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

Some Large Poultry Figures.

WHAT THE CENSUS BUREAU SHOWS OF A YEAR'S BIRDS AND EGGS.

A preliminary statement of the general results of the thirteenth census relative to the number of farms reporting the raising of poultry and production of eggs, together with the number of fowls and dozens of eggs produced, and the value thereof, in 1909, has been issued by Director E. Dana Durand, of the bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce and Labor. It was prepared under the direction of Le Grand Powers, chief statistician, and John Lee Coulter, expert special agent for agriculture.

Further analysis of the returns may result in slight modifications of the totals presented before final publication but it is not expected that they will affect materially the figures given. A statement showing the number and value of fowls on farms at the time the census was taken (April 15, 1910) has already been issued. Special attention is called to the fact that the present summary relates only to poultry and eggs produced on farms, as no enumeration was provided by law for cities, towns or villages.

The total number of farms reporting fowls raised in 1909 was 5,655,754, or 88.9 per cent of all farms in the United States; and the number of such fowls was 488,468,354, or an average of 86.4 fowls per farm. No report was published in 1900 showing the number of farms reporting on the number of fowls raised in 1899, but the total value was given as $136,830,152, as against a value in 1909 of $202,506,272. It will thus be seen that the value of poultry produced in one year shows an increase during the decade of over $65,500,000, or 48 per cent.

The last census shows that in 1909 there were produced in the United States 1,591,311,371 dozen eggs, valued at $306,688,960. The production in 1899 was 1,293,662,433 dozen eggs, and the value $144,240,541. While the production of eggs during the ten years increased only 23 per cent, the value more than doubled, the exact amount of gain being $162,448,419, or 112.6 per cent.

In Maine 49,641 farms reported, showing 2,601,733 fowls raised of a total value of $1,454,815, and 14,935,959 dozens of eggs produced, of a value of $3,792,335.

Making an Old Orchard Profitable.

(Address delivered by Prof. E. F. Hitchings, Farmers' Week, March 7.)

In order to discuss this topic intelligently, we must take a glance at the following:

First. The orchard conditions of the past to note methods and causes that have rendered the old orchard unprofitable.

Second. A typical orchard of the present to ascertain if such a reclamation is possible.

Third. The ideal orchard of the future to see if there is a possibility for profit in the right management of this evolution from the old to the new. Having decided these last two in the affirmative we will proceed to formulate a plan of procedure that if carried into effect must meet with a measure of success commensurate with the actual effort put forth.

But success depends: First—Upon the individual effort of every advocate of better fruit. Second—Upon the cooperation in local centers of wide awake orchardists, who have the courage of their convictions, backbone enough to put them into action, and faith in their associates to combine for better results. It must be a campaign of education along modern lines of practical demonstration work, not theory. Extension work must be carried to the orchard. The first step in the actual process of making the old orchard profitable will be that of tree renovation, which will bring about the renewal of vigorous activity by right methods of pruning, scraping and spraying. This will tend to produce a healthy condition as a foundation principle. We will follow this by the right management of the evil conditions of tilth, fertility and humus content, in order that there may be such an increment of vigor as to ward off, to a great degree the attack of fungous and insect troubles. In most cases a large number of varieties must be sacrificed in order to render the orchard profitable from a commercial standpoint. This will mean a wise selection of varieties adapted to the location and the topworking of trees to conform to that plan. The rotation and management of cover crops will be thoroughly gone over with necessary rest periods for the retention of latent energy so vital to successful cropping. Last but not least the proper handling of the fruit question from the time of the "June drop" until it reaches the hands of the consumer, will be fully considered together with the profits involved.

Feeding Poultry for Vitality.

One of the greatest difficulties that the poultryman has to contend with is that of hatching and rearing chickens to renew his flock. It is safe to say that more commercial plants go bankrupt over this difficulty in hatching and rearing than from any other one cause. For some years past the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station has been devoting attention to this subject and has been endeavoring to find out whether it was not possible to overcome most of the common troubles of this sort by breeding into a flock of poultry such a high degree of constitutional vigor and vitality that the eggs would hatch and the chickens live and grow under any reasonable conditions of management. What success has been obtained in this direction upon the experiment station poultry plant is indicated by the fact that in the batching season of 1911, which by common report of poultrymen all over the country was an unusually bad season for hatching and rearing, it took, on the average, 2.6 eggs in the incubator to produce one chicken. That is, if one counts in all the infertile eggs, and all the embryos which died in the shell, and all the chicks which died within three weeks after they were hatched, which period covers on the Station plant at least practically the whole of the chick mortality, it still took less than three eggs in the incubator to produce one chicken, and rear the chicks up to an age where they were practically past all danger of dying from ordinary chicken diseases. A sample record of the hatching of the eggs of one single high-laying bird is illuminating as showing the possibilities of breeding hatchability of eggs and livability of chickens into a strain of poultry. From this bird, there were incubated in the spring of 1911, 60 eggs. Only two of these eggs were infertile, and of the 58 eggs left, 10 embryos died in the shell and 48 hatched into good, strong, healthy chickens. Of these 48 chickens hatched, only six died before reaching maturity. All of these died within three weeks after they were hatched. This left a total of 42 adult chickens from 60 eggs put into the incubator, after all loss from infertility, dying in the shell and chick mortality has been deducted.

When the condition of the stock in respect to vitality and constitutional vigor is such as to make it possible to hatch and rear chickens in this way, there is no reason why there should not be profit in the chicken business.

Chas. D. Woods, Director, Orono, Me.

It is exceedingly poor economy to allow a pile of manure to accumulate back of the barn, to leach in the rain and snow and sunshine. Somewhere on the farm is a hungry soil that needs it.

FRECKLES

By Gene Stratton-Porter

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CHAPTER VI.

WESSNER GETS A THRASHING.

THE boss crouched among the bushes like a tiger ready to spring, but as Freckles' voice reached him he held himself with the effort of his life to see what mettle was in the boy.

"Don't you be wasting of me good time in the numbering of me hands," howled Freckles. "The stringth of me cause will make up for the weakness of me mimbers, and the size of a cowardly thief don't count. You'll think all the wildcats of the Limberlost is turned loose on you whin I come aginst you, and, as for me cause, I slept with you, Wessner, the night I come down the corduroy like a dirty, friendless tramp, and the boss was for taking me up, washing, clothing and feeding me and giving me a home full of love and tinderness, and a master to look to, and good, well earned money in the bank. He's trusting me his heartful, and here comes you, you spotted toad of the big road, and insults me, as is an honest Irish gintleman, by hinting that you concaive I'd be willing to shut me eyes and hold fast while you rob him of the thing I was set and paid to guard and then

SPANG WENT HIS FIST INTO WESSNER'S FACE.

act the sneak and liar to him and ruin and eternally blacken the soul of me You rascal," raved Freckles, "be fighting before I forget the laws of a gintlemin's game and split your dirty head with me stick!"

Wessner backed away, mumbling. "But I don't want to hurt you, Freckles."

"Oh, don't you!" raged the boy. "Well, you ain't resembling me none, for I'm itchin' like death to git me fingers in the face of you."

He danced up and, as Wessner lunged out in self defense, ducked under his arm like a bantam and punched him in the pit of the stomach, so that he doubled up with a groan. Before Wessner could straighten himself Freckles was on him, fighting like the wildest fury. The Dutchman dealt thundering blows that sometimes landed and sent Freckles reeling and sometimes missed, while he went plunging into the swale with the impetus of them. Freckles could not strike with half Wessner's force, but he could land three blows to Wessner's one. It was here that Freckles' days of alert watching on the line, the perpetual swinging of the heavy cudgel and the endurance of all weather stood him in good stead, for he was as tough as a pine knot and as agile as a panther. He danced, ducked and dodged. For the first five minutes he endured fearful punishment. Then Wessner's breath commenced to whistle between his teeth, when Freckles had only just begun fighting. He sprang back with shrill laughter.

"Begolly, and will your honor be whistling the hornpipe for me to be dancing of?" he cried.

Spang went his fist into Wessner's face, and he was past him into the swale.

"And would you be pleased to tune up a little liveller?" he gasped and clipped his ear as he sprang back Wessner lunged at him in blind fury Freckles, seeing an opening, forgot the laws of a gentleman's game and drove the toe of his heavy wading boot into Wessner's middle until he doubled up and fell heavily. In a flash Freckles was on him. For a time McLean could not see what was happening. "Go! Go to him now!" he commanded himself, but so intense was his desire to see the boy win alone that he could not stir.

At last Freckles sprang up and backed away. "Time!" he yelled like a fury. "Be getting up, Mr. Wessner, and don't be afraid of hurting me. I'll let you throw in an extra hand and lick you to me complate satisfaction, all the same. Did you hear me call the limit? Will you get up and be facing me?"

As Wessner struggled to his feet he resembled a battlefield, for his clothing was in ribbons and his face and hands streaming blood.

"I—I guess I got enough," he mumbled.

"Oh, do you?" roared Freckles. "Well, this ain't your say. You come on to me ground lying about me boss and intimatin' I'd stale from his very pockets. Now, will you be standing up and taking your medicine like a man or getting it poured down the throat of you like a baby? I ain't got enough. This is only just the beginning with me. Be looking out there!"

He sprang against Wessner and sent him rolling. He attacked the unresisting figure and fought him until he lay limp and still and Freckles had no strength left to lift an arm. Then he rose and stepped back, gasping for breath. With his first good lungful of air he shouted, "Time!" But the figure of Wessner lay motionless.

Freckles watched him with regardful eye and saw at last that he was completely exhausted. He bent over him and, catching him by the back of the neck, jerked him to his knees. Wessner lifted the face of a whipped cur and, fearing further punishment, burst into great shivering sobs, while the tears washed tiny rivulets through the blood and muck. Freckles stepped back, glaring at Wessner, but suddenly the scowl of anger and the ugly disfiguring red faded from the boy's face. He dabbed at a cut on his temple, from which issued a tiny crimson stream, and jauntily shook back his hair. His face took on the innocent look of a cherub, and his voice rivaled that of a brooding dove, but into his eyes crept a look of diabolical mischief.

He glanced vaguely about him until he saw his club, seized and twirled it like a drum major, stuck it upright in the muck and marched on tiptoe over to Wessner mechanically, as a puppet worked by a string. Bending over, Freckles reached an arm about Wessner's waist and helped him to his feet.

