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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.

Makes Clean Milk Pay.

W. H. CONANT GETS PROFIT FROM COWS ON APPLE FARM.

(Maine Farmer.)

A few weeks ago when we were describing some of the work that is being done on the apple farm of W. H. Conant in Buckfield, the fact that Mr. Conant was a member of the Hebron, Minot and Mechanic Falls Dairy Testing Association was mentioned, and it was hinted that he used that membership to help make his farm pay in every department.

Although this is an apple farm, the dairy is a not unimportant feature, and Mr. Conant does not intend to operate the dairy except at a profit, although it is a small dairy with only five milking cows. But the man who milks five cows and does not milk at a profit, Mr. Conant thinks, is not living up to his opportunities.

As a first step toward a profit on each cow, Mr. Conant has established a Jersey herd which is to be a herd of pure-breds. Most of his animals are registered, which fact insures their being pure. One of his best cows, however, is not registered and never can be, but there is little doubt that she is pure-bred. Failure to keep records has made it impossible to register this animal. She has the blood and the producing power, however, and she is doing profitable work.

Not only does Mr. Conant intend to make a profit upon each cow's work, but he is gradually reaching out after greater profit returns, and, more than that, he is making every possible effort to produce milk of the very best quality.

Here is a little illustration right to the point. Some time ago Mr. Conant received word from the company which receives his milk that his bacteria count was too high. Now this matter of the determination of the bacteria count in milk is a contribution of science to the effort for the production of pure milk. It has been made possible to count the number of bacteria in a cubic centimeter of milk and it is a settled fact of science that the abnormally large number of bacteria which milk sometimes contains is responsible for it poor quality, even its dangerous quality, as well as for its poor keeping quality. There are many different kinds of bacteria, and because a certain milk has a large number of bacteria it does not necessarily have those that are inimical to health, but there is always the possibility that if there is an abnormally large number of bacteria in milk, some of them may be disease germs. It has been absolutely determined that absolutely pure milk need have but a comparatively small number of bacteria to the cubic centimeter. Nine thousand is considered a low count, so perfectly safe that many companies which make a practice of keeping records of the bacterial quality of their customers' milks do not attempt to count anything lower than that. Milk which is as pure as that is considered top-notch.

Mr. Conant is a man of some knowledge of modern scientific agriculture and a man of good sense. He is not the kind of a man who turns up his nose at scientific things and when he received the notice that his bacteria count was too high, he immediately said to himself: "We'll fix that bacteria count so that it will be out of sight," or some remark which meant very much the same. He didn't say, as probably a good many other men have said who do not read and think as much, "Oh, bosh. What does anybody know about bacteria count? What does bacteria count amount to, anyway? I guess my milk is as good as anybody's." Mr. Conant immediately went to work to demonstrate in a practical way whether there was anything in this matter of the bacteria count or not, and whether it had any relation to the purity of the milk; and his milk was not as high in bacteria count as some other milks that have been examined.

Here is what he did, and what he discovered also. He went to work immediately to make more cleanly conditions in and about the stable. Without going to the extreme of building new stables or rebuilding the old ones, Mr. Conant made the conditions of the old stables as clean as the most fastidious inspector could desire. Then he bought some hooded milk pails. Hooded pails keep a great deal of filth such as dust and anything else that may come in the atmosphere from getting into the milk. It keeps out much of anything that might drop or be brushed from the body of the cow or the clothing of the milker from getting into the milk. Keeping the stable absolutely clean keeps from the milk a great many of the various kinds of dust and bacteria that fly in the atmosphere, are raised from the floor or drop from the ceiling. Mr. Conant took all these things into consideration when he got his hooded milk pails, and took extra pains in keeping his stables clean. He also put a little extra care on the cows, in keeping them clean and preventing any uncleanliness from their bodies contaminating the milk.

Gradually he saw his bacteria count go down, down, down, until it was low. The figures might have sounded big for barrels of apples, but were small for bacteria count. When he got down to fifty thousand per c. c. he might have been excused from stopping in his efforts; he might perhaps have been satisfied that he was producing cleaner milk than most people, but being after the best possible, he kept right along making improvements. His most recent change in the conditions under which his milk is produced and kept was the construction of a milk and ice house a short distance from the stables, but a sufficient distance away to fill all requirements. Here is a good supply of ice, and the milk goes immediately from its straining to ice cooled tanks, where it is kept until it is carried away to the creamery. And Mr. Conant got his count down below nine thousand per c. c. and the company wrote on his report card, "very good" and ceased sending reports.

This is but one of the evidences of the thoroughness with which this progressive farmer does the things which he undertakes. Do not think that because he is not receiving bacteria count reports that he will relax in his efforts to keep his milk of the highest quality. He will be anxious to keep it up to the high standard so that he will not receive any more reports, for when the reports come he will understand that something is the trouble, something has happened to the quality, and that he will have to go over some of the work again to correct a fault which has crept in.

To return to the profit side of this business, here is what the records of the dairy testing association say that one of Mr. Conant's cows did for him last year. This cow is named Jennie, the supposed pure-bred cow which is not registered. She produced 8970.4 lbs. milk; 448.3 lbs. fat; bringing $182.83 in money from the Turner Center Creamery. Her feed cost was $78.43, making the profit for the year $104.38. During eight months of the present year of the dairy testing association, this same cow has produced 5760 lbs. milk and 289 lbs. fat, and her dry method is included in the eight months.

Mr. Conant has only three cows which went through the entire dairy testing year last year, and those three cows brought him from the creamery $392.64, an average of $130.88. The average profit of these cows above feed cost was $75.23. This was Mr. Conant's first year in the association, his first year on the farm where he is now located, and his three cows were 10, 11 and 12 years old.

Corn and Fruit Show in November.

IT SHOULD PROVE A GREAT HELP TO THE STATE.

Some one has asked, what is the history of the Maine Corn and Fruit show to be held at Portland, November 6-11, 1911? This is the way it happened. In 1910 a professor in the College of Agriculture, University of Maine wrote to the Portland Board of Trade and inquired if that Board would consider the arrangement of a potato show that year. The Portland Board of Trade having had already outlined its work for the year, which culminated in a great Manufacturers Exposition in the fall, and was not in a position to arrange an additional show in a way that would be deemed appropriate to the state. But early in 1911, it decided to take up the project and make the climax of its years work a great agricultural exposition, financed by the citizens of Portland for the encouragement of agriculture in the state. The Portland Farmers' Club, the College of Agriculture of the University of Maine, the state grange, the Maine Seed Improvement Association and the Maine State Pomological Society co-operated in the undertaking, and the Maine Corn and Fruit Show, was organized, with officers chosen from above, and J. Henry Rines made president. The citizens of Portland, through the Board of Trade have raised several thousand dollars for the premiums and expenses of the exhibit. Although the show can be of little direct benefit to the city, the citizens have made these contributions with an enthusiasm which manifests their deep interest in the agriculture of the state. They believe that what stimulates and encourages Maine helps everybody in Maine. The Corn and Fruit Show has thus been able to provide a remarkable course of lectures on agriculture to be held in connection with the exposition and to offer over 500 premiums most of them cash, which in variety and amounts surpass anything of like nature ever offered before in New England. Great efforts have been made to circulate these premium lists through the state, and partial lists have been published in the papers, but additions have repeatedly been made, and the official premium list is needed to understand the full scope of the show and the generosity of the premiums. If you have not seen one of these cherry looking yellow sheets therefore, it will pay you to drop a postal requesting one, to J. Henry Rines, President, 529 Congress Street, Portland.

Early Harvesting.

I have this summer had a good deal to say about the loss caused by too late harvesting of the hay crop, and I wish to say a little more along the same line with reference to crops in general. It may be taken as a general good rule that it is better to harvest any crop early. This does not mean before maturity, of course, in the case of crops which ought to be ripe before harvested, but all crops should be made secure at the earliest possible moment after they have reached the point where they are in condition for harvesting.

In the case of hay the grass should not be matured before it is cut. It should of course, be full grown, or nearly so, but it should not be allowed to ripen, for it is the element of green grass that is most desired in hay. With many other crops the reason for early harvesting will be an altogether different one. Getting the crop housed in good season will often prevent waste caused by the action of the weather.

I would not even suggest that any rules might be laid down in regard to the time of harvesting, but every farmer of experience knows about when the proper time comes for cutting, picking or digging. My suggestion is that after that time comes the work should not be delayed a day if it is possible to do it. When the potatoes are ready to dig, they should not longer be left in the ground. Ordinarily no harm should come to them by remaining in the ground a few days, but if they are dug, dried and stored, the weather or ground conditions cannot affect him. If the beans are harvested as soon as they are mature, they will not dry up in the field and rattle off on the ground to be lost that way.

If the crops are all harvested as soon as they are ready, the farm work will be kept well along and the securing of the crops will be done well in the season. Nothing will be lost because there was not time to get it in or because it rotted in the field. This work will be finished as it should and everything will be snug before the really cold weather sets in, and work which is peculiar to that particular season may receive attention or the farmer may take the vacation which he wanted after the crops were in.

If the crops are all off in good season, the farmer who wishes to use the best modern methods can devote probably all the time he will need to plowing, and we are beginning to understand that fall plowing is a quite important feature of the best methods of cultivation.

There are many reasons for early harvesting of almost every crop, but this, as every other suggestion, should be taken with judgment and applied with common sense and careful thought.

Get a Road Drag Ready.

Keep the road good. The protracted drouth has permitted the ordinary roads to wear smooth and hard. Not for many years has so large a mileage of wagon roads been so unusually fine. Of course the dragged roads were smooth without wear, and where they have been dragged for a series of years they are noticeably less dusty than undragged roads of the same soil. In fact, even the roads that have been dragged only a year or two show a marked decrease in dust. Now that the roads are so generally good it would be almost criminal to let them go back to their oldtime, soft, rutty, rough, mudhole state when so little effort is required to keep them in fine condition. Get a split log drag ready and accept the first rain as an invitation to smooth the road and push a little dirt to the middle.

The breaking of a long drouth is usually a gradual process. I mean that moderate rains come at first, and the parched earth drinks the moisture so greedily there is not much mud or washing of the soil. A choice opportunity is thus provided for bringing a neglected road into proper shape by doing a little frequently.

So get a road drag ready. Use the drag when the soil is "moist but not sticky." Use after every good shower; be greedy to grasp every chance to drag the road when the surface is softened. Do this and the road will remain good all winter. But the work must be continuous; if you fail once then the rain water will lodge in the road after the next shower. And water remaining on the road means soft spots and mud holes. Build a light drag; build it according to the directions, which may be had for the asking from the Office of Public Roads at Washington. It is all very simple. Get a drag ready now. Do not let the good road backslide.—D. Ward King, Maitland, Mo.

Local Improvement.

Do your buildings need paint and repairing?

Are you proud of your country school house yard?

Are you in favor of railroads cleaning up rights of way?

Are there any flowers in your garden or on your premises?

Are you pointing with pride to the grounds around the country church?

Are you in favor of making the old farm the most attractive and dearest spot on earth?—Ohio Department of Agriculture.

Study your cows; also study the feed question. The combination which you will be able to make will be likely to bring you a bigger profit.

The MASCOT of SWEET BRIAR GULCH

By Henry Wallace Phillips

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PROLOGUE.

This romance of Jim Felton, the lonely, lovelorn miner of Sweet Briar Gulch; of Anne, the faraway sweetheart who refused to be a wife; of the mine that wouldn't produce a dollar, no matter how hard it was worked, and of Ches, the little mascot who played such an important role in Jim's life drama, appeals to the fancy and holds the interest because of its humor, its pathos, its chivalry and its broad humanity.

CHAPTER I.

THE gulch ran in a trough of beauty to the foot of Jones' hill, which rose in a sweeping curve into the clouds.

Wild flowers, trees in profuse leaf and mats of vines covered the scarred earth, and the sky was as limpid as spring water; the air carried a weight of heart stirring odors, yet Jim Felton, sitting on the door step of his cabin in the brilliant sunshine, was not a happy man.

He looked at the hollow of the gulch and cursed it manfully and bitterly. The gold should be there—Jim had figured it all out. The old wash cut at right angles to the creek, and at the turn was where its freight of yellow metal should have been deposited, but when you got down to the bedrock the blasted stuff was either slanted so

IT WAS A THIN LETTER AND IT SHOWED MUCH WEAR.

nothing could stay on it or was rotten, crumbling in your fingers, and that kind of bed will hold nothing.

Therefore Jim had sunk about fifty prospect holes, got colors under the grass roots as evidence that pay should be there and nothing but ashy wash beneath it.

When a man is alone and thinks things are wrong optimism comes down on the run, the shades of pessimism gather fast and furious, more especially if a man does his own cooking and the raw material is limited, at that.

The sun had not moved the shadows three inches before Jim had reached the conclusion that this world was all a practical joke of so low an order that no sensible man would even laugh at it, and he drew a letter from his pocket in proof thereof. It was a thin letter, written on delicate paper in a delicate hand, and it showed much wear. He read for the thousandth time:

Dearest Jim—And again I must say "no." Of course you will not understand, for which foolish reason I like you all the better, but you must try to take my point of view. You say that we can be married on nothing and take our chances.

So we can, old simple heart, but aren't those chances all against us? Would you like to be forced to work in some office for just enough to live on? You know you would not, and you know how you would suffer in such slavery.

Nevertheless we cannot live on air, and I doubt if I would stand transplanting to the wild life you love better than you to a clerk's desk. You have that fancy which gilds the tin cans in the back yard. I have that unfortunate eye which would multiply their number by three and their unsightliness by ten. I don't want riches, dear. I only want a modest assurance that I can have enough to live on.

Really is your way of doing a guarantee of even bread and butter? In the garden of Eden you would be the most delightful of companions, but in this world as it is you will not fight for your own. You would risk your life to save a dog, but you couldn't stay at a continued grind—I mean it would kill you actually, physically dead, dead—to save all of us. At first I thought that a fault in you, but now, being older, having compared you to other men, I see it is merely a missing faculty.

I could stick to the desk and would gladly if you would let me, yet I could not even fancy behaving as you did at the factory fire, which is still the symbol in the town for manly courage and presence of mind.

They talk now of the way you laughed and joked with those poor frightened girls, who had such good cause to be frightened, and brought them back to sanity with a jest. I feel that if I had the least atom of heroism in me I would marry you for that feat alone and let cold facts go hang; but, ah, Jim, magnificent as you are on the grand occasions, they come but seldom, and in the meantime, Jim, I'll leave that to your own honesty.

I'm plebeian, Jim, and you're a nobleman with a beautiful but embarrassing disregard for vulgar necessities.

However, I can say this for myself—for surely I may brag a little to my lover—I can try to match your splendid physical bravery by my own moral courage.

You may rest your soul in peace on one point—if I am not for you, I'm for no man, no, not so much as a half glance of the eye. I wouldn't hold myself a bit more straitly if I were your wife.

You'll be angry at this letter. Well, I'll stand your anger. I have caused it, and I'll bear the blame. I know that we could not be happy without some visible means of support, yet I do not blame you in the least for thinking otherwise.

Be as kind to me as you can, Jim, for I love you very much in my commonplace way. I'll admit, too, that I had rather have your fire than my refrigerator—oh, if you could only make some money, not a great deal, but enough for a little house of our own and enough in the bank to buy groceries!

With my best love and an aching lump in my throat, your mother, sister and sweetheart, ANNE.

Jim dropped the letter, and his lips trembled a little. Parts of it touched him deeply, and he was the more enraged and hurt at the rest because of that.

He could not call her mercenary. He knew better. More than one very comfortable income was at her disposal.

Poor fellow! He could only grind his teeth and curse Sweet Briar gulch from the deepest pothole in the bedrock to the top of its loftiest pine. He drew out her photograph and obtained much sweet consolation by thinking how happy they two would be in Sweet Briar gulch together, even if there wasn't a cent of pay in the gravel.

