flight into the north. Once again she had betrayed him, but this time it was to save his life, and his heart leaped in joyous faith at this proof of her love for him. He believed that he understood the whole scheme now. Even his enemies would think him dead. They would leave the Wekusko, and after a time, when it was safe for him to return, he would be given his freedom.

With the passing of the hours gloomier thoughts shadowed these anticipations. In some mysterious way Meleese was closely associated with those who sought his life, and if they disappeared she would disappear with them. He was convinced of that. And then—could he find her again? Would she go into the south—to civilization—or deeper into the untraveled wildernesses of the north? In answer to his question there flashed through his mind the words of Jean Croisset, "M'seur, I know of a hundred men between Athabasca and the bay who would kill you for what you have said." Yes, she would go into the north. Somewhere in that vast desolation of which Jean had spoken he would find her, even though he spent half of his life in the search!

It was past midnight when he spread out the furs and undressed for bed. With the breaking of day the hours seemed of interminable length. For a time he amused himself by searching every corner and crevice of his prison room, but he found nothing of interest beyond what he had already discovered. He examined the door which Croisset had barred on him and gave up all hope of escape in that direction. He could barely thrust his arm through the aperture that opened out on the plague stricken cabin.

In no situation had he displayed the white feather; at no time had he felt a thrill of fear. His courage and recklessness had terrified Meleese, had astonished Croisset. And yet what had he done? From the beginning, from the moment he first placed his foot in the Chinese cafe, his enemies had held the whiphand. He had been compelled to play a passive part. Up to the point of the ambush on the Wekusko trail he might have found some vindication for himself. But this experience with Jean Croisset—it was enough to madden him, now that he was alone, to think about it. Why had he not taken advantage of Jean, as Jackpine and the Frenchman had taken advantage of him?

He saw now what he might have done. Somewhere, not very far back, the sledge carrying Meleese and Jackpine had turned into the unknown. They two were alone. Why had he not made Croisset a prisoner, instead of allowing himself to be caged up like a weakling? He swore aloud as there dawned on him more and more a realization of the opportunity he had lost. At the point of a gun he could have forced Croisset to overtake the other sledge. He could have surprised Jackpine, as they had surprised him on the trail. And then? He smiled, but there was no humor in the smile. He at last would have held the whip hand. And what would Meleese have done?

Meleese loved him. He would have staked his life on that. His blood leaped as he felt again the thrill of her kisses when she had come to him as he lay bound and gagged beside the trail. She had taken his head in her arms, and through the grief of her face he had seen shining the light of a great love that had glorified it for all time for him. She loved him! And he had let her slip away from him, had weakly surrendered himself at a moment when everything that he dreamed of might have been within his grasp. With Jackpine and Croisset in his power—

He went no further. Was it too late to do these things now? Croisset would return. With a sort of satisfaction it occurred to him that his actions had disarmed the Frenchman of suspicion. He believed that it would be easy to overcome Croisset, to force him to follow in the trail of Meleese and Jackpine. And that trail? It would probably lead to the very stronghold of his enemies. But what of that? He loaded his pipe again, puffing out clouds of smoke until the room was thick with it. That trail would take him to Meleese—wherever she was. Heretofore his enemies had come to him; now he would go to them. With Croisset in his power and with none of his enemies aware of his presence, everything would be in his favor. He laughed aloud as a sudden thrilling thought flashed into his mind. As a last resort he would use Jean as a decoy.

He foresaw how easy it would be to bring Meleese to him—to see Croisset. His own presence would be like the dropping of a bomb at her feet. In that moment, when she saw what he was risking for her, that he was determined to possess her, would she not surrender to the pleading of his love? If not he would do the other thing—that which had brought the joyous laugh to his lips. All was fair in war and love, and theirs was a game of love. Because of her love for him Meleese had kidnaped him from his post of duty, had sent him a prisoner to this death house in the wilderness. Love had exculpated her. That same love would exculpate him. He would make her a prisoner, and Jean should drive them back to the Wekusko. Meleese herself had set the pace, and he would follow it. And what woman, if she loved a man, would not surrender after this? In their sledge trip he would have her to himself, for not only an hour or two, but for days. Surely in that time he could win. There would be pursuit perhaps; he might have to fight, but he was willing and a trifle anxious to fight.

He went to bed that night and dreamed of things that were to happen. A second day, a third night and a third day came. With each hour grew his anxiety for Jean's return. At times he was almost feverish to have the affair over with. He was confident of the outcome, and yet he did not fail to take the Frenchman's true measurement. He knew that Jean was like live wire and steel, as agile as a cat, more than a match with himself in open fight despite his own superior weight and size.

He devised a dozen schemes for Jean's undoing. One was to leap on him while he was eating, another to spring on him and choke him into partial insensibility as he knelt beside his pack or fed the fire, a third to strike a blow from behind that would render him powerless. But there was something in this last that was repugnant to him. He remembered that Jean had saved his life; that in no instance had he given him physical pain. He would watch for an opportunity, take advantage of the Frenchman, as Croisset had taken advantage of him, but he would not hurt him seriously. It should be as fair a struggle as Jean had offered him, and with the handicap in his favor the best man would win.

On the morning of the fourth day Howland was awakened by a sound that came through the aperture in the wall. It was the sharp yelping bark of a dog, followed an instant later by the sharper crack of a whip and a familiar voice.

Jean Croisset had returned.

With a single leap he was out of his bunk. Half dressed he darted to the door and crouched there, the muscles of his arms tightening, his body tense with the gathering forces within him.

The spur of the moment had driven him to quick decision. His opportunity would come when Jean Croisset passed through that door.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT.

BEYOND the door Howland heard Jean pause. There followed a few moments' silence, as though the other were listening for sound within. Then there came a fumbling at the bar and the door swung inward.

"Bon jour, m'seur!" called Jean's cheerful voice as he stepped inside. "Is it possible you are not up, with all this dog barking and"—

His eyes had gone to the empty bunk. Despite his cheerful greeting Howland saw that the Frenchman's face was haggard and pale as he turned quickly toward him. He observed no further than that, but flung his whole weight on the unprepared Croisset, and together they crashed to the floor. There was scarce a struggle and Jean lay still. He was flat on his back, his arms pinioned to his sides, and bringing himself astride the Frenchman's body so that each knee imprisoned an arm Howland coolly began looping the babeesh thongs that he had snatched from the table as he sprang to the door. Behind Howland's back Jean's legs shot suddenly upward. In a quick choking clutch of steel-like muscle they gripped about his neck like powerful arms, and in another instant he was twisted backward with a force that sent him half neck broken to the opposite wall. He staggered to his feet, dazed for a moment, and Jean Croisset stood in the middle of the floor, his caribou skin coat thrown off, his hands clinched, his eyes darkening with a dangerous fire. As quickly as it had come the fire died away, and as he advanced slowly his shoulders hunched over, his white teeth gleaming in a smile. Howland smiled back and advanced to meet him. There was no humor, no friendliness, in the smiles. Both had seen that flash of teeth and deadly scintillation of eyes at other times, and both knew what it meant.

"I believe that I will kill you, m'seur," said Jean softly. There was no excitement, no tremble of passion, in his voice. "I have been thinking that I ought to kill you. I had almost made up my mind to kill you when I came back to this Maison de Mort Rouge. It is the justice of God that I kill you!"

The two men circled like beasts in a pit, Howland in the attitude of a boxer, Jean with his shoulders bent, his arms slightly curved at his side, the toes of his moccasined feet bearing his weight. Suddenly he launched himself at the other's throat.

In a flash Howland stepped a little to one side and shot out a crushing blow that caught Jean on the side of the head and sent him flat on his back. Half stunned, Croisset came to his feet. It was the first time that he had ever come into contact with science. He was puzzled. His head rang, and for a few moments he was dizzy. He darted in again in his old, quick, catlike way and received a blow that dazed him. This time he kept his feet.

"I am sure now that I am going to kill you, m'seur," he said as coolly as before.

There was something terribly calm and decisive in his voice. He was not excited. He was not afraid. His fingers did not go near the weapons in his belt, and slowly the smile faded from Howland's lips as Jean circled about him. He had never fought a man of this kind; never had he looked on the appalling confidence that was in his antagonist's eyes. From those eyes rather than from the man he found himself slowly retreating. They followed him, never taking themselves from his face. In them the fire returned and grew deeper. The dull red spots began to glow in Croisset's cheeks, and he laughed softly when he suddenly leaped in so that Howland struck at him—and missed. He knew what to expect now. And Howland knew what to expect.

It was the science of one world pitted against that of another—the science of civilization against that of the wilderness. Howland was trained in his art. For sport Jean had played with wounded lynx. His was the quickness of sight, of instinct—the quickness of the great north loon that had often played this same game with his rifle fire, of the sledge dog whose ripping fangs carried death so quickly that eyes could not follow. A third and a fourth time he came within distance, and Howland struck and missed.

"I am going to kill you," he said again.

To this point Howland had remained cool. Self possession in his science he knew to be half the battle. But he felt in him now a slow, swelling anger. The smiling flash in Jean's eyes began to irritate him; the fearless, taunting gleam of his teeth, his audacious confidence put him on edge. Twice again he struck out swiftly, but Jean had come and gone like a dart. His lithe body, fifty pounds lighter than Howland's, seemed to be that of a boy dodging him in some tantalizing sport. The Frenchman made no effort at attack. His were the tactics of the wolf at the heels of the bull moose, of the lynx before the prongs of a cornered buck—tiring, worrying, ceaseless.

Howland's striking muscles began to ache, and his breath was growing shorter with the exertions which seemed to have no effect on Croisset. For a few moments he took the aggressive, rushing Jean to the stove, behind the table, twice around the room, striving vainly to drive him into a corner, to reach him with one of the sweeping blows which Croisset evaded with the lightning quickness of a hell diver. When he stopped his breath came in wind broken gasps. Jean drew nearer, smiling, ferociously cool.

"I am going to kill you, m'seur," he repeated again.

Howland dropped his arms, his fingers relaxed, and he forced his breath between his lips as if he were on the point of exhaustion. There were still a few tricks in his science, and these he knew were about his last cards. He backed into a corner, and Jean followed, his eyes flashing a steely light, his body growing more and more tense.

"Now, m'seur, I am going to kill you," he said in the same low voice. "I am going to break your neck."

Howland backed against the wall, partly turned as if fearing the other's attack and yet without strength to repel it. There was a contemptuous smile on Croisset's lips as he poised himself for an instant. Then he leaped in, and as his fingers gripped at the other's throat Howland's right arm shot upward in a deadly short arm punch that caught his antagonist under the jaw. Without a sound Jean staggered back, tottered for a moment on his feet and fell to the floor. Fifty seconds later he opened his eyes to find his hands bound behind his back and Howland standing at his feet.

"Mon Dieu, but that was a good one!" he gasped after he had taken a long breath or two. "Will you teach it to me, m'seur?"

"Get up!" commanded Howland. "I have no time to waste, Croisset." He caught the Frenchman by the shoulders and helped him to a chair near the table. Then he took possession of the other's weapons, including the revolver which Jean had taken from him, and began to dress. He spoke no word until he was done.

"Do you understand what is going to happen, Croisset?" he cried then, his eyes blazing hotly. "Do you understand that what you have done will put you behind prison bars for ten years or more? Does it dawn on you that I'm going to take you back to the authorities and that as soon as we reach the Wekusko I'll have twenty men back on the trail of these friends of yours?"

A gray pallor spread itself over Jean's thin face.

"The great God, m'seur, you cannot do that!"

"Cannot!" Howland's fingers dug into the edge of the table. "By this great God of yours, Croisset, but I will! And why not? Is it because Meleese is among this gang of cutthroats and murderers? Pish, my dear Jean, you must be a fool. They tried to kill me on the trail, tried it again in the coyote, and you came back here determined to kill me. You've held the whiphand from the first. Now it's mine. I swear that if I take you back to the Wekusko we'll get you all."

"If, m'seur?"

HOWLAND'S RIGHT ARM SHOT UPWARD IN A DEADLY SHORT ARM PUNCH.

"Yes, if."

"And that 'if'"— Jean was straining against the table.

"It rests with you, Croisset. I will bargain with you. Either I shall take you back to the Wekusko, hand you over to the authorities and send a force after the others or you shall take me to Meleese. Which shall it be?"

"And if I take you to Meleese, m'seur?"

Howland straightened, his voice trembling a little with excitement.

"If you take me to Meleese and swear to do as I say I shall bring no harm to you or your friends."

"And Meleese"— Jean's eyes darkened again. "You will not harm her, m'seur?"

"Harm her!" There was a laughing tremor in Howland's voice. "Good God, man, are you so blind that you can't see that I am doing this because of her? I tell you that I love her and that I am willing to die in fighting for her. Until now I haven't had the chance. You and your friends have played a cowardly underhand game, Croisset. You have taken me from behind at every move, and now it's up to you to square yourself a little. Understand? You take me to Meleese or there'll be a cleanup that will put you and the whole bunch out of business. Harm her!" Again Howland laughed, leaning his white face toward Jean. "Come, which shall it be, Croisset?"

"You are mistaken in some things, m'seur," Croisset said quietly. "Until today I have fought for you and not against you. But now you have left me but one choice. I will take you to Meleese, and that means"—

"Good!" cried Howland.

"La, la, m'seur, not so good as you think. It means that as surely as the flags carry us there you will never come back. Mon Dieu, your death is certain!"

Howland turned briskly to the stove.

"Hungry, Jean?" he asked more companionably. "Let's not quarrel, man. You've had your fun, and now I'm going to have mine. Have you had breakfast?"

"I was anticipating that pleasure with you, m'seur," replied Jean, with grim humor.

"And then, after I had fed you, you were going to kill me, my dear Jean," laughed Howland, flopping a huge caribou steak on the naked top of the sheet iron stove. "Real nice fellow you are, eh?"

"You ought to be killed, m'seur."

"So you've said before. When I see Meleese I'm going to know the reason why or"—

"Or what, m'seur?"