"Careful, now," he cautioned; "be careful, Freddy. There's danger of you hurting me."

Fishing a handkerchief from a back pocket, Freckles tenderly wiped Wessner's eyes and nose.

"Come, Freddy, me child," he admonished Wessner; "it's time little boys were getting home. I've me work to do and can't be entertaining you any more today. Come back tomorrow if you ain't through yet and we'll repate the perfarmance."

Again an awful wrenching seized McLean. Freckles stepped back as Wessner, tottering and reeling like a thoroughly drunken man, came toward the path, looking indeed as if wildcats had taken their fill of him.

The cudgel spun high in air, and, catching it with an expertness acquired by long practice on the line, the boy twirled it a second and, stepping out into the trail, followed Wessner. Because Freckles was Irish it was impossible to do it silently, and presently his clear tenor rang out, though there were bad catches where he was hard pressed for breath:

"It was the Dutch! It was the Dutch.
Do you think it was the Irish hollered help? Not much!
It was the Dutch. It was the Dutch"—

Wessner turned and mumbled: "What you following me for? What are you going to do with me?"

Freckles called the Limberlost to witness. "How's that for the ingratitude of a beast? And me troubling meself to show him off me territory with the honors of war!"

Then he changed his tone completely and added: "Belike it's this, Freddy. You see, the boss might come riding down this trail any minute, and the little mare's so wheedlesome that if she'd come on to you in your prisint state all of a sudden she'd stop that short she'd send Mr. McLean out over the ears of her. No disparagement intinded to the sinse of the mare!" he added hastily.

Wessner belched a fearful oath, and Freckles laughed merrily.

"That's a sample of the thanks a generous act's always for getting," he continued. "Here's me neglectin' me work to eschort you out proper, and you saying such awful words. Freddy," he demanded sternly, "do you want me to soap out your mouth? You don't seem to be realizing it, but if you was to buck into Mr. McLean in your prisint state without me there to explain matters the chance is he'd cut the liver out of you, and I shouldn't think you'd be wanting such a fine gintleman as him to see that it's white."

Wessner grew ghastly under his grime and broke into a staggering run.

Freckles twirled the baton and stood like a soldier at "attention" until Wessner left the clearing, but it was the last scene of that performance. When the boy turned there was a deathly illness in his face, and his legs wavered like reeds beneath his weight. He staggered back to the case, and opening it, he took out a piece of cloth. He dipped it into the water and, sitting on a bench, he wiped the blood and grime from his face, while his breath sucked between his clinched teeth. He was shivering with pain and excitement in spite of himself. He unbuttoned the band of his right sleeve, and, turning it back, exposed the blue lined, calloused whiteness of his maimed arm, now vividly streaked with contusions, while in a series of circular dots the blood oozed slowly. Here Wessner had succeeded in setting his teeth. When Freckles saw what it was he forgave himself the kick in the pit of Wessner's stomach.

"Freckles, Freckles," said McLean's voice.

Freckles snatched down his sleeve and rose to his feet.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "You'll surely be belavin' I thought meself alone."

McLean pushed him carefully to the seat and, bending over him, opened a pocket case that he carried as regularly as his revolver and watch, for cuts and bruises were of daily occurrence among the gang.

Taking the hurt arm, he turned back the sleeve and bathed and bound up the wounds. He examined Freckles' head and body and convinced himself that there was no permanent injury.

Then he sat down beside Freckles. All the indescribable beauty of the place was strong about him, but he saw only the bruised face of the suffering boy, who had hedged for the information he wanted like a diplomat, argued like a judge, fought like a sheik and triumphed like a devil.

As the pain lessened and breath caught up with Freckles' pounding heart he watched the boss from the tail of his eye. How had McLean got there, and how long had he been there? Freckles did not dare ask. At last he arose and, going to the case, took out his revolver and the wire mending apparatus and locked the door. Then he turned to McLean.

"Have you any orders, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said McLean. "I have, and you are to follow them to the letter. Turn over that apparatus to me and go straight home. Soak yourself in the hottest bath your skin will bear and go to bed at once. Now, hurry."

"Mr. McLean," said Freckles, "it's sorry I am to be telling you, but the afternoon's walking of the line ain't done. You see, I was just for getting to me feet to start, and I was on good time when up came a gintleman, and we got into a little heated argument. It's either settled or it's just begun, but between us I'm that late I haven't started for the afternoon yet. I must be going at once, for there's a tree I must find before the day's over."

"You plucky little idiot," growled McLean, "you can't walk the line! I doubt if you can get to Duncan's. Don't you know when you are done up? You go to bed. I'll finish your work."

"Niver!" protested Freckles. "I was just a little done up for the prisint a minute ago. I'm all right now. Riding boots are away too low. The day's hot and the walk a good seven miles, sir. Niver!"

As he reached for the outfit he pitched forward and his eyes closed. McLean stretched him on the moss and applied restoratives. When Freckles returned to consciousness McLean ran to the cabin to tell Mrs. Duncan to get a hot bath ready and to bring Nellie. That worthy woman promptly filled the wash boiler and set a roaring fire under it. She pushed the horse trough off its base and rolled it up to the kitchen.

By the time McLean came again, leading Nellie and holding Freckles on her back, Mrs. Duncan was ready for business. She and the boss laid Freckles in a trough and poured on hot water until he squirmed. They soaked, rubbed and scoured him. Then they let the hot water off and closed his pores with cold. Lastly they stretched him on the floor and chafed, rubbed and kneaded him until he cried out for mercy. As they rolled him into bed his eyes dropped shut, but a little later they flared open.

"Mr. McLean," he cried, "the tree! Oh, do be looking after the tree!"

McLean bent over him. "Which tree, Freckles?"

"I don't know exact, sir, but it's on the east line, and the wire is fastened to it. He bragged that you nailed it yourself, sir. You'll know it by the bark having been laid open to the grain somewhere low down, and it was $500 he offered me—to be—selling you out—sir!"

Freckles' head rolled over and his eyes dropped shut. McLean's mind traveled back to the night almost a year before when he had engaged Freckles, a stranger.

McLean bent, covering the hurt arm with one hand and laying the other with a caress on the boy's forehead. Freckles stirred at his touch and twittered as softly as the swallows under the eaves.

"If you're coming this way—tomorrow—be pleased to step over—and we'll repate the—chorus softly."

"Bless the gritty devil," growled McLean.

Then he went out and told Mrs. Duncan to keep close watch on Freckles and send Duncan to him at the swamp the minute he came home. Following the trail down to the line and back to the scene of the fight, the boss entered Freckles' study softly, as if his spirit sleeping there might be roused, and gazed about with astonished eyes.

How had the boy conceived it? What a picture he had wrought in living colors! He had the heart of a painter; he had the soul of a poet. The boss stepped carefully over the velvet carpet and touched the walls of crisp verdure with gentle fingers. He stood long beside the flower bed and gazed at the banked wall of bright flowers as if he could never leave off.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ANGEL MATERIALIZES.

WHERE had Freckles ever found and how had he transplanted such ferns? As McLean turned from them he stopped suddenly. He had reached the door of the cathedral. That which Freckles had attempted would have been patent to any one. What had been in the heart of the shy, silent boy when he had found that long, dim stretch of forest, decorated its entrance, cleared and smoothed its aisle and carpeted its altar? What verlest work of God was in these mighty living pillars and the arched dome of green! How like stained cathedral windows were the long openings between the trees, filled with rifts of blue, rays of gold and the shifting emerald of leaves! Where could be found mosaics to match this aisle paved with living color and glowing lights? Was Freckles a devout Christian and did he worship here? Or was he an untaught heathen and down this vista of entrancing loveliness did Pan come piping and dryads, nymphs and fairies dance for him?

Who can fathom the heart of a boy? McLean had been thinking of Freckles as a creature of unswerving honesty, courage and faithfulness. Here was evidence of a heart aching for beauty, art, companionship, worship. It was writ large all over the floor, walls and furnishing of that little Limberlost clearing.

When Duncan came McLean told him the story of the fight, and they laughed until they cried. Then they started around the line in search of the tree.

Said Duncan, "Now the boy is in for sore trouble!"

"I hope not," answered McLean. "You never in all your life saw a cur whipped so completely. He won't come back for the repetition of the chorus. We can surely find the tree. If we can't Freckles can. I will bring enough of the gang to take it out at once. That will insure peace for a time at least, and I am hoping that in a month more the whole gang can be moved here. It will soon be fall, and then, if he will go, I intend to send Freckles to my mother to be educated. With his quickness of mind and body and a few years' good help he can do anything. Why, Duncan, I'd give a hundred dollar bill if you could have been here and seen for yourself."

Locating the tree was an easy task because it was so well identified. When the rumble of the lumber wagons passing the cabin on the way to the swamp wakened Freckles next morning he sprang up and was soon following them. The tree was a giant maple and so precious that they almost dug it out by the roots.

McLean had told Freckles to ride on a section of the maple with him, but now the boy begged to go into the swamp with Duncan.

"I don't see why you want to go," said McLean. "I have no business to let you out today at all."

"It's me chickens, sir," answered Freckles.

Freckles hurried into the swamp. He was some little distance behind, but he could still see the men. Before he overtook them they had turned from the west road and had entered the swamp toward the east. The underbrush was almost impenetrable. As they plunged into it a great black bird swept over their heads.

Freckles danced wildly. "It's me chickens! Oh, it's me chickens!" he shouted. "Oh, Duncan, come quick! You've found the nest of me precious chickens!"

Duncan hurried down to the mouth of a monstrous log, but Freckles was before him. He crashed through poison vines and underbrush regardless of any danger and climbed on the stump. When Duncan got there he was shouting like a wild thing.

"It's hatched!" he yelled. "Oh, me big chicken has hatched out me little chicken, and there's another egg. I can see it plain, and, oh, the funny little white baby! Duncan, can you see me little white chicken?"

Duncan could easily see it, and so could every one else. Freckles tenderly carried the hissing, blinking little thing out to the light in a leaf lined hat. The men found it sufficiently wonderful to satisfy even Freckles, who had forgotten he was ever sore or stiff, and coddled over it with every blarneying term of endearment he knew.

Duncan gathered up his tools. "Deal's off, boys!" he said cheerfully. "The log mauna be touched until Freckles' chaukies have finished with it. We might as weel gang. Better put it back, Freckles. It's just out, and it may chill. Ye will probably hae twa the morn."