Sick of this ingenious torture, he lit his pipe and drew savagely upon it. With a mocking gurgle about a dram of "slumgullion" passed into his mouth. It was the last touch. He spat out the biting, nauseating stuff, hurled the pipe upon the rocks and danced on it.

And yet the colors frolicked in the gulch. The pines toned the air with healthy breath.

From afar came the th-r-r-up, th-r-r-up! of a galloping

"YOUR MOTHER, SISTER AND SWEETHEART."

horse. It was Bud, the mail carrier, coming modestly and quietly at a decent gait down a trail where most would prefer to walk and to "hang on" to something at that.

At first Jim felt irritated by the interruption. He wanted to luxuriate in misery. Still he was a vigorous, healthy man, and the cheery good fellowship of Bud soon made away with that feeling.

"Well, how they coming, Jimmy?" queried the young giant. "Hit her yet?"

"Hit—well, much caloric," replied Jim. "I've begun to believe there ain't a durned thing here."

"You're looking kind of owly, old man. What's up? Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, Bud, I'm sick of everything this day! I don't believe in the constitution of the United States, including the thirteenth amendment, nor the Ten Commandments, nor the attraction of gravitation, nor anything else. It's all a blamed lie."

"No wonder you get like that, mousing around here without a chance to yappi with a feller critter. 'Nough to make you locoed.

"Jump it for a spell. Go uptown. Get loaded; get horribly loaded. Break somebody's window and tell the folks you're a Sweet Briar zephyr come to blow out their lights. Go ahead and do it. When your hair stops pulling you'll feel like a new man."

Jim thought the advice sound, yet a strange feeling had developed in him in his isolation. It was that the eye of Anne was always on him. He had fallen into a habit, which becomes a superstition when a man is alone, of acting as though she were there in person.

However, he didn't feel called upon to offer Bud that explanation of his refusal. He conveyed the idea in one brief word.

"Busted," said he.

"Busted?" retorted Bud warmly. "Busted? Not much you ain't busted while that little package is there, bet cher life! You call for what you want, and the cashier will make good."

"Ah, Bud, how'll I ever pay you back? Keep it, man; keep it," replied Jim in a disheartened voice.

"Say, you ain't got no call to worry about that part of it. There's where my troubles begin," returned Bud. "Now, you take these two bucks and jab 'em in your jeans. Go on, now. Do as I tell you or dashed if I don't lick you and make you take 'em. What's the good of money if it ain't to help a friend out with? I don't care who gets drunk on it just so long as they have a good time.

"Boy, you'll be sailing up the track regardless of orders with your boiler full of suds if you don't get out in the scramble for awhile."

"Lord, I'd like to see a railroad train! Haven't heard a whistle for two years. How far is it to the nearest station, Bud?"

"Plattsburg—fifty mile—due south."

"Christmas! Little far to walk."

"Say, you take this horse, Jim. Go ahead. I can walk just as well as not. I'm getting too fat anyhow. Go on. You take the horse and have a ride to Plattsburg."

"Yes; take the shirt off your back and never mind if a bit of the skin goes with it. I'll see you far away first. Tell you what you could do for me, Buddy. The herd of burros is around now, if you'd round up one of them for me?"

"Sure thing! You sit on the mail sack till I come back. There's a heap of registered stuff in it this trip. Oh, say! What do you think? I was held up t'other side of the Bulldog. Bang, zip, says a little popper from the bushes. I climbed for them bushes, and out goes a beggar like a rabbit. I was after him like a coyote, bet cher life. Who do you suppose it was, Jim?"

"Hang it, how should I know?"

"That little down east cuss with the crook in his back. He begged hard. Poor devil, he was up against the sandpaper side, all right. He heard from the postmaster that there was a lot of valuable mail going out, so he thought he'd make a try for it. Then what do you think he had the cold, cold nerve to do?"

"Pass it up—most anything, I reckon."

"Worse'n that. Struck me for fifty."

"And got it."

HE BEGGED HARD.

"Got it? No; not much he didn't, sonny. He drew just ten, and he was lucky to get that. I've done a favor or two for that feller, first and last, and to have him shoot at me made me sore—although he missed me by several locations, I'll say that for him—so I gave him the ten and told him I'd kick the hump on his back so high up on his shoulders he could wear it for a hat if he ever shoved into my daylight again. And you never in your life saw a humpback make better time than he did.

"Well, here's for your jackass. Which way's the herd?"

"Right up over the hill."

Jim sat patiently on the sack until Bud returned with the burro.

"Here's your thoroughbred," hollored Bud. "Get ap there, Mary. Look at the knowing ears of him, will you? You bet cher life you've got an animile there that'll go when he gets ready and as fast as he pretty well dern pleases. Nail him!"

Jim tied a gunny sack on his noble mount, and the two rode on together to the fork in the trail. Jim tried to thank his friend, who knocked his hat over his eyes, and said: "Aw, write it down when you've got more time. Never see a feller in my life I cottoned to more'n you, Jim. First I thought you was too smooth for my kind of traveling, but later I see it was only the grain of the wood. I believe in my friends, I do. Here we go hopping around this little world for a small time, and then that's done. S'pose you ain't got any real friends for the trip? Rotten, I say. You go ahead and rip Plattsburg up the back. Wisht I could be there with you. Don't you mind consequences. So long, old man! Hike! You beggar!" the buckskin pony was off with a snort and a splashing of gravel as the irons touched his sides, and Bud vanished down the road without a look behind him.

The next day Jim was in Plattsburg. One does not know what an alluring quality, what a hazy enchantment, can linger around even a small town until an absence in a real wilderness has given man's work a new flavor.

The people coming and going, the traffic of the stores, the dwellings with small cultivated plots around them, warmed Jim like a fire. He had been very lonely without knowing it. In the afternoon he went down to the depot to see the eastern train come in.

Here again absence played a part and restored the locomotive to its proper proportions of a miracle.

As the engine glided in, shaking the ground beneath it, it seemed impossible to Jim that man really made it. What! Bend those mighty rods of steel to his will? Twist and shape those others? Cast those great drivers? And after to drive the monster with a hand?

He drew back as the buzzing engine passed him with something like awe. Then the moving village came to a stop, and the passengers sallied forth to test their legs, wearied with long sitting.

There was humanity of all shades, from the haughty aristocrat of the Pullman to the peasant of the emigrant car.

Jim had a sense of pleasure in beholding well dressed folk again, yet it was merely an aesthetic pleasure, for he found when he began to speculate on the possibilities of the throng before him that he was more interested in those whose all was staked on the trip than in those to whom it was only an excursion.

People of widely differing nationalities occupied the emigrant car. Jim wondered whether they would ever become Americans according to his ideas of Americans, a people in which he had great pride and delight, and he shook his head doubtfully as he took them in.

Suddenly a small boy darted out of a car—an exceedingly small boy, thin to emaciation, who made his way through the crowd with that sprawling, active, dancing manner peculiar to thin small boys and spiders.

Jim half laughed at the little chap until he saw his face. Then he realized at a glance that the matter was no laughing one for the boy.

At the same time he saw the shocking thinness of the little face made into a wolf's face by hunger, the mingled horror and desperation of the eyes. The big man would not have believed a child's face could express emotions of such magnitude. He was wonder stricken at the sight and felt an instinctive sympathy for the fugitive.

It is a strange thing how fortune will sometimes guide with certainty when reason shows no path.

The boy came unerringly toward Jim. Jim had a sort of prophetic insight that he would. Back behind him the urchin ran. "Don't cher give me away, mister," he pleaded. Jim flapped a hand in answer.

At the time he was leaning against a corner of the station. A little back of him was a small lean-to shed, where various truck was stored.

Out of the car came a burly brute of a man, who stared about him rapidly.

"Dat's der ol' man," whispered the boy. "If he gits holt of me there won't be a hull bone left in me body."

The man walked up to the conductor and spoke to him.

"Aggh!" said the boy. "Now dey'll get me sure. Der jig is up. Dey'll have der hull gang ertop o' me!" the voice trailed off into a strangled sob and then continued in a fierce whisper: "Aggh! If I had me growth I'd show 'em! I'd show 'em!" And then a burst of hair raising profanity.

The argument was growing loud between the man, who was urging something, and the conductor, who was declining. Others were walking toward the moderate excitement.

Jim wheeled and caught the boy in his arms. "Up you go!" he said and tossed him on top of the shed. "Lie low behind the wood there and you are all right."

Then came the conductor's voice: "Say, my friend, if you think I'm going to hold my train while you hunt up a lost kid there's something in you that don't work right. Why didn't you take care of him while you had him? Now you've got just four minutes by the watch. Either hustle around and hunt or drop off the train and hunt. What's that? Now, don't you give me any slack, you black muzzled tarrier, or I'll have the fear of God thrown into you too quick. Get out of here now! Get out of my way!"

The man slouched off and made a hasty search around the station. A woman's face—scarcely an improvement on the man's—leaned out of the car window and jeered at the hunter, who cursed her back savagely.

The man walked up to Jim. "Say, did yer see a kid go by here, mister?"

With a shrug of his shoulders, Jim asked him that question in Mr. Ollendorf's French method about the pink and green overcoat of the shoemaker's wife's sister.

The man showered low abuse on what he supposed was a foreigner until Jim's ribs rose with the desire to kill him.

"Ayr, wot are yer wastin' time wid th' dago fur?" called the woman. "Th' kid's on the roof!" Jim's heart almost stopped, so thoroughly had he identified himself with this quarrel. He made up his mind to fight for the boy, right or wrong.

But he was saved the trouble. It was only a jest of the woman's, for she suddenly called, so earnestly that even Jim was fooled. "No, he ain't neither. I see him! I see him! There he is." It was the perfection of acting, voice and gesture.

The man ran out to see where she was pointing. "Where is he?" he asked, looking wild around.

"On top der flagpole, like er monkey! You're it!" she cried, with a shriek of laughter at the black brows of her dupe.

"I'll show yer der joke when I git in dere," he threatened.

The woman leaned her chin on her hands and smiled. Jim never forgot

"UP YOU GO!" HE SAID.

the utter undauntedness, impudence and malice of that face. "Yer allus goin' to do sumpin', Pete," she retorted. "Yer'll be a man yet."

A more amiable man than Pete might have been provoked by such conduct. He strode forward with white knuckled fists and a very unpleasant expression on his face. Several men started to interfere, but it wasn't necessary.

The woman quietly looked at her bully, chewing a straw with the utmost nonchalance. "Give us a kiss," said she. The man's crest dropped. He said something in an undertone and got on the car.

Jim needed no further knowledge of this delightful couple to be thoroughly on the boy's side. It seemed to him that the man was quite capable of keeping a small animal at hand for the fun of torturing it, and as for the woman—well, if there was her like in hell Jim determined to be good for the rest of his days.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor. And with a few mighty breaths the iron giant whisked its load out in the open again.

"Stay where you are, son, till I see whether that fellow is playing a trick," said Jim, and not until he had looked under the platform, up and down the track and in the waiting rooms did he give the command. "Come down!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEMPTATION OF RASTUS.

Rastus was on his way to deliver a wash to one of his mammy's customers. As he passed the grocery store he saw a sight which made his mouth water. There, in front of the store, was a wagon load of watermelons waiting to be unloaded. "They sure look good," said Rastus to himself as he went on about his errand.

On his way home Rastus took another look at the melons. "I wish one of them would roll out of the

"PLEASE, MR. JONES, DON'T HAVE ME ARRESTED."

wagon. I don't believe Mr. Jones would miss it. I'd put it in my express wagon and take it up to the woods and eat it all myself," he said to himself.

A movement of the horses sent a big melon rolling into the street. No one saw the little boy pick up the melon and start down the street. Soon his conscience began to trouble him, and when he reached the woods he was undecided whether to cut the melon or not. A little bird up in a tree was singing. Rastus thought it sounded as if he said, "Take it back, take it back!"

For a few minutes Rastus sat with his knife open ready to cut the melon, but he lost his nerve. "I may as well take it back," he said to himself.

When he got back to the store he was startled to find that the wagon had gone. "Now I'm up against it," he said as he entered the store.

The grocer was very much surprised to see a little colored boy enter the store with a melon under his arm. "What's the matter, sonny?" he asked.

"Please, Mr. Jones, don't have me arrested. I stole this watermelon. It rolled off the wagon, and I picked it up. I brought it back to you. Somehow or other I hadn't the nerve to cut it, although I sure does like watermelon."

"Well, I'm glad you were honest enough to bring it back. I never missed it. By the way, I'd like to hire a boy about your size to run errands today. You know, there is a picnic tomorrow, and I have a lot of extra orders to send out," said Mr. Jones.

"I'll go tell my mammy, and then I'll be right back," said Rastus. He soon returned and worked faithfully all day. He thought perhaps he could earn enough money to buy a melon. There was a big demand for watermelons. They were purchased one by one until only one big melon remained. Said Mr. Jones: "Rastus, put that melon in the icebox. It is ordered."

With a sinking heart Rastus obeyed. He realized that his last chance for a melon was gone.

When the store had closed for the night Mr. Jones said, "Well, I guess it is time to pay you off," and he handed Rastus a bright new silver half dollar.

Rastus was proud of his day's wages. As he started home the grocer called him back and said: "Rastus, there is a melon in the icebox for you. Put it in your express wagon and take it home."

It would have been hard to find a happier little boy than Rastus as he ran off home to his mammy.

As he was eating a slice of melon for his supper he said, "Mammy, I don't hear any birds saying, 'Take it back, take it back!' like I did this morning up in the woods."

"No, honey," replied mammy. "To-night my chile has a clear conscience, while this morning he had a guilty one."

Old Posers.

If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

This is simple, but many a wise one has been caught napping and answers at once fifteen pounds, though a little thought will bring twenty pounds, the correct answer.

A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco. The journey lasts seven days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?

It looks as if the traveler must meet seven trains, and that is the answer that nine out of ten will give if the question is new to them.

The fact is overlooked that every day of the journey a fresh train is started from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveler will therefore meet fourteen trains instead of seven.

Brook Children.

Up on the hill are the children calling,
Calling for me to play,
But I linger to watch the waters falling,
Falling and running away.
And I sit on a rock and make no sound,
But listen to what they say.

The pool is the quietest child of the brook,
Placid and so sedate,
But the waterfall has such a hurried look,
She seems to be always late,
And she pleadingly calls, "Don't go till I come!"
The pool answers softly, "I'll wait!"
—Youth's Companion.

SONG OF THE RIVER REEDS.

It was a cold gray day in the mountains, and a fine mist was falling to add to the discomfort of things in general. The children were wandering up the river bank, well wrapped up, in the care of their adored friend, Miss Violet Rice. Now, Miss Violet was a really grownup young lady, but so friendly that the little folks soon forget all about that. And so they often sought her company and this morning were out in her care, looking for pond lilies. The bank was most unbeautiful—soft black mud everywhere and only dull gray water in place of the sparkling blue they loved so well.

"As life anything really nice could grow here," whispered Bob, in disgust. "Ugh, I'm cold! Let's go home, Miss Violet."

Miss Violet lowered her pretty eyes, the color of her namesake flower and smiled. "Listen," she said. "Those big clouds over the mountain mean more rain, and there's thunder. It must be old Rip Van Winkle's elves rolling their kegs about!"

All laughed merrily, and then little Elspeth called out in delight. "Oh, look, look there among the rushes—a beautiful white lily lying on the very top of the muddy water!"

There was more than one, and Bob regretted that he had called the place ugly as he fished for the flowers with a long stick. Holding the lilies by their long stems, so like rubber, the little party hurried home, where the wood fire made things comfortable, even in early August.