"Kill you, Jean. I've just about made up my mind that you ought to be killed. If any one dies up where we're going, Croisset, it will be you first of all."

Jean remained silent. A few minutes later Howland brought the caribou steak, a dish of flour cakes and a big pot of coffee to the table. Then he went behind Jean and untied his hands. When he sat down at his own side of the table he cocked his revolver and placed it beside his tin plate. Jean grimaced and shrugged his shoulders.

"It means business," said his captor warningly. "If at any time I think you deserve it I shall shoot you in your tracks, Croisset, so don't arouse my suspicions."

"I took your word of honor," said Jean sarcastically.

"And I will take yours to an extent," replied Howland, pouring the coffee. Suddenly he picked up the revolver. "You never saw me shoot, did you? See that cup over there?" He pointed to a small tin pack cup hanging to a nail on the wall a dozen paces from them. Three times without missing he drove bullets through it and smiled across at Croisset.

"I am going to give you the use of your arms and legs except at night," he said.

"Mon Dieu, it is safe!" grunted Jean. "I give you my word that I will be good, m'seur."

The sun was up when Croisset led the way outside. His dogs and sledge were a hundred yards from the

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JULY 25, 1911.

ATWOOD & FORBES,
Editors and Proprietors.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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

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SINGLE COPIES.

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

South Paris, Howard's Drug Store. Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway, Noyes Drug Store. Stone's Drug Store.
Buckfield, Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
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Eight Notices of Appointment.
Wanted.

Here and There.

Ex-Governor William T. Cobb, whose name, portrait and alleged utterances have been used as valuable campaign material by the license league, declares in a public statement that he shall vote for the retention of the prohibitory amendment as the best contribution he can make to the moral, social and economic welfare of Maine. This declaration gives the license forces quite a jolt, and their organs are now trying as hard to discredit Governor Cobb—one of the "squarest" men who ever filled the governor's chair—as they had been lauding him before.

Malaga Island seems to be an undesirable possession. Attorney General Pattangall gives it as his opinion that it legally belongs to the town of Phippsburg, and Phippsburg doesn't like it.

A retired fisherman in South Eliot relates that he once caught an eel twenty-four feet long, the skin of which held eight bushels of corn, but says he takes no stock in sea serpent stories!

With regular gambling already cut out, and no racing this year, Saratoga is said to be about at the end of its rope. Where's the personal liberty league?

The Maine was blown up from the inside, and we owe Spain a public acknowledgement of that fact. The Maine was blown up from the outside. The Maine was wrecked by the explosion of its magazines, but from what cause, whether external or internal, we shall never know. These are some of the conclusions deduced in the course of the work of removing the wreck of the Maine. If no satisfactory evidence of the cause of the disaster should be found, there would be one compensation, in that lovers of controversy would still have the subject left to them. And if it should be shown "beyond a reasonable doubt" that the cause was external to the vessel, certain ones would doubtless refuse to be convinced. And still once more, what real difference does it make?

At last the college course in athletics is here. Now perhaps you may think that it has been here for lo, these many years. Yet the athletics have nominally been outside the actual college course. Now, in one college at least—the University of Wisconsin—they are to be an actual part of it, specified in the curriculum as a part of the work which leads to the degree of bachelor of arts.

To those familiar with the conditions there is a certain fishy sound to the stories about the electric railroad, winding three or four times around Mount Washington, which is to take the place of the present cog railway, and the 400-foot concrete hotel which will stand on the summit. Yet they may all be true. Certain it is that if all this talk materializes, the summit of Mount Washington will be another place removed from accessibility to the vulgar throng, and attainable only by those who have the big price.

The Simplon tunnel, between Italy and Switzerland, is "fortified" by devices at both ends, by means of which it could be blown up and destroyed in a second's time. Could there be a more striking example of the wicked wastefulness of war?

Westward, like the star of empire, the center of population takes its way. The census of 1910 locates this center of population—which is a point quite definitely fixed—31 miles westward and seven-tenths of a mile northward from its location in 1900. It is now near Unionville, Indiana.

An authority says that very few if any people are actually driven insane by the effects of heat. Yet he is disputed by numerous reports from the recent overheated term, and probably will be many times in the future. Perhaps he is right, and perhaps he isn't.

According to the New York Tribune, silk stockings may now be bought at almost any price from 15 cents up. Guess the 15-cent ones would have the "near" prefixed, under a pure goods law.

"Agitation of the matter of high prices has waned somewhat, but there is no waning in prices, as a rule," says an exchange. Yes, the agitation served its purpose, as the principal campaign material which contributed to a general political overturn in the country. Now that the overturn has been made, those who were agitators during the campaign year have very little to say about the high prices.

Even Alaska has had a hot wave. In some respects the effect is different from that of a hot wave in New England, as, instead of drying up the streams, it melts the glaciers and sends the streams "kiting."

One advantage of male attire over that of the other sex was shown by an incident in Portland the other day. With his clothing from the waist up on fire from a gasoline explosion, a man was able to run to a box and pull in a fire alarm, without being even dangerously burned. When a woman's clothing takes fire, the consequences are almost always serious, and very frequently fatal.

Maine's fire loss in buildings and contents will be larger in 1911 than ever before since the office of insurance commissioner was established in 1868, according to Commissioner Beecher Putnam. For the past ten years the annual loss has been approximately $2,500,000, but the Bangor fire alone caused a loss as large as that. The other fires in the first six months amounted to more than a million dollars and since July 1 several large fires have swelled the total, notably those at Biddeford and South Waterboro.

Plans are now under way for a magnificent Episcopal church in Bangor to replace the one burned in the fire of April 28.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

Paris Hill.

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

Universalist church, Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, Minister. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A.M

The first golf tournament was played off at the links last Friday and Saturday and won by Newton Cummings and Miss Mary Case, beating Arthur Daniels and Miss Burchfield in the finals.

Judge William P. Potter and family arrived at their summer home here last week, coming through from Pennsylvania with their touring car.

William E. Atwood, who for the past year has been sales manager for the Dixfield Toothpick Company, has accepted a similar position with the H. Wesley Hutchins Company of Auburn.

Mrs. Charles H. Burchenal of New York arrived at the Hubbard House Saturday, to be with her daughter, Miss Emma Burchenal, who is here for the summer.

Arthur Daniels, who has spent the spring and part of the summer with his brother, Alfred M. Daniels, in this village, has returned to Berlin, N. H., to resume his former position in the City National Bank at that place.

Fred Shaw goes this week to Monmouth where he has an engagement for a few weeks at making apple barrels.

Mrs. James Murray Kay of Brookline, Mass., is in town for a few days.

Miss Mary Burchfield, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore and Albert B. Craig of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived at Elmhurst last Wednesday, coming with Miss Burchfield's touring car.

There will be a golf tea and putting match at the golf links next Saturday afternoon. Everybody invited. Mrs. Knickerbocker and Mrs. Atwood will serve tea. There will be an important meeting of the club at the grounds, at three o'clock.

Dr. C. F. Hammond entertained a party at five hundred Saturday afternoon at The Beeches.

Recent arrivals at the Hubbard House:
Mr. and Mrs. James P. Champlin, Portland.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Harmon, Portland.
E. S. Matthews, New York.
Mrs. James Murray Kay, Brookline, Mass.
Mrs. Charles H. Burchenal, New York City.

There will be a social dance at Academy Hall, Paris Hill, Friday evening, July 28. Music by Shaw and Briggs. Admission 25 cents each. All are cordially invited.

Greenwood.

One of our callers Saturday was Susie, widow of the late Pearl Whitman, and one of her little girls. It will be remembered that last year she buried her husband and two little children, leaving two on her hands, and that subsequently another daughter was born to her in orphanage, so that now she has three little girls and herself to provide for with the help of her mother, who is also a widow for the second time, having buried her husband, Austin Hayes, last fall.

Our Sunday visitors were Floyd Morgan, wife, and baby, of Bryant Pond. Speaking of the drouth he said it was more severe there than here, that his garden was about ruined, but was confident it would rain the next day, and his prophecy proved correct, very much to the delight of all.

Mrs. Prof. Smith still goes out on her walking exercises the same as last summer, and appears to enjoy them equally as well. Wednesday she made a short call at the Bennett place and all enjoyed her cheerful presence while here and hoped she would repeat her visit frequently.

He bought an auto according to fashion, took another man with him several miles on business, but not understanding all its intricate parts it balked somewhat on the way over and much worse coming back, so that finally he was obliged to use one of his horses to get it home.

Mrs. E. H. Morgan had good luck with her ducks last spring, nine hatching out and all growing finely until a few days ago when they went off into the pasture together, and that was the last she saw of her ducks. They were all promised, and now the lady in question thinks that raising ducks that way isn't very profitable.

Wesley Ring owns a hill pasture and a few years ago bought a small flock of sheep to see what he could do with that kind of stock. But he soon learned that turning sheep into a pasture was one thing and keeping them there after the feed got short and they found out there was better fare on the other side of the fence, was quite another, so, rather than bother with them longer he sold them to be taken away when wanted. A few days ago he noticed there was something the matter with one of them, and looking at close quarters he found a large piece of skin had been torn from her under side, probably done by a sharp stub, since there was found no other wound or injury about her.

Several days ago a cow on the town farm freshened, did well at the time, but a day or two later Mr. Whitman, the overseer, on going out in the morning to do his chores, found her dead. No cause has been suggested for the fatal event.

Another thunder shower passed over yesterday, raining profusely for a short time, which seems to be another indication that the drouth is broken.

Hebron.

Mrs. Warren Hanscom of New York and her two little daughters are boarding at Mrs. Ella Bearce's.

Mrs. C. A. Sanger of Peabody, Mass., is at Miss Tripp's.

Prof. Ira M. Bearce was called to Roxbury, N. Y., by the critical illness of his sister, Mrs. Daniel Chase. Mrs. Chase at present writing is some better, and it is hoped she will recover.

Miss Ruth Brackett, who has been visiting Miss Mabel Bumpus, returned home Wednesday.

Miss Georgie Lawrence, who has been the guest of Miss Grace Bumpus for two weeks, goes to her home in Lawrence, Mass., Friday.

Mrs. Grace Nichols DeWolf and two children of Rumford Falls are stopping a while with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Nichols.

Mr. Leon K. Dow of Waltham, Mass., was at F. E. Gurney's last week.

F. E. Gurney and family went to Norway Sunday to attend the wedding of Mrs. Gurney's sister, Miss Gladys Frost, and Mr. Alton Noyes. Little Myrtle Scothorne took her first auto trip with the bride and groom, going to Harrison.

Hiram.

Mr. Charles C. Lowell, our mail carrier of R. F. D. No. 1, died very suddenly July 14. He went to the post office about 10 A. M., as well as usual, conversed with the writer on public affairs, and was soon seized with severe pains in his neck, throat, spine, arms, and extending to his heart. He went home and called Dr. Wilson, and died about noon. He had a similar attack some time ago. He was born in Hiram, Aug. 31, 1850, to Samuel N. Lowell and Deborah Lowell. He leaves a widow and step-daughter, and many friends and relatives. He was a useful, worthy and estimable citizen, a kind husband, a good neighbor and a loyal friend. His funeral was attended on Tuesday afternoon by a large number of friends. Rev. H. H. Hoyt preached a very comforting sermon.

On July 14th the farm buildings of Daniel B. Cram were burned, also ten tons of hay. Loss $3000; insurance $2000.

North Stoneham.

C. E. Lloyd and a party from Philadelphia are here at his cottage on Lake Kezar. Lyman Hilton of North Lovell and Solon McAllister of East Stoneham are at work for him enlarging his cottage.

H. M. Adams has built two new cottages, making him three cottages besides his main house.

A Miss Stanwood from Ellsworth is boarding at H. M. Adams'. Miss Stanwood is taking weaving lessons of Mrs. N. H. Sawyer.

Marion Allen from Bethel has been visiting her uncle, Mell Allen.

Gertrude Cobb of Albany is at work for Mrs. I. A. Andrews.

West Paris.

Rev. Isabella Macduff of Bridgton and a party of friends made an auto trip to West Paris Tuesday.

Mrs. Phila Davis and daughters, Mildred and Beatrice, are visiting relatives at Gray.

Mrs. F. S. Briggs of Portland was a recent guest of her mother, Mrs. Sara Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hammond of Berlin are at B. F. Dunham's. Mr. Hammond has been very ill for more than a year and has only partially recovered.

W. H. Lurvey underwent a serious surgical operation at the C. M. G. Hospital last Monday. He is reported comfortable at this writing.

Harold Dunham and Willard Curtis have been operated upon for adenoids during the past week. They are getting along well.

Mrs. Clara Ridlon and Mrs. Dora Jackson have returned from a several days' stay at Camp Evergreen, Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Tillinghast of Livermore Falls gave an able address on prohibition at the Free Baptist church last Monday evening. Having spent thirty-five years in license states, she is able to speak from personal knowledge.

The meeting held Sunday evening by the Y. P. C. U. at the Universalist church was interesting and helpful. The topic was living for the best. Mrs. Tillinghast gave a twenty-minutes' talk on temperance and there was special music.

Miss Helen H. Dexter is visiting friends in Massachusetts.

Walter Ricker has been confined to the house by illness for the past two or three days.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bates also Miss Ruth Tucker of Lewiston have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Vernal Bates at their cottage at Little Concord Pond.

Frank Wellcome of Waltham, Mass., was a recent guest at W. W. Dunham's. Mr. Wellcome will return to Maine to superintend putting in the heating arrangements in H. W. Dunham's new residence, and Longley of Norway will do the plumbing. When completed Mr. Dunham will have a fine residence that will be an addition to Church Street.

Maynard Chase went to Portland to attend the national convention of the Y. P. C. U.

Alice Penley is working at Boothbay Harbor.

There will be no preaching services at the Universalist church during the month of August.

Mrs. Eva Swift and son Dale will spend several weeks with relatives at Portland.

Mrs. Emma W. Mann was the guest of Mrs. Smiley at South Paris several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Day spent Sunday with relatives at West Sumner.