Freckles deposited the baby beside the egg. When he came back he said:

"DEAL'S OFF, BOYS!" HE SAID CHEERFULLY.

"I made a big mistake not to be bringing the egg out with the baby, but I was fearing to touch it. It's shaped like a hen's egg, and it's big as a turkey's, and the beautifulest blue—just splattered with big brown splotches, like me book said, precise. But you never saw such a sight as it made on the yellow of the rotten wood beside that funny leathery faced little white baby."

"Tell you what, Freckles," said one of the teamsters. "Have you ever heard of this bird woman that goes all over the country with a camera and makes pictures? She made some on my brother Jim's place last summer, and Jim's so wild about them he quits plowing and goes after her about every nest he finds. He helps her all he can to get them, and then she gives him a picture. Jim's so proud of what he has he keeps them in the Bible. He shows them to everybody that comes and brags about how he helped to take them. If you're smart you'll send for her and she'll come and make a picture just like life. If you help her she will give you one. It would be uncommon pretty to keep after your birds are gone. I dunno what they are, I never see their like before. They must be something rare. Any you fellows ever see a bird like that hereabouts?"

No one ever had.

"Well," said the teamster, "failing to get this log lets me off till noon, and I'm going to town. If I was making a living taking bird pictures seems to me I'd be mighty glad for a chance to take one like that."

"Then you be sure to tell her to come," said Freckles.

The next morning Freckles hurried about the trail, and on his way down the east side he slipped in to see the chickens. The mother bird was on the nest. He was afraid the other egg might just be hatching, so he did not venture to disturb her. He made the round and reached his study early. He had his lunch along and did not need to start on the second trip until

WAS IT REAL OR WOULD IT VANISH?

the middle of the afternoon. He would have long hours to work on his flower bed, improve his study and learn about his chickens.

The heat became more insistent. Noon came, and Freckles ate his dinner and settled for an hour or two on a bench with a book.

Perhaps there was a breath of sound, Freckles could never afterward remember, but for some reason he lifted his head just as the bushes parted and the face of an angel looked through. Saints, nymphs and fairies had floated down his cathedral aisle for him many times, with forms and voices of exquisite beauty.

Parting the wild roses by the entrance was beauty of which Freckles had never dreamed. Was it real or would it vanish as the other dreams had done? He took a step nearer, gazing intently. This was real flesh and blood. And it was in every way kin of the Limberlost, for no bird of its branches swung with easier grace than this dainty young thing rocked on the bit of morass on which she stood. A sapling beside her was not straighter nor rounder than her slender form. Her soft, waving hair clung about her face with the heat, and curled over her shoulders. It was all of one piece with the gold of the sun which filtered through the branches. Her eyes were just the deepest blue of the iris, her lips the reddest of the foxfire, and her cheeks exactly of the same satin as the wild rose petals caressing them. She was smiling on Freckles in perfect confidence, and she cried, "Oh, I'm so delighted that I've found you!"

"An'—an' was you looking for me?" quavered the boy, incredulous.

"I hoped I might find you," said the angel. "You see, I didn't do as I was told, and I'm lost. The Bird Woman said I should stay in the carriage until she came back. She's been gone hours. It's a perfect Turkish bath in there, and I'm all lumpy with mosquito bites. Just when I thought that I couldn't bear it another minute, along comes the biggest Papilio Ajax you ever saw. I knew how pleased she'd be, so I ran after it. It flew so slow and so low that I thought a dozen times I had it. Then all at once it went out of sight over the trees, and I couldn't find my way back to save me. I think I've walked over an hour. I have been mired to my knees. A thorn raked my arm until it is bleeding, and I'm so tired and warm."

She parted the bushes still further. Freckles saw that her little blue cotton frock clung to her, limp with perspiration. It was torn across the breast. One sleeve hung open from shoulder to elbow. A thorn had raked her arm until it was covered with blood, and the gnats and mosquitoes were clustering about it. Her feet were in lace hose and low shoes.

Freckles gasped. In the Limberlost in low shoes! He caught an armful of moss from his carpet and buried it in the ooze in front of her for a footing.

"Get out here where I can see where you are stepping. Quick, for the life of you!" he ordered.

She smiled on him indulgently.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Did anybody let you come here and not be telling you of the snakes?" urged Freckles.

"We met Mr. McLean on the corduroy, and he did say something about snakes, I believe. The Bird Woman put on leather leggins, and a nice, parboiled time she must be having! Worst dose I ever had, and I'd nothing to do but swelter."

"Will you be coming out of there?" groaned Freckles.

She laughed as if it were a fine joke.

"Maybe if I'd be telling you I killed a rattler curled up on that same place you're standing as long as me body and the thickness of me arm you'd be moving where I can see your footing," he urged insistently.

"What a perfectly delightful little brogue you speak," she said. "My father is Irish, and half ought to be enough to entitle me to do that much. 'Maybe—if I'd—be telling you,'" she imitated, rounding and accenting each word carefully.

"If you was understanding the danger," he continued desperately.

"Oh, I don't think there is much!"

She tilted on the morass.

"If you killed one snake here it's probably all there is near, and anyway, the Bird Woman says a rattlesnake is a gentleman and always gives warning before he strikes. I don't hear any rattling. Do you?"

"Would you be knowing it if you did?" asked Freckles almost impatiently.

How the laugh of the young thing rippled!

"Would I be knowing it?" she mocked. "Well, you should see the swamps of Michigan where they dump rattlers out of the marl dredges three and four at a time."

Freckles stood astounded. She did know. She was not in the least afraid. She was depending on a rattlesnake to live up to his share of the contract and rattle in time for her to move. The one characteristic an Irishman admires in a woman above all others is courage. Freckles worshiped anew. He changed his tactics.

"I'd be pleased to be receiving you at me front door," he said, "but as you have arrived at the back, will you come in and be seated?"

He waved toward a bench.

The angel came instantly.

"Oh, how lovely and cool!" she cried.

As she moved across his room Freckles had hard work to keep from falling on his knees, for they were very weak, and he was hard driven by an impulse to worship.

"Did you arrange this?" she asked.

"Yis," said Freckles simply.

"Some one must come with a big canvas and copy each side of it," she said. "I never saw anything so beautiful. How I wish I might stay here with you! I will, some day, if you will let me; but now, if you can spare the time, will you help me look for the carriage? If the Bird Woman comes back and finds me gone she will be almost distracted."

"Did you come in on the west road?" asked Freckles.

"I think so," she said. "The man who told the Bird Woman said that was the only place where the wires were down. We drove away in, and it was dreadful—over stumps and logs, and in to the hubs. I suppose you know, though. I should have stayed in the carriage, but I was so tired. I never dreamed of getting lost. I suspect I will get scolded finely. I go with the Bird Woman half the time during the summer vacations. My father says I learn a lot more than I do at school, and get it straight. I never came within a smell of getting lost before. I thought, at first, it was going to be horrid, but since I've found you, maybe it will be good fun after all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Terror to Orators.

A speaker in the house of commons has to address "the most chilling, nerve destroying audience in the world." Even such a cool headed, seasoned orator as John Bright once said, toward the end of his career, too, "I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the fact is that I never rise in the house without a trembling at the knees and a secret wish that somebody else would catch the speaker's eye and enable me to sit down again." And Disraeli, who boasted that he had no nerves, declared: "The blare of trumpets, a thousand lookers-on, have induced men to lead a forlorn hope. Ambition and one's constituents have induced men to do a far more desperate thing—speak in the house of commons."—London Mail.

Worse.

"How would you like to have death staring you in the face?"

"Humph! Did you ever come home late and have your wife stare at you?"—Satire.

HUNGRY FOR SHIPS

Goodwin Sands, in the North Sea, Swallow Them Pitilessly.

SCENE OF MANY TRAGEDIES.

These Greedy Shoals, That Mock Man's Efforts to Tame Them, Once Gulped Down a Fleet of War Vessels With Over a Thousand Officers and Men.

From the steep rough shore of Deal, overlooking the ship swallowing Goodwin sands, many of the pilgrim fathers embarked for America, and their descendants, in visiting or leaving England, travel through the famous downs from which their stern progenitors set sail in search of perfect liberty The Goodwins were then in the heyday of their evil reputation, and for unnumbered years they have been as much the graveyard of the narrow seas as Sable island is of the Atlantic ocean With fervent thankfulness the pilgrim fathers saw the last of those notorious and farreaching shoals which break the vicious seas in gales and make them surge and roar like rapids and which, faithful to their treacherous character, appear on bright summer days as restful as golden plains, with blue and glorious rivers running through the countless channels.

Ships of battle, treasure ships, in diamen with precious cargoes and emigrant ships have sailed as far as the Goodwins and there have been engulfed. Most travelers who skirt the coast between the Forelands see the gaunt remains of melancholy wrecks.

The romantic tale is told that the Goodwins were at one time a beautiful and fruitful island, the estate of Earl Goodwin, but that in 1097 they became a vast shoal because of "a turbulent rage of rain and an unheard of rage of the sea." The island disappeared and became "incredibly covered with sand." That has been the tradition for many centuries, and less than 200 years ago there was an alehouse keeper who declared that his oaken shuffleboard was made from a tree which grew on the Goodwins when they were an island.

A clerical investigator, however, who knew the publican, sorrowfully classed him as a lying fellow. Although the tradition is generally credited, it seems far more likely that the Goodwins are formed by the strong run of the tide down the North sea and the tide up the strait of Dover, the two meeting off the Kentish coast and sweeping vast quantities of sand in a whirlpool shoal

In those days of lumbering sailing craft, when vessels were completely at the mercy of the weather, there was little hope of keeping clear of the Goodwins unless the sands could be discerned and wind and tide were favorable. Every gale that blew gave tribute of life and vessel to the shoals

There have been memorable disasters in recent years, even since steam became almost universal for marine propulsion, but the most noted calamities relate to the days of sail Of all that have been put on record none is more terrible than the annihilation of an entire fleet of warships in the storm which devastated England in 1703 Thirteen warships anchored in the downs were swept from their moorings. Some were driven ashore Five including four sail of the line, were hurled toward the Goodwins and dashed to pieces. Nearly 1,100 officers and men perished, yet a handful were saved and brought to shore by men of Deal and Ramsgate and the little havens of the coast.