"Now for a story," begged the children as they toasted marshmallows over the embers. And Miss Violet smilingly began:

"Bob's remark about the ugliness of the river bank made me think of one. I heard the wind playing among the rushes and this is what its song said to me: Once upon a time there were no pond lilies nor any lovely cattails growing out of the black mud of streams. No, indeed! There was only a sort of green slime over stagnant pools and dead grass in the rivers. Nevertheless the water did what it could to be beautiful. It smiled and reflected the blue sky and sparkling sunshine, and at night it reflected the silent stars and the silvery moonlight, which made a mysterious path across its surface. 'Swish, swish,' sighed the breeze through the grasses. 'You have no beauty of your own, O river. You but reflect the beauty of sky and bank! Whew, whew!' moaned the wind through the branches of pine and willow. 'You can only steal the loveliness of our reflection as we bend over the bank, you copy cat of a river. Why don't you have some beauty of your own?' Now, it happened that the wind and breezes did not approve of the songs they were forced to sing as they swayed the trees and grasses. So they hurried away to a secret place in the forest, where dwelt the great god Pan. Now Pan was continually blowing upon his magical pipes, which he could only make from the reeds which grew in the river. When he heard how the river was being abused he was very angry and hurried to the bank. When there he cut fresh pipes from the tall reeds and began playing a wonderful tune. As he played the reeds changed at the top and became the cattails you love so well. And the blue iris sprang up from the water itself, and there in the midst of the black mud lovely lilies were blooming. So the river began to have many beauties of its very own, besides being able to reflect all other loveliness. This is the song I heard the breezes singing among the river reeds, and it should teach us that beauty can be found in the most dismal places, and little folks can reflect the smiles and kindnesses of those about them and so grow very beautiful themselves."—Philadelphia Record.

POWER OF MUSIC.

The Awakening That

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 3, 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

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

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

Coming Events.

Oct. 3—Oxford Pomona Grange, Harrison.
Oct. 3, 4, 5.—West Oxford Fair, Fryeburg.
Oct. 6, 7.—Worlel's Fair, North Waterford.
Oct. 10.—Supreme Judicial Court, South Paris.
Oct. 25, 26, 27.—Annual meeting Maine Poachers' Association, Augusta.
Nov. 14, 15, 16.—Annual meeting and exhibition of Maine State Pomological Society, Augusta.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Buy Your Sulfor Coat Now.
Rain Coats.
Z. L. Merchant & Co.
Hot Water Bottles.
The Favorite Laxative.
One Million Dollars.
Remove the Cause.
Women's Woes.
Her Hair Grew.
Stomach Tonic.
Bronchitis Conquered.
Appointment of Administratrix.
Notice of Bankruptcy.
Commissioners' Notice.
Chicken Feed.
The Maine Register.
Auction.
Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

Hearing on Returns Next Monday.

THREE TOWN CLERKS APPEARED TO MAKE CORRECTIONS THURSDAY.

At the meeting of the governor and council Thursday, applications were made for corrections in the returns of the vote of Sept. 11th from the towns of Limestone, Westfield, Athens, and Matinicus Plantation. The town clerks of the three towns were present, and each of them presented his record book, and a sample ballot on which he had noted the result of the count. There was a thorough examination of the several clerks, to ascertain all the circumstances. In each case it appeared that the sample ballot with the figures filled in was the only minute made by the clerk in open town meeting, each of them making out his record later from that.

As the figures were incorrectly given in the official returns from each of these towns, it seems that the substitution of the correct figures would change the result on the repeal of the prohibitory amendment from a "yes" majority of 26 to a "no" majority of 758.

No action was taken in any of the cases by the governor and council, but it was announced that further applications for correction of returns would be received up to and including Oct. 9th, when the council will be in session at 4 P. M. for the purpose of holding a hearing on such applications.

It is not known that any applications for corrections, other than those made at this meeting, will be received.

Attorney General Pattangall, addressing the meeting late in its session, charged that the law requiring swinging doors on the voting booths was violated openly, grossly and willfully in many towns.

Why Dr. Grenfell Combats Alcohol.

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking a "little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow and that her childaen were fatherless because her husband, gentle and loving and clean living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure is constant, and physical conditions are full of hardship? Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. The fishermen that I live among are my friends, and I love them as my brothers, and I do not think I am unnecessarily prejudiced or bigoted when I say that alcohol is inadvisable, after one has seen it robbing his best friends of strength, honor, reason, kindliness, love, money and even life.

During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter—an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary.

I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen who like ourselves, neither touch, taste nor handle it.

I would be willing to allow that the manufacture of it gives employment, that the sale of it is remunerative, that a desire for it can be easily created. But the desire for it has to be "cultivated" and once cultivated the "market" is certain to open up—for the desire becomes insatiable, uncontrollable lust in many. I have no controversy with anything that gives employment and circulates money, and should possibly be satised if after all the good grain and good feedstuffs had been fermented and converted into this particular kind of poison, instead of being poured down men's throats, it were poured into the ocean, where at least it would do no harm.

I have seen men robbed in many ways, but they have been able, by the help of God to wipe out any lasting results of such transient losses. But the robberies of alcohol are irremediable. I buried in a lonely grave on a projecting promontory, far down the coast of Labrador, a young girl of eighteen. She was some one's daughter and some one's sister. I had taken her aboard our little hospital ship for the last week of her life. She should have been alive to-day, but she had no desire to live. All that could possibly make life worth living for her had been robbed from her through the means of alcohol, and she could not face the homegoing again.

If I ever have the opportunity given to me to say a word at any time or in any place which could help to inhibit the use of alcohol as a beverage, so long as I can stand upon my feet I shall be proud to get up and speak it.—Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell, M. D.

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.

Mrs. Joseph P. Thompson of Portland has purchased from Miss Persis N. Andrews her home in this village and will remodel and improve the buildings the coming spring. Mrs. Thompson and her family have spent twenty-three summers at Paris Hill, where they have many friends who are much gratified that they have bought a home and decided to locate here permanently.

Frederick T. Case, Esq., of New York, who has for some time owned a few shares in the old county building property, is now understood to have purchased the interest of the Cummings heirs and other owners so as to become sole owner of the property. The people of Paris Hill are very hopeful that this means the immediate improvement and development of one of the finest locations in this beautiful village.

Col. Edward T. Brown, a native of Paris Hill, who, after a long and honorable record, is to retire from the United States army in November, has sent three horses and a large quantity of household goods to his old home, the Dr. Thomas H. Brown place in this village. Everyone will be glad to learn that Col. Brown is to bring his family here the coming spring, where they are to make their future home. During the winter the Brown place is to be remodeled, and greatly improved in preparation for their occupancy.

Miss Olivia E. P. Stokes, who has occupied the Atwood house during the past summer, goes this week to Sharon, Conn., where she has taken a house for the winter months.

Mrs. J. P. Thompson of Portland, Dr. and Mrs. William Thompson, Miss Olive Thompson and George Lunt were guests at Elmhurst last week.

Rev. G. W. F. Hill was called to Waldoboro to attend the funeral of a former parishioner the past week.

A current newspaper paragraph says that "the last surviving cattle pound in Maine" is located in Orrington. But it is added that, though built of stone and mortar, for the last twenty-five years it has served merely as a relic of former days and customs, and that its hinges are so rusted that it would be difficult to swing the gate for either man or beast. If it is only relics and ruins of pounds that are desired, there is one within a mile of Paris Hill, on the West Sumner road, the walls of which are still standing in fair condition. They are not laid in mortar, but are thick, and being laid by one who was master of his craft, still "survive." The writer can remember when these walls were surmounted by heavy hewn timbers, but is not of years enough to remember when the enclosure was used for its original purpose. Not for nearly forty years, anyway.

Unclaimed letters in Paris post office Oct. 1st:

Miss Margaret Huskins.
Mrs. Milton Johnson.
Mrs. Melvin L. Park.
Mrs. John A. Davis.
John Fitzgerald.

Greenwood.

Cold and windy as October draws near as might be expected; but it has one good effect, it tends to diminish the myriads of flies which had become a perfect nuisance. Hornets were allowed to come in and feast on them for a while, but finally they became so vicious as to sting the people, regardless of age or sex, when war was declared on them also; and hornets, as well as flies, were slain without mercy.

Some visiting during the past week as usual; the first were Mrs. Charles Swan, her daughter, Bertha Emmons, and her fourth of July baby boy, who is a fine little kid and to all appearance worth raising. Later Roy Morgan came on a visit and while here took a walk down to the cranberry bog with another boy and picked a quantity, still uninjured by frost, which was a wonder in view of the two freezing nights about the middle of the month.

Frank Brooks is about to commence his winter's job on getting out pulp and cord wood from Mount Abram; he has hired three men and expects two more later. He had a husking bee Tuesday evening which was well attended. Such festivals seem to be now in order; there are three to come off in the near future, also one apple bee, all of which tend to remind us of 60 years ago, when so much younger than to-day.

He went out the other morning with his double barrel shot gun to see what luck would do for him, and soon discovered Mr. Reynard hunting about apparently for his breakfast. Then, hiding behind a little mound he squeaked like a mouse, which called up the said Mr. Reynard within gunshot; and after receiving the contents of both barrels he died with hardly a struggle. And he was not the first one that lost his life by being outwitted by the same Nimrod.

North Buckfield.

Joseph York and wife, who have been spending the summer with Capt. Howard Emery and wife, have returned to their home in Lowell, Mass.

Miss Helen Heald, who has been sick with typhoid fever, is gaining quite rapidly.

Mrs. Washington Heald has received news from Greenfield, Ohio, of the death of her brother's wife, Mrs. James Varney, the 19th.

Mrs. Melissa Cressey and Mrs. Martha Record are visiting at Mechanic Falls.

Mountain Grange is expecting State Master Stetson to be with it Oct. 7.

Our rural mail carrier's substitute, Clinton L. Mason, has been on the route the past week.

Quite a number in the place took in the Canton fair.

Sanford Conant, son and daughter, were at B. F. Heald's the 24th.

Georgie Warren has finished work at B. Spaulding's and is at home.

Fred Keith of East Bridgewater, Mass., is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. E. Bicknell.

Mrs. Mary Spaulding is still confined to her bed.

J. M. Millett has sold his farm to George Holmes. He has hired out to oversee Dr. King's farms in Paris. They will be much missed by their neighbors.

Mrs. Isabel Swallow got 21 bushels off a King tree this fall.

Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Farrington have sold their house here to Cyrus Linnell and have moved to Massachusetts.

Percy Gammon, who has been in the army in the Philippine Islands, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Henry Chaplin.

Miss Martha Attean is visiting her folks at Oldtown.

Quite a large number from here attended the fair at Spurr's Corner Wednesday, Sept. 27.

Elmer McCollister is moving his family from Mrs. Bennett's house to the Methodist parsonage on Lake Street.

Several people from Oxford attended the Gloucester fair Wednesday.

Margaret Walker, who has been sick for a long time with tuberculosis, has gone to Shelburne, N. H., for treatment.

Mr. Parrott and family from Florida have arrived at their summer home on MacGuire Island.

Mrs. Walter Scribner, who has been sick for a few weeks, is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hall, in East Oxford.

Mr. Lincoln, who has bought the farm belonging to Weston Dunn, is moving his goods there from Auburn, where he now lives.

Miss Mildred Dunbar is working for Chas. Bumpus at South Paris.

West Lovell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hazen of Beverly, Mass., visited Mrs. Hazen's aunt, Mrs. Georgie Chadbourne, and called on her aunt, Joan McAllister.

Clarence Lord had one of his horses killed last week.

Delbert McAllister, wife and two children, of Jackson, N. H., called on his relatives, Z. McAllister's family and Alexander Laroque's family, last Sunday.

Bethel.

Sunday, Francis and Dorothy Chandler spent the day with their brother Harold, returning to Norway in the afternoon.

Evelyn Chandler has returned to Norway, having spent the summer with her grandparents.

Earl Barker has purchased a farm in Norway, having sold his farm to Wallace Kilgore of Newry.

Thursday, Miss Isabel Shirley returned to her home in Brooklyn.

Sidney Jodrey, who recently sold his house, is moving into the Hall rent over the barber shop.

Several attended the fair at Andover Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Buker of Auburn are visiting the doctor's mother, Mrs. Curtis.

The huskers and all who worked in the corn shop were paid last Friday. The farmers will be paid for their corn about the middle of October. Mr. Whitman is rushing the labeling, as he is to manage the canning of apples in Norway. The corn has all been marketed, and while the orders could not all be filled on account of the freeze, Bethel farmers suffered much less than those in some other places.

The first of two illustrated lectures given by Mr. Cross proved most interesting to all who attended. As formerly Mr. Cross came under the auspices of the senior class of Gould Academy. The first lecture was Venice and the next will be English Cathedrals, and ending with the coronation of George V.

A lodge of "Modern Woodmen" was organized in Bethel last Tuesday evening, with about twenty members.

Mrs. W. O. Straw has returned to her home in Bethel, having spent the summer at her cottage at Islesboro.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Will the one who picked up the basket that our "Grand Union Tea man," Mr. Bragg, lost from his team between the Capen house and the Maple and Pine Farm house, kindly keep it for him until he appears again, or let him know where it is? A kindness is never lost.

The beauty has faded from our lovely woodbine, but old nature, true to its guide, will make all things best for all, and "we must reap what we sow" in some way—and what our kind Giver takes in one way he will give in another if we "trust and obey."

Not so many acres of sweet corn, maybe, but more of something else would be more profitable for some farmers. Plant what can be used to good advantage on your own farm. If you fail to find a good soil for it, make it pay by using it to benefit your stock and farm or eat it yourself.

Gladys Buck did not go back to Massachusetts; her sister Ruth went. We think Gladys has graduated. Ruth attends the girls' school at East Northfield.

Lewis Faulkingham of Jonesport is working for Mr. F. J. Russell.

Walter Balentine is on the Osgood farm.

Philip A. Wheeler of East Bethel is cutting wood on the Maple and Pine Farm. He is 73 years of age, and can cut wood all right. His father's name was Henry H. Wheeler, and he and his wife died in Abington, Mass. He had one sister in California at the time of the earthquake. Philip Wheeler's father was a native of Sweden, Europe, and his mother was a native of this country. They are all singers, and Mr. Wheeler has a good voice and can sing many old time songs. One of the best is, "Take me back to the place where I first saw the light." None of the Wheelers in this place are any relation to him, being, he says, another race of people.

There has been considerable sickness in the family of Carey Stevens.

Emma Clough of Massachusetts has been here among relatives.

Our mail carrier, Mr. Hutchins, has returned from his western trip. L. D. Brown substituted in his absence.

Dr. Wight has been here several times of late to visit the sick ones.

A. M. Carter was at home recently.

West Bethel.

"When the frost is on the fodder,
And a tingle in the air;
When the pumpkins have been gathered
And the corn is shocked with care;
When the grease is in the griddle,
And the batter's in the crock,
Life's worth living winter mornings
When you rise at six o'clock.

When the cakes are on the griddle,
And the syrup's in the jug;
When the coffee has been settled,
And the fire is warm and snug;
When you smell the breakfast ready,
And you hear the "get up" knock,
There's a lot of joy in living,
Though you rise at six o'clock."

October.

The parched earth needs more rain.

Another heavy frost Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Rolfe are visiting relatives in Appleton.

Amos K. Scribner of Gorham, N. H., visited his brother, Eben H. Scribner, last week.

E. L. Mason has begun work on his new stable, and has his brother George to assist him.

Members of Pleasant Valley Grange are working on the addition to their hall.

Many go from here to Caribou Mountain, six miles distant, and some stay nights in the camp near the summit.

L. E. Allen and son Elmer have had cement walks laid from the street sidewalk to the doors of their residence.

Winter apples are being gathered, but the freezing weather the middle of September caused many to fall from the trees much earlier than usual.

An old weather prophet in Connecticut predicts a long and hard winter with a fall of snow on or about Oct. 18th, and ice on ponds thick enough to skate on by Nov. 12th.

The mill of Rolfe Brothers is shut down, and it is not expected will again be in operation before January, when birch can be hauled on snow. An addition to the mill will be built for sawing long lumber, and other changes made.

North Waterford.