Fred Lurvey, wife and child, of Milton, were in town Friday.

Bryant's Pond.

The Grand Trunk is laying new steam pipes from its pumping station here to the depot.

Dr. W. D. Williamson's family are at Pine Point Cottage.

Many farmers will finish up their haying this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cronin, with their daughters, Helen and Ethel, of Taunton, are passing their vacation here, staying at Mrs. Flora Cole's.

Thomas Faulkner and wife of Turner are visiting Mrs. Sarah Howe.

Webster Farnum returned to his home in Waltham Friday.

Walter Bartlett and son of East Orange, N. J., are staying at the Ricker House.

Mrs. Nancy Powers is having extensive repairs made on the Noyes house.

One hundred and sixty acres of corn were planted here for the factory. The drouth has affected many pieces and it is likely the crop will be very late.

The Dearborn Spool Co. are doing a good business. The orders have increased each month for the past year. This industry is a material help to our little town.

East Waterford.

Born July 15th, to the wife of Albert B. Bean, a daughter.

Born July 17th, to the wife of Hubert York, a daughter.

Geo. Stevens and John Grover are at home from Turner to do their haying. Their families accompanied them.

Mrs. Ida Gibbs, son Guy, and daughter, Mrs. Maud Bradford, are at their cottage at Pappoose Pond.

Dickvale.

Mrs. Viola Child is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Farnum, in Milton.

W. G. Hammond, wife and daughter, and J. H. Cole and wife of West Paris visited at the home of R. S. Tracy Saturday and Sunday of last week.

H. B. Hammond and Miss Rieger of Lewiston were guests of R. S. Tracy and family over Sunday.

Adelaide Atkins of West Peru visited Mrs. E. G. Child Wednesday.

Elmer Child is helping his father, E. G. Child, in haying.

Mrs. C. J. Tracy is gaining at the C. M. G. Hospital.

Nellie Tracy is at home doing the work for her father.

Mrs. Hermon Fuller, who has been keeping house for C. J. Tracy, has returned home.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wyman are glad to hear that Mrs. Wyman is gaining. She is sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Shaw, in Buckfield.

Blueberries are not very plenty on the mountains owing to the dry weather.

North Waterford.

Mrs. Jennie McAllister was visited by her mother, Mrs. Brown, from Stoneham, last week.

Mrs. Sarah York has purchased a horse.

Ruth White, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Ernest McGray, went home last week. Her mother came after her.

The farmers are very busy haying.

Mrs. Annie Hazelton and Harry Morey spent the day at Lucian Andrews' Tuesday.

Mrs. Sidney Hatch and three children, Frank, Leola and Ralph, were guests at Fred Hazelton's last week.

Mrs. Roland Littlefield visited Mrs. Stella McKeen at Four Corners Tuesday.

Mrs. Angie Andrews seemed a little better at last reports.

North Buckfield.

Mrs. F. H. Atwood of Rumford has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. A. S. Bessey and Mrs. Isabel Swallow.

Captain and Mrs. Howard Emery and her mother, Mrs. Sanborn, have arrived here for a three months' stay.

Helen Heald is quite sick at this writing.

Farmers are well under way with their haying.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Turner of Paris were at Vinton Keene's Sunday.

Several from this place attended the dance in Victor Pearson's new round barn.

Mrs. Celia Dunham has been on the sick list, but is some better.

P. C. Heald and I. G. Smith were in Mechanic Falls recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and daughter of Massachusetts have been visiting his sister, Mrs. J. M. Millett.

Miss Helen Heald is quite sick.

Mrs. Celia Dunham, who has been sick, is much better.

Although the drought damaged gardens badly Calvin Keene had cucumbers the 16th.

Henry Hayden has lost a swarm of bees by their leaving.

Benjamin Record and C. H. Tucker are changing work through haying.

Mrs. Maggie Atwood of Rumford is visiting her sister, Mrs. Belle Swallow.

Velorus Tuttle and wife have been visiting at Eugene Fuller's.

Oxford.

Rev. Mr. Eaton of New York, who has been visiting his son, Rev. S. C. Eaton, preached at the Congregational church Sunday morning.

T. A. Roberts Corps are invited to meet the Hebron Corps on August 5th.

T. A. Roberts Post and Corps and Sons of Veterans will have a picnic on Saturday, July 29th, at the grove of Mrs. Clara Warren.

Helen and Pauline Smith gave a lawn party at Mrs. Millett's Tuesday.

Miss Wellington and her friend, Miss Whittaker, have taken a cottage at the sea shore for the summer.

Mrs. Homer of Providence, R. I., is at Highfields.

Bethel.

The rain has proved refreshing to the crops.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Farnsworth have returned to their home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Misses Hilda and Marjorie Chandler of Auburn have spent the week with their grandparents.

Mrs. W. A. Bunting and children have returned to their home in Cumberland.

Work is progressing on the new laboratory for Gould Academy. It is expected it will be all completed for the opening of the fall term.

Mr. Chester Bean is at home from New York, spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bean.

The funeral of Mrs. Ida Durkee was held at her late home last Sunday. She died at the Maine General Hospital, following an operation. Mrs. Durkee was a kind neighbor and although she had no children of her own she had kindly cared for several homeless orphans and will be greatly missed in her home and among her friends.

Sunday evening Rev. M. E. King will preach at the M. E. church. In the morning upon "Macedonian Cry from the Dark Shadows of India," and in the evening his subject will be "Sunshine of India." Monday evening he will lecture on "Ceylon or Marvels of the Orient."

Tuesday evening Rev. Robert W. Van Kirk will give a dramatic reading from Browning at Odeon Hall. Mr. Van Kirk has been an enthusiastic student of Browning and this will be a rare opportunity for lovers of the poet.

Thursday evening the Universalist society will give a pleasing entertainment, the "Green Book," to be followed by a social dance.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Banghart have been in Grafton and Upton holding temperance meetings. Mrs. Banghart went as far as Wilson's Mills to speak.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

A letter from our girl, Annie Kerwin, says her husband has been called to Quebec for the funeral of his father, who was 78 years old. He had been a sergeant on the police force in Quebec for forty years, and worked until four months previous to his death. We think this a remarkable record of usefulness and activity. M. J. Kerwin, the son, possesses some of the ambition and stirling qualities of his father, being an expert at his trade, paper-hanger and decorator. He is also a painter and carpenter if necessary, can do quite a good job at either.

A letter from our other girl, Florence Harvey, (*nee* Kimball,) says: "I would like to see home once more." They each find that Maine is all right, and city life is not preferable to country life in old Oxford County.

Wm. Bean and family of Locke's Mills have been with relatives at the old Oliver place, in the family of H. L. Powers.

Augusta Sanborn, who has been with friends at Norway and other places, is now at her old home.

Alice Carter, trained nurse, who has been home on a vacation here with her father, J. H. Carter, and other relatives, has returned to New York.

Barbara Carter of Bethel Hill called at the Carter mansion recently.

A. M. Carter is doing some repair work on his house.

West Bethel.

"There was a cloud on every heart,
A dread word in each mouth,
A word to make the tear drops start,
That dread word was the—drouth.

But evening winds brought over all
The clouds of rain at last;
The shouts of joy we yet recall,
As rain fell thick and fast.

And from the living souls of those
Who dwelt on parching plain,
A heartfelt offering arose
To thank God for the rain."

Dog days.

Haying progresses slowly.

The drouth seems to be ended.

Potato bugs are still flourishing.

Refreshing rains are changing the fields from brown to green.

Fred E. Murphy was in this village Monday.

Edgar Briggs visited friends on Bethel Hill Wednesday.

Joseph I. Spofford visited L. D. Grover and family Sunday and Monday.

There is a scarcity of wild berries, owing to the dry weather and heat.

Apples have fallen from the trees until only a few are left to grow.

The price of old potatoes has been suddenly jumped from 45 to 75 cents per bushel.

Papers announcing the death of William Franklin Brown, the oldest man in Bethel, have made no mention of the widow who survives him. He was three times married. On Jan. 1st, 1895, he was bound in wedlock's ties to Miss Sarah W. Grover of West Bethel. He was then 70 years of age and she was 46. They lived happily together in East Bethel, Bryant's Pond and West Bethel until he became too old and feeble to earn anything for their support, and she was obliged to break up housekeeping and go away to work. They divided their household goods, and he went to Bethel village to live with a married daughter, his other children helping to pay for his support.

East Bethel.

Mrs. Etta Bean is at home for a two months' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson of Boston are guests of Mrs. Simpson's sister, Mrs. Susan Bean.

Mrs. A. J. Caie of Berlin, N. H., visited relatives and friends here the past week.

Miss Rilla Bartlett of Litchfield is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Etta Bean.

Mrs. J. M. Bartlett has returned from a week's outing at Peak's Island, Portland.

Miss Eva Bean entertained a party of her young friends Tuesday evening, it being her birthday. Light refreshments were served.

Mr. Louie Rowe of Melrose, Mass., is spending his summer vacation at Porter Farwell's, and learning hay making and other farm work.

West Sumner.

Mrs. Anna Tillinghast of Livermore Falls, a speaker sent out by the State W. C. T. U., addressed a good sized audience Tuesday evening in the Universalist church. Mrs. H. S. Robertson presided over the meeting. The opening exercises included some stirring music by the choir, Scripture reading and prayer. Mrs. Tillinghast was then introduced and made a strong argument in favor of the retention of the prohibitory amendment. She is a clear forceful speaker and held the close attention of her audience. If I have been rightly informed she is the first W. C. T. U. speaker that ever spoke in this town. After the lecture Mrs. Tillinghast taught the Young Campaigners for Prohibition some rally cries.

The two Misses Ball of Massachusetts are with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Pulsifer.

C. M. Thomas has had a fine monument set in Pleasant Pond cemetery in memory of his wife and son.

Miss Dencie D. Bownell and Walter Wheeler and son Ellsworth of Groveton, N. H., are with Mr. Wheeler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wheeler.

Miss Edith Bradford is taking a week's vacation. She went home Monday and Miss Edith Barrett took her place in the central telephone office.

Horatio Chandler is suffering from an attack of creeping paralysis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newell and daughter, Nettie, of South Paris, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lothrop last week.

Deacon Moses Dow fell off a load of hay Wednesday. No bones were broken but he was badly shaken up.

Locke's Mills.

We all welcomed the rain which came last week.

Stone, the photographer, is in town. Get your picture taken.

Mrs. Fannie Littlefield and little daughter Esther returned from Berwick Thursday.

Miss Lulu Cummings of Bethel is working for Mrs. Azel Bryant.

Mr. E. L. Merrill of Portland spent last week at Camp Comfort.

Mrs. Clarence Jackson and daughter Clara of Milton were in town Tuesday.

Mr. W. W. Crockett of Boston visited relatives and friends in town last week.

Chester Cummings cut his arm quite badly on a saw while at work in the mill. Several stitches were taken to close the wound.

Mrs. Tirrell of South Paris is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Gerry, at George Woodsum's camp.

Buckfield.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Morrill have been out of town for several days with their auto.

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Lamb went to Bowdoinham Friday and returned Saturday in their automobile, visiting Mrs. Lamb's brother, Lowell Bonney.

Mrs. Holman Waldron of Portland has been the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Waldron for a few days.

J. C. Withington has purchased the John Moore stand on Water Street, and has moved from the rent in the E. L. Gardner house to his new home.

The local W. C. T. U. and the Nezinscot History Club enjoyed a picnic and outdoor meeting with the Turner W. C. T. U. at the home of H. D. Irish in the south part of the town Wednesday. The forenoon was given to social intercourse and a temperance meeting was held in the afternoon.

Dr. Atwood of West Sumner has located here and boards at the home of Bert Allen on Elm Street for the present.

Mrs. Emma Davee is reported much improved at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Irish of Rumford have been spending part of their vacation here with Mr. Irish's parents.

Mrs. Nell Pike of Floral Park, N. Y., is visiting her brother, C. S. Childs, for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Allen have been entertaining Mrs. Allen's sister from South Portland.

Mrs. Martha Allen has been visiting Miss Lizzie Allen.

Rev. B. F. Lawrence occupied the Baptist pulpit Sunday morning, the 16th. Mr. Lawrence left here fifteen years ago after a pastorate of seven years.

Ralph Barrett of Sumner was in town Monday.

Will Lurvey, general manager of the Oxford County Telephone Co., was taken to the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston Monday and operated on for appendicitis. He is reported as doing well at this time.

Little Constance Withington was quite badly hurt Sunday morning by falling down stairs and striking her head on a glass dish which broke, cutting a gash in her scalp, beside several smaller cuts and bruises.

Maurice W. Forster of Dixfield was in town calling on friends Wednesday.

Norway Lake.

At a meeting of the Norway Lake School Association it was decided to have the reunion Friday, August 18th, if the weather is favorable.

Geo. Frost has moved from the Herrick house where he has lived several years into the Whitney house.

Miss S. P. Newhall has had her buildings painted, and she will spend a few weeks visiting in Vermont now.

Victor Partridge has had a two weeks' vacation from his work in Portland, and he and his wife have spent a part of it with his parents here.

A PEEK INTO HIS POCKET

would show the box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve that E. S. Loper, a carpenter, of Narilla, N. Y., always carries. "I have never had a cut, wound, bruise, or sore it would not soon heal," he writes. Greatest healer of burns, boils, scalds, chapped hands and lips, fever sores, skin-eruptions, eczema, corns and piles. 25 cents at the C. H. Howard Co.'s store.

The starting of the new pulp mill in Topsham adds an important industry of Topsham and Brunswick, one that will prove of great benefit to the business interests of both towns. It is a development that gives greater facilities to the paper mills and provides for a more complete use of the valuable water power, which made Brunswick a manufacturing town.

PARSON'S POEM A GEM.

From Rev. Stubenvoll, Allison, Ia., in praise of Dr. King's New Life Pills. "They're such a health necessity,
In every home these pills should be.
If other kinds you've tried in vain,
USE DR. KING'S
And be well again."
Only 25c. at the pharmacy of the C. H. Howard Co.