"'Tis the hard gray weather breeds hard Englishmen." The hardest and grayest British weather is that of the North sea. The Goodwins are at the southernmost part of the North sea, and there on the coast line overlooking the sands men battle ceaselessly with one of the sailors' most pitiless enemies. The Goodwins cannot be coaxed or engineered into submission.

They flout mastery and scorn domination and in their essentials remain what they have been for centuries. Man has tried repeatedly to bridle them, to find a foothold on their slinking bases. More than 300 years ago a scheme was formed to build a beacon or a lighthouse on the Goodwins, but it came to nothing. Long afterward attempts were made to raise a lighthouse, but the work was never finished. In 1841 an old ship was scuttled and was made a dead weight with ballast. A mast was put in her and bore a beacon but only for a time. The greedy Goodwins swallowed all.

The only way to conquer the shoals is to gird them with buoys and lightships, and that has been so well accomplished that in fine weather the sands are marked as clearly on the waters as the hours are indicated on the dial of a watch. But fogs make beacons useless, and so rapid is the run of the sea in the swashes or channels of the sands that even in clear weather an experienced pilot may not get his vessel safely through the indicated tracks.—Walter Wood in Harper's Magazine.

Stories of Stevenson.

Robert Louis Stevenson delighted in odd clothes, which made people take him, much to his own joy, for a sort of vagabond. One night, dressed with a special view to quaintness, the novelist wandered through south London trying to come upon a policeman who would arrest him on sight. He came upon various "bobbies," but not one of them would apprehend him, and he was vastly disappointed.

Another time, when in France, officials of a bank on which he had a draft from his father in Edinburgh warned him away, saying that he was an evident fraud and that if he did not go they would send for the police. Stevenson noticed in the bank the pigeonholes which intuition told him contained foreign drafts. He plunged at those pigeonholes and, as luck would have it, pulled out the duplicate of his Scottish draft. Waving it triumphantly, he demanded his money and got it with a whole officeful of apologies.

Getting History Straight.

It has been shown that Washington was not the real author of his farewell address, nor Monroe of his doctrine, nor Sherman of his law. Presently we shall find out that Bright never had his disease, nor Mason and Dixon a line on anything. And perhaps St Vitus never danced.—New York Mail

In order to love mankind we must not expect too much of them Helvetius.

SHIP CARVING.

An Art That Went Out With the Old Wooden Warships.

An almost forgotten profession is that of ship carving. For many centuries, down to the beginning of the nineteenth, the ornamentation of vessels, especially men of war, was profuse, intricate and florid. The carving on the United States line of battle ship America, launched in 1782 and presented to France, will give some idea of the extent to which this was carried.

The figurehead was a female figure crowned with laurel representing America. The right arm was raised, pointing to heaven. On the left arm was a buckler with a blue ground carrying thirteen stars. On the stern of the ship under the cabin windows appeared two large figures in bas-relief representing "Tyranny" and "Oppression" bound and bleeding on the ground. On the back of the starboard quarter was a large figure of "Mars." On the highest part of the stern appeared "Wisdom" and above her head an owl.

Philadelphia furnished not only the greatest ship designer in the United States, but also the best ship carver in the world, William Rush. In this field he was without a rival, and to a wonderful technical sk

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, MAY 28, 1912.

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.

June 4.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Hebron.
June 17.— Primary election.

NEW ADVERT SEMENTS.

Probate Notices from Two Courts.
Five Notices of Appointment.
Watch Lost.
Notice of Foreclosure.
Save Your Piano.
Straw and Panama Hats.
The Norway National Bank.
Art Squares.
Z. L. Merchant& Co.
The Latest Thing in Stoves.
Stylish Suits for Graduation.
Two Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.
Organ for Sale.
Order Your Memorial Flowers To-day.

Here and There.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says children should be kept out of school until they are twelve, when they can acquire in six months what it takes six years to drill into them by the ordinary school methods. Professor Sidis and some others begin the education of their children as soon as they are able to talk, and have them ready for college when they are ten to twelve years old. When doctors disagree, and both are at variance with the common methods, what does the ordinary man know about it?

After all, while we may agree that the majesty of the law should be maintained, and that the full penalty was never more richly deserved than in that recently-closed case in Massachusetts, most of us are glad that we live in Maine where there is no legal killing.

Almost a million and a half ballots will have to be printed for the Maine primaries in June, and twenty-four tons of paper will be used. The ballots will be 12 1-2 x 19 inches.

Again the anthracite miners are at work. Coal will now cost the operators a few cents a ton more to mine, and will cost the consumer a good many more cents a ton to buy.

An impressive exhibit of the results of French thrift was made when an issue of city of Paris bonds to the amount of forty-one million dollars was oversubscribed eighty times, the actual amount of cash deposited as required with the bids being almost three times the bond issue.

Some of the distinguished statesmen and editors of the country are now making comparative statements as to who drinks the less liquor. No one as yet claims credit for "carrying off" the most.

County W. C. T. U. Convention.

The Oxford County W. C. T. U. convention at Rumford Falls Tuesday and Wednesday met with a most cordial reception at the hands of her best and most cultured women.

In spite of the rain all the officers were present, and in addition the state vice-president, Mrs. Althea G. Quimby of Turner, and several other distinguished guests. Unusually lavish and elegant was the hospitality offered the delegates. Even the river had on its whitest foam and roared its grandest.

Following an earnest devotional meeting the address of the president, Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney of Brownfield, was listened to with the closest attention—words of appreciation were expressed by Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Livingston.

Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston of Providence, R. I., young, charming and talented, proved to be all that her name might imply besides—a Deborah of modern reforms, a descendant of John Knox and the wife of a relative of David Livingstone. She and her husband were workers here in the campaign last fall, and so she is no stranger to Maine conditions and needs. She gave a brisk little parliamentary drill, and a question box during which she advocated having our meetings the most up-to-date possible, and made up of the very best we have to offer, including our very best dresses and our most attractive parlors.

At 3:30 P. M. the school children came in, filling the body of the church. They sang patriotic songs and Mrs. Livingston made a brief address.

Mrs. Marguerite Finney Cowan sang a solo "'Tis May-time"—accompanied by pipe organ.

Reports and introductions took up the rest of the afternoon, Rev. Messrs. Kirby, Carter, Howes and Hanson being introduced among others, and each speaking briefly.

The church was not so well filled for the evening address as is usual at our county conventions—a noticeably small number of men being present. If only they might all have been there! For never was there a more winning and unanswerable argument put forth for woman's suffrage, than Mrs. Livingston gave. It was no Pankhurst method, but the most womanly appeal for the right to help protect her home and her children from some of the evils which men yet tolerate.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Howes of Mexico.

Wednesday morning officers were elected:

Pres.—Mrs. E. A G. Stickney, Brownfield.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Susie E. Chapman, South Paris.
Cor. Sec.—Mrs. Emma W. Chandler, Bethel.
Rec. Sec.—Mrs. O. M. Mason, Bethel.
Treas.—Mrs. Nellie F. Farnum, South Paris.

The resolutions adopted reaffirmed the belief in the prohibitory law; also contained a protest against the present nullification of the law. The county papers were commended by a hearty vote of thanks for their firm stand for temperance.

Postmaster Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on Saturday, June 22, an examination will be held at Buckfield, Maine, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster of class (b) at Hebron Station, Maine, and other vacancies as they may occur at that office. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $246 for the last fiscal year.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Hebron Station or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

The total sale of the Aroostook potato crop of 1911 is estimated at between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000 bushels, besides two or three million bushels used for starch, seed, food, and loat. As it is reckoned that the average price received was better than two dollars a barrel, the total received for the year's crop is estimated as over $13,000,000. This year the farmers will put in about the same acreage as last year.

Hand engine musters will be held at Augusta July 4 and at Bangor on Labor Day.

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.

Beginning with June the library will be open Monday afternoons from 3 to 4:30 o'clock and Wednesday evenings as usual.

J. B Cole & Son began on the extension of the new cement sidewalks last week. The section in front of the Hubbard House is now going in.

Miss Lamberson of Lewiston was a guest at J. M. Thayer's the past week.

Mrs. Godfrey and her friend, Mrs. Stackpole, of Bangor, were at W. H. Cummings' over Sunday, the 19th.

The sixth and last of the free entertainments provided by the fund contributed for the purpose by a friend and summer resident of the village, will be given at the Baptist church on Tuesday evening, June 18th. The committee have secured for this last entertainment the Imperial Male Quartette of Boston, with Mr. John T. Russell, of the same city, humorist and character impersonator. The Imperial Quartette has been pronounced by musical critics the finest organization of its kind before the public to-day. The Woonsocket (R. I) Evening Call says: "The concert by the Imperial Male Quartette was the finest the music lovers of this city have enjoyed in many years." The Saratogian (Saratoga, N. Y.) says: "The programme given by the Imperial Male Quartette was the finest ever given here." The Paris Hill committee are fortunate in securing this organization and have provided the largest auditorium in the place in order that every one may come and enjoy this concert.

FORBES DISTRICT.

Mrs. Charles Stevens is quite sick.

Mrs. Mary Howe, while cleaning house for Mrs. Fremont Field, fell and hurt her back and side quite badly.

Herbert L. Allen lost one of his big horses.

W. O. Stevens sold a pair of steers to W. S. Mason a few days ago.

Joe Ellingwood of Hebron was in this place May 17, looking for a man to work on a farm.

North Buckfield.

Addison Fuller has gone to Lewiston.

Mrs. M. A. Warren and children, Clithroe and Ezra, visited her mother, Mrs. Callie Sturtevant, in Turner, recently.

N. E. Bessey has swapped his work horses with Andrews Bros. for another pair.

Mrs. Charles Rowe is confined to her bed.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Holmes attended Grange at Turner May 18.

Dr. C. H. Gibbs of Livermore Falls was at Mrs. Isabell Swallow's and Mrs. A. S. Bessey's recently.

J. E. Bicknell is building a new ell and making other repairs on his house. Ed Phinney is doing the work.

Farmers are late with their planting on account of the rainy weather.

I. D. Fuller continues very poorly.

F. E. Heald lost a horse recently.

James Bicknell is building a new ell to his house with all the modern improvements.

Fred Heald had a horse die very suddenly Wednesday which he has owned nearly 20 years.

Grover Keene is the proud possessor of a nice colt which was foaled recently.

John Gerrish is in the place painting and papering.

Heald Bros. have got through sawing long lumber.

Isaac Fuller is still confined to the house.