Mrs. E. H. Nason is in a bad condition and confined to her bed, caused by getting thrown from her auto Saturday night. As she and her husband and Winfield Brown were on their way to a dance at Sweden the steering gear broke which sent the auto on to its side throwing the occupants out. Mr. Nason and Mr. Brown were uninjured. Harry Brown and Dr. Coolidge were sent for by telephone and after a long hunt found the party and took them home in the small hours in the morning.

Silas Stearns went to Lovell Wednesday and returned Thursday.

Mrs. Jesse Littlefield is somewhat improved in health so she visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Parris Paige, Tuesday. Mrs. Whitcomb went with her.

Mrs. Lizzie Jewett is assisting in the house work at E. H. Nason's.

The world's fair the 6th and 7th.

Peru.

The remains of Stanley Stowell, who was drowned by the capsizing of a canoe here on the 18th, were taken to Rockland for burial. His widow has disposed of their goods and is going to Rockland to make her home with her father and mother.

West Buckfield.

Mrs. Ernest Buck, who is very sick and under the care of a trained nurse, is considered out of danger. Dr. Heald has charge of the case.

Edson Merrill expects to move his family to New Hampshire.

Will Fogg has been to East Buckfield at work with his corn harvester.

Daniel Foster is at work for James Richards this winter doing chores.

Mrs. G. C. Frost and baby of Dixfield have been stopping at Harry Buck's a few days.

Fay Foster is at work for Mrs. Ed Phinney at Buckfield.

Mrs. G. H. Warren and Mrs. M. A. Warren and baby of North Buckfield were at Harry Buck's Tuesday.

Mrs. R. L. Cummings is at Mechanic Falls.

East Stoneham.

Mr. Raymond McAllister is working for his father, Mr. Frank McAllister.

Mr. E. D. Hammon spent last Saturday and Sunday at Mr. F. H. Bartlett's cottage on the shore of Lake Keywaydin.

Mr. Wilbur McAllister has gone to Massachusetts to work for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bartlett spent Sunday at their cottage on the shore of Lake Keywaydin.

Mr. Raymond McAllister spent Saturday evening with Mr. E. D. Hammon.

Mrs. J. Bartlett is quite ill at this writing.

West Sumner.

Mrs. Rena Andrews of Mechanic Falls, who has been spending the summer here with her brother, Harry Jacobs, has gone to Woodstock to keep house for Frank Andrews.

Mrs. H. S. Robertson, who has been out of health since her recent illness, is being treated by Dr. Yates and is decidedly improved.

A club was organized here last week to be known as the Harmony Club. The following officers were elected at a business meeting;

President—R. N. Stetson.
Vice-President—A. G. Farrar.
Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. Chas. Barrows.

Alphonso Hazelton has a carriage horse which is the pet of the family. A few months ago the horse broke his leg while feeding in the dooryard. Mr. Hazelton dug a grave and was about to send for a man to come and shoot him when he yielded to the tears and supplications of his son and daughter, who begged for the horse's life. Mr. Hazelton turned the horse out to pasture after getting advice from a veterinary, Dr. Walker of South Paris. Now the horse is able to use his leg and in time it will be as strong as the others.

Thomas McLeod of Gorham, N. H., is here buying horses. He has bought R. N. Stetson's horses and also M. C. Thomas'.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Heath gave a reception to their friends Thursday evening in the hall. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour and it proved a very enjoyable occasion. They received a number of presents.

Adin, the seven-year-old son of H. B. Maxim, met with a serious accident one day last week. He was running corn stalks into a bush cutter while another boy operated the cutter. He caught the second finger of his right hand in the machine, severing the end of the finger just below the nail in a slanting manner. Dr. Atwood dressed the wound.

George Dyer has moved into the Clark house which he recently purchased.

Bryant's Pond.

Zenas Morse has exchanged his village stand with Edwin Andrews for a place at Walker's Mills. It is likely that Herman Cole will occupy the Morse house.

Several orchards have recently been robbed and the owners are close after the thieves.

Supt. J. A. Farrell of the Grand Trunk was in town Thursday.

Charles Johnson has moved back to his farm in Milton Plantation. Leon Davis will take his place at the Andrews stable.

Reuben Whitman has bought one of the Arthur Bessey houses, having sold his last week to Benjamin Abbott.

A crew from Gorham are making repairs on the Grand Trunk water tank.

East Sumner.

Several scholars in the vicinity are attending Buckfield High School, going and returning daily on the trains.

James D. Bosworth has been confined to his home by illness for several weeks.

Rev. L. M. Robinson has returned to Philadelphia. He made a brief trip to Montreal just before leaving.

S. Robinson and wife and L. B. Heald were guests of Cyrus B. Heald at Canton several days, and during the fair.

The Congregational parsonage is being put in good condition for the next minister, whoever he may be. Asa A. Robinson is putting the roofs of the buildings in good repair which was much needed.

Mrs. Ella S. Heald and her sister, Mrs. A. D. Park, visited a few days at C. S. Osgood's camp near Oquossuc last week.

Mrs. Hattie H. Palmer has returned home after spending the summer at Antrim, N. H., where she has sisters and a daughter.

Those famed circle dinners are again in evidence every Wednesday. They are gotten up alternately by the Congregational and Baptist Ladies' Circles and are well patronized by a hungry cowd, who greatly appreciate them.

Another heavy frost and freeze on Friday morning which must have chilled the apples blown off in Thursday's high winds.

Norway Lake.

Mrs. Robley H. Morrison of Rumford is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Partridge, for a few days.

Mrs. E. J. Noyes of Lovell is also visiting her parents, J. L. Partridge and wife.

Mrs. G. E. Horr is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Wm. French, at North Norway.

Dr. Edna H. Stephens, who has been here for several weeks, returned to West Somerville, Sept. 29th.

Miss Janet C. Stephens went to Massachusetts with her sister.

East Waterford.

Miss Angie Brackett of Newton, Mass., visited Mrs. B. G. McIntire recently. Mrs. McIntire's mother, Mrs. Lizzie Sawin, is with her this week.

Schools opened the 18th with the following teachers:

South Waterford—Charlotte Morse.
Temple Hill—Helen Howe of Norway.
East Waterford—Mrs. Lulu G. Pinkham.
Plummer Hill—Fannie Hersey.
Mutiny—Winnie Knight.
North Waterford Grammar—Emmie J. Young.
North Waterford Primary—Ida B. Holt.
Flat—Agnes R. Plummer.

Fred Chadbourne has entered Bridgton Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Smith of Norway spent Sunday with the McIntires.

East Bethel.

Miss Ella Farwell is visiting friends at Berlin, N. H.

Mrs. Irving Kimball of Boston is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Holt.

Mr. E. S. Bean and Mr. Albert Swan have gone to Kingsbury where they have work.

Mrs. Guy Bartlett and little daughter Iva are spending a few weeks with her parents at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Mrs. A. F. Hamilton of Biddeford, and Mrs. Frank Barker and two daughters of Pine Point, Portland, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Bartlett.

The farm buildings, house, ell and barn of Mr. Elmer D. Cole were burned to the ground Tuesday afternoon, the 26th. Fire was caused by a defective chimney. Most of the house furnishings, two horses, cows, hens, etc., were saved. Mr. Cole was away visiting relatives at Lowell, Mass., at the time.

Hebron.

Prof. Angell of Bates was at Prof. J. F. Moody's recently.

At the last meeting of the W. R. C. one new member was taken in. The exercises were followed by a banquet.

Stanley Glover has returned to his work in Portland.

Mrs. C. H. George is at home from her visit in Massachusetts.

It is greatly regretted that Rev. Mr. Bock has resigned here and accepted a call to Franklin, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Bock have been earnest workers during his pastorate here and have made many warm friends. They will both be greatly missed.

Mr. F. A. Partridge, Jr., who has been with Miss Tripp through September, will return to his home in Woburn, Mass., Saturday. Mr. Partridge will enter in business with his father, who has been for over three years New England representative for the Lippincott Soda Water Apparatus of Philadelphia. Their office is at 61 Hanover Street, Boston.

J. L. Bumpus is having a steam heater put in his house.

Mason.

Mrs. E. A. Steady of Berlin, N. H., visited friends in town one day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hutchinson and son of East Weymouth, Mass., returned home this week.

Douglas Cushing is at work in Lovell hauling strips.

George Mills is helping A. J. Hutchinson pick apples.

Frank Foster has been putting in some new windows for E. H. Morrill.

Mrs. C. A. Tyler and two children are visiting Mrs. Helen Tyler of West Bethel Flat.

W. A. Bragg, agent for the Grand Union Tea Co., was through this place this week.

Miss Bertha E. Tyler is visiting her sister in Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs L. F. Blanchard have returned to their home in Newark, N. J.

Buckfield.

Miss A. H. Prince gave a tea party to friends Friday evening. It is needless to state that everything was first-class as Miss Prince always does things in a royal way.

Supt. Smith of Sanford was in town several days this week.

Mrs. Elliot Gardner of Portland is at Hotel Long for a short stay.

Apple picking seems to be the order of the day now.

West Paris.

Tax Collector Harry D. Cole will be at the Maple House next Saturday, Oct. 7, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to receive taxes from any who wish to pay.

Wilson's Mills.

Clinton Bennett has gone to the University of Maine.

J. B. Bucknam of Boston is visiting his son, J. W. Bucknam.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Belville are living at the Dam.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lancaster have gone to Vermont.

E. E. Storey is working at the Dam.

Fred Shaw has gone to Vermont to work on the railroad for Chas. O'Hara.

C. I. Wilson is working for W. W. Linnell.

A. L. Luce returned to his home Monday.

W. W. Linnell and sons went to their camp Saturday, returning Monday.

Beryl Raymond, Fred McLeod and Jesse Swett of Errol are threshing.

Granville Wilson called on friends here the past week.

Dr. Twombly of Colebrook was in town Tuesday, on his way to the lake.

J. W. Bucknam was in Colebrook after beef cattle the past week.

Maine News Notes.

Alexander Harvey, 51 years old, despondent over the death of an adopted son, took Paris green with fatal effect at his home in Biddeford.

The body of a man run over by a freight train in Lewiston on the 23d was finally buried without identification, several days of effort yielding not the slightest clue.

Rouel Stenard, 20 years old, a drug clerk employed in the store of Wallace T. Percival, Main Street, Biddeford, was drowned at Hills Beach by the overturning of a skiff.

Charles Munce, a traveling cigar maker who came to Bangor from Boston, where he has been receiving treatment in a hospital for asthma, cut his throat in the hallway of his boarding house. He died in an ambulance as he was being taken to the hospital.

Mistaking a gallon bottle of freshly mixed arsenic solution for spring water, Dr. F. E. Freeman, a Bangor veterinarian, took two swallows of it Thursday afternoon. Physicians were hastily summoned and his stomach was thoroughly cleaned. There was no food in it at the time, however, and enough of the poison was absorbed by the system to cause his death Friday forenoon.

A canvass of the principal potato shipping points and producing regions in Aroostook County indicates that 17,000,000 bushels will be the amount of this year's yield there, of which, it is estimated, 12,000,000 bushels will be shipped from the county and 5,000,000 retained for home consumption. Large crops are reported from Washington, Oxford and Penobscot counties, and it is expected that Maine will ship 25,000,000 bushels between now and July 1st of next year.

A two-year-old bull moose was captured alive in Benton a few days since. O. W. Hansen of that town discovered the moose on his farm, and with the help of some neighbors, drove him into his barn cellar and shut him up. The state fish and game department was notified, and Curator Thomas A. James of the state museum was sent after him. The animal was put in a crate and taken to Monmouth, where he has been released in the deer park connected with the state hatchery.

The Portland and Brunswick street railway property was sold by auction Monday to Harry B. Ivers of Lewiston, the only bidder, for $225,000. The sale was due to a suit brought by the Augusta Trust Company, holders of bonds to the amount received. The system is operated between Brunswick and Yarmouth and will continue under the same officials now serving. Mr. Ivers represents a syndicate of capitalists who are large owners of the Lewiston, Augusta and Waterville road.

A new community house has just been dedicated at Buxton Lower Corner by the parish in the picturesque orthodox church on Tory Hill, after 150 thriving years. A free library and reading room will be conducted and suppers and entertainments will be held from time to time. The house was formerly a Boston and Maine Railroad station, sold at auction at Bar Mills when increasing traffic made imperative a larger structure. The Buxton church pastor, Rev. Robert W. Harbutt, was the highest bidder, and, carried away by his enthusiasm, his parishioners banded to help in the hauling of the building to its site in a field given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Berry. Material assistance was furnished by the Dorcas society, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Miss Nora A. Smith. The total expenses amounted to $1200.

In driving across the Maine Central Railroad tracks near the station at Gray Monday with her son, Robert Sykes, and Isaac Lord of South Gray, in a beach wagon, Mrs. Phœbe Sykes, widow of R. M. Sykes, who was for many years in the clothing business in Lewiston, was instantly killed. Mrs. Sykes had come from Lewiston on the local train which reaches Gray a few minutes before the Bangor and Portland express goes through at 11:15. Her son and Mr. Lord had met her at the station with a beach wagon, and they were in the track when the express struck it, throwing Mrs. Sykes about 30 feet, killing her instantly. Mr. Sykes received some severe bruises. Mr. Lord escaped with slight injury. Mrs. Sykes was the daughter of the late Thomas Carey of Gray. Since the death of her husband ten years ago she had been living with a friend in Staten Island, New York, and was at Gray, her native place, on a visit. She had gone to Lewiston for a few days, and was on her way back to Gray when the accident occurred. Mrs. Sykes was about 70 years of age and is survived by a son and one brother, Albert Carey, a farmer of South Gray. Mr. Lord, who was in the carriage when it was struck, was formerly a resident of Norway.

Costumes of Fishskins.

Among the most wonderful garments worn at the present day are the curious fishskin dresses of the wealthy women of the Gold tribe, living along the Amir river, east Siberia. Though they can neither read nor write, these people are producing astonishing ornaments, designs and embroidery work.

The dress is composed of several layers of fishskin, the undermost representing the skin of the garment proper, the uppermost showing the ornaments in their cut-out forms. Between these two layers is inserted a middle layer, which serves as a background, throwing out distinctly all parts of the ornaments. The pieces of fishskin forming the ornaments are generally colored blue. The front and back of the dress are adorned with these cut-out pieces of fishskin sewed with fishskin thread.—Christian Herald.

Conundrums.

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a cornfield? Because so many ears are there and they would be shocked.

If you were to ride on a donkey what fruit would you resemble? A pair (pear).

Why is a plumb cake like the ocean? Because it has so many currents.

What is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

Which is the best way to make a coat last? Make the trousers and vest first.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

The leaders of the Boy Scouts of America wish to make it plain that it is not necessary for boys joining the organization to wear uniform or procure any special equipment to engage in scout activities. It is not necessary for the boy scout to spend any money unless he desires. He can have just as much fun, take all the tests for the different grades of scout and be received by the other boys without spending a cent. For the convenience, however, of the boys who wish to obtain uniform and other equipment the national council has arranged with certain manufacturers to furnish these articles to the boys. The council has succeeded in cutting the prices to one-half and in some instances one-third of what formerly was charged. A knife that formerly cost $2 can now be obtained for $1. Whistles that used to cost 25 cents can be bought for 10 cents. While these articles can be ordered from the national headquarters, arrangements are being made so that suits and other articles of guaranteed material can be obtained from other dealers, all bearing the stamp of the Boy Scouts of America.

A Boy Scout Hero.

Benjamin Barnes, chubby, plucky boy scout, arrived in Asbury Park, N. J., with his parents for the summer. Soon after he made sure that his mother was comfortable in the summer home Ben grabbed his toy sailboat and ran over to Wesley lake. He wanted to sail the boat a little before dinner. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and soon the little yacht was speeding across the lake. Ben, on the shore, watched it with much delight. It passed close to something floating on the water. Ben looked sharply and thought he saw a hand. He waited no longer, but dashed into the water and swam toward the object. Though Ben is only twelve years old, he has passed the requirements for a second class scout. As he got near the object he saw that it was the body of a little girl, apparently dead. He dragged it to the shore, and instead of running for aid he got busy with the first aid treatment that he learned from his scout master in Ridgewood, N. J. He rolled the little body and worked the arms. When another boy came along

Photo by American Press Association.