Wealth of Hair.

Chas. H. Howard Co. has the Preparation that grows Hair, stops Dandruff and Makes Hair Gloriously Radiant.

Money back says Chas. H. Howard Co. if Parisian Sage doesn't eradicate all dandruff, stop splitting hair, falling hair, and scalp itch, and put life and lustre into the hair of any man, woman or child.

And Parisian Sage is so pleasant and refreshing. No cheap perfumery odor to carry around all day, no disagreeable concoction that disgusts the senses, but a daintily perfumed tonic that proves its goodness the first time you use it.

Baldness and faded hair are both caused by dandruff germs. Parisian Sage kills the germs and causes the hair to grow abundantly.

Large bottle for 50 cents at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s, and druggists everywhere.

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford, on the third Tuesday of Aug., A. D. 1911, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Abigail Webster late of Sumner, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Will V. Redding, administrator.

Lester E. Keith late of Canton, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Heber H. Allen, administrator.

Cyrus W. Bartlett late of Dixfield, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by Susan B. Bartlett, executrix.

Perley Johnson late of Mexico, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by George C. Wing, administrator.

Lillian G. Buck late of Buckfield, deceased; petition for determination of collateral inheritance tax presented by James S. Wright, executor.

A. Fred Hamnett late of Malden, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased; copy of will and petition for probate thereof presented by Mabel R. Hamnett.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.
A true copy—attest:
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

FRANK R. WITHAM late of Paris,

in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. JAMES S. WRIGHT.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

FRANK G. NICHOLS late of Dixfield,

in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. GEORGE L. MERRILL.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

FERDINAND P. MACOMBER late of Dixfield,

in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. JOHN S. HARLOW.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

MARIA R. BAKER late of Paris,

in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. WILLIAM E. MORSE.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

ALFONSO HILTON late of Denmark,

in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. ROSCOE C. HILTON.

GREEN TAG SALE

The Sale that means a General Clean-up of Odd Pieces, Imperfect and Summer Goods. This Sale is different from all other special sales of summer, in that the special prices are

FOR A FINAL CLEAN-UP.

Do not send for samples of these sale goods, as the chances are that the goods wanted will be sold before your order can get back.

Ready-to-Wear Department

Not a Suit or Coat but is of this season's make, and the prices are so low that you should buy for the coming season.

The $20.00 Suits now	$12.50	$10.00 36-in. Black Coats,	$5.00
The $16.50 Black Suits now	$ 8.25	$ 7.50 36-in. Black Coats,	$3.75
The $12.50 Suits now	$ 8.00	$ 6.00 36-in. Black Coats	$3.00
The $22.00 Suits now	$11.00	$15.00 Black Silk Coats,	$9 00
Special $15.00 Suits now	$ 8.00	$13.50 Black Silk Coats,	$8 50
The $10.00 Suits now	$ 7.50	$10.00 Black Silk Coats,	$6.00
The $6.00 Linen Suits now	$ 3.75	$10.00 Silk Pongee Coats,	$6.00
The $5.00 Linen Suits now	$ 3.50	$ 5.00 Linen Coats,	$3.75
		$ 4.75 Linen Coats,	$3.00

House Dress Bargains

HOUSE DRESSES worth $1.75 to $2.50, now	$1.25
HOUSE DRESSES of Muslin, worth $3.98, now	$2.00
$5.98 WHITE LINEN DRESSES now	$3.75

The Dress Skirt Department

Three Special values as a suggestion of what we are doing.

$10.00 BLACK VOILE SKIRTS, marked to	$5.00
$6.98 PANAMA SKIRTS, marked to	$4.00
$4.98 SERGE SKIRTS, marked to	$3.00

The Muslin Underwear Story

We have too many Fine Matched Sets, and have marked them by Single Piece at One-Half Price. You can have Matched Sets if you like, cheap.

$2.50 Gowns for	$1.25	$1.25 Gowns for	59c
$2.00 Chemises for	$1.00	$1.00 Chemises for	50c
$1.00 Pants for	50c	.85 Pants for	39c
.75 Pants for	35c	$1.00 Pants for	45c
$2.00 Gowns for	$1.00	$1.00 Gowns for	50c

Neckwear Bargains

CORD RUCHINGS in 14 in. lengths, each,	1c
JABOTS of Muslin, trimmed with Lace, only	9c
WASH STOCKS, very desirable, only	9c
SILK SAILOR COLLARS, 50c quality, only	25c
SILK SAILOR COLLARS, 25c quality, only	15c
ONE LOT 25c BOWS for	5c

The Wash Dress Goods

We have twice the stock we should have at this season, which accounts for the deeper cut than we have ever made before.

20c LINARE, a fine fabric, marked to	15c
12 1-2c FIGURED BATISTE, marked to	9c
20c MUSLINS, marked to	12 1-2c
15c MUSLIN SEERSUCKER, marked to	10c
29c SHADOW SILK, marked to	19c
50c STRIPED SILK VOILE, marked to	33c
25c GINGHAMS, odd pieces, marked to	15c
12 1-2c GINGHAMS, odd pieces, marked to	9c
10c GINGHAMS, marked to	8c

Linen Bargains

TABLE DAMASK, pure linen, bleached, 64 in.	48c
TOWELS, half linen, 36x18 in., slight imperfections,	10c
TOWELS, pure linen, 39c quality, slight imperfections,	22c
CRASH, pure linen, bleached, only	7 1-2c

IMPORTERS' SAMPLES

You who have attended these Sales will remember the bargains we have had in

SAMPLE TOWELS AND NAPKINS.

These we have. Of course they are slightly soiled, but we are selling them at one-half to two-thirds the real value.

Items of Interest

7c Hamburg Insertion,	3c
9c Hamburg insertion,	5c
Few pieces of odd Ribbon, sold 10c to 15c, for	5c

Belt Bargains

Lot of Silk Belts worth 25c, marked to	12 1-2c
Wash Belts with Pearl Buckles, marked to	7c

Waist Bargains

Quite a good many Waists are in this

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 25, 1911,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:32 A. M., daily; 6:00 A. M., daily; 9:50 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:05 P. M., daily. Sunday excursion trains, 7:37 A. M., 5:30 P. M.

Going up (west)—9:50 A. M., daily; 3:25 P. M. daily except Sunday; 7:07 P. M., daily; 9:50 P. M., daily. Sunday excursion trains, 10:22 A. M., 5:50 P. M.

Mrs. F. N. Wright is making a visit in Portland.

Hay weather a trifle catchy for the past week.

Mrs. H. A. Hilton is visiting in Portland for a few weeks.

Miss Hattie A. Hooper of Boston is a guest at Hon. James S. Wright's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Howland and Miss Howland are at Mountain View Farm.

Charles Morse of Minneapolis visited his relatives here a short time last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hersey of Portland are spending a vacation with relatives in town.

There will be a meeting of the Universalist parish Tuesday evening of this week.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson has recently been visited by her mother, Mrs. Judkins of Bryant's Pond.

Mrs. Emma W. Mann of West Paris was the guest of Mrs. L. C. Smiley a few days last week.

John Carsley of Farmington, formerly in business at South Paris, called on friends here Wednesday.

A few friends were entertained at tea Wednesday evening by Mrs. H. A. Hilton, in honor of Mrs. N. A. Chase.

Rev. Chester Gore Miller was at Woodfords Wednesday to attend the funeral of Herbert R. Sargent, a former parishioner.

Mrs. Nettie Tirrell is at Locke's Mills with the family of Harry M. Gerry of Providence, R. I., who are occupying a camp there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wentworth, formerly of South Paris, are at the Tip Top House on Mount Washington for the summer season.

F. W. Walker of the Paris Home Bakery put a new delivery wagon in commission last week. It's a dandy, and was built to his order.

Mr. W. L. Hillier of New York City and sister, Miss Olive Hillier, of South Paris, were guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Rowe at "Willow Farm."

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Haskell, Miss Emma Haskell, and E. L. Greene and family, are staying at the Haskell camp near the Oxford road for the present.

Mrs. Arthur Pierce and family, William Thompson and Mrs. Emma Maxwell of Portland were recent guests of Miss Thompson at Charles Edwards', coming in Mrs. Maxwell's automobile.

Miss Sadie S. Young of Lincoln, Nebraska, arrived Tuesday morning for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Nelson G. Elder. During the week they visited a third sister, Mrs. E. T. Garland, in Portland.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office July 24, 1911:

Mrs. Deborah Cotton.
Mrs. Hattie Damon, (card.)
Eugene Larte Sealer.

S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

Walter S. Jones of this place and L. M. Longley of Norway attended the annual clam bake of the State Master Plumbers' Association at Long Island, Portland Harbor, last Monday. Mr. Jones also visited his daughter in Portland.

Rev. J. W. Chesbro, formerly pastor of the South Paris Baptist church, now of Randolph, Vt., and his family, were in town last week, and are now at a cottage on Lake Pennesseewassee, where they expect to stay until about the first of September.

According to the rumor, the milk train is to be taken off the 6th of August. Another rumor is that instead of being taken off, it will run from Gorham, N. H., to Portland, whereas it now starts from West Paris. You pays your money, and you takes your choice of rumors.

This is the heyday of the blueberry. "You ought to have seen my dooryard," said J. F. King Tuesday afternoon. "When I drove in at noon there were twenty-six wagons in the yard, and two or three parties drove right into the pasture instead of leaving their teams at the house."

There has been much interest in tennis this year, and a tennis club has been formed. The court used is at the rear of the Congregational church. The officers of the club are:

President—Dr. J. G. Littlefield.
Vice President—Roy E. Cole.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Eva E. Walker.
Executive Committee—Dr. F. Wendell Rounds, Carl S. Briggs, Walter L. Gray, Thomas S. Barnes, Morton V. Bolster.
Membership Committee—Miss Grace Thayer, Miss Eva E. Walker, Miss L. Alice Wetherell.

A meeting of the town committee for the retention of the prohibitory amendment, and others interested, was held at the assessors' office Thursday evening, Chairman Geo. R. Morton of the committee presiding. There was quite a good attendance considering short notice. The various phases and features of the situation were discussed more or less at length, and steps were taken to effect a thorough organization. Committees to prepare literature, to canvass the town, and to raise funds, were chosen.

Geo. R. Morton has recently purchased the A. J. Penley stand on Nichols Street, next to the Paris Manufacturing Co.'s factory. Besides the buildings, which include house and a large barn, there are about fourteen acres of land. Quite extensive improvements upon the land have begun. A crew of Italians are ditching and laying a tile drain from the south end of the lot on Western Avenue to the north end at the Elm Hill road, with a branch toward the west. This will convert what is now a swale into a rich piece of soil. A power drill is at work on the large rocks on the hillside, which will be all blasted out, and the surface of practically the whole tract will be reduced to a good workable condition.

On account of the fact that the Boston and Maine Railroad refuses to haul Pullmans around the city at Portland for the Grand Trunk as has heretofore been done, the Grand Trunk has made arrangements to have its passengers transferred between its station and the Union Station in Portland by a special electric car. One result of this change is that the through trains leaving Portland for the west on the Grand Trunk are delayed about leaving Portland. Instead of leaving at 8 A. M. and 8 P. M. as before, these trains now leave at 8:20. No change is made in the schedule at South Paris, and the trains are allowed to make up time if they can so as to get in here at the scheduled time of 9:50. It is unlikely that they will be able to do so as a rule, so that we may expect those trains to be here on the average about fifteen minutes late.

Mrs. Ada, wife of Dr. J. W. Davis, died at her home in Fort Fairfield on Wednesday, after an illness of about a year, during which she underwent much suffering. Mrs. Davis was a native of Sumner, and was for a number of years a resident of South Paris, while Dr. Davis was settled here as a dentist. The remains were brought here on Thursday, and the funeral was held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Buck, at 10:30 Friday morning, attended by Elder Hersom of Rockland, of the Second Advent Church, of which Mrs. Davis had for years been a member. Interment was in the family lot at Riverside. Mrs. Davis leaves a husband and three children, Edith R., wife of Dr. C. L. Buck of South Paris, E. R. Davis of Leominster, Mass., and Annie, wife of Arnold Hatfield, of Limestone. She is survived by three brothers, Moses D. Dow of Sumner, B. K. Dow of Lawrence, Mass., and G. G. Dow of New Gloucester. Her age was 57 years.

Miss Lottie Record of Buckfield is a guest at Frank A. Taylor's.

Miss M. Catherine Garst of Washington, D. C., is boarding at Chas. Edwards'.

Miss Flora Ritner Harlow of Bridgeport, Ct., is spending a vacation at Walter P. Maxim's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Gammon are spending their vacation with Mrs. Gammon's people at Milton.

Miss Susie E. Porter returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit to Miss Bertha Tardy at Foxcroft.

Mrs. Guy C. Bean of Worcester, Mass., formerly Miss Mary McArdle, is the guest of relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dunham of South Paris were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Rowe at "Willow Farm."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Shaw of New York are at Hotel Andrews for their vacation, which they frequently spend here.

Miss Julia P. Morton, accompanied by Superintendent of Schools Herman C. Knight and family, went to Camp Concord Saturday for a stay of a week.

Mrs. Eager and her granddaughter, Miss Mabel Swett, daughter of Vernon B. Swett, of Newton, Mass., have been guests at Benjamin Swett's for the past week.

There will be a social dance at Academy Hall, Paris Hill, Friday evening, July 28. Music by Shaw and Briggs. Admission 25 cents each. All are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert of Canton, and Mrs. L. W. Jack and Miss Kathryn Jack of Woodfords called on relatives and friends here Sunday, while on a trip in Mr. Gilbert's auto.

E. I. Spofford is out with a new automobile, which went into commission Saturday. It is a Sears, the first one seen here, and a different type of vehicle from any other now in use here.