A. F. Mason is buying wool again this spring, paying 22 cents a pound.

Althea Stetson, who is teaching school at East Hebron, was at home Sunday.

At their regular meeting Saturday evening Mountain Grange held a memorial service for those members that have died since its reorganization.

East Sumner.

H. C. Buck, who was quite badly injured in an accident last week, is now improving and able to sit up some.

Memorial Day will be observed at the Congregational church by the usual exercises and an address by Rev. F. A. Leitch of Auburn. Exercises to begin at 1 P. M.

Mrs. Ella S. Heald while at South Rangeley recently caught a 3 1-2 pound trout, standing on the steamer landing.

The party made up of A. D. Park and wife and Mrs. Ella S. Heald were very successful and secured some fine lake trout while guests of Cleon S. Osgood at his camp. W. J. Heald was guide.

The wet weather has given grass a fine start, but has delayed planting somewhat. At this date (Thursday afternoon) it looks like dull weather! also, as if "Teddy" is the coming man. O-hi-O the people seem to say.

Oxford.

The Oxford High School base ball team played the Bryant's Pond team here Saturday.

Miss Mary Andrews of Portland is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Martha Holden and Hattie Andrews.

The M. E. circle met with Mrs. Weston Dunn Wednesday.

Frank Bean was in Albany last week.

Gertrude Curtis of West Paris visited her aunt, Mrs. Carroll Curtis, a few days last week

The high school will give an entertainment and sociable in the Sons of Temperance Hall Friday evening for the benefit of their base ball team.

Charles Young has recently purchased a piano.

Perley Bonney is quite sick.

Harry Goodyear has opened up his harness shop and moved into the rent above the shop.

North Paris.

Mr. Coffin has sold his stand to Mr. Tracy of Peru.

The Village Improvement Society have voted to buy the Morrison Hall, now owned by L. J. Trask.

Mr. McAllister's clerk, a Hadley boy of Sumner, was thrown from a carriage last Sunday, the 19th, and broke his leg in two places.

Herbert Gibbs is at home from the hospital.

George Gibbs has moved to the Parker place which he bought last fall and has also bought the fields formerly owned with it.

Freeman Ellingwood and wife have returned home.

West Buckfield.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Phillips and daughter Aldana went to North Auburn Sunday and returned Monday.

Charles Smith of Conway, N. H., has been at John Smith's recently.

Thomas Bradbury returned from Down East Wednesday.

Mrs. S. M. Bonney and children of Oxford were at Dastine Turner's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cummings of Paris were at O. D. Warren's Sunday.

Miss Mary Farrar of Auburn has been very sick since leaving here.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hall is at Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall's.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Jordan are at C. M. Heald's.

North Waterford.

Annie Hazelton, who has been quite sick with the mumps and a bad cold, is better.

Mrs. Ellen Millett Davenport of Worcester, Mass., is visiting friends here. We are all glad to welcome her back with us again.

John Grover and family have moved into their new home.

Harry Brown and family were visited Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Dresser, Mrs. Edna Sessions and son Rex, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dresser.

Mrs. Walter Brown is expecting some more Finns to board soon. They are to work for Harry Brown.

Mrs. Chandler Merrill and girls intend visiting her parents at Lovell a few weeks.

West Paris.

There will be no special observance of Memorial Day in this village, but all veterans, citizens and school children are invited to meet at the Free Baptist church at 8 o'clock, A. M., Memorial Day, where a line of march will be formed to the cemetery to decorate the graves of comrades.

The family of W. J. Curtis are packing their household goods preparatory to moving to South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Porter of Boston are the guests of Mrs. Porter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Marshall, and other relatives in this vicinity.

The annual business meeting and election of officers of the Y. P. C. U. was held at the First Universalist church Tuesday evening and the following officers were elected:

Pres.—V. E. Ellingwood.
Vice-Pres.—Mary Stearns.
Sec.—Mrs. Leona Ridlon.
Treas.—Ralph Bacon.

The Mission Circle of the Universalist church held its annual meeting with Mrs. Levi Shedd on Thursday of last week and the following officers were elected:

Pres.—Mrs. D. A. Ball.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Elva E. Locke.
Sec.—Della H. Lyne.
Treas.—Mrs. Phila Shedd.

Albert Ryder has sold his stand on Church Street to Joseph H. Dunham for occupancy. Mr. and Mrs. Ryder will move to Freeport.

Mrs. Irvin L. Bowker of Portland is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Tuell. Mrs. Bowker is on the return trip from Harrisburg, Penn., where Mr. Bowker is a delegate to the Engineers' Union in session there.

Several members of Granite Lodge, F. and A. M., visited Bethel Lodge Thursday evening.

Augustus Dunham is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Currier, at Bryant Pond.

Mrs. Frances Dunham of West Sumner has been the recent guest of her daughter, Mrs. Bert Day.

Myrtle Robinson of Sumner is visiting her uncle, Percy Mayhew.

Mr. Butts, of the firm of Longley & Butts, of Norway, is plumbing the house of E. J. Mann, on Main Street. J. H. Cole has finished the carpenter work, and will soon move his family to Haverhill, Mass.

A heavy thunder shower passed over this village Friday evening.

J. B. Cole will sell his household goods, some small tools and other small articles, at auction, next Saturday, June 1, at 1:30 o'clock.

Bryant's Pond.

William Hall has moved from the Henry Russ house on Landers Hill to the Charles Bessey place.

By the death of Cyrus Millett the Boston Post cane comes into the possession of Francis E. Hammond of South Woodstock. Mr. Hammond was born in the Dunham neighborhood nearly 86 years ago, the son of the late Jason Hammond.

There will be the usual services here Memorial Day, though no definite program has been announced. The address will be delivered by Rev. C. G. Miller of South Paris.

The Fernald, Keene, True Co. are storing a large number of cans at their factory. They have pledged this season 185 acres of corn in this section.

Several of the summer cottages are already occupied, among them Camp Guernsey, Birchmere and Cranestone.

About a dozen men are employed so far in the quarry. Joseph Hall has charge of the cutters' crew.

Commissioner Davis has a crew repairing the hill road above the Isaac Howe place. This part of the highway is ledgy and with several springs underneath, making it one of the most difficult in town to keep in shape.

Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Abbie Trask was pleasantly surprised Monday to receive a visit from her cousin, Albert L. Hobbs, of Fresno, Cal., formerly of Norway, whom she had not seen for twenty years. Mr. Hobbs left Norway thirty years ago to try his fortune in the West, and although he worked his board for a time after arriving there, by remarkable pluck and perseverance has forged his way ahead, until he is to-day a successful business man of Fresno. He is engaged in the packing of raisins and buying and selling dried fruits. He married Alice Steinmitz of Fresno and they have one son, Chas. S. Hobbs.

Mrs. Lena Rand and Mrs. Hannah Whitman were in Norway Monday.

Fred Morton is enjoying a two weeks' vacation in Boston.

C. B. Tebbets has a new auto, purchased of Herrick Bros., of Bethel.

Mrs. George Tirrell returned from Foxcroft Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Cross are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, May 20.

Dr. Packard and family are at their camp for the summer.

Hebron.

The boys had a loud and happy celebration Saturday evening in honor of their victory at Orono.

The concert in the church Friday evening was a success and greatly enjoyed by all fortunate enough to attend.

The Ladies' Circle cleared about $30 at the apron and food sale Tuesday evening.

The ball game here Wednesday between Portland High School and Hebron was won by Hebron 8-2.

The Alpha Literary Society gave their annual reception Wednesday evening at the Home.

Mrs. Joy has been in Fairfield this week owing to the illness of her mother who was quite severely bitten on the hand by a dog.

J. E. Bartlett of Boston is spending a few days with his father, W. A. Bartlett.

H. K. Stearns has set out fifty or more apple trees on his land by Mathews Pond.

Owing to the continued rains but little planting has been done in this vicinity.

O. H. Tripp of Rockland was at Miss Tripp's the first of this week.

Dr. Parmalee was in the place Monday.

Hiram.

Sunday, May 19, was the warmest day of the year, at 73. On the 20th, A. M., the record was 32, with a brisk snow squall for an hour and a half, reminding us that on May 21st, 1892, it snowed five inches in Hiram. The writer also remembers a snow squall on May 26th, 1857.

Albert Fowler of Wilton, Conn., is in town on business.

Mrs. Ephraim E. Hanson and Mrs. Albert G. Stearns are in very poor health.

Mrs. Alonzo Parker was taken to the Maine General Hospital last week for treatment, and perhaps surgery for internal trouble.

Eli C. Wadsworth went to Brownfield Tuesday and to Denmark Wednesday.

Miss A. Louise Bradford of Boston is passing a few days at Eli C. Wadsworth's.

Norway Lake.

The shower and wind in the afternoon of the 17th caused considerable damage in this vicinity. At Dr. C. A. Stephens' it demolished the windmill and one of the bird houses, and blew a skylight a long distance over a roof down into the orchard. It struck an apple tree, breaking quite a large limb and hanging the skylight on the tree, but broke only one pane of glass.

W. S. Partridge has been ill for several days. He has not been in the store since the 18th.

Mrs. W. S. Partridge is having a hard time, caused by an attack of neuritis in her right arm and shoulder.

Mrs. Dr. Noyes of Lovell has been sick with measles for ten days at the home of her father, J. L. Partridge.

Denmark.

The corn shop is being covered with new rubber roofing, and a new coal shed is to be built.

John A. Brackett of Lawrence, Mass., is in town for a few days in the interest of the new soldiers' monument.

George Chase of Portland is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Perkins.

Mrs. Norton is reported as very sick.

W. W. Berry has a new Ford auto.

Elmer Hale also has a new Ford auto.

Harold Perkins has received his new auto.

A. P. Cobb and wife are in Providence, R. I.

Bethel.

Monday evening the Rebekah lodge was visited by the inspector, Mrs. Annie Young of Calais, and a delegation from the West Paris lodge. The heavy rain prevented many from attending.

Tuesday Mrs. O. M. Mason and Mrs. E. W. Chandler went to Rumford to attend the Oxford County W. C. T. U. convention, returning Wednesday evening.

The concert which was to have been given by Mrs. Schoonover, assisted by Mr. Hill, soloist, and Mrs. Florence Chipman Berwick, violinist, was postponed until the 28th on account of the illness of Mrs. Schoonover.

Mrs. Keene of Sumner has been visiting her daughter, Miss Mildred Keene, and went to Rumford Thursday.