"SPIRIT OF '76," BY BOY SCOUTS AT COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

he sent him posthaste for help, but before the doctor arrived the little girl showed signs of life.

How the girl had fallen into the water she could not tell, but her parents are satisfied that Ben saved her life. The incident has been reported to the headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America by E. N. Lilly, scout master, and the question of awarding a hero medal to Ben will be taken up at the next meeting of the executive board.

Boy Scouts Study First Aid.

At the suggestion of Charles Lynch, major of the medical corps of the United States army, in charge of the first aid department, the test for the merit badge of first aid to the injured has been arranged to comprise ten different phases of emergency work. Before a boy can obtain a first aid merit badge he must do the following things: Demonstrate artificial respiration, treat dislocation of the lower jaw, apply proper dressing for a fracture of the upper arm, demonstrate treatment of wound of the neck with severe arterial hemorrhage, treat injury of the leg without severe hemorrhage, apply bandage to chest, apply dressings for fracture of thigh, show what to do for rupture of varicose veins of the leg with severe hemorrhage, treat bite of finger by mad dog, demonstrate rescue of person in contact with electric wire.

UNCLE SILAS SULKED.

What Aunt Melissa Had to Say When She Heard the News.

Aunt Melissa Spigott was such an exceedingly energetic talker that the youngsters of the family used to suppose that her tongue must be copper toed, because it never wore out. Uncle Silas, on the other hand, was as economical of words as a marketman is of early strawberries.

The too free exercising of this unruly member of Aunt Melissa's on one occasion gave Uncle Silas serious offense, which he manifested by a severe silence lasting for several days. At the end of that period one of the older daughters approached her mother upon the subject with the remark, "Ma, seems like you ought to make up with pa by now."

"Make up with pa!" exclaimed Aunt Melissa in great astonishment. "Make up what?"

"Why," returned the daughter, "don't you know poor pa's feeling bad yet? He's still huffing."

"Huffing—for the land's sake! How long's he been a-huffing?"

"Ever since you came down on him so hard about wasting sugar by not stirring his coffee; that's three days ago."

"Why, you don't tell me, Janie Maudie" Aunt Melissa looked amazed. "Your pore pa. Been a-huffing for three days, and I never mistrusted a thing of it!"—Youth's Companion.

Mr. Porcupine.

"I really cannot tell you," said Mr. Porcupine,
"How very, very easily I get my food to dine.
I walk out in the orchard, where the fruit is on the ground
And simply gather all I wish by rolling round and round.
There's really not a bit of use with gardening to grapple
When one can just go out and get a porcupineapple."

AUCTION.

At my homestead farm, 1 mile east of South Paris,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1911,

1:30 P. M.

Will sell at public auction, 18 head of cattle, 12 of them either giving milk or with calf; only 1 over 6 years old; 4 heifers less than 1 year; 1 ten month grade Holstein bull; 1 fat hog; 1 brood sow with pigs.

Rain or shine.

O. K. CLIFFORD.

Albert D. Park, Auctioneer, South Paris, Maine. 40

Bronchitis Conquered.

Seventy Years Old and Praises Wonderful Hyomei.

"I had a severe attack of La Grippe. It left me with bronchitis and catarrh of my throat. I became quite deaf in one ear so I could not hear a watch tick. I commenced using your HYOMEI and inhaler and soon got relief, and believe that it saved my life. I have recommended it to many. I am over seventy years old. I have told several prominent doctors what it did for me." Wm. H. Mowder, Washington, N. J., R. F. D.,

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing Oct. 1, 1911,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:36 A.M., daily; 9:43 A.M., daily except Sunday; 4:36 P.M., daily.

Going up (west)—9:43 A.M., daily; 3:35 P.M., daily except Sunday; 8:47 P.M., daily.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 21, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I. O. O. P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every Tuesday evening at Pythian Hall.

Howard Maxim is in Portland, in the employ of W. A. Allen.

"Did you ever see a cooler September?" is a common remark.

Mrs. Sarah Knox of Hartford, Ct., is the guest of her brother, William J. Wheeler.

Mrs. J. C. B. Smith of Salem Willows, Mass., has been a guest at George Giles' for a short time.

Myron W. Farnum and Roland H. Haggett spent several days in a trip to Montreal last week.

Dr. J. G. Littlefield is now using a Hudson touring car, for which he traded his other car while on a recent mountain trip.

A lot of wires and some poles have been removed from the streets by the Maine Telephone Co. since they got the cable in use.

Apple picking has begun in good season this year. J. W. S. Colby, in addition to canning and cider apples, has already been shipping loose Baldwins.

A new Mosler safe, weighing some over 3000 pounds, was put into the office of Alton C. Wheeler Wednesday. A. W. Walker & Son did the job of getting it up the stairs.

Dr. C. L. Buck attended the annual meeting of the Oxford County Sunday School Association Tuesday, and was re-elected president of the association, an office which he has held for two years.

A number of the neighbors and friends of C. Ellis McAllister gave him a surprise party last Monday evening. Games were played, and the evening was spent in a social way. Light refreshments were served. In behalf of the visitors, Rev. A. T. McWhorter made the presentation of a book to Mr. McAllister.

Did you attend Mrs. Smiley's millinery opening last Friday and Saturday? If not you should have and seen the pretty hats exhibited. It is not too late to run in now and order a hat for winter. You will find any kind to suit your style and complexion and an agreeable corps of assistants to wait on you.

Carroll R. King wishes to correct the erroneous impression that there wasn't an ear of corn in town that was not frosted in the freeze of the unlucky 13th of September. To prove the incorrectness of the impression, he leaves with the Democrat a half dozen ears of sweet corn, which certainly have known no frost.

Mrs. E. N. Anderson left last Monday to be gone for a number of weeks. She visited in Portland, and from there went to Haverhill, Mass., to attend the wedding of Mr. Anderson's niece, Miss Messer, then to Providence, R. I., where she will remain for some time with the family of her son, Harold C. Anderson. Mrs. Harold C. Anderson and son, who had been visiting here, accompanied her.

As announced, the winter schedule of trains went into effect on the Grand Trunk Oct. 1st. The "milk train" is taken off, the forenoon trains again cross here, a few minutes earlier than before, and the other changes are about as anticipated. Trains now go east at 5:36 and 9:43 A. M. and 4:36 P. M., west at 9:43 A. M. and 3:35 and 8:47 P. M. The Sunday excursion train to Berlin makes its last trip next Sunday.

A pile driver is at work at the railroad bridge below the village, strengthening the abutments for the winter's traffic. It was found that the ballast was shoving the abutments out of place, and it was the intention to rebuild them this season, but as it could not be accomplished, the work of strengthening is being done. Next year a new bridge will be put in, and the rebuilding of these large and high abutments, which have stood so many years, it is needless to say will be a big undertaking.

The Maine Power Co. are to replace their dam on the Little Androscoggin in this village with a concrete dam, at once. The contract to build the dam has been let to C. E. Hoxie & Co. of Augusta, and work is to begin on Tuesday of this week. A new penstock of hard pine will be put in from the dam to the power station, and this will be built by the Stevens Tank and Tower Co. of Auburn. The entire work is to be completed by the first of December, which will mean quite active business in the meantime. There has been a wooden dam at this place for considerably more than a hundred years.

The committees appointed for the sale to be given by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church are as follows:

Reception—Mrs. Imogene Swett, Mrs. Kewley, Mrs. T. M. Davis, Mrs. Lyman Merrill.
Entertainment—Mrs. Nina Robertson, Mrs. Stella Burnham, Mrs. Luella Smiley, Mrs. Eva Ordway.
White Table—Mrs. Lizzie Millett, Mrs. Ivy Morton, Miss Olive Swett, Mrs. Edith Buck.
Food Table—Mrs. Ellen M. Curtis, Mrs. Herrick, Mrs. Chas. Moulton, Mrs. Myrtle Robinson.
Apron Table—Mrs. Lucy Edwards, Mrs. Arvilla Wise, Mrs. Almeda Newton, Mrs. Laura Chase.
Candy Table—Misses Jessie Tolman, Nora Dunham, Eulalia Millett, Mearle Monk.
Ice Cream—Mrs. Eben Chapman, Miss Addie Giles, Miss Grace Dudley, Mrs. Julia Abbott.
Five and Ten-cent Table—Misses Myrtle Buck, Sara Swett, Helen Chapman, Florence Richardson.
Vegetable and Fruit—Mrs. Hiram Berry, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Angie Johnson, Mrs. Ware.
Larkin Club—Miss Cleora Godwin, Miss Myra Richards, Mrs. E. O. Millett, Mrs. Billings.

"I don't know when we've done it all, nor who has been here to buy, but we've sold over sixty-two dollars' worth," said one of the members of the Seneca Club, as they were closing up their sale in Grand Army Hall Friday evening. Although it was a cold, drizzly day, there was a good patronage, for the visitors, though not numerous, came to buy. The apron table was well stocked, and the fancy table is said by those qualified to judge, to have had some of the prettiest things ever sold at any of the many fairs here. An appetizing display was on the food table, and as to the candy table, one of the club members exclaimed, "It isn't fair. I'm going to get on the candy table another year, for all the men hang right around there." The net receipts will take care of the regular expenses of the reading room for the year, and a little more.

Patrick Arsenault was a guest at Chas. Edwards' Saturday and Sunday.

The World's Fair at North Waterford will be held next Friday and Saturday.

Shirley J. Rawson has returned to Bates College after a few days' illness at home.

Mrs. Charles Rawson goes to Boston this Monday morning for the month of October.

Mrs. Lura Martin of Bryant's Pond has been visiting relatives here for a few days.

Chas. H. Howard is in Boston this week, buying Christmas goods and attending the Rexall convention.

Mrs. A. D. Park, in company with her sister, Mrs. Heald, of Sumner, visited their friend, Mrs. Cleon Osgood, at Oquossoc, several days last week.

Dr. W. I. Merrill and family left the first of last week for an automobile trip to the former home of Mrs. Merrill at Calais. They have not yet returned.

Benjamin Swett claims the banner so far on Wolf River apples. His largest one weighs 19 ounces and girths 15 1-4 inches, but he has a number of others nearly as large.

Mrs. Charles W. Bowker underwent a serious surgical operation at Dr. King's hospital in Portland Friday. Although suffering considerably, she is reported as doing as well as could be expected.

Mrs. A. A. Abbott, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Swett, for a number of weeks, leaves this week for a short stay in Auburn, on her way to her home in Lynn, Mass.

It is interesting and pleasant news to South Paris people that Mlle. Scalar, who has not been heard in public since her return from Europe, will sing at a concert to be given some time later in the season.

At the home of D. S. Knapp and family Saturday, Frank P. Knapp of South Paris and Miss Maude Smythe of Montandon, Pa., were united in marriage by Rev. E. A. Davis. They will reside at South Paris.

Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Davis, Deacon Geo. B. Crockett and Mrs. W. E. Morse are delegates from the South Paris Baptist church to the state convention which meets in Skowhegan this week. The delegates go on Tuesday.

O. K. Clifford will sell at auction at his farm next Saturday afternoon, eighteen head of cattle and two hogs, a fuller description of which is given in his advertisement in this paper. Mr. Clifford and family expect to move into the village later.

The Seneca Club wishes to take this opportunity to thank the village people who contributed so liberally for their sale for the benefit of the reading room last Friday, and helped make it such a success. It showed that the reading-room is appreciated.

The request of the clerks to add Wednesday evening to the store closing nights met with a ready response on the part of the business people of South Paris, all but two firms joining in a new closing agreement to that effect, which appears elsewhere in this paper.

Lieut. George Haley gave a very interesting and entertaining lecture, "Nine Years in Japan," at the Methodist church Thursday evening, describing the people and the manners and customs of Japan in a very realistic way. As usual in the case of a lecture, there was a small audience.

The Woman's Mission Circle will meet in the vestry of the Baptist church next Thursday at 3 o'clock, sharp. The annual meeting of the Baptist Ladies' Aid will be held at the same place at 4 o'clock Thursday. As there will be election of officers and other business, a large attendance is desired.

On account of a broken casting in the engine at the pumping station of the Norway Water Co., putting the station out of commission, South Paris was applied to for water last Thursday, and the water from the South Paris system was turned on to Norway village. It will take three or four days more to complete the repairs, and meanwhile we furnish water.

Arthur E. Witham, the youngest son of the late Frank R. and Mrs. Hattie E. Witham, 11 years of age, met with a bad accident Saturday, getting the tips of the fingers on his right hand caught in the gear of a hand power cider mill. It was necessary to amputate the first and second fingers below the first joint, which was done by Dr. Littlefield. The third finger, though somewhat injured, was saved.

The Universalist Good Cheer Society will serve their first supper of the season on Tuesday of this week, Oct. 3d. The supper will be sort of a harvest supper and the menu will consist of vegetable hash, Indian pudding, beans, salad, and the usual pies, cakes, etc. A musical entertainment will be given and the evening close with a sociable. The younger classes of the Sunday School have been invited to attend free of charge. Price of the supper as usual for others attending.

Mrs. Martha Rawson died on Saturday at the home of her brother, James H. Clark, aged 69 years. She had not been in good health for a long time, and early in July she fell and broke her hip, since which time there has been little expectation of her recovery. Mrs. Rawson was twice married, her first husband being S. D. Weeks, formerly postmaster at Paris Hill. Some years after his death she married Job. H. Rawson, who died a few years since. She leaves one grandson. The funeral will be held on Tuesday at 2 P. M., attended by Rev. A. T. McWhorter.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office Oct. 2d, 1911:

Mr. Louis Dorway.
Belcher and Taylor, (card.)
James SuMiran.
Mrs. Roy E. Staples, (card.)
Mrs. W. F. Titus.
Mrs. Tom Holmes.
Joe W. Hines, Jr.
Frank H. Merrill.
Mr. McDaniels.
D. J. Marcelia.
Mrs. S. E. Proctor.
Miss Vera Russell, (card.)
Miss Emma G. Gardner, (card.)
Harvey Corbett, (card.)
Miss A. Chaverine, (card.)
Harry Bruno, (card.)
Angus A. Gillis, (card.)
Mrs. Omer Bergeron.
Ralph H. Cole, (card.)
George Young, (card.)
Arthur C. Welch, (card.)
Mrs. M. L. Cooper, (card.)
C. F. Treet, (card.)
G. E. French, (card.)
Mrs. M. J. Poor, (card.)
Reginald Grant, (card.)
Harry Sunderland, (card.)
Harvey S. Corbett, (2 letters.)
Harry Clancy.
Charles Austin.

S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

Hamilton R. Keene is working for Mrs. A. O. Wheeler.

Mrs. Martha Rawson, who has been ill for several months at the home of J. H. Clark, died Saturday.

Dr. E. S. Talbot of Sandwich, Mass., and Fred Talbot of Turner were at A. B. Talbot's last Thursday.

James Millett of Buckfield, who is superintendent of Dr. King's farms, moved his family to Dr. King's farm house at King Hill, last Wednesday.

Among this week's state meetings which are of interest are the Federation of Women's Clubs in Saco, Monday to Thursday, and the Maine Baptists at Skowhegan, Tuesday to Thursday.

Of 328 accidental drownings in New England during the past year, Maine had 71 victims, being outranked by Massachusetts only with 139 drowning fatalities.

The Annette B. Chase farm at North Paris has been sold through The Dennis Pike Real Estate Agency to Blake & Brown of Bethel, for development.

GIVES AID TO STRIKERS.

Sometimes liver, kidney and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike-breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s.

Will Close Wednesday Evenings.

AGREEMENT SIGNED BY PROPRIETORS OF SOUTH PARIS STORES.