Llewellyn E. Pulsifer of Natick, Mass., a former resident of South Paris and son of Hiram Pulsifer of this place, has been nominated for postmaster in Natick, a position which pays a large salary, securing the appointment over several other candidates.

Contractor L. E. Scruton on Friday set up a power drill, which works by compressed air, with a gasoline engine. At present he is using the drill blasting rocks for Geo. R. Morton, and later will use it for the blasting at Snow's Falls, where a lot of ledge is to be removed for the state road work.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jackson of Malden, Mass., Mrs. William Culbert of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Richardson went to Camp Owsley, Harrison, Saturday. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Richardson have returned, and Mr. Jackson will return to Malden accompanied by Miss Doris Culbert, who will visit Miss Jackson for a time.

From the quantities of sewer pipe strung in Market Square and on Pleasant Street and High Street, it looks as if we were soon to have some sewer extension, though Contractor Scruton is as yet doing other work about the place, and has not yet broken ground on the sewer. The Pleasant Street and High Street branches of the sewer will be twelve-inch.

Mrs. Miriam C. Haskell of Newburyport, Mass., died Sunday evening at the home of her son, George W. Haskell, in this place. She had come here on Tuesday for a visit. Saturday she seemed very well, Sunday morning she suffered a paralytic shock, and about 6 P. M. passed quietly away. Her age was 80 years. She had been very well and active for one of her age. In the past few years she had made a number of quite long journeys alone to visit her sons and other relatives. Besides George W. of this place, she leaves two other sons, Rev. J. N. Haskell of South Berwick, and James A. Haskell of Boston. The funeral is at Newburyport, to which place Mr. and Mrs. George W. Haskell accompanied the remains on Monday.

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

Chas. Gowell has moved his family to Hiram Pulsifer's rent at the village.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Foster passed two days at J. S. Brown's last week. They came from their home in Everett, Mass., in their auto, and will spend a month at their summer home in Newry.

Mrs. Anna S. Blood of Dorchester, Mass., was called here by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Martha Rawson. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Walter Charles of Newton, Mass. Mrs. Rawson, whose condition for the past week has been considered critical, is reported to be gaining.

Leander S. Swan.

Leander S. Swan, one of the older residents of South Paris, died at his home Friday night. He had had an attack of illness on Friday, and a physician had been summoned, who pronounced the trouble to be with his heart. Nevertheless he got to feeling better, and seemed to be all right when he went to bed. In the morning he was found dead in bed, apparently not having moved after retiring.

Mr. Swan was a native of Woodstock, but had lived in Paris for more than forty years, for many years on a farm in the Elm Hill district, moving into the village a few years ago. He was a companionable man, of good native ability, and always took an active interest in the affairs of the town and community. During the civil war he served several months in the Thirteenth Maine Regiment, and was a member of Wm. K. Kimball Post, G. A. R. He was also a member of Paris Grange, at the meetings of which he had been a frequent attendant.

Mr. Swan was twice married, the second wife having died some years ago. Of his ten children, all of the first wife, who was Harriet A. DeCoster, seven are now living: Miss Mary E., who has lived at home; James H. of East Bethel; Horace L. of South Paris; Hattie C., wife of Albert E. Dean, of South Paris; Eli J. of Portland; Ferdinand F. of Norway; and Howard A. of Paris. Leander S. Swan was the last surviving member of the family of William Swan, Jr., the sisters having been dead some years, and the brother, Capt. Wm. R. Swan, dying within a few months.

The funeral at 2 P. M. Monday afternoon is attended by Rev. J. W. Chesbro, a former pastor of the Baptist church here.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for the many acts of kindness, the helpful words and letters that helped us so much in our recent trouble, also the Sunday school class, toy shop employees, classmates, base ball nine and all who sent such beautiful flowers.

MRS. HARRIET WITHAM.
LEROY A. WITHAM.
KENNETH F. WITHAM.
FREELAND E. WITHAM.
ARTHUR E. WITHAM.

The Livermore Falls Board of Trade has started a cleaning up crusade. The business men and all other citizens are being asked to clean away all rubbish and all other unsightly objects about their places of business, residences and grounds. This is considered one of the best moves made by this institution, for Livermore Falls, like many other New England towns, needs something done in this direction.

There is no medicine so prompt in action to relieve Bowel Complaint as Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam. 25c at retail druggists generally, or at Chas. H. Howard Co.

Walter King, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, of Waterville, was drowned Friday afternoon while in swimming with some other boys at Fairfield.

F. H. Noyes Co. are now closing out their summer suits, odd trousers, Panama and straw hats at big reductions. Read their ad.

A $5.00 Panama hat for $3.98; a $22.00 or $20.00 suit for $15.00 are bargains to be had now at F. H. Noyes Co.

Boys' wash suits, blouses and odd pants at mark down prices. F. H. Noyes Co.

Our optical department is for you.—S. Richards.

For Schemes That Are Dark

AND TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN.

There has been a vague rumor coming from no particular source that is so illusive that it cannot be confirmed and so indefinite that no dependence can be placed in it, that the men that are selling liquor illegally in this state are going to vote to keep the law as it now is, that is, they are going to vote for prohibition. There is no doubt but this story has been industriously circulated either as a matter of gossip or as a part of a shrewd plan for catching the vote of the unwary. Just why a man who is now making money illegally should wish to keep on doing so when he could do so legally, has not been clearly stated to the people that are willing to look into the matter and weigh the evidence.

I believe that this story was started in the mind of some cunning schemer in the interest of those who are trying to do away with the prohibitory law in our state, and that it is a part of a deep laid plot to bewilder and befog the minds of the voters so that they will be off their guard when election day comes. I believe that it is absolutely false, an absurdity that is so foolish that no one wants to claim as his own belief, but pass it along as "say so" from some mysterious source. If this report should be followed back and it was possible to find where it originated I think you would find that it came from the same source that is putting thousands of dollars into our state to overturn our prohibitory law.

If the liquor element were so anxious to have the present law kept as it is why did they not show themselves in our legislature last winter and use their influence to prevent the vote that was passed at that time? Did any one hear of their great anxiety that our present law should be done away with at that time?

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

This is one of the many tricks and schemes that will be used to try and influence the unwary voter to vote the wrong way or to make him indifferent and not vote at all.

There are other stories being circulated in the papers that are known to favor the saloon, all of which I believe are advertising matter paid for by the people that want saloons in Maine, and printed for the sole purpose of deceiving the people. Do not be fooled by this story, but calmly think it out for yourself and try and understand why it will be better for a man to sell liquor on the sly and illegally, than it will be for him to sell it after the law gives him the privilege of selling it openly and without violating the laws. If our jails were suddenly thrown open and the prisoners were all pardoned would they go away to enjoy their freedom, or would they wish to stay in jail?

PROHIBITION AND THE WOODCHUCK.

This apparent scheme on the part of the saloon men reminds me of the way I shot a woodchuck once when I was a boy, and while I do not pretend to have the cunning ability that is arrayed against the temperance party in this campaign, I did to that woodchuck what the saloon men are trying to do to the prohibitory law.

There was a crafty old woodchuck that took up his abode in the middle of a piece of clover in the center of a large field, and in spite of my persistent attempts I was not able to get him. He was too cute for traps and too quick for my gun, for he was out of sight just as I got in range. He seemed to know just how far my gun would shoot.

One day I thought I would try a new scheme on him, and as I had always approached him stealthily and with the greatest care, I decided to try another course. So, with a great show of carelessness and whistling as if woodchucks were farthest from my mind, I marched by his hole and passed by within close range, not looking his way. Of course he ducked into his hole when I got too near, and the instant he was out of sight I ran for his hole and lay down in the grass about two rods away, and with my gun aimed about three inches above the top of his hole I waited until his curiosity should prompt him to look out again.

He went into his hole with the hope of long life and safety in his heart, for he had just seen his danger pass by and pay no attention to him. He was in just the condition that the saloon men want the prohibition people to be in when they vote next September, but he was too sure, he was not on his guard, he put his head out too quick, and I blew him into the next world with the hope of security with him, just the same as the saloon men will do to the prohibitory law if they can make enough of our voters believe that the saloon men, the violators of our laws, are going to join forces and help the temperance people keep the prohibitory law as it now is.

GEO. R. MORTON.

Boys Barely Beat the Bloomers.

Only a narrow victory was won by the Paris team over the much-advertised Star Bloomer Girls of Indianapolis, at the fair grounds Saturday, the final score being 5 to 4. Careless playing and reckless base running by the Paris boys, and sharp work by the three men on the Bloomer Girls' team, were responsible for the small margin, which might just as well have been larger.

The three men on the girls' team, after the third inning, played as pitcher, catcher and second base. They are crackerjacks, and would have put up a formidable game with average support, which of course was not to be expected.

Hattie pitched for the first three innings, as has been the case at the other games, and then positions were shifted. While she pitched she wound up her arm just like a man, and delivered the ball in good shape. In fact, so good an imitation of masculine pitching was it, that at least a third of the crowd pronounced her a man, and hold firmly to that opinion, and have suspicions of one or two of the others.

Rosie, who started in center field and covered that and right field both, was a left-hander who could make a throw that would do credit to a man, and Mydig, who was at first base most of the game, played the position well. If the other girls could play ball enough to tell of, they didn't demonstrate it. Burk, in left field, had breadth of beam enough to prevent a ball getting by, but fumbled everything that came her way. On account of a broken rib, the right fielder simply stood in her position, and made no attempt to field the ball.

In the middle of the game Hattie got a nail in her foot and hobbled off the grounds, and Dunham of Norway substituted for her the rest of the game.

The girls were very quiet and entirely well-behaved, and the crowd was liberal in appreciation when they made a good play. The attendance was something like 400.

Thanks largely to the three men on the girls' team, there was more ball playing than was expected, but as a beauty show—well, it didn't advertise to be that, anyway.

PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Davis, 2-b	3	1	3	1	1	
F. Shaw, p., 3-b	5	1	1	1	2	1
Clark, l.f.	4	1	3	0	0	0
Rawson, s.s.	4	0	2	1	1	0
Rowe, p., 3-b	4	0	1	0	1	1
Newton, c.	4	0	0	9	1	1
King, r.f.	3	0	1	3	1	0
H. Shaw, c.f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
E. Shaw, c.f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Gates, 1-b	3	0	0	9	0	0
Totals,	33	5	9	27	9	4

BLOOMERS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mydig, cf., 1-b	5	0	0	2	0	0
Martin, s.s.	4	1	1	8	1	1
Hattie, 1-b, p.	3	1	0	3	2	0
VanCliffe, c.	3	0	1	9	2	0
Burke, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Valentine, 3-b., p	3	1	0	1	5	0
Rosie, c.f., 3-b.	4	0	0	2	0	1
Kerby, 2-b	3	1	0	0	3	4
*Illtrey, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dunham, c.f.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals,	31	4	2	24	14	6

*Did not bat on account of broken rib.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Paris	3	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	x—5
Bloomers	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0—4

Earned runs, Paris 3. Two-base hits, Davis, F. Shaw. Stolen bases, Newton, Van Cliffe. Sacrifice hit, King. First base on balls, off Rowe 2; off Shaw 2; off Hattie 2; off Valentine 3. Struck out, by Rowe 3; by Shaw 7; by Hattie 2; by Valentine 5. Left on bases, Paris 11; Bloomers 5. First base on errors, Paris 4; Bloomers 2. Umpire, Lanen. Scorer, Bigelow.

Paris Town team plays its next game at the highschool grounds next Saturday afternoon, with Mechanic Falls.

Prospect Inn Burned at Bethel.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FIRE A BAD ONE, AT AN UNFORTUNATE TIME.

BETHEL, MAINE, July 22, 1911.

At four o'clock Saturday afternoon the alarm of fire called out both fire companies. It proved to be Prospect Inn, which had taken fire around the chimney in the attic in the ell. Although the fire department was promptly on hand, it soon became evident that the fire would prove serious to handle. The rooms were cleared of the furniture but the flames soon spread to the main building. Surrounding buildings on Broad Street took fire many times and only for the best of management even a greater calamity would have resulted. At last by untiring efforts the burning was confined to the main building which was for years knows as the Chandler House, which was erected by Francis S. Chandler in 1861-62, and carried on by him for many years. A few years ago the "Elms," formerly known as the Chapman House, was purchased and moved and connected with the original house by a long building containing dining room and sleeping rooms. The house was well filled with guests and regular boarders and it was a very unfavorable time for Landlord King as his arrangements for the summer season were completed. Sunday the "open end" was boarded in and meals were served in the part known as the Elms. The house was owned by the widow of Charles Lord, a former proprietor. It is indeed a great calamity for Bethel, but fortunately the water proved sufficient and the efficiency of our fire department was under a severe test, it being the worst fire Bethel ever experienced. Hot coffee was served the firemen by some of the ladies. Bethel always rises to the emergency, and doubtless a new hotel will be built, but it is too early for definite plans.

Verdict Reduced by Law Court.

A decision has been handed down by the law court in the case of William P. Hayford vs. Verner H. Davis, administrator of the estate of Alonzo F. Cox. The parties are of Hartford, and the case was tried at the term of court in March this year. The verdict of $820 is cut down to $500 by the law court decision, which is as follows:

Oxford, ss.

William P. Hayford vs. Verner H. Davis, administrator.

Per curiam.

This is an action of assumpsit on an account annexed containing two items. First, for 182 weeks' board, lodging, washing, ironing, and mending, all between October 13, 1903, and June 1, 1907, at $3 per week; total, $546. Second, to 41 weeks' board, lodging, washing, ironing, mending, etc., care and attendance and nursing during the last sickness of said deceased from Dec. 24, 1908, to October 7, 1909, at $30 per week; total, $1230.

At the trial the plaintiff withdrew the first item in the account annexed and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for $820. The defendant does not deny liability, but contests the case solely as to the reasonableness of the verdict. An examination of the evidence shows nothing to support the finding of the jury for so large an amount.

Motion sustained unless the plaintiff within 30 days from the filing of this certificate of decision files a remittitur of all the verdict in excess of $500.

Maine News Notes.