Announcement has just been received from the New England College Entrance Certificate Board of the re-approval of Gould's Academy for the full term of three years. Gould's was among the first schools to be approved by the Board, and one of the few that have been able to hold the privilege continuously since that time. This is a recommendation for this school.

Mr. Copeland and Lyman Wheeler are loading hay to be sent to the Boston market. A very large quantity of hay has been shipped from this station this spring.

The Memorial sermon was preached in the Congregational church Sunday morning by Rev. B. F. Fickett, pastor of the M. E. church.

Memorial Day will be observed in the morning by the graves of veterans being decorated by comrades of Brown Post. In the afternoon the soldiers and Relief Corps, accompanied by the school children, will march to the soldiers' monument, and appropriate services will be held. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg will be given by Carroll Valentine. In the evening Rev. Merrill C. Ward of Norway will deliver the address in Odeon Hall.

The academy will have a recess from Wednesday until Monday.

Sunday, June 2, the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. J. H. Little, to be preached in the Congregational church, will open the exercises of commencement week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday will be devoted to final examinations. Thursday graduation exercises will be held in Odeon Hall. The concert will be given in the evening. Friday evening the students will give a reception.

West Bethel.

"Apple blossoms pink and white,
Robin's nest just out of sight,
Dandelion chains for baby,
Flowers wherever flowers may be,
Best of concerts every day,
That's the darling month—that's May."

"Now comes the first dash of the rain,
In large round drops, that soon is o'er,
The winds sigh low as if in human pain—
A moment's pause—and then the sky pour—
A perfect flood of rain, as if the God of storm
Had opened all the flood gates, there, on high,
And reveled in the deep toned thunders, born
Of lightning flashes—'neath a weeping sky."

Memorial Day next Thursday.

Geo. A. Grover has sold his farm to Harry Brown of Bethel Hill.

Elbert R. Briggs made a business trip to Gilead village Wednesday.

Mrs. Vienna Holt was visited last week by Mrs. Nettie Evans of Dummer, N. H.

May has given us rain, snow, sleet and thunder with very few pleasant days.

Mrs. Alden F. Mason, after several weeks' absence, has returned to her home in this village.

G. Dana Morrill has sold the main part of the A. S. Bean farm, with the large barn, to Thomas W. Vashaw.

Gilbert Tyler and son Fred, with their families, are moving from Grafton to the Edward S. Smith farm, which they recently bought.

Alton Ames and family have moved from the "Beehive" of the Merrill, Springer Co. to a house on Main Street owned by Mrs. Lucinda E. Bean of South Paris.

There was a social dance in Swett's Hall on the night of the 18th, and another will be held in the same place on Saturday evening, June 1st.

Nothing is gained by planting potatoes, corn and beans in cold, wet soil, but we seldom have a better spring than this for sowing grain and grass seed and the transplanting of trees.

The farmer who does not have to buy food for himself and family is indeed fortunate when potatoes are one dollar per bushel and beefsteak 30 cents per pound.

Greenwood.

We well remember that May snow storm 20 years ago, how it broke down a Transcendant crab apple tree so that it has not entirely regained its normal form to this day. The one last Monday was light compared to that, yet the ground and trees were white for a while, "as no fuller on earth could white them." The only thing remarkable about such storms is their coming so late in the spring; it looks like winter clinging to the tail of May.

Several business calls during the week but too stormy and cold for visiting.

As formerly mentioned our school closed before the proper time, and instead of hiring another teacher to keep it out, the scholars are carried to the Center school.

Harry Swift has changed housekeepers by carrying the widow Herrick home and hiring Mrs. Ada Elwell. The widow thinks of resuming work there in the near future, since she is highly pleased with the situation.

The crown prince of Spain, now six years old, is learning to be an artist and pictured out as taking snap shots with his camera. But his father is not very popular with a certain class, and his mother still less so, being an English woman. And furthermore there is a republic on each side of his kingdom, France on one side and Portugal on the other; so it is quite possible that the crown prince of Spain will never wear a crown after all.

Two or three years ago Lester Morgan bought E. H. Morgan's farm on Patch Mountain, and now it is reported that he is about to take to himself a wife and settle there for a home.

And it is further reported that Frank Morgan, who was born and grew to manhood on that farm, but now married and lives in Waterford, has bought the Newton Herrick place near by but for what purpose report saith not.

There is a pair of swallows flying about here, which indicates that summer is near, though the cold and stormy weather still continues.

Last week we received a pictorial card from a friend in Yarmouth, and this in part is what she wrote on it:

"I wonder if you have so good a likeness of our Maine Poet? Years ago, in the days of horse cars, I was coming from Newton, Mass., to Cambridge, and when opposite of Longfellow's house, he came out and rode a long distance in the same car I was in and I saw plainly the man whose poems I had much enjoyed.

"Will you say in your items to the Oxford Democrat, that Mrs. Estella Chase Ford of Yarmouth, Maine, wishes to thank her many friends who so kindly remembered her at Easter? I am a shut-in, and depend upon my wheel chair to get around, and the shower was most gratifying."

Yes, sister, we cheerfully do you the favor, and also thank you for the picture of H. W. Longfellow, who was one of the most gifted poets of modern times, whether this side of the water or beyond.

East Bethel.

Mrs. Irving Kimball of Roxbury, Mass., passed a few days here last week.

Miss Elsie Bartlett has gone to Rumford Falls where she has a position as stenographer.

Mrs. Alma Russ of Rumford Falls recently visited at Porter Farwell's.

Mrs. Dolly Blake, who has been spending the past year with her sons in Massachusetts, has returned to her home here.

Judge G. F. Rich and son Robert of Berlin, N. H., accompanied by A. M. Bean and Frank Bean of this place, enjoyed an auto trip to Lewiston last Saturday.

Earl, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Holt, who was taken to the Maine General Hospital at Portland Sunday, the 19th, is reported to be recovering from a serious illness. He was accompanied by his grandparent, Mrs. Susie Bean, who stays by him.

Mrs. Lucetia Bean went to Lawrence, Mass., last week, called there by the death of a relative.

Buckfield.

M. C. Hutchinson of Portland was at his North Hill farm over Sunday.

Peter Murray's Stock Co. was here the first three nights of the week.

Misses Mildred and Helen Shaw entertained the members of the Saints' Rest Reading Club at their home Monday afternoon and evening. The regular work occupied the afternoon after which tea was served and the evening was devoted to games and fun of all sorts.

We are glad to welcome the Sumner scholars back to school after the recent small pox scare.

Atwood W. Spaulding of Caribou was the guest of Benj. Spaulding Monday night.

Ray Allen sawed his hand quite badly at John Ellingwood's mill Wednesday morning, injuring the thumb and forefinger.

O. D. Stinchfield of Auburn has been in town for a few days.

George Howe of Boston was here Thursday renewing old acquaintances.

Mrs. D. R. Palmer will sell her household goods at auction next Wednesday afternoon and will make her home with her daughter in Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Record have been visiting their daughter in Vinalhaven, returning Thursday.

Allen Purkis was taken to the C. M. G. Hospital Thursday for an operation for appendicitis.

The social committee of the C. E. Society gave a poverty social at the vestry Friday night, which was well attended and a good sum realized, though the heavy shower drove many home before the program was carried out. The costumes were original and indicated hard times.

West Lovell.

Miss Mary Johnson of Stow has been at Albra Lord's for a few days.

Mrs. Cora Nichols had an ill turn Monday morning but is better.

The horse left in the Walker pasture, West Lovell, is in the care of A. F. Wiley of Stow. The wagon is still housed under the trees.

Mrs. Georgie Chadbourne has started for Redlands, California.

Mrs. John Seavey and Lizzie Gould of Harbor were at Mrs. Oris LeBaron's Wednesday.

Maine News Notes.

Arthur G. Eaton, the Portland insurance man, gets a total of seven years for forgery and embezzlement.

Here's a grain of comfort: Maine lakes are "brim full," for the first time for several seasons and everything indicates that the industries of Maine, dependent on water power for their prosperity, will not be handicapped the coming year.

The destroyer Jenkins, recently launched at the Bath Iron Works, has exceeded requirements on her tests, making a mile at the rate of 33 119 knots, three knots in excess of the contract.

With the site tentatively agreed upon Biddeford's plans for its new $60,000 central school house go on apace. The building probably will be ready for occupancy this fall. It will be modern in every particular.

Lumber markets of the state report a spirit of optimism throughout the trade. Interviews with prominent lumber dealers disclose the fact that the demand for all kinds of lumber is really in excess of the supply.

Two years ago the U. S. fish hatchery at Boothbay Harbor had a blue lobster on exhibition. The lobster was taken in a trap near Boothbay. A peculiar feature was that the tip of each claw was double. The shell has been preserved in a college museum.

John Merrill Lewis, 18 years of age, of South Portland, was drowned on the 18th by the capsizing of a boat in the harbor. Two companions who were in the boat were rescued by the quick work of Charles Jordan, who went to their assistance in his motor boat.

Notice has been given out by the Bar Harbor school authorities that one of the prominent residents, who prefers to remain anonymous, has offered a prize of a gold watch to the girl in the senior class of the Bar Harbor High School who is, in the opinion of her schoolmates, of the highest type of character. Twenty-two girls are eligible.

In an attempt to save the life of Rupert Tobey, the four-year-old son of Charles E. Tobey of Vassalboro, Carl D. Warren of that town was drowned in Webber Pond on the 19th. In a sailboat were Warren, Tobey and the boy, and Charles Rowe. A sudden gust of wind shifting the sail, the boy was knocked into the water, and Warren jumped after him. The boat became unmanageable, and the two men in her were unable to rescue either the man or the boy, though Rowe also jumped into the water in the attempt to do so.

THE DEMONS OF THE SWAMP are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria, often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since." Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50cts. at the Chas. H. Howard Co.

For 50 years, Hon. Joel Wilbur of Phillips and H. G. Turner of Dedham, Mass., have been making annual fishing trips to the Rangeley Lakes, says the Maine Woods. On the 15th they packed their tackle and started north, both of these veteran fishermen in good health and spirits, despite the fact that Mr. Wilbur is 78 years old and Mr. Turner 83. "We would not think of missing the early fishing," said Mr. Turner, who was formerly a paving contractor of Boston. "For 50 years Joel and I have been going to the lakes in the spring and usually again in the fall." Mr. Wilbur has been a Rangeley fisherman for the past 67 years without missing a single season.