Inasmuch as the two principal manufacturing plants of South Paris, Maine, have adopted the weekly payment system—one paying Monday and the other on Saturday—we, the undersigned merchants and shopkeepers and all signers of this agreement promise each other that we will close our several places of business at South Paris, Maine, on and after Oct. 2, A. D. 1911, on each Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 6:15 P. M. (remaining open Monday and Saturday evenings only.)

We also agree to close our places of business all day on Patriots' Day, April 19th, Memorial Day, May 30th, July 4th, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day.

We also agree that any signer may keep open shop the evening before any of the above named holidays and all of Christmas week, if they so desire.

This agreement will not be valid to hold any signers unless all competitors in his principal line of merchandise sign this agreement and live up to it.

Dated at Paris, Maine, this twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1911.

F. H. NOYES COMPANY.
J. F. PLUMMER.
F. N. WRIGHT.
E. F. SHAW.
FARRAR & DEAN.
A. C. MAXIM.
E. B. CLIFFORD.
C. W. BOWKER.
MRS. L. C. SMILEY.
N. DAYTON BOLSTER COMPANY.
J. P. RICHARDSON.
GRACE THAYER.
A. H. JACKSON.
F. W. WALKER.
CHAS. H. CHURCHILL
C. W. CLARKE.

The State W. C. T. U.

Mrs. E. E. Chapman and Mrs. Geo. R. Morton from the South Paris Union attended the state convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Waterville last week, returning home Saturday morning. They report a session of more than the usual interest, because of the recent campaign in which the organization gave so much assistance.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens was again elected president of the State Union, and the former state officers were mainly re-elected.

The delegates were particularly struck with the address of welcome to the city, given by Mayor William R. Pattangall, who took an active part in advocating repeal of the prohibitory amendment in the late campaign. Any one who has ever heard Mr. Pattangall knows how graceful a speaker he is, but many of those in attendance had never heard him, and they were impressed with the suavity, courtesy, and general "smoothness" of his address. He made a hit when he said, "We beat the Republican party, but we couldn't beat the W. C. T. U."

The South Paris delegates were favored in having the company from this station to Waterville, of Dr. Edith Smith Davis, who had just returned by way of Montreal from the anti-alcoholic conference at The Hague, and they say that her presence was really the chiefest feature of interest in the convention. It is her special work to advocate scientific temperance instruction in the colleges and universities, and she is said to be a "great" woman, whose greatness can not be related by word of mouth, but can be appreciated only by seeing and hearing her.

Urban J. Cairns.

Urban J. Cairns died at the home of Carroll R. King in Paris, Sept. 26, following an operation for appendicitis, aged 22 years, 10 months, 20 days. He was a faithful member of the South Paris Baptist church, and secretary and treasurer of the Baraca Sunday School class of young men. A funeral service was held Sept. 27, Rev. E. A. Davis, his pastor, officiating, but the interment will be at his former home in Dudswell, Province of Quebec.

He leaves a father, J. R. Cairns, of East Dudswell, Province of Quebec, sisters, Mrs. Flora Bell, Westberry, P. Q.; Mrs. Julia McConnel, Sawyerville, P. Q; Mrs. Celia Hill, Coaticook, P. Q; a brother, Almon N. Cairns, of South Paris.

Flowers were received from Mr. and Mrs. Sewall Rowe, the Paris Grange, the Baraca and W. A. F. V. Sunday School classes of the South Paris Baptist Sunday School, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Turner and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cairns of Poland, South Paris Baptist church, Mr. and Mrs. McPhee, Mr. and Mrs. Almon Cairns, Mr. and Mrs. Tellis Thibodeau, Mr. and Mrs. Will Shaw. Many friends share this unexpected sorrow with the bereaved family.

E. A. DAVIS.

Club Meetings.

The first Monday in October marks the opening of the club season in South Paris. In the afternoon the Euterpean Club holds its first meeting, with Mrs. Briggs at Highland Cottage. For this meeting the topic of study is the oratorio, The Messiah, and the full program is:

Roll Call—Current Musical Events.
Piano Solo—Overture, Mrs. Wiggin.
Outline of the Oratorio, Mrs. Eastman.
Vocal Solo—O Thou that Tellest Good Tidings, Mrs. Smiley.
Piano Duet—from The Messiah, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Morton.
Vocal Solo—He Shall Feed His Flock, Mrs. Wheeler.
Essay—Life of Handel, Mrs. Barrows.
Vocal Solo—He was Despised and Rejected, Miss Tolman.
Piano Solo—Pastoral Symphony, Mrs. Shurtleff.
Vocal Solo—I Know that my Redeemeth Liveth, Miss Leach
Piano and Organ—Hallelujah Chorus, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Brickett, Mrs. Morton.

Monday evening the Seneca Club also holds its first meeting, with Mrs. Alton C. Wheeler on Porter Street. The program of this session is:

Roll Call—summer happenings, Club.
History of the Club, Mrs. Barnes.
What the Public Schools Achieve, Mrs. Hilton.
A City of Salt, Mrs. Wilson.
Autumn Poems, Mrs. Hathaway.

The Seneca Club has its annual field day on Wednesday, Oct. 11, arrangements for which will be made later.

Hoaxed.

For a few hours following Maine's recent referendum on the liquor question, the opponents of prohibition had a happy time in their jollification over their "victory." The hoax which was played upon them by the early returns calls to mind the hoax which Stratecles perpetrated upon the Athenians on the occasion of a naval defeat which they had suffered. Before the news of the defeat could reach Athens, Stratecles, though he well knew that the Athenian fleet had been utterly defeated, hastened to the city, and, wearing a chaplet on his head, rode through the Ceramicus announcing that the Athenians had won a victory, and persuaded the people to offer sacrifices to the gods for the good fortune which had befallen them. When, three days afterwards, news of the defeat reached Athens and the hoax which had been played by Stratecles became known, the Athenians were exasperated against him; but he assumed a brazen front, and asked them what harm he had done them in causing them to spend three days merrily in the pleasures of victory. If the opponents of prohibition are chagrined at their having indulged in jollification over a victory which later returns smashed to smithereens, they can, perhaps, extract some consolation by asking themselves, after the manner of Stratecles, what harm has been done them in causing them to spend a few hours merrily in the pleasures of victory.

SCRUTATOR.

IT'S EQUAL DON'T EXIST.

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

The Dennis Pike Real Estate Agency has negotiated the sale of the Arthur H. Jordan residence, situated on High Street, South Paris, to a Mr. Tarbox for occupancy; also the J. A. Frost residence in Norway village to Mr. Charles Chick for development.

Brownfield Soldiers' Monument.

DANIEL A. BEAN MEMORIAL DEDICATED APPROPRIATELY.

At Brownfield on Tuesday the Daniel A. Bean memorial monument was unveiled and dedicated in the presence of a large assembly which had gathered for the occasion. Among those who were in attendance were delegations from Bosworth and Thatcher Posts of the Grand Army, of Portland.

Daniel A. Bean enlisted from Brownfield at the age of 15 years, in the fall of 1861, and served until he was mortally wounded in the summer of 1864. The Grand Army Post at Brownfield bears his name. The memorial monument unveiled on Tuesday is a bronze figure of Daniel A. Bean with his hand upraised, taking the oath of service. The bronze stands 7 feet 6 inches high, and is mounted on two boulders from the soil of Brownfield. One of the bronze tablets which the monument bears has the inscription, "Brownfield to her sons who upheld the flag, 1861-1865," and the other the names of the 147 Brownfield men who enlisted.

It was through the efforts and the individual generosity of one of those 147 men, Elias P. Morton of Augusta, that this memorial was made possible. He volunteered to raise by his own efforts or provide himself for all the cost except $500 which was appropriated by the town. The committee of arrangements for the dedication services was composed of Walter C. Bickford, Simeon E. Eaton, Almon F. Johnson, A. W. Gray and Clayton E. Spring. Very appropriately Mr. Morton had general charge of the services.

The day was ideal, and the audience is said to have been the largest ever assembled in Brownfield for any purpose. The comrades who arrived on the forenoon trains were met by members of Daniel A. Bean Post and escorted to the post hall, where a dinner was served by the Relief Corps.

In the afternoon the line of march was taken up, with music by Brownfield Band, for the site of the monument, near which a stand for the exercises had been erected. The officers of the several Grand Army posts, town officials, the committee of arrangements and the speakers of the day occupied seats on the stand. The following program was carried out:

Music, ... Band
Invocation, ... Rev. O. W. Peterson
Song—"Hail Columbia," ..... School Children
Presentation of Monument, ... Elias P. Morton
Unveiling of Monument, .. Mrs. Eliza Spring, Mrs. Jennie Leighton, sisters of D. A. Bean
"The Star Spangled Banner," ..... Band
Acceptance of Monument, ... W. C. Bickford
Dedication of Monument, ... Daniel A. Bean Post 160, G. A. R., assisted by Col. E. C. Milliken and staff
Song—"Red, White and Blue," .. School Children
Reading—Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Henrietta L. Nolan, Brownfield High School
Music, ... Band
Oration, ... Hon. John P. Swasey
Music, ... Band
Remarks,
Mrs. Wallace R. Tarbox, Col. E. C. Milliken
Singing—"America," All, accompanied by Band
Benediction, ... Rev. Newton Clough

Mr. Morton in his remarks devoted consider able time to speaking of Daniel A. Bean, who was for some time during the war his bunk-mate. Hon. John P. Swasey gave an eloquent and inspiring talk, eulogizing the soldiers of the civil war, and reviewing the fruit of their toil and suffering.

The October Court.

The October term of the Supreme Judicial Court opens on Tuesday of next week, Oct. 10. Judge George M. Hanson of Calais will preside, this being his second term since his appointment. There will be a considerable amount of criminal business to occupy the court. The most important case is that of Ignazio Albanese, commonly known as Joe Bill, of Rumford, charged with the murder of his wife last May. Peter Ayotte of Rumford is also held, charged with felonious assault upon a young girl, and on Friday Frank Potter of Mexico was committed to jail, bound over on a similar charge. There is also an unusual accumulation of criminal matters from parts of the county outside of Rumford Falls. A new grand jury will be empaneled, and venires for that and the traverse jurors have been returned as given below. The grand jurors are summoned to be in attendance Tuesday morning, and the traverse jurors Wednesday morning:

GRAND JURORS.

John C. F. Ridlon, Porter.
Clarence H. Robinson, Peru.
H. W. Z. Walker, Waterford.
Charles Linscott, Brownfield.
A. M. Bean, Bethel.
V. N. Smith, Buckfield.
W. W. Rollins, Dixfield.
Edwin H. Cole, Woodstock.
Fritz Milliken, Hiram.
Frank A. Taylor, Paris.
Llewellyn Cushman, Norway.
Frank E. Bicknell, Canton.
Roscoe F. Staples, Oxford.
M. L. Wyman, Rumford.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Charles W. Cole, Porter.
William P. Hayford, Hartford.
E. E. Barker, Albany.
W. H. Packard, Hebron.
Lewis H. Bisbee, Sumner.
Lincoln Fuller, Upton.
M. F. Knight, Waterford.
Clayton E. Spring, Brownfield.
Calvin L. Sanborn, Bethel.
George K. Hastings, Bethel.
A. L. Purkis, Buckfield.
Norman D. Marsh, Dixfield.
George W. Davis, Woodstock.
R. N. Lowell, Hiram.
E. M. Dunham, Paris.
John J. Emeley, Paris.
Ivory L. Harmon, Canton.
Eugene L. Burns, Oxford.
J. C. Littlefield, Greenwood.
Cyrus P. Eaton, Rumford.
Milton R. Davis, Rumford.
C. D. Bickford, Stoneham.
Charles Frost, Norway.
James Danforth, Norway.
Charles A. Saunders, Sweden.

County Sunday School Convention.

On Tuesday the annual meeting of the Oxford County Sunday School Association was held in the United Baptist church at Canton, the president, Dr. C. L. Buck of South Paris, presiding. The attendance was not so large as sometimes, but the interest was good. Among the addresses of interest were those by Mrs. H. L. Hanson of Rumford on "Primary Work," by State Secretary H. E. Lufkin on "Building up the Sunday School," by J. E. Stephens of Rumford on "The Boy Problem," and by Rev. J. J. Hull of Lewiston on "Adult Work." Mr. Hull gave the evening address. The following officers were elected:

President—Dr. Charles L. Buck, South Paris.
Vice-Presidents—Dr. H. L. Trufant, Norway; H. W. Dennison, South Paris; A. F. Warren, Buckfield.
Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. H. L. Trufant, Norway.
Superintendent of Primary Work—Mrs H. L. Hanson, Rumford.
Superintendent of Home Department—Mrs. M. S. Howes, Mexico.
Superintendent of Temperance—Rev. F. R. Enslin, Canton.

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes." Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They'll help any woman. They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s.

The Department of Peace and Arbitration of the Maine W. C. T. U., under the direction of its state superintendent, Alice May Douglas, of Bath, is now engaged in a vigorous campaign against the proposition to introduce the military drill into the high schools. This department believes in a state police force, but is opposed to the propagation of a military spirit, especially at this time when the United States is leading the world in the cause of international peace.

AVERTS AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Timely advice given Mrs. C. Willoughby of Marengo, Wis., (R. No. 1) prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" cough and could do little to help her. After many remedies failed, her aunt urged her to take Dr. King's New Discovery. "I have been using it for some time," she wrote, "and the awful cough has almost gone. It also saved my little boy when taken with a severe bronchial trouble." This matchless medicine has no equal for throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Chas. H. Howard Co.

NORWAY.

Dr Bial F. Bradbury and Mrs. Bradbury, Dr. J. G. Littlefield and Mrs. Littlefield of South Paris, Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Hills, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Smith and Eleanor and Elsie E. Smith returned Sunday night from a most delightful trip around the mountains by way of Bethel, Grafton Notch, Dixville Notch, Colebrook, where the party stopped Saturday night, Bretton Woods, Crawford Notch, Fryeburg, Bridgton and Harrison to Norway.

Mrs. J. E. Alexander of Augusta and Mrs. J. M. Odlorne of Richmond were the guests of their sister, Mrs. E. F. Smith, during the week.

Hon. A. S. Kimball and Mrs. Kimball returned from their western trip Monday evening.

C. B. Cummings & Sons have purchased the Haskell place, recently sold to John Woodman by Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Avery.

James O. Crooker is doing the tin roofing for George I. Cummings on his new Pike Hill residence.

Members from the local camp of Modern Woodmen, No. 10,358, of Norway, went to Bethel Tuesday, where they instituted a new camp with a membership of thirty-eight.

Mrs. Ernest Millett has sold the house so long occupied by the late Judge Davis, to Harold Bailey.

Harry Downing, with the Hyde Windlass Co. of Bath, is with his father, George P. Downing, for a few days.

W. L. Libby is interested in clearing the lake channel of rocks, stumps, etc. The expense will be adjusted by means of a subscription paper. All boat owners are interested in having the stream open as long as possible during the time of low water.

Elmer Packard entertained his classmates, Norway High School, senior class, at his home in Greenwood Saturday evening. An oyster supper was served and a first class time enjoyed by all.

William Faulkner and Caro Beverage, who taught in our village schools last year, were married at the home of the bride in Camden this month.

Rev. B. C. Wentworth, Dr. and Mrs. L. Hall Trufant and Arthur Morgan were made delegates to the Sunday School Association at Canton by the M. E. church.

John Fletcher and friend started on their vacation trip Monday by team. They had the necessary guns, fishing rods and food.

Rev. Merrill C. Ward was ordained at Hingham, Mass., Sept. 30th, 1896. After a fifteen years' ministry he spoke Sunday of his impressions in a most interesting manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace W. Sheen entertained Mrs. Sheen's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Busch, of Portland, for a few days.

Saturday, Etta Noyes entertained her Sunday School class at a picnic dinner at the spring on Pike Hill. Very pleasant affair.