Decatur Morrison, a farmer, 60 years of age, living in Oakfield, committed suicide by blowing the top of his head off with a shotgun. Temporary insanity was the cause of the deed.

Getting beyond her depth while playing in the water of the Saco River, Sonia Thibault, the 8-year-old daughter of Remi Thibault, drowned at Saco Thursday. This is the fourth drowning in the Saco river thus far this season.

The trunks of his bathing suit dropping down around his feet caused the death by drowning early Wednesday evening at Pleasant Pond of Alphonse H. Potter, Jr., the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Potter of Gardiner.

An unknown man committed suicide in a Portland lodging house Tuesday by inhaling illuminating gas. The suicide was about 25 years old and was evidently an artist, as his hands were stained with colors and brushes and bits of canvas were found among his effects.

The rain of the early part of last week checked the forest fires. It is said that in Somerset County alone the damage will amount to a million dollars, and in many places the soil is burned out so that 40,000 acres will be unfit for lumbering for fifty years. Many of the fires were started by lightning.

Frank Slavin, the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slavin, employed as heater boy at the Bath Iron Works, was instantly killed Saturday, when a ton and a half tank fell and crushed his head against a forge. This is the first fatal accident to occur at this plant.

After as thorough an investigation as possible, the selectmen of Waterboro find Clyde F. McKenney responsible for starting the fire which, originating in his buildings, destroyed more than half the village of South Waterboro. They are unable to state whether the fire originated by accident or design.

Two prisoners escaped on Monday from the hospital for the criminal insane at Augusta, and a lively hunt for them was pursued. One of them, Clarence A. Conant, was found Thursday at the home of his mother in Augusta. He is about 21 years of age, and is serving a sentence for larceny. The other, Frederick Reynolds, was caught Sunday at Norridgewock. Reynolds was sentenced for the murder of his wife and children at Red Beach, near Calais, several years ago.

State Teachers' Examinations.

The regular annual examination of candidates for State Teachers' Certificates will be given Friday, August 25, beginning at eight o'clock A. M., at the following named places—Auburn, Augusta, Bangor, Bath, Belfast, Blaine, Calais, Cherryfield, Ellsworth, Foxcroft, Houlton, Portland, Rockland, Saco, Skowhegan, South Paris and Van Buren.

Examinations will also be given at such other places as any ten candidates may desire and agree to attend.

Persons desiring to take this examination should apply at once for registering blanks and circulars of information.

PAYSON SMITH,
State Supt. of Public Schools.

ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE.

"Twenty-one years ago I faced an awful death," writes, H. B. Martin, Port Harrelson, S. C. "Doctors said I had consumption and the dreadful cough I had looked like it, sure enough. I tried everything I could hear of for my cough, and was under treatment of the best doctor in Georgetown, S. C., for a year, but could get no relief. A friend advised me to try Dr. King's New Discovery. I did so, and was completely cured. I feel that I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure." It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, and all bronchial affections. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free at the pharmacy of the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Rescued with difficulty by the keeper in charge of Admiral Robert E. Peary's dogs at Eagle Island, Margaret Neal, the 10-year-old daughter of Prof. Herbert V. Neal of Tufts College, was horribly bitten by Old King, the leader of the pack. The child was wading when the dog sprang upon her and the rest of the animals gathered about her and fought to get at her. The dogs had always been considered amiable and harmless.

KILL MORE THAN WILD BEASTS.

The number of people killed yearly by wild beasts don't approach the vast number killed by disease germs. No life is safe from their attacks. They're in air, water, dust, even food. But grand protection is afforded by Electric Bitters, which destroy and expel these deadly disease germs from the system. That's why chills, fever and ague, all malarial and many blood diseases yield promptly to this wonderful blood purifier. Try them, and enjoy the glorious health and new strength they'll give you. Money back, if not satisfied. Only 50 cents at the pharmacy of the C. H. Howard Co.

NORWAY.

The excitement of the week was the Elm House fire the first of the week. No extensive damage was done, but the way in which the fire originated caused the speculation rather than the fire itself. There is little doubt that the fire was incendiary. With a house filled with guests a fire started at midnight with kerosene oil in several places at least calls for action by the proper authorities. The people of Norway expect some action. Will they be disappointed?

The old Mixer place on Water Street is being repaired, shingled and put into excellent condition.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Smith, Elsie and Eleanor, and Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Hills are stopping at the Smith cottage, The Alexander, near Gibson's Grove.

Prof. R. E. Clement of Elizabeth, N. J., and family, are among those who have arrived at their lake homes during the week.

Owen P. Brooks has found his new auto delivery wagon to be of great value to him in his business. He now makes regular trips to Waterford, Greenwood, Albany, Oxford and other places each week. Many places he makes trips to regularly he formerly could not visit owing to the distance from the store.

Mrs. W. W. Whitmarsh, who was somewhat seriously wounded in the wrist by the explosion of a bottle in the ice chest, is rapidly recovering from the accident.

A large company from the Congregational Sabbath School enjoyed a basket picnic at Gibson's Grove Wednesday. While many went by teams Capt. Sampson transported the majority in the steamer.

Ernest Sargent of Woodsville, N. H., and Z. I. Merchant of Randolph, Vt., who purchased the store business of S. B. & Z. S. Prince, will take over the business the first of the month. Mr. Merchant, who will have charge of the business, with his family have located in the Noyes Block over the post office in the tenement formerly occupied by Mrs. Pride.

Mrs. Herbert Frost, who has been sick with scarlet fever, is much better.

Frank Pike of Auburn is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pike, for a short vacation.

Prof. R. N. Millett was in town during the week. He returned to Freeport with his two boys the last of the week.

Geo. Leavitt is at work in the store of the W. C. Leavitt Co. during the summer.

Doris Longley is sick with diphtheria. The utmost care is taken that the disease be confined to the house of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Longley, where she is sick. Emily Smith of Lewiston, a trained nurse, cares for the patient who is doing very well.

Rev. B. B. Gibbs of St. Paul, Minn., supplied for Rev. M. C. Ward at the Universalist church Sunday. The "talk" to the audience was very interesting and instructive. Rev. Mr. Gibbs was attending the Y. P. C. U. convention at Portland and at the request of Mr. Ward came to Norway.

Mrs. Jack Swan and daughter Vinnie, of Montreal, with whom Mrs. Pike visited at Old Orchard recently, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pike on Paris Street. Mrs. Swan is renewing her acquaintance with Norway people after an absence of several years. Mr. Swan for many years was an artist in this village.

Chas. A. Frost is the carpenter in charge of the wood work on Allard & Moulton's garage on Pike Hill.

The little four-year-old daughter, Mary, of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Gibson, is sick with diphtheria. They reside on Crescent Street, near L. M. Longley's, where another case exists.

Inspector of post offices, C. M. Dunn of Auburn, was in town a few days ago. He inspected the office and instructed the official in regard to the postal saving system which goes into effect Monday, July 24th.

E. Lester Cowan of Rumford, while cranking his auto Saturday just before leaving for Norway with a party of friends for a few days' outing at the lake, was injured by the crank handle "kicking" him on the back of his hand.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Andrews and Mrs. Andrews' sister, Mrs. Mary Holden, are at Old Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Holmes, their daughters, Helen and Mildred, and Mrs. Carrie Manchester have occupied the cottage, Sunnyside, during the week.

Mrs. A. T. Bennett and daughter, Uldine, and Etta Noyes will occupy their Poland campground cottage for four weeks, commencing the 24th of this month.

Mrs. Dora Tower of Portland was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Anderson, the first of the week.

Susie Walker, Leah Wetherbee, Mrs. Frank Beck, Ruth Cummings, Mayford Mann, Della Noyes and Elsie Favor were among those who attended the Y. P. C. U. convention at Portland.

Mrs. M. H. Merriam is stopping at her cottage at Casco Terrace for a few weeks' outing.

Scott Merrill has purchased the Geo. A. Cole orchard on Pleasant Street. Mr. Cole set out this orchard over thirty years ago.

Ralph C. Kneeland of Roxbury, Mass., was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Kneeland, during the past week.

W. H. Booth and family have moved from the Millett farm to Water Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee M. Smith and family are at the Green Dragon spending their vacation.

James O. Crooker, who has been in trade the longest of any Norway man now on the street, can see good times ahead. He is constructing a work shop twenty-five by thirty feet on the rear end of his store. The outside will be of brick and the shop in every way will be an up-to-date affair.

Virginia Wilson of Concord, Mass., and Mary Files of Boston are stopping with relatives in town. At present they are with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Andrews.

Gertrude Gardner is at Peak's Island for the summer working in a summer hotel.

Leon M. Longley has taken the contract to do the plumbing for H. W. Dunham's house at West Paris. Leon Kimball is in charge of the work.

Mrs. F. H. Lovering of West Medford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank H. Noyes, at their lake cottage.

Born.

In Paris, July 21, to the wife of Evarts Mayberry, a son.
In East Waterford, July 15, to the wife of Albert B. Bean, a daughter.
In East Waterford, July 17, to the wife of Hubert York, a daughter.
In Oxford, July 13, to the wife of A. S. Mills, a daughter.

Married.

In Berlin, N. H., June 22, Mr. Ernest Bennett of Magalloway and Miss Vesta Barrows of Dummer.
In South Paris, July 15, by Rev. B. C. Wentworth, Mr. Harry A. Morse and Mrs. Ethelyn B. Foster, both of Portland.

Died.

In South Paris, July 22, Leander S. Swan, aged 81 years.
In Fort Fairfield, July 19, Mrs. Ada (Dow), wife of Dr. James W. Davsi, formerly of South Paris, aged 57 years.
In Canton, July 20, Frank Mayo, aged 83 years.
In Canton, July 19, Michael Looney.
In Greenwood, July 4, George W. Doughty, aged 47 years, 7 months, 25 days.
In Denmark, July 14, George Smith, aged 52 years, 5 months, 9 days.
In Waterford, July 15, Thomas Brown, aged 70 years.
In Buckfield, July 4, Lois Tucker, aged 90 years.
In Hiram, July 14, Charles C. Lowell, aged 60 years.
In South Paris, July 23, Mrs. Miriam C. Haskell of Newburyport, Mass., aged 80 years.

WANTED.

Competent housekeeper, general girl, or cook and waitress, for private family. Good wages. Address

MRS. W. H. NEVINS,
30 Center Lovell, Maine.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of

C. COLUMBUS MARSH late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. C. L. DILLINGHAM.

LITTLE ANNOYANCES

Such as nervous twitching of the eyes, frequent pains or headaches, indicate that you need glasses.

Don't neglect your eyes. You will never have but the one pair nature gave you. Take care of them—place them under the care of a competent optometrist—and you will do better work, make more money, live longer and happier.

You would spend your last cent to regain your eyesight if lost. Why not invest a small amount in its protection?

S. RICHARDS,

Optometrist

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

All ready to do your **Plumbing**

With the Best of Plumbing Material. Also

Install Gasoline Pumping Engines for Water Supply.

L. M. LONGLEY, NORWAY, MAINE

WANTED.

To buy a six or eight-room house in South Paris or Norway. Address

30 H. U. F., care of Democrat.

Eastern Steamship Company.

Between Portland and Boston.

Fare one way $1.25. Round Trip $2.00

Steamships BAY STATE and RANSOM B. FULLER leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, week days at 7 P. M. Sundays 8 P. M.

Day trips to Boston, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

Returning

Leave Central Wharf, Boston, daily at 7 P. M.

Day trips to Portland, leave India Wharf Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 A. M.

Through tickets on sale at principal railroad stations.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Agent,
Portland, Me.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, July 12, 1911.

This is to certify that at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Paris Trust Company, held this day, the following persons were elected as Directors of the corporation:

GEO. R. MORTON,
WM J. WHEELER,
GEO. M. ATWOOD,
N. DAYTON BOLSTER,
ALTON C. WHEELER,
LUCIUS C. BATES,
SUMNER E. NEWELL,
JOHN B. ROBINSON,
GEO. W. COLE, JR.,
WM. P. POTTER,
WINFIELD S. STARBIRD,
F. A. HEIDNER,
GEO. C. FERNALD.

(Signed) ALTON C. WHEELER,
30 Clerk Paris Trust Company.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of FRED C. WING, Bankrupt. } *In Bankruptcy.*

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

FRED C. WING of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 16th day of January, 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.

Free! Free! Free!

A KING KINEO RANGE.

$2 Down and $2 a Month

The person bringing the largest number of this ENTIRE ADVERTISEMENT, cut from the Oxford Democrat, to HOBBS' VARIETY STORE, Norway, Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911, at 3 p. m., will receive a No. 8-20, King Kineo Range, valued at $60.00, FREE. Ask your friends to begin to save this advertisement for you. 5-30

The Best Separator Today is the

U. S. Cream Separator

You do not care who invented the cream separator—or which separator was first in the field.

You want to know which is *the best separator today*—which is the most improved.

The United States Separator has demonstrated its absolute and complete superiority over all other separators. It holds the World's Record for closest skimming.

It was awarded the only Grand Prize at Seattle, 1909.

Don't buy any separator until you have asked us about the United States.

Better ask TODAY.

T. M. DAVIS, AGENT. - - SOUTH PARIS, MAINE

Harness and Blankets

Driving Harness, $11.00 to $25.00

Stable Blankets, 65c to $2.00

Everything for Horse and Stable.

W. O. FROTHINGHAM
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

A LOW PRICE — ON — Wool Carpets

to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

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

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

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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

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

Scientific American.

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

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

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

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

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

HERBERT L. WOOD, of Rumford in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 16th day of July, 1910, 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 15th day of July, A. D. 1911.
HERBERT L. WOOD, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 15th day of July, A. D. 1911, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 25th day of Aug., 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 15th day of July, A. D. 1911.

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

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

Foley Kidney Pills

TONIC IN ACTION - QUICK IN RESULTS

Give prompt relief from BACKACHE, KIDNEY and BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION of the KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION of the BLADDER and all annoying URINARY IRREGULARITIES. A positive boon to MIDDLE AGED and ELDERLY PEOPLE and for WOMEN.

HAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION

S. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Connersville, Ind., is in his 85th year. He writes us: "I have lately suffered much from my kidneys and bladder I had severe backaches and my kidney action was too frequent, causing me to lose much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to be up and around. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation."

A. E. SHURTLEFF & CO., - South Paris.
S. E. NEWELL & CO., - - - Paris.

Upholstering — AND — Mattress Work!

H. B. Eaton,

At T. F. Hathaway's Shop,

South Paris, Maine.
19tf

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

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

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Cord Wood, Slab Wood, Edgings, Stove Wood and Coal.

A. W. WALKER & SON,
South Paris, Maine.

GERANIUMS

and other bedding Plants in Pots and Boxes. Also

Tomato Plants

at the GREENHOUSE, SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

E. P. CROCKETT,
Proprietor.

Farms for Sale.

Easy Terms and Low Prices.

12 Acres in South Gray, near good neighbors, good water, near church and schools. On line new electric road. A great chance to keep hens and raise small fruits, 10 miles to Portland.

15 Acres in Yarmouth, on bank of Royal River, on good street just out of the village, good orchard, two good hen houses, fine shade trees, good land, cottage house six rooms, best of water, near steam and electric cars, schools and churches, 1 mile to the sea. A pretty place. Best of neighbors.

4 Acres just out beautiful village of Yarmouth, electric light in front of the house. Almost new buildings, best of spring water in the house, handy to everything. A fine chance for a man with a little money to keep hens and work in the mills. Will exchange for larger farms, village or city property.

F. A. KNIGHT,
Box 25,
YARMOUTHVILLE, . . MAINE.
13tf

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1404.—Riddle.

They come when you had not bade them;
A score in a month you've had them.

You never can seek them nor choose them,
Yet it's not in your power to refuse them.

No fragrance, no form, no hue;
Seldom a one that's true.

Some funny, some dark, some deep,
But none could you ever keep.

No source and no goal and no name;
No two in a lifetime the same.

Yet till the heart is dust
They shall be man's, we trust.

No. 1405.—Charades.

I.

My first is a little word
Of letters only three,
Sentences to correct
That seem to disagree.

My second, a certain weight;
A kind of cave my third,
Yet sometimes in a stocking
'Tis found, so I have heard.

My whole alone is worthless,
And you'll find it useful quite
If to my first and second
You make my whole unite.

II.

My first is a bank of obstruction;
The second is one hundred years;
My whole is allied to destruction
And oft causes sorrow and tears.

III.

My first is a word that means to shiver;
My next to deviate from right in deed;
My third is a letter not found in quiver;
My whole a woman of well known creed.

—Youth's Companion.

No. 1406.—Changed Initials.

Change a home, to finest, a trial, vim, a trouble, unless, a joke, remainder, point of compass.

No. 1407.—Double Central Acrostic.

Each of the words described contains eight letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order here given the fourth row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of one who has been called "the greatest orator that has ever lived in the western hemisphere." He was born in January, 1782. The fifth row of letters will spell the name of another famous orator who succeeded the former in an important office and died in January, 1865.

Crosswords: 1. Blames. 2. A place of bliss. 3. In a descending course. 4. Disagreement. 5. Slandered. 6. A measure of thirty-six bushels. 7. Bestowed liberally. 8. Painful. 9. Stipends in cathedral churches. 10. A kind of rose. 11. Simulation. 12. Accosting. 13. A member of a princely court.

No. 1408.—Pictured Word.

What kind of needlework?

No. 1409.—Concealed Word Square.

[One word concealed in each couplet.]

1. Max owned, without a thought of shame,
   He'd not a thaler to his name.
2. The children searched the fields all over
   And failed to find a four leaved clover.
3. Eva declares she did not go.
   Where is the friend who told you so?
4. There Fred and Harry waiting sat.
   Beside them purred the yellow cat.
5. Be brave, my dear, and do not sigh.
   It rends my heart to say "Goodby."

No. 1410.—Enigma.

I'm found in seam, but not in mend,
And church I always must attend.
I bide with house and hope and home;
From good itself I never roam;
In onward, too, you will me find;
I'm not in eyes, alas! I'm blind.

No. 1411.—Riddle.

Look for me in empty spaces,
Look in vain in many faces,
Look the whole wide world around,
Never, never I am found,
But divide me, he who will,
Find me present, waiting still.

No. 1412.—Diamond

My first is a consonant. My second is fit, qualified. My third is a particle of fire. My fourth is what you must do to succeed. My fifth is a letter.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1396.—Charades: 1. Cough, fee—coffee. 2. Ann, nigh, hill, ate—annihilate.

No. 1397.—Abridgments: Hawthorne 1. H-air. 2. A-we. 3. W-hen. 4 T-horn. 5. H-and. 6. C-O-at. 7. Pea-R 8. Pri-N-ce 9. M-E-an.

No. 1398.—Anagrams: Harriet Beecher Stowe. Books: 1. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 2. Little Foxes. 3. The Minister's Wooing. 4. Oldtown Folks.

No. 1399.—Word Puzzle: Myhrr, myhrr, ring—murmuring.

No. 1400.—Illustrated Primal Acrostic: Joseph Warren. Words: 1. Jackal. 2. Otter. 3. Squirrel. 4. Eland. 5 Pronghorn. 6. Heron. 7. Wolf. 8 Ape. 9. Raven. 10. Raccoon. 11 Elk. 12. Narwhal.

No. 1401.—Beheadings: 1. Scant, cant, ant. 2. Shear, hear, ear. 3. Stable, table, able.

No. 1402.—Charade: You, ten, silliteenth.

No. 1403.—Transpositions: Trail, trial; smile, miles; untie, unite; start, tarts; emit, time; lives, evils.

HAY FEVER AND SUMMER COLD

Must be relieved quickly and Foley's Honey and Tar Compound will do it. E. M. Stewart, 1034 Wolfram St., Chicago, writes: "I have been greatly troubled during the hot summer months with Hay Fever and find that by using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound I get great relief." Many others who suffer similarly will be glad to benefit by Mr. Stewart's experience. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"I understand that your wife collaborated with you?"

"Yes, her work aids me immensely."

"I don't believe I have ever seen any of her writings."

"She doesn't write; she prepares my meals."

HAPPIEST GIRL IN LINCOLN.

A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble. I began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and got better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by all dealers.

"My wife has been preparing angel food every day for dinner," remarked the young husband.

"Getting tired of it?"

"Slightly. How soon after the honeymoon would it be proper to ask for beefsteak and onions?"

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND

Is effective for coughs and colds in either children or grown persons. No opiates, no harmful drugs. In the yellow package. Refuse substitutes. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

About Sisters-in-Law.

So often has the position of the mother-in-law been discussed that the term "relative-in-law" immediately projects upon the mental vision the maternal figure in one of two attitudes—either battling for the possession of her child's unchanged affection, or, less frequently, renouncing it with self-sacrifice beautiful but unappreciated.

There is, however, another "law" relationship almost if not quite as difficult to maintain free from trespass upon another's rights, yet retaining that precious thing—the undisputed possession of a life-long love. Is it not somewhat startling and a little shocking to realize how rare it is to find real friendship between sisters-in-law? Yet is it altogether to be wondered at? For the relationship between the loved sister and the loved wife is a very delicate one, more so, even, than that between the mother and the wife, because the claim of the sister is not so strong and unquestioned as that of the mother.

Two women, meeting by chance, drifted into an unpremeditated exchange of ideas upon this subject.

"I am so tired of wandering about," said one. "I have traveled until I shiver at a steamer's toot or an engine's whistle. I want to settle down and I don't want to marry. Why, why didn't my parents provide me with a brother?"

"If they had he would have been married by now, and you would have been seeking an abiding-place just the same," smiled the other.

"Then it would have been an abiding place in his house," asserted the first, emphatically. "I've never wanted a sister, but I've always wished for a brother, and I'd like to see the wife that would come between me and mine if I had one. I don't mean that I'd step between them, but I would have been his friend first, and I'd have a right in his house. Why, I met a girl the other day who was living at a boarding-house—not a very good one, either—and she told me her brother was rich and willing she should live with him, but she could not, because her sister-in-law did not like her. 'Not like you!' I said. 'Well, if I were you I'd make her like me. That's what families are for.' But she seemed to think there was no way of winning over a brother's wife."

"I'm afraid," remarked the other, "that your estimate of me will be low when I tell you that I live at a boarding-house, and I have five brothers all married, and one sister-in-law who is a widow."

"Six!" gasped the discontented traveler. "And don't you like any of them?"

"On the contrary, I like them all, and I believe they all like me. But one reason why I don't live with them is that I do like them, and one reason they like me is that I don't live with them."

"I don't understand that one bit," said the solitary one. "Of course I know nothing of family ties, but it always seems that one of the sweetest—yes, the sweetest of all—might be that of brother and sister. They would be a sort of lovers who would always be true and never suspect or misunderstand each other."

"Out of just that idea, my dear, a good deal of trouble grows," said the experienced sister-in-law, gravely, "and the idea always originates with the girl. A brother never expects his sister to take the place of a sweetheart, and seldom exhibits the least jealousy of his sister's lover or husband. If a girl could only feel the same way toward her brother's sweetheart or wife—but there! Girls are not men, but girls. I was one myself, and it took me a long time to learn—some things."

"What things?" queried the traveler.

"Well, I was ten years old when my first sister-in-law arrived, and the pangs of my first tooth-pulling were as nothing to the jealous agonies I suffered at seeing another take—as I thought—my place. I had been my oldest brother's pet and plaything, and worshipped him only as a little girl can worship a grown man, and to see him make much of her was torture. She must have been a nice girl, for she is a nice woman now, but the three months they lived with us were misery to me. For ten years I acquired sisters-in-law, until I had a large and varied assortment of them. My feeling toward the four coming between the first and last ranged from indifference to genuine liking, but the last one carried off the brother who was my chum, two years my senior, and I think—yes, I am sure—I hated her. She was a girl uncongenial to myself, and when Jack fell in love with her it was simply unendurable to me. His tastes and mine, his ideals and mine were so alike, and to have that girl, who appeared to have nothing in common with either of us, take possession of him, body and soul! I could not understand that their dissimilarity was a source of attraction, and I did not know that there were requirements of his nature which she perfectly satisfied. Jack's love for me was as sincere as mine for him, but the jealousy was left out, as it always is in a brother, and he couldn't understand the feeling between his wife and myself. She was as jealous of me as I of her, and for two years we made him miserable. They then went to China, and I never saw him again. When, five years later, we stood together by his coffin we both realized how small we had been to each other and how cruel to him, to whom it would have been such happiness to see us friends. That is what the jealous wife and sister overlook—that they are rendering wretched the one they both love. If each would yield the other her natural place, neither would be robbed, but if one is forced to stand aside, then it must be the sister.

"A year never passes now that some one of my brothers does not suggest my making my home with his family, and it may be that circumstances will bring this about some day, but I want that day to be as far off as possible. This is not because I do not care for my sisters-in-law, but, as distance surrounds our failings with a haze, and lends brightness to our virtues, I prefer to keep my failings and my virtues from too close inspection by those women whose friendship I prize next to that of their husbands, and, knowing that none of the six are angels, I prefer not to be too familiar with the details of their earthliness. I visit them—not too frequently—and through letters we keep in touch with each other's interests, and should it ever seem best that we should live together I hope to find something of a sister's as well as a brother's love awaiting me; but that can only be through recognizing that a sister's place in her brother's heart is entirely separate from that of his wife. This "sweetheart" idea between brother and sister is a great mistake. As the years go by it drops away naturally, but the harm it does often lasts through life. I believe there are few men without the protective instinct toward all their womankind, and who would not be happy in exercising it if it could be done without friction, but to share in that blessed sense of masculine protection the sister must not so much be serpent-wise as dove-harmless, remembering always that her claim is purely one of sentiment, not right. However," the speaker ended, "in most misunderstandings between relatives-in-law there are—mistakes—on both sides."

And we who listened divined that in the life training school where six sisters-in-law had learned to like and respect each other the word "fault" was an obsolete one in their family dictionary.—Ex.

The soft, pretty Madras curtains which lend themselves so nicely to graceful effects are discarded by some housekeepers because they are so readily soiled, and, it is supposed, are not easily cleansed. Bran water without soap is a perfect bath for these draperies. Use a wooden pailful of bran to a wash boiler of water. Let it boil half an hour or more, strain part of it, and use for washing the curtains; let the rest continue to boil, then strain it and use for rinsing water.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or tea pot, fill it with water, add a small piece of soap, and let it boil about 45 minutes.

When you drive a nail into a wall, clothes press or closet, to hang things on, drive it through a spool up to the head.

The Good Old Rum Times.

SYLVAN SHURTLEFF DESCRIBES CONDITIONS BEFORE THE "MAINE LAW."

"More rum passed through Market Square in a day before the Maine law was passed than is sold in Portland in a year." This is what Sylvan Shurtleff, who is 83 years old and has lived in Portland 60 years or more, told a reporter for the Press of that city the other day. "It is absurd to hear some men who know nothing about what the condition was in his city before the prohibitory law was passed talk about what a benefit it would be to have the saloons open up in Portland," said Mr. Shurtleff. "About sixty years ago I went to work in what is now Monument Square as a clerk. It was my duty to get down to the store at 5 o'clock in the morning to build the fires and about that time the procession of teams from the country began to pass.

"The farmers from the surrounding country would drive into Portland the night before, bringing in their loads of produce or whatever they had to market and stop at the taverns in and about the square or at Stroudwater or other places. In the morning they would drive down on the waterfront and load up for the return up country. There wasn't a wagon, a pung, or a vehicle of any kind which didn't have a large amount of New England rum as a part of its load. It was in hogsheads, barrels, casks, or demijohns and it is safe to say that in one day more rum was hauled through Market Square than is sold in Portland under any conditions now in a year.