HELPS A JUDGE IN BAD FIX.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25 cents at the pharmacy of the Chas. H. Howard Co.

One town in Somerset County will reach its century mark in 1913, St. Albans. Indefinite plans are already being made to celebrate the event which will come on June 14, next year. This was the 199th town to be incorporated. At the first town meeting held it was voted to raise $40 in produce and $10 in cash to defray town charges.

WHAT TEXANS ADMIRE is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio. "We find," he writes, "that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made." Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney trouble. 25 cents at the pharmacy of the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Order Your
Memorial Flowers To-day.
I have a good supply now but those coming late may not get any.
E. P. Crockett,
FLORIST.
Porter Street,
South Paris, Maine.

Always Meeting With Accidents.

(A war time story by Addison S. Bean of the Sixty-fifth New York Regiment.)

In the winter of 1862 we were lying near Washington, D. C. We had a recruit come to us from New York who was a very neat soldier, but was always meeting with accidents.

On Sunday morning the orderly sergeant came around and called out, "Prepare for inspection!" Brophy cleaned up so his clothes and gun shone. He was fit to attend church on Fifth Avenue. When the bugle sounded to fall in he rushed out of his tent, and at the first step he went sprawling in the mud, gun under. He was too late to make repairs, so he went on inspection. When the officer came along the line, he stopped at Brophy and said:

"Dirty shoes, Brophy."

Brophy answered, "Yer Honor, sorr."

"Dirty gun."

"Thank you, sorr."

"Dirty all over."

"Ye're a gintleman, sorr."

That brought the house down. All laughed, even the colonel turned his back.

A short time after Brophy was on picket on one of the outposts, with instructions when the grand rounds came around to say, "Advance, Corporal, and give the countersign!" but instead he bawled, "Sthop, I tell ye!" drew up his gun and shot the corporal through the heart. He was disarmed and taken to the guardhouse, was courtmartialed and sent to the Dry Tortugas, Florida, during the war.

About the State.

A party of eighty members of the Portland Board of Trade have just been on a tour by special train of the eastern part of Maine, extending as far as St. John, N. B.

An exchange is responsible for this: "In spite of the cold winter that Maine had, Ben Berry of North Anson, while plowing, this week, plowed out about 10 bushels of potatoes that had not been affected the least by the frost. They had the appearance of new potatoes and sold for prices above the old potatoes. He dug the potatoes in plowing five acres and they brought him about $14."

Levi W. Weston is the only man that ever went over Skowhegan Falls and now lives. Mr. Weston is now 85 years old. This happened over 50 years ago. At that time he was at the head of the falls on a jam of logs when the one he was on shot out into the river and before he could save himself he was going over the falls on top of it. He went down into the surging waters a distance of probably 30 feet and struck the bottom of the river. He retained his presence of mind and struggled for the surface. He was a good swimmer and managed to work away from the undertow and reached the shore where a crowd of men pulled him out.

Card of Thanks.

We take this way to express our appreciation for the many kindnesses shown to us in our late sickness, also for the letters and cards of comfort and cheer received while in the hospital, and the many beautiful flowers received, we thank you all most heartily.

MR. AND MRS. C. H. KIMBALL.
W. EARLE KIMBALL.

STATE OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF OXFORD, ss.

To Clinton R. Smith of Canton in the County of Oxford and State of Maine and to Eddie Millett of Auburn in the County of Androscoggin and State of Maine.

Whereas Clinton R. Smith of Canton in said County of Oxford on the 11th day of May A. D. 1911 mortgaged to me, the undersigned Daniel B. Stevens of said Auburn a certain wooden building and addition situated in said Auburn on the easterly side of Turner Street and next southerly of the Maine Central Railroad and standing on the land of the Franklin Company and being the blacksmith shop occupied for nearly forty years by me, together with all and singular the tools, fixtures and stock in trade and in use in said shop and now on hand, and all such other stock and fixtures as may from time to time be purchased to replace the stock and fixtures hereinbefore referred to; it being understood that an amount of stock and fixtures equal to that on hand will be maintained by Clinton R. Smith as a security for the debt secured by this mortgage, and to insure said property in some responsible insurance company loss if any payable to me as my interest might appear, in such amount as may at any time remain unpaid on this mortgage, to secure the payment of seven hundred dollars which mortgage is recorded in the town records of the town of Canton in book 10 at pages 206 and 207; and whereas the conditions of said mortgage have been broken;

Now therefore notice is hereby given of my intention to foreclose said mortgage for breach of its conditions.

Auburn, Maine, May 15, 1912.
DANIEL B. STEVENS.

Canton, Maine, May 20, 1912.

I have made diligent inquiry for Clinton R. Smith, the mortgagor mentioned in the above notice of foreclosure and have not been able to find him but have learned that he is no longer a resident of the state and has no last and usual place of abode in the State of Maine.

Fees .10 (Paid)
C. F. TRIPP, JR., Deputy Sheriff.

22 24

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

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of HAROLD E. MARTIN, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

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

HAROLD E. MARTIN of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 16th day of November, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

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

Dated this 16th day of May, A. D. 1912.
HAROLD E. MARTIN, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 25th day of May, A. D. 1912, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1912, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in The Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

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

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1912.

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

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

22-24

The Liniment that is 101 Years Old

Quick relief for hurts, aches and pains. Every household should keep on hand the old, reliable
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
For over 100 years it has had no equal. Use inwardly for Colds, Bowel Disorders, Cholera Morbus,

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; 5:47 P.M., daily.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Paris Lodge, No. 94. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.
I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.
D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 20, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall.
Wm. K. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in Grand Army Hall.
S. of V.—Joshua L. Chamberlain Camp meets on the first Tuesday night after the full of the moon.
P. of H.—Paris Grange, meets first and third Saturday of each month, 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.
K. of P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every Friday evening at Pythian Hall.

Myron W. and Sanger S. Maxim have purchased a Stanley steam touring car.

Mrs. E. P. Parlin of Wilton spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, last week.

Miss Mearle Monk went the first of last week to Wayne, where she expects to spend a month or more.

Sheriffs Cole and Bicknell went to Portland Thursday with a deserter from the United States army who was arrested at Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph B. Penfold of Portland, who are spending a vacation with relatives here, made a trip to Niagara last week.

A meeting of the Universalist parish will be held Tuesday evening of this week, to take action relative to securing the new organ.

Mrs. H. C. Ordway, who has been with Mrs. Almeda Newton through the winter, has returned to her home at North Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Heidner, after spending the winter as usual in Sour Lake, Texas, arrived home on Monday afternoon of last week.

Donald S. Briggs, who has been at Carrabassett for some weeks, returned home the first of last week, and has since visited a few days at Waterville.

A sociable was held in Grand Army Hall by the Delta Alphas Thursday evening, with music by Kirby Shaw. The proceeds go toward the piano fund.

Everett H. Farrar has recently put up a building south of his house on Park Street, which is occupied by his son, Cleon E. Farrar, as a residence and garage.

Last Wednesday was the eighth birthday of Miss Elinor Soper, and she celebrated it by a party at which thirteen of her little friends were entertained. They had refreshments and a generally enjoyable time.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office May 27:

Mrs. Robbie Plummer.
Mrs. Harry Dingley.
Leonard J. Neal.
Chas. R. Hussey.

The dates for the centennial of the South Paris Congregational church have been set as Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 23 and 24, the exercises beginning Wednesday evening and continuing through Thursday and Thursday evening.

J. H. Stuart left Monday to make the survey and plans for the work to be done by the state on the road between Fryeburg and Bridgton. About $12,000 contributed by the state and town will be expended on that piece of road, which has been the bugbear of automobile tourists.

Programme for Paris Grange June 1:

Music, Choir.
Reading, Gertrude Twitchell.
Song, Mrs. Lovejoy.
Reading, Mrs. B. F. Hicks.
Song, Mr. Knight.
Question, In what way can our home surroundings be made more attractive?
Opened by Mattie Richards.
Story, Leon Brooks.
Music, Choir.

The tennis club organized for the season at Rev. A. T. McWhorter's Tuesday evening by the choice of Mr. McWhorter as president, and Morton V. Bolster secretary and treasurer. Mr. Bolster, Murray Bigelow and Miss Wetherell were made a committee on games, to arrange the schedule so there will be no conflict. The annual fee was fixed at one dollar.

J. B. Cole and sons put in the cement walk at the court house last week. The walk is twelve feet wide, the width of the steps above, extending from the foot of the steps across the lawn to the sidewalk, and is raised well above the lawn, so that it will always be dry. The old curved walk will be taken out and the space graded into the lawn. A manifest improvement. From the foot of the walk a concrete crossing has been put in across Western Avenue, this being done jointly by the county and the town.

Mr. Smith, representing the New York Entertainment and Institute Company, was in town a few days last week arranging for an institute to be held next week, June 5-8, by the company. The institute has an all-day program for each day, devoted to entertainment and instruction. The forenoon hour is given to drama lectures, recitals, art talks, and so on. In the afternoon there will be a musical prelude, followed by the reading of a play, an art lecture or a life problem lecture. The evening is given to entertainment. Tickets for the whole institute are $1 50 each. Mr. Smith will be here again this week to work up the matter further.

The South Paris Baptist church observed its twenty-seventh anniversary on Sunday, the 19th, with special exercises throughout the day. At the morning service the pastor, Rev. E. A. Davis, preached on "The Christian Church: Its Battles and Victories." During the Sunday School hour the Sunday night orchestra assisted in the music, and there were interesting papers by Mrs. L. C. Morton, giving reminiscences of the early days of the school, and Mrs. F. A. Taylor on the importance of Junior C. E. work. At the evening service Superintendent H. W. Dennison spoke on Sunday School work and Deacon Geo. B. Crockett on the work of the present pastorate. Pastor Davis expressed his appreciation of the church and people and his desire for still better mutual service. Communion service closed the day's observance. During the pastorate of Mr. Davis forty-eight names have been added to the church roll, thirty-two by baptism.

During the shower of Friday evening, just before nine o'clock, lightning entered the house of Frank L. Dow, near the Norway Branch crossing, shocked the inmates, and damaged the house considerably. The lightning came down a tall pine near the house, also striking two other smaller trees near by, thence into the house. Mrs. Dow, who was ill and lying on a feather bed, was not seriously affected. Mr. Dow, who sat near the bed, was the most affected of any one, being thrown into the middle of the room and made unconscious for a little while. His son Lafayette was playing the piano in a room up stairs. The lightning ripped open one end of the piano, and split the sheet of music from which he was reading. Lafayette was somewhat affected, though not so much as his father. All the lamps in the house were put out, and the house was filled with smoke and a strong smell of sulphur, but no fire was set. The effects continued for some time with Mr. Dow, causing sickness and vomiting through the night. Woodwork was torn up, and plastering ripped off, in several rooms of the house. No other damage is reported from the shower, which did not appear particularly dangerous, and in fact only that one clap of thunder sounded as if it had caused any trouble in this vicinity. There was a tremendous downpour of rain.

Sunday was about the first near-perfect day we have had this season.

Geo. R. Morton has been on a business trip of a few days to New York.

After June first the banks will close Saturday afternoons during the summer.

Hon. James S. Wright is riding in his new auto, a Reo touring car, received Saturday.

Mrs. W. A. Farwell of West Bethel was the guest of Mrs. L. E. Bean several days last week.

Maurice L. Noyes has bought two house lots of Alton C. Wheeler on Wheeler Street.

Mrs. Hannah Holt has returned from Mexico, where she spent the winter, to her home in South Paris.

The stores, offices and other business places will close all day Memorial Day, next Thursday, May 30th.

After our three weeks of rain and dull weather, everybody is rejoicing in the sudden coming of real spring.

O. E. Barrows is putting in cement walks and steps at the house on Pine Street which he built last season.

Miss Eva E. Walker has returned from Leominster, Mass., where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Rankin, for some weeks.

The degree team of Mt. Pleasant Rebekah Lodge will have a rehearsal Friday of this week and it is important that the team be present.

Wm. P. Morton and H. C. Knight have been on a fishing trip of a few days, with headquarters at Camp Concord on Concord Pond.

The Junior Endeavor Society of the Congregational Church will have a food sale at Bowker's store on Friday afternoon of this week at 4 o'clock.

Philip S. Mason has built an ell and stable at the Caswell house, south of the village, which he recently bought, and into which he has moved with his family.

B. F. Cummings has been taking a course in piano tuning and repairing, and is ready for business in that line. He has a card in this issue of the Democrat.

Ellis McAllister will not move to Boston at present, on account of the serious illness of his aunt, Miss Lothrop, but will move into the down stairs rent of James Blake, on Gothic Street.

Appointments of election clerks, made May 1st by the selectmen, are: Ballot clerks, Stanley M. Wheeler, Albert M. Ryerson; election clerks, Chester H. Lane, Jr., Benton L. Swift.

Members of the Ladies' Circle of the G. A. R. are requested to meet at G. A. R. Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 28th, to assist in making wreaths for Memorial Day.

Miss Carrie Mathews, of the Smiley Dressmaking Department at Norway, who has been out of health for the last four weeks, took up her work in the store again Monday morning.

Delegates from the South Paris Universalist church, chosen Sunday, to the Universalist state convention at Pittsfield, are Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Stearns, Mrs. C. A. Young, Mrs. L. E. Bean, Mrs. Geo. R. Morton.

Mrs. Lola M. Foster of Locke's Mills, who has kept the readers of the Democrat informed of local events at that place for some years by her correspondence in the Democrat, was at South Paris the first of last week as the guest of Mrs. J. J. Murphy, and called at the Democrat office.

During their recent stay with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Osgood at South Rangeley, Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Park of this place and Mrs. Ella S. Heald of East Sumner had remarkable luck in fishing. Mrs. Park caught one that weighed three pounds and a half, and a number of two pounders were taken by members of the party, the total catch being large. The fishing there has been unusually good this spring, but few have fared as well as this party.

There will be a concert at Deering Memorial church under the auspices of the Delpha Alphas Thursday evening, May 30th, for the benefit of the piano fund. Mrs. John F. Wood of West Paris has been engaged as reader. Mrs. Wood comes to us highly recommended as one of the best in this part of the state. Music will be furnished by the Sunday School orchestra and other talent. Tickets, 20 and 10 cents, will be sold by the children.

Sanger Maxim took a party of the high school girls to Buckfield for the ball game Saturday afternoon in the Stanley steamer. On their return they ran about the village cheering for a little while, and when on Maple Street it was discovered that the auto was on fire. The crowd got out on record time, as may be imagined. The gasoline pump leaked a bit, which was the cause of the trouble, but very fortunately a few handfuls of sand put out the blaze, without serious damage.

Memorial Sunday Service.

The auditorium of the Universalist church was filled Sunday afternoon for the annual service of Memorial Sunday. Seats were reserved for Wm. K. Kimball Post, G. A. R., and the Ladies of the G. A. R., who attended in a body.

Rev. T. N. Kewley of the Methodist church and Rev. A. T. McWhorter of the Congregational church assisted in the opening services, Mr. Kewley reading the twenty-ninth chapter of First Chronicles, which gives an account of the death of King David and the passing of the kingdom to his son Solomon, and Mr. McWhorter offered prayer.

Music appropriate to the day was given by the regular church choir, Mrs. Wilson soprano, Miss Tolman alto, Mr. Sessions tenor, Albert E. Dean bass, with Mrs. Agnes Morton at the organ. As the final selection Gilman Whitman sang with good effect, "When the Boys are Gone," the choir joining in the chorus.

Rev. Chester Gore Miller, the pastor of the church, gave the sermon, opening with the declaration that he rejoiced in being able to say that he was the son of a veteran. His text was the thirteenth verse of the chapter read as a Scripture lesson, "Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name." He based his remarks on the building and unifying of the kingdom of the Jews under King David, and treated of our civil war as one of the necessary and inevitable steps in the completion and perfection of that nation which is the best on the earth. You won in that contest, he said to the veterans before him, because there is a living God, who rules the affairs of earth, and who never fails. Mr. Miller spoke in his usual easy and ready manner, and gave an eloquent and inspiring address.

Program for Memorial Day.

Memorial Day, May 30th, will be observed as usual by W. K. Kimball Post. The line will be formed in front of G. A. R. Hall at 10 o'clock A. M. Ladies of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, Boy Scouts and Boys' Brigade in rear of the veterans of the G. A. R. Next the children of the schools under the direction of their teachers. A treat of the choicest fruits will be given the children by the post, as there is nothing so pleasing to the old soldiers on Memorial Day as the smiling brightness of childhood.

Any other organizations who wish to, and all citizens are cordially invited to "fall in," and march to Riverside Cemetery, where will be held the usual ceremonies of decorating the graves, etc. The Lumley Castle Band has been engaged for the day.

Afternoon services at New Hall at 1:30 P. M. W. Scott Robinson of Hartford will take the place of Hon. John P. Swasey, who was to have given the address, but was obliged to cancel the engagement on account of the condition of his voice, which will not permit of his speaking.

HENRY MAXIM, Adjt.

Capt. Stiles Won Second Place.

Capt. Moses P. Stiles of Norway won a high place in the rifle team which will represent America in the international Olympic games in Sweden. At the trial shoot in Maryland, in the preliminaries, he was fifth in the twenty-five winners. In the final try-out, to select ten from the twenty-five, he was second.

It is understood that business affairs will prevent Capt. Stiles from going to Sweden with the team.

A Few Impressions of the West.

There is nothing so interesting to an eastern man, on a trip to the West, as it is to watch the farming operations as he goes from the land of rocks and stumps to the broad spreading areas of land where there is no rock or stump to be seen. A new sensation comes over one, whose vision has been bounded by nearby hills and mountains, as he sees for the first time the level or rolling prairie, as it stretches away for miles and miles until it melts into the horizon.

To our eastern ways of doing and thinking, we are inclined to look with wonder and admiration on the farmer who has the courage to plant from fifteen to twenty acres of crops of any kind, but the eastern farmer has to learn a new lesson as he travels westward, and keeps his eyes open as he goes.

In a recent trip through the West, I saw, at three different places, an expanse of ploughed land that actually reached as far as the eye could see in all directions. The land had been recently ploughed by steam ploughs, and the rich black loam extended to the horizon whichever way I looked.

Farming on such a scale as this is a big business. It means a lot of money invested, and big expenses and big returns. No poor man, without money and without credit, can hope to carry on such a business.

I presume that such farms as these are uncommon, but all farming is done on a much larger scale than in the East, although the land is much more costly than here. It is no uncommon thing to see twenty-five or thirty horses working on a single piece of land and apparently owned by one man. The larger farms are ploughed by steam ploughs, or traction engines with gang ploughs behind the engine, which often are capable of ploughing twenty-five to thirty acres in a day.

A DAY ON AN OREGON FARM.

It was my pleasure to visit a farm, or ranch as they are called in the West, that may be of special interest to the readers of the Democrat, from the fact that the proprietor married a Paris girl who was once Miss Una Taylor, now Mrs. Ira Mournian of Forest Grove, Oregon.

One of the first days of April, in company with Mr. Edwin F. Fobes of Lexington, Mass., also well known to Paris people, it was a great pleasure and privilege to see a traction engine with a gang plough behind turn up the rich black soil, on a farm that would make our Oxford County farmers wish they could do the same thing. This engine was capable of ploughing a strip fourteen feet wide and much faster than horses can walk. I followed it for a while but soon found that it would be very hard work to follow it for very long. The engine was also equipped with a powerful headlight and could work as well in the night as in the daytime. In fact we were told that it was quite likely to be used nights, as the season was late and it would be necessary to use it day and night in order to get the land ploughed that Mr. Mournian intended to plant.

It was the plan to plough up several hundred acres and plant a large part to potatoes, just how many was not decided at that time, but our eastern farmers can judge by the fact that two carloads of potatoes had already been bought to be used for seed, on this piece alone.

In that part of Oregon there is very little frost, so that the potatoes can be kept in the ground for a long time after they are ready to dig, so the farmer is not so absolutely dependent on the market price, as he can leave them until he gets ready to dig, if he chooses to do so, and wait for a change of the price within a reasonable length of time.

On our way to see this farm we were obliged to ride about six miles over such roads as we have in Maine, and through just such a country as we have in Oxford County, in fact it made me think more of Maine than any other place I saw while on this trip.

A few years ago the government imported a quantity of pheasants from China, and turned them loose in the states of Washington and Oregon, and we saw quite a number of them on this carriage trip. They are one of the most beautiful birds that can be imagined, a little larger than our common partridges, with a