Tuesday, Oct. 3d, the W. R. C. district convention will be held at Oxford. Session to be called to order at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Harry Rust Corps, No. 45, will attend.

Jennie Baker, after a summer at Old Orchard and a week with friends in Camden, will resume her duties at the Smiley store Oct. 1st.

Grace and Esther Anderson, after a summer at Prince Edward Island, are at work in the shoe factory and rooming at Freeland Young's on Water Street.

Mrs. Helen Walker and daughter Susie have moved to Portland where Mrs. Walker will find employment as a dressmaker and her daughter will clerk for Thomas Smiley in his dry goods store.

The middle of last week the local supply of ice gave out and no ice was delivered to any except markets, hotels and stores. The cold weather seems to excuse the ice man in a way.

Rev. Frederick Crosby Lee will hold services at Christ church in this place during the week of Oct. 2d. Tuesday, Oct. 3d, at 7:30 P. M., prayer and sermon. Wednesday, Oct. 4, 8 A. M., holy communion; 7:30 P. M., annual parish meeting. Thursday, Oct. 5, 6:15 A. M., holy communion.

Mrs. Mary Bailey of Auburn passed the Sabbath with her mother, Mrs. Miriam Libby.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Hosmer of Auburn were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hosmer Sunday.

Mrs. Otis Jones, after a few weeks with Judge and Mrs. W. F. Jones, returned to her home Thursday.

Harvest dinner and supper will be served at Concert Hall Tuesday, Oct. 3d, by the ladies of the Universalist society. Dinner at noon and supper at 6:30 P. M. A social hour will follow the supper.

Rev. C. E. Brooks and wife of Mechanic Falls were with Mrs. Brooks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gammon, during the week.

John Hutchins and crew have greatly improved the Opera House front with a coat of paint.

Ralph Harriman has returned to his studies in Philadelphia.

Allie L. Wyman has sold his farm to E. B. Barker of Bethel. Mr. Wyman has the apples and crops.

Freckled Girls.

I have just received a stock of Wilson's Freckle Cream made by Wilson Freckle Cream Co, Charleston, South Carolina. It is Fine, is fragrant and harmless, and positively removes freckles, tan, and brown moth, bleaches dark faces light, and will not make hair grow. You have my guarantee that it will take off your freckles and tan or I will give you back your money. Come in, see and try it. The Jars Are Large and two at most are sufficient. I send them by mail, if desired. Price 50c. Chas. H. Howard Co.

Born.

In South Paris, Sept. 29, to the wife of Harold H. Gammon, a son.

In Norway, Sept. 25, to the wife of M. M. Kilgore, a son.

In Norway, Sept. 23, to the wife of S. I. Jackson, a daughter.

Married.

In South Paris, Sept. 30, by Rev. E. A. Davis, Mr. Frank P. Knapp of South Paris and Miss Maude Smythe of Montandon, Pa.

In Shirley, Sept. 21, Mr. Carroll Totman Bragdon and Miss Susie Virginia Kelley of Norway.

In Norway, Sept. 27, by Rev. R. J. Bruce, Mr. Roy Forrest Pratt and Miss Janette Louise Russell, both of Norway.

In Norway, Sept. 23, by Rev. B. C. Wentworth, Mr. Otis N. Gilman of Lovell and Miss Lillian A. Palmer of Norway.

In Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 25, Mr. Herman W. Hanson of Rumford and Miss Grace Brown of Dixfield.

Died.

In Paris, Sept. 26, Urban Cairns, aged 22 years.

In Paris, Sept. 30, Mrs. Martha, widow of Job H. Rawson, aged 69 years.

In Norway, Sept. 20, Mrs. Napoleon Beaudoin, aged 22 years, 6 months, 16 days.

In Norway, Sept. 20, Ellen M. Hobbs, aged 3 years, 2 months, 12 days.

In Norway, Sept. 19, Mrs. Solon Moore, aged 64 years, 20 days.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF VERMONT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF MONTPELIER, VERMONT, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1910:

Insurance in force Jan. 1, 1910,	$ 85,414,119 00
Written in 1910,	29,906,862.00
	$115,322,964.00
Policies terminated during the year,	25,449,757 00
Insurance in force Dec. 31, 1910,	$ 89,880,207.00

Assets Dec. 31, 1910.

Deposit notes,	$ 8,188,167.00
Real estate,	40,000.00
Cash deposited in bank,	125,633 04
Cash in office,	828.31
Bills receivable,	139,670.23
	$ 8,454,300.58

LIABILITIES.

Re-insurance reserve,	$51,161.87
Losses adjusted not yet due,	800.00
Losses reported,	10,929.00
Commission and brokerage,	8,000.00
Taxes,	10,000.00
	$ 80,290 87
Assets to protect policy holders,	$ 8,374,010.31

Summary for the year 1910.

Total admitted assets,	$ 8,374,010.31
Net surplus, not including deposit notes,	149,063.31
Losses paid in 1910,	363,792.31
Losses paid since organization,	7,898,057.44
Gain in assets in 1910,	229,179.31

F. H. & C. C. PLUMMER,
38-40 General Agents for the State of Maine.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

The Maine Register

CONTAINS

Complete Business Directories

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PUBL

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If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Noted physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and torpid livers are the cause of 95 per cent of all diseases.

For the past 42 years **SEVEN BARKS** has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all **STOMACH, LIVER** and **KIDNEY** troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of **SEVEN BARKS** is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

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

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

CALL AT MY
GREENHOUSE
On Porter Street, South Paris,
and see the
Out Door Flowers
They are right in their prime.

E. P. CROCKETT,
FLORIST.

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 September, 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 said Paris, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1911, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Fannie A. Small late of Paris, deceased; petition that James S. Wright or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased presented by John Small, widower.

Harriet M. Chase late of Peru, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of George W. Chase as administrator with the will annexed presented by George W. Chase, a legatee.

Elizabeth Eustace late of Boston, Massachusetts, deceased; copy of will and petition for its allowance presented by Richard Tyner, the executor therein named.

Flora Dunn of Sumner, ward; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by George H. Barrows, guardian.

Rachel W. Knight late of Lovell, deceased; final account presented by Cyrus K. Chapman, executor.

Ada L. Parker late of Milton Plantation, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Mabel I. Bean, executrix.

Lydia M. Stetson late of Canton, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Oberon O. Stetson, executor.

Alton E. Whitehead of Norway, minor; final account presented for allowance by Moses P. Stiles, guardian.

Albion L. Douglass late of Dixfield, deceased; final account presented for allowance by Florilla E. Douglass, administratrix.

Amie C. Cole late of Gilead, deceased; petition for the appointment of Arthur J. Roberts as trustee under the will of said deceased, presented by Clarence W. Peabody, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a.

Lucinda G. Cole late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by James S. Wright, administrator.

Jane Green late of Woodstock, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by A. Mont Chase, administrator.

Linwood S. Keene late of Oxford, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Sylvester O. Keene, administrator.

Nelson P. Cummings et als of Paris, minors; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Bert F. Cummings, guardian.

Samuel D. Webster of Sumner, ward; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by S. F. Stetson, guardian.

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 executor of the last will and testament of

HELEN M. CHILDS 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.

Sept. 19th, 1911. JAMES S. WRIGHT.

NOTICE.

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

CHARLES C. LOWELL late of Hiram,

in the County of Oxford, deceased. 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.

Sept. 19th, 1911. ANNA R. LOWELL.

NOTICE.

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

ADELINE CHESLEY late of Buckfield,

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.

Sept. 19th, 1911. PRESTON I. MERRILL

NOTICE.

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

LEANDER S. SWAN 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.

Sept. 19th, 1911. HORACE L. SWAN.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

ELLIS DELANO late of Canton,

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.

Sept. 19th, 1911. HATTIE E. DELANO.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

JOHN W. CHAPLIN 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.

Sept. 19th, 1911. FLORENCE CHAPLIN.

NOTICE.

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

JANE WADSWORTH late of Hiram,

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.

ONSVILLE S. WADSWORTH.

Sept. 19th, 1911.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates

Tight Cake Is Good for Children

Sponge cake, cup cakes, angel cake—all cakes that are not overrich in butter and heavy icings are splendid foods for growing children. Make them from William Tell Flour and you double their food qualities.

Milled only from the finest Ohio Red Winter Wheat by our own special process, making it richest in nutritive value.

Your grocer keeps it. Order today.

William Tell Flour

For Sale by N. Dayton Bolster Co'

A LOW PRICE
— ON —
Wool Carpets

o close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

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

Houses for Sale.

Two new houses on High Street, South Paris. One six rooms and bath, the other six rooms, with four acres of land. House sold with or without land. Easy terms if desired.

36tf M. L. NOYES, South Paris.

Desirable Stand For Sale in South Paris.

ONE AND A HALF STORY HOUSE, suitable for either one or two rents. Nice stable 44 feet long, 20 foot addition for storage. Four to five acres of good tillage land and pasture for two cows. All in good repair and will be sold on easy terms. Inquire at

32tf SOUTH PARIS SAVINGS BANK.

Upholstering
— AND —
Mattress Work!

H. B. Eaton,
At T. F. Hathaway's Shop,
South Paris, Maine.
19tf

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.

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

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

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.

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 lawn, 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.
15tf

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1485.—Primal Acrostics.

The primal letters of the words defined below spell a month.

1. No. 2. A grain. 3. A wagon. 4. To consume. 5. A month. 6. Wicked. 7. A part of the head. 8. A torn piece of cloth.

No. 1486.—Beheadings.

Behead an earthenware receptacle and leave a winged creature. Behead a blackbird and leave a riot. Behead a shrill cry and leave a rich dairy product. Behead a fancy of sleep and leave twenty quires of paper.

No. 1487.—Charades.

I.

My first, a useful beast,
Makes food for you and me;
My second, small and light,
Is seen on any tree.
My whole in country nooks
You easily may find,
And care to give its young
Is never to its mind.

II.

I lay on whole in my first,
And 'twas at my fingers' ends;
My next is such a heavy weight,
If short it much offends.
Although my whole may shrink at first,
You never need to doubt;
Once in your service, it is sure
To wear itself quite out.

III.

Together men combine to form my first;
My second dwells apart;
My third's din upon your ear will burst
My whole your wits will start.

IV.

A certain boy once helped himself to me
And boasted of his find in greatest glee;
My second is a state that comes to all.
'Twill ripen fruit and cause the leaves to fall.
My whole the bird delights to show.
If you have watched the peacock you will know.

—Youth's Companion.

No. 1488.—Word Syncopations.

Example.—Syncopate a boy from an illness and leave a spring month—Ma-lad-y. May.

1. Take a product of the poultry yard from a mendicant and leave a division in music.
2. Take a measure of weight from small divisions of territory and leave tin vessels.
3. Take a number from made plump and leave doomed.
4. Take consumed from a kind of stove and leave a pronoun.
5. Take a pronoun from cleansed and leave to bunch together tightly.
6. Take a fowl from a pagan and leave warmth.

Each syncopated word contains the same number of letters. When the words are placed one below another in the order here given the central row of letters will spell the name of a German poet who died March 22, 1832.

No. 1489.—Pictured Word.

What word is represented?

No. 1490.—Concealed Authors.

(Three names concealed in each sentence.)

1. A boy in a picture shop opened a portfolio and came across an engraving of Lake Como, or Erie, he did not know which, and bought it to adorn his mother's cottage, which he enjoyed doing.
2. Please tell Mr. Colby rondeaux will be sung by Emil tonight; one coming from Cabul we received today.
3. In Auburn some lady told me that she rid a number of houses of mice by using poison, and that, she told Mr. Ladd, is only one of the many ways to get rid of the pest.

No. 1491.—Riddle.

My power is great, though small I be.
A doctor's charges I make free.
Of an evil spirit I make a friend.
I can tear apart, though I've but one end.
Of all that is bad I make a tack,
And a path I easily make of a tack.

Conundrum.

Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet bag? Because you find it in-creases.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1477.—Word Square: Call, aqua, luck, lake.

No. 1478.—Anagram: Summer pleasures.

No. 1479.—Subtractions: Revel, reel; novel, Noel; medal, meal; colon, coon; curve, cure; lever, leer.

No. 1480.—Geographical: New port news—Newport News.

No. 1481.—Bird Puzzle: Humming, pigeon, bullfinch, bobolink.

No. 1482.—Charades: 1. Mur, mur (myrrh)—murmur. 2. More, sell—morsel. 3. Oh, ray, shun—oration. 4. Car, pet—carpet.

No. 1483.—Word Square: Lamp, area, meat, pate.

No. 1484.—Topsy Turvy Rhyme:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket.
Bobby Shafto found it.
He changed her pocket for a rocket.
Be clever and expound it.

JAMES C. DAHLMAN, "COWBOY" MAYOR OF OMAHA, "THROWS THE LARIAT."

Mayor Jas. C. Dahlman started his career as a cowboy, and is at present Mayor of Omaha, and has the following record. Sheriff of Dawes Co., Neb., three terms; Mayor of Chadron, two terms; Democratic National Committeeman eight years; Mayor of Omaha, six years, and in 1910 candidate for Governor of Nebraska. Writing to Foley & Co., Chicago, he says: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and they have given me a great deal of relief so I cheerfully recommend them." Yours truly,

(signed) JAMES C. DAHLMAN.

A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"How are you getting along in the law business, old man?"

"I have one client."

"Is he rich?"

"He was."

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

"What's the difference between a hospital and a sanatorium?"

"About $20 a week."

After exposure, and when you feel a cold coming on, take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It checks and relieves. Use no substitute. The genuine is a yellow package always. 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

Recipes.

CORNISH CUTLETS.

Trim slices of cold meat, preferably veal or lamb, cut about one-fourth of an inch thick, into pieces of the same shape and size; sprinkle them with salt, pepper and a few drops, each, of tomato catsup. Have ready some well seasoned, hot, mashed potatoes into which some beaten yolks of egg have been beaten (one or two yolks to a pint of potato.) Cover each slice of meat with the potato and make the surface smooth with a knife. Dip in a beaten egg, diluted with three or four tablespoonfuls of milk and water, cover with sifted bread crumbs and fry in deep fat.

POTATOES ANNA.

Pare long slender potatoes and cut into thin slices. Brush over a baking sheet very thoroughly with good dripping or butter, on this set as many English muffin rings as persons to be served; fill the rings with slices of potato, adding seasonings and melted butter to each layer of slices; finish with a teaspoonful of butter on the top of the potatoes in each ring. Let cook in a hot oven about twenty-five minutes, then with a broad spatula, turn the rings and potatoes within and let cook about twenty-five minutes on the other side. Serve (without rings) with any dish of meat.

MILK BREAD.

Soften one cup of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; add one cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of shortening and flour to make a dough. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic. Set aside to become doubled in bulk, then cut down and shape to fit a brick-loaf bread pan. Bake one hour. The loaf should cease to rise and become crusted over by the time it has been in the oven fifteen minutes.

FRENCH BREAD.

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water; stir in sifted flour to make a dough, and knead the little bit of dough into a smooth ball. Make a deep cut across the dough in two directions. In a mixing bowl have one cup of water, boiled and cooled to a lukewarm temperature; in this set the little ball of dough, cover and let stand until the dough becomes very light and floats on the water; add half a teaspoonful of salt and stir in flour to make a dough. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic, then set aside, close-covered, to become light. Shape into a long, narrow loaf; make a depression through the center of the loaf—lengthwise. When again light make three or four cuts across the loaf. Bake about forty-five minutes. Brush over with beaten white of egg and return to the oven to glaze.

RYE-MEAL BISCUITS.

Stir a cake of compressed yeast into one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; add one cup of scalded-and-cooled milk and one and a half cups of sifted bread flour, and mix to a sponge; beat thoroughly and set aside to become light. Add a scant fourth of a cup of melted butter, one-fourth a cup of molasses, half a teaspoonful of salt and one and one-fourth cups of sifted rye-meal. Mix thoroughly, cutting the dough through and through with a knife. The dough is too soft to knead. When light, with buttered fingers, shape into sixteen balls and set them close together in a baking pan. When again light bake about twenty-five minutes; brush over with white of egg or beaten yolk mixed with milk, dredge with granulated sugar and return to the oven to set the glaze.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING.

Scald half a cup of milk in a double boiler. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard, and half a teaspoonful of salt, with one-fourth a cup of cold milk, then stir into the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens, then cover and cook ten minutes. Beat one whole egg or two yolks: add one tablespoonful of sugar and beat again, then stir into the hot mixture; continue stirring until the egg is set, then remove from the fire and gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of hot vinegar, and, last, two tablespoonfuls of butter.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

Scald two cups of milk in a double boiler; mix four level tablespoonfuls of Indian meal with one cup of cold water and stir into the hot milk: continue stirring until it thickens, then add one-half a cup, each, of sugar and molasses, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ginger and two beaten eggs. Turn the mixture into a buttered pudding dish and let bake half an hour, then pour on half a cup of cold milk. Do not stir in the milk. Let bake two hours. Serve hot with cream or with ice cream. The oven must be of very moderate heat.

FROTHY SAUCE.

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream, gradually beat in one cup of sugar; add the white of one egg, beaten dry, and half a cup of hot fruit juice, pineapple or grape, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Half a cup of boiling water and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract may replace the fruit juice.

DROP COOKIES.

Cream half a cup of butter, beat into this one cup of sugar, three-fourths a cup of currants, half a cup of molasses, one egg, well beaten, and, alternately, half a cup of sweet milk and three cups of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful, each, of soda and cloves and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Drop from a spoon on a buttered tin. Bake in a moderate oven.

PLAIN CAKE.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three yolks of eggs, four cups of sifted flour; three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three whites of eggs, beaten dry, one cup of chopped nuts. Bake the cake in a dripping pan. Before baking sprinkle the top with the chopped nuts and dredge with granulated sugar.

GRAPE JELLY.

Remove the grapes from the stems, put over a slow fire in an agate or white-lined saucepan, and let simmer very gently, until the fruit is softened throughout; then pour into a bag and drain off all juice possible. Take one cup of sugar for each cup of juice; heat the sugar, spread on shallow dishes, in the oven; meanwhile heat the juice to the boiling point and let boil rapidly about five minutes, skimming as needed; add the sugar and let boil until a little will jelly on a cold saucer. Have ready jelly glasses on a folded cloth and surrounded with water heated nearly to the boiling point. The glasses should also contain hot water. When the jelly is done, pour the water from the glasses, fill with jelly and remove from the pan of water. When cold cover with paper.

CORN BREAD WITH SOUR MILK.

One cup of corn meal, one and one-half cups of white flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-third a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one and one-half cups of thick sour milk. Sift together the first five ingredients. Beat the egg, add the cream and sour milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Bake in a biscuit pan about twenty-five minutes.

NUT CAKE WITH WHOLE EGGS.

One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three eggs, one-half a cup of milk, one and three-quarters cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths of a cup of nut meats broken in pieces. Cream the butter; gradually beat in the sugar; then add the eggs, unbeaten, one at a time, beating in each thoroughly before the next is added; add the flour with the baking powder alternately with the milk. Bake in a sheet about half an hour.

DATE PUDDING.

One quart of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, one cup cooked rice, one-half pound dates chopped. Bake in shallow dish three hours. Serve with whipped cream.

THE ROBBER SQUIRRELS.

There are two little squirrels that live in a tree
That's as close to our house as a tree could well be.

And it is about these two little squirrels that I am going to tell you a story.

For several years these two little squirrels have seemed to live in an old oak tree that stands close to our house, and all day long, both winter and summer, they could be seen frolicking up and down the tree and out on the farthest and most slender branches, racing after each other in high glee. But when night came on they disappeared from sight, and we could find no hole or hiding place on or around the tree where they could sleep, and not until last winter did we discover where they lodged.

When we had an old wood pile removed from the back yard one morning these cunning little squirrels were unexpectedly awakened from their slumbers in a hole of an old log, and when they jumped out what do you think we found in their little sleeping room? Why, a big pile of chestnuts, enough to last all winter, and every one stolen from the little balcony outside of my bedroom window, where I had spread them out to dry when they were brought in wet one day. How do I know they took my chestnuts? Well, I will tell you.

One night I heard a great scratching and scampering outside of my window on the balcony, and I thought at once that those sly little squirrels were helping themselves to my chestnuts. So I softly peeped out from behind the window curtain, and, sure enough, there the dear little robbers were, with their mouths and paws full of nuts, having a feast first and then taking away with them as many as they could manage to carry. I did not disturb them, and every night they repeated the same performance, and, although my chestnuts began to diminish, I let them take all they wanted.

Now, don't you think they were clever little squirrels to discover those chestnuts on my balcony and also to hide themselves away at night where no one had been able to find them for so long? I do.—St. Nicholas.

Now all the boys are playing ball.
The diamonds are alive
With nines, professional and scrub,
Like bees about a hive.

And even where there is but one
To pitch and one to bat
And one to catch they still play ball,
Not base, but one old cat.

A MEDICINE THAT GIVES CONFIDENCE.

Is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Mrs. T. J. Adams, 522 No. Kansas Ave., Columbus, Kas., writes: "For a number of years my children have been subject to coughs and colds. I used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and found that it cured their coughs and colds, so I keep it in the house all the time." Refuse substitutes. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Small Billy (at seashore)—Can't I have a ride on a donkey?

Mother—No, darling. Father says not.

Small Billy—Why can't I have a ride on a donkey? Mother?

Mother (to father)—Oh, for goodness' sake, David, give him a ride on your back to keep him quiet.

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

Mrs. Wayback—Ye ain't a racing man, are ye?"

Summer Boarder—No, ma'am. Why?

Because if ye was ye'd have to look for rooms some'ers else. Last sport we had stoppin' here went an' swiped the best part of my newest crazy quilt for a vest!

What is a cold in the head? Nothing to worry about if you treat it with Ely's Cream Balm. Neglected, the cold may grow into catarrh, and the air-passages be so inflamed that you have to fight for every breath. It is true that Ely's Cream Balm masters catarrh, promptly. But you know the old saying about the ounce of prevention. Therefore use Cream Balm when the cold in the head shows itself. All druggists, 50c., or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

"He's the man of the hour."

"Isn't there ever a woman of the hour?"

"Yes; but it takes her an hour and a half."

TAKE YOUR COMMON COLDS SERIOUSLY.

Common colds, severe and frequent, lay the foundation of chronic diseased conditions of the nose and throat, and may develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption. "For all coughs and colds in children and in grown persons, take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"I can't say I love him."

"Then why marry him?"

"O, I might as well. Every girl has to have a foolish marriage or two before she really settles down."

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

Sitter—Now you want me to look pleasant I suppose, eh?

Photographer—Not at all, sir. Just as you are. Our specialty is truthful likeness and natural expression.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY REMEDY VS. A HOPELESS CASE.

Hon. Ark. J. E. Freeman says: "I had a severe case of kidney trouble and could not work and my case seemed hopeless. One large bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy cured me and I have never been bothered since. I always recommend it." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"We have both proposed to her."

"Which is the lucky man?"

"Don't know yet. She just married the other fellow last week."

The best plaster. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on over the affected parts is superior to a plaster and costs only one-tenth as much. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"John, whose hair is this on your coat?"

"Darned if I know. Whose eye is this on the end of your hatpin?"

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Supply just the ingredients needed to build up, strengthen and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. Specially prepared for backache, headache, nervousness, rheumatism and all kidney, bladder and urinary irregularities.—A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"Aren't you going to read the account of the game?"

"No; I can see at a glance, by the paucity of slang, that the home team must have put up a rotten exhibition."

Lame back is one of the most common forms of muscular rheumatism. A few applications of Chamberlain's Liniment will give relief. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

BOY SCOUTS, OF AMERICA.

General Nogi on Boy Scouts.

General Nogi, the Japanese warrior who did such remarkable work in the Japanese-Russian war, has studied the Boy Scouts of Great Britain and has been greatly impressed by the discipline and the excellent bearing on the resourcefulness of the boys. After inspecting them under the guidance of General Baden-Powell he said to the boys:

"I am filled with admiration for the boy scouts. From what I have seen of you I recognize that you are in earnest and are determined to do well for your country. If you go on in the way that you have begun you will make most valuable citizens. When I was a boy I was taught (and I have since had good reasons to believe it was right) that the chief object in life is to do your duty.

"To teach yourself how to do this you should try to do things which you are afraid of doing. You must not only train your body to be strong, but also your mind to be full of knowledge and courage.

"Be charitable to all.

"Be believed by all.

"Obtain the respect of others by your good conduct and courtesy.

"Never do anything to cause your word to be doubted.

"If you train yourself now—as boys—in this way you will when you become men be an honor to your forefathers, who did so well in the days of old."

The Sign Language.

The Boy Scouts of America are learning a universal sign of language and therefore are developing the real Esperanto. Under the guidance of Ernest Thompson Seton, chief scout, the boys are learning the signs of communication not only between the boys of this country, but also between the boys of every other nation. The plan now being developed means that eventually the boys of all nations will have a common language and that they will be drawn more closely together. Such binding of the boys of the different nations together, it is asserted by the leaders of the boy scout movement, will tend greatly toward the promotion of universal peace.

Growth of Boy Scouts.

The Boy Scouts of America have tripled in the last eight months. There are now 4,500 scout masters

Photo by American Press Association.

BOY SCOUT AND VETERAN AT THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, ROCHESTER.

registered with the national organization. On Jan. 1 there were only 1,400. These facts alone show that there are three times as many troops of scouts under the direction of the leaders of the Boy Scouts of America as there were in the beginning of the year. While it is hard to figure on the number of boys, yet it is quite probable that the boy scouts alone number three times as many as the beginning of the year.

Pure Drinking Water.

Captain Albert E. Love, medical corps, United States army, has written to the Boy Scouts of America giving instructions in regard to drinking water when in camp or on hikes. The aim is to prevent the boys from becoming infected with typhoid fever or other diseases. He says, "It would undoubtedly be safer when out on hiking parties or camping trips, when drinking water cannot be carried, to either boil or otherwise sterilize all water for drinking purposes that is not above suspicion."

SOUTH SEA FASHIONS.

The Dusky Native Belles Have Queer Ideas About Dress.

It would be hard to find a spot where the subject of dress does not sway the feminine mind. To the world at large its observance causes either a great deal of pleasure or a good store of amusement. In the category of amusement may be placed the proceedings of the dusky belles described by Beatrice Grimshaw in her book, "In the Strange South Seas."

A lace trimmed garment of mine, usually worn at night under the shelter of sheets and quilts, went to a Sunday morning church as a best dress in full daylight on the person of the laundress intrusted with my wash. The funny side was so conspicuous that she never got the reproof she deserved.

A certain flower toque made of poppies, a bloom unknown in the Pacific, first drove the women of the island half distracted with excitement, then led thirty-six native ladies to appear simultaneously at a dance wearing excellent copies of my Paris model done in double scarlet hibiscus from the bush.

A wedding from which unfortunately I was absent furnished the finest display of native dress that took place that year. The bride wore fourteen silk dresses, not all at once, but one after another, changing her dress again and again during the reception until the white spectators were fairly giddy.

Wordsworth's Sense of Smell.

Poets have not failed to do perfumes justice, but one major poet—Wordsworth—went through life without a sense of smell and was not sorry for it. Nature, he told Aubrey de Vere, seemed to him all the more a vision. But once, and once only, did Wordsworth smell, and the prosaic occasion illustrates the unpolished household ways of his time. He sat down with his family to the midday dinner and began to carve a leg of mutton. The leg of mutton was stuffed with onions, and for once, and once only, the sense of smell was revealed to him. The onions, suddenly laid bare, conquered. —London Standard.

The most changeable things in the world are the course of waters and the humor of women.—Pittacus.

Scaring the Lizard.

Some caterpillars have the power of fixing themselves by their two hind feet to a twig and stretching themselves out as straight as a rod, so that, being in color much like the twig of a tree on the leaves of which they feed, they are not readily observed. The muscular power required for this position of rest is great, and the number of muscles is found to be 4,000. When this fails to deceive a lizard about to devour it the caterpillar will lift its head to frighten its enemy and act like an angry snake, but gradually the lizard comes nearer and nearer with watchful eyes and finally attacks and devours its victim.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a mouse and a young lady? One harms the cheese, the other charms the bee.

On what day in the year do girls talk the least? The shortest day.

What three letters turn a girl into a woman? A G E.

What fruit does a young couple resemble? A green pear (pair).

Of what occupation is a theater manager? A stage driver.

Of what trade is a minister at a wedding? A joiner.

Why is a bootblack like a philosopher? Because he polishes the understanding of his patrons.

MONEY LOST

By Sickness and Enforced Idleness.

Many of the days of sickness and misery, too often accompanied by loss of pay, may easily be charged to neglect or indiscretion on the part of the individual. Just a little more care in the matter of diet and attention to regularity of habits will change such days into happy and profitable ones. Give heed to Nature's first warnings of approaching trouble, keep your stomach and digestion right and your bowels regular,—then everything will look cheerful and your day's work will be easier.

On the first appearance of acid stomach, nausea, headache or constipation, take one or two teaspoonfuls of L. F. Atwood's Medicine, and the functions will resume their normal activity, you will avoid the expense of sickness, and earn your usual pay. Get a bottle today from your dealer or write us to mail a free sample. The "L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Maine.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, hives herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

THE FAVORITE LAXATIVE

ONE AT NIGHT MAKES THE NEXT DAY BRIGHT; NO CHARGE IF IT DOESN'T.

Because of its extremely gentle and effective action, Rexall Orderlies have become the most popular Remedy for Constipation.

We are so positive that Rexall Orderlies will do all that is claimed for them that we positively guarantee to hand back the money you paid us for them upon your mere request, if you are not entirely satisfied.

Rexall Orderlies are eaten like candy, are very pleasant to the taste, do not gripe, cause nausea, or any other annoyance usually experienced when ordinary cathartics are used.

Rexall Orderlies have a positive regulative effect upon the bowels and tend to provide permanent relief from Constipation and the myriad of associate ailments. Besides, they help to overcome the necessity of the constant use of laxatives to keep the bowels in normal condition.

We honestly believe there is no similar medicine so good as Rexall Orderlies, especially for children, aged, or delicate people. They are prepared in convenient tablet form in three sizes of packages. Prices, 10c., 25c., and 50c. Why not try them at our risk on our guarantee?

Remember, Rexall Remedies can be obtained in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store—Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris, Maine. 40

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

WOMEN'S WOES.

South Paris Women Are Finding Relief at Last.

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity; they must "keep up," must attend to duties in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, bearing-down pains; they must stoop over, when to stoop means torture. They must walk and bend and work with racking pains and many aches from kidney ills. Sick kidneys cause more suffering than any other organ of the body. Keep the kidneys well and much suffering is saved. Read of a remedy for kidneys only that is endorsed by people you know.

Mrs. I. J. Monk, Myrtle St., South Paris, Maine, says: "Often my back became so lame and sore that it was difficult for me to stoop or arise from a reclining position. I knew that my kidneys were at fault, and although I tried a number of kidney remedies, they did not help me. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s Drug Store, and found them to be a remedy of merit. After I had taken the contents of two boxes my trouble had disappeared."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name — Doan's—and take no other. 40

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR A GOOD STOMACH.

THIS OFFER SHOULD BE A WARNING TO EVERY MAN AND WOMAN.

The newspapers and medical journals recently have had much to say relative to a famous millionaire's offer of a million dollars for a new stomach.

This great multi-millionaire was too busy to worry about the condition of his stomach. He allowed his dyspepsia to run from bad to worse until in the end it became incurable.

His misfortune serves as a warning to others.

Every one who suffers with dyspepsia