"At that time everybody sold rum, almost, and almost everybody drank rum. Ministers drank rum before they preached a sermon or delivered a funeral oration. I have seen men reeling drunk on the streets of Portland. I have seen men at the old-fashioned musters which were then held, laid out in windrows drunk and dead to the world. To-day we might not see anything as bad as this but it would be nearly as bad I am sure with open saloons.

"As a boy I lived in South Paris and I recall going to a town meeting there one spring and seeing about 100 men of whom fully one-half were intoxicated. They were quarrelsome, noisy and reeling about and everyone was drinking. This was before the Maine law was passed you must remember. The last town meeting I went to in that town there were 200 men present if there was one. Of this number not a man was drunk. The contrast was great and could not fail to make a deep impression upon me.

"I have lived a long time in this city and have watched this thing carefully. In the time when Neal Dow was enforcing the law in this city I went six months through the streets of Portland where drunkenness would be the most likely to be witnessed without seeing but one drunken man and he was on the corner of Free and Center Streets. The other night with the saloons running wide open I was kept awake for several hours and for several nights in succession by the noise which drunken men made on the street where I live.

"No man who knows about these things, who has studied them or who is fair about his investigations can come to any other conclusion than that this city and state is much better off with the prohibitory law than it would be with any other law which has ever been devised."

Honest Medicines Versus Fakes.

President Taft's recent message suggesting an amendment to the Pure Food and Drugs law in its relation to Prepared Medicines, does not refer to such standard medicines as Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and Foley Kidney Pills, both of which are true medicines carefully compounded of ingredients whose medicinal qualities are recognized by the medical profession itself as the best known remedial agents for the diseases they are intended to counteract. For over three decades Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has been a standard remedy for coughs, colds and affections of the throat, chest and lungs for children and for grown persons, and it retains to-day its pre-eminence above all other preparations of its kind. Foley Kidney Pills are equally effective and meritorious. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

He presented himself at the desk of a Florida hotel to settle his bill. The statement showed him indebted for four days' service, aggregating a sum total of $124.

"Young man," said he to the cashier, opening a fat roll, "guess again. I've more money than you've called for."

Many requests from Catarrh sufferers who use atomizers have caused us to put up Liquid Cream Balm, a new and convenient form of Ely's Cream Balm, the only remedy for Catarrh which can always be depended on. In power to allay inflammation, to cleanse the clogged air passages, to promote free, natural breathing, the two forms of Cream Balm are alike. Liquid Cream Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents, including spraying tube. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?"

"I got out," replied Weary Wombat with dignity. "I didn't have to be thrown out."

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhœa and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all dealers.

Wife—What a darling you are to admit that you are in the wrong!

Hubby—Yes; my mother taught me that it was easier in the long run to give in to a woman than to argue.

KIDNEY DISEASES ARE CURABLE under certain conditions. The right medicine must be taken before the disease has progressed too far. Mr. Perry A. Pitman, Dale, Tex., says: "I was down in bed for four months with kidney and bladder trouble and gall stones. One bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy cured me well and sound." Ask for it. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"Are you able to keep your servants any length of time?"

"Let me see. I've had my husband six years."

Sprains require careful treatment. Keep quiet and apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

"Would she love me if I were penniless?" faltered the young man who was about to risk his worldly all.

"She might," answered his wise friend. "But no one would ever know it, my boy."

THOSE WHO TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For their kidney and bladder ailments, and for annoying urinary irregularities are always grateful both for the quick and permanent relief they afford, and for their tonic and strengthening effect as well. Try Foley Kidney Pills. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

He—A handsome woman smiled at me yesterday.

She—Well, it is possible for even a handsome woman to have a sense of the ridiculous.

For summer diarrhœa in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all dealers.

"Why, Frankie," said his mother, "what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?"

"I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up."

Foley Kidney Pills are composed of ingredients specially selected for their corrective, healing, tonic, and stimulating effect upon the kidneys, bladder and urinary passages. They are antiseptic, antilithic and a uric acid solvent. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

A MORTAL IN FAIRYLAND.

It was evening, and Peggy sat on a low chair, gazing into the depths of a blazing fire.

She was wrapped in her own thoughts and dreams when a soft voice beside her whispered "Peggy!"

She turned and saw a tiny creature about a foot high, dressed in flame colored transparent clothes, which waved about as the little lady moved.

"Who are you?" asked Peggy.

"I'm a flame fairy," was the reply, "and I want you to come with me into Flameland." The fairy took the child's hand and lightly threw a fold of the flame colored dress around her. Instantly Peggy found herself growing smaller till at last she was only as tall as the fairy herself. Then they stepped on to the hearth, and a second later they stood in the heart of the fire.

The first thing Peggy noticed was that it was not hot. But she had no time for questions, as they were swift-

"I AM FREE! I AM FREE?" SHE CRIED.

ly moving over bridges through sorts of caves until finally they stood in a large hall, full of fairies, like her companion. At the far end was a beautiful throne on which sat the king and queen of Flameland.

Without being told what to do Peggy knelt down before the throne. In clear tones the queen bade her rise.

"Peggy," she said, "we are in great trouble. You can help us if you will."

Without stopping to think the child exclaimed: "Oh, I will, if you will tell me how. It is all so strange."

"Well," said the king, "you must know that all our lives we flame fairies are at war with the smoke fairies In battle we always win, but now we are helpless against the smoke queen's power. Our daughter, the Princess Beatrice, loves her cousin, Prince Worthy, and they are to be married. But our enemy has cast a spell over them both against which we can do nothing."

Then the queen stretched out her hand.

"Do you see that large, smoke colored ball hanging in the air?" she asked Peggy said "Yes," and the queen continued. "That is all that is left of my darling Beatrice. The cruel smoke queen has changed her into that ball while Prince Worthy lies in his chamber fast asleep. Nothing will wake him save a kiss from Beatrice, and she is helpless."

"Oh, Peggy, you are mortal, say, say you will save my beautiful darling Beatrice!"

"Dear queen, I will, I will. Oh, do tell me what to do!"

"Then take this dagger and run toward the ball. When you are almost under it say loudly, 'I wish to become mortal again, as tall as I was before.' Then with the dagger break the ball."

Fearlessly the child ran forward down the hall till she stood just in front of the smoky ball. Then she cried, "I wish to be mortal again, as tall as I was before!" and found she could easily reach the ball. Striking it sharply with the dagger, she heard a sound as of breaking glass. The ball was gone, and a lovely little fairy princess stood before her.

"I am free! I am free!" she cried and, catching hold of Peggy's hand she ran toward the throne and flung herself into her parents' arms.

Then she turned to Peggy, who was once more fairy size.

"Peggy, darling, I can never thank you. You have saved my life and my happiness. But as long as you live if ever you are unhappy just whisper my name and I will come to you."

Then she remembered the prince Running from the hall to his chamber, she bent over him and pressed her lips to his. He opened his eyes, then springing to his feet, took her in his arms.

Then together they went back to the hall, where the whole court was anxiously waiting. At last the queen turned to Peggy.

"Dear little girl," she said, "we must send you home, though we would gladly keep you here forever." Both king and queen kissed her, and the latter placed round her neck a thin flame colored chain and a heart with "Beatrice" all over it. She waved her hand and the jewel vanished.

"It has sunk into your heart, Peggy; you will never forget us now."

Again she stood on the hearth. She kissed Beatrice, and as everything faded away her last thought was of the lovely face of the fairy princess.

Nurse said she had been asleep and dreamed it all, but Peggy has never forgotten the Princess Beatrice and worships her memory to this day.

About Stilts.

Walking on stilts is not a common form of amusement in this country, and yet we do occasionally see a crowd of boys following one or two of their number who are lucky enough to have found an old pair of stilts or have contrived to make some. How high and mighty these boys feel as they walk through the air far above the heads of their friends!

This is boy play with them. They never dream that there are several countries in the world where men, women and children go about their affairs the entire year on high stilts. In Gascony, in France, there are hundreds of acres of waste land that would be absolutely impassable in wet weather if the people did not walk on stilts. They carry bundles and baskets as easily as if they were walking in the ordinary way. In fact, they are so accustomed to the use of stilts five feet long that they think no more of walking in this manner than American children do of wearing their shoes and stockings.

The Game of Animals.

One player is blindfolded, and the other players station themselves around the room. The blind man feels his way around until he touches some one, and that person must at once give an imitation of some animal sound—a horse neighing, a donkey braying, a cat, dog, fowl, pig, bird, etc. The blind man must guess the name of his prisoner by the voice. If he guesses right the prisoner becomes the blind man. If not the blind man releases the prisoner and begins again.

CHIP'S TRICK ON THE PUSSY

In a snug bit of a home under a gray old stump that stood at the foot of a thickly wooded hill lived with his father and mother frisk little Chip.

Chip and the other young squirrels in the neighborhood were fond of having a race over the stumps and rocks, up the trees, from limb to limb and branch to branch, until they were tired and far from Squirreltown. Then they would stop to rest, eat nuts and chatter about their frolic.

One afternoon when Chip reached home after one of these fly away trips he found his mother in great distress because his father, who had gone out in the morning for a short time, had not returned.

"Don't worry," chirped Chip; "I'll find him," and off he went.

He meant what he said, too, for the thought that his father was really gone made no impression in his funny little head. At dusk he came back subdued and alone, but half expecting to find his father there. One glance at his mother showed Chip that he must provide for her, so the next day he began.

Long before he had enough food gathered the nuts near by were gone. Then he had to take longer journeys from home. He ran far beyond the top of the hill one day and discovered a great white house and across the road from it a smaller one filled with corn.

Chip sat up just where he was when he caught sight of the coveted treasure, and then, with a chirp, he skipped to the cornerib. He was busily stowing the grain in his side pockets when he was pounced on by a great fury, lifted off of his feet and carried to the big white house.

There he was dropped at the feet of a smaller fury that seized him in a twinkling and ran with him into a large yard. Taking a hasty glance at its surroundings, Chip discovered that he could readily make his escape by way of a tree that stood near if he could manage to get out of that creature's mouth. He wriggled to twist himself out of the kitten's grasp, whereupon puss dropped him and cuffed his ears. Chip sprang for the tree, but the kitten sprang for him and caught him too. The foolish puss did not see what he was trying to do, however, and so did not think it worth while to take him farther from the tree.

"Only one more chance like that," thought the squirrel, twitching his whiskers, "and I'll show you a trick."

The kitten dropped him again away went Chip up the tree, the surprised and unthinking puss following with her stretched out nose close at the end of Chip's tail. Quickly he led her out on a small branch—out, out beyond her weight. Then as the cat fell down Chip sprang up, landed in another tree and reached the top soon enough to see the outmanœuvered cat on the ground just where she had drunk, her tail twitching and her eyes fixed in a comically bewildered stare on the swaying branch where their ways had to her so unexpectedly parted.

Pathetic Proof.

"My Jim is dead, my Jim is dead!" wailed an old colored mammy, holding up a letter. "Here is a letter from him right from the dead letter office!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Life, like a dome of many colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity.—Shelley.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

Mother—"Hattie, dear, you haven't dusted the piano very well this morning."

Hattie—"Well, ma, the teacher told me I must endeavor to cultivate a light touch."

Needle Books Given Away.

A most useful little present, indispensable to every housekeeper, a needle book, containing forty of the best needles made, will be sent free to any address. With your request for this needle book, enclose a yellow wrapper from a bottle of "L. F." Atwood's medicine, stating your experience or opinion of the remedy. Write today to the L. F. Medicine Co., Portland, Maine.

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STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.

To the Honorable Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, next to be holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1911.

Respectfully represents Kathryn Chattoe Morton, of Gilead, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that she was lawfully married to Emerson F. Morton, now of parts unknown to your libelant, on the 5th day of July, 1899, in the city of Toronto, Canada, where they lived together as husband and wife for about one year, and then in the State of New York, and also for a short time in the city of Portland, in the State of Maine; that she has always conducted herself as a faithful wife toward the said Emerson F. Morton, but he, regardless of his marriage vows and duty, utterly deserted your said libellant on the 25th day of December, A. D. 1906, which said utter desertion has continued to the present time, being for more than three consecutive years next prior to the filing of this libel, since which time she has not seen nor heard from him. She further alleges that the said libellee has been guilty of adultery. That they have one child, a daughter, named Mavis Kathryn Morton, aged six years. She further alleges that she has resided in said Gilead, in said State of Maine, in good faith, for one year prior to the commencement of these proceedings. She further alleges that the residence of the libellee is not known to your libelant, and cannot be ascertained by reasonable diligence, as she has diligently sought to ascertain his residence and failed.

Wherefore she prays that the bonds of matrimony existing between her and the said libellee be dissolved, and the custody of said minor child decreed to her, and her name be changed to Kathryn Chattoe.

Dated this 26th day of June, A. D. 1911.
KATHRYN CHATTOE MORTON.

DOMINION OF CANADA.
26th June, 1911.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Personally appeared before me, the above named Kathryn Chattoe Morton and made oath that the foregoing declaration made by her and particularly to that part relative to the residence of said Emerson F. Morton, is true, and that she has used reasonable diligence and cannot ascertain his residence.

T. H. WILSON,
(SEAL) Notary Public.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.
(SEAL.)

Supreme Judicial Court, in Vacation.
July 8, A. D. 1911.

UPON THE FOREGOING LIBEL, ORDERED, That the Libelant give notice to the said Emerson F. Morton, libelee, to appear before the Justice of our Supreme Judicial Court, to be holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1911, by publishing an attested copy of said libel and this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in Paris, in our County of Oxford, the last publication to be 30 days at least prior to said second Tuesday of Oct., 1911, that he may there and then in our said Court appear and answer to said libel.

WM. P WHITEHOUSE.
Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court.

A true copy of libel and order of court thereon.
Attest: CHARLES F. WHITMAN, Clerk.
(SEAL.)
JAMES S. WRIGHT, Esq.
Attorney for Libl. 29.31

Pulp Wood Wanted.

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

J. [illegible]
43tf [illegible] Me.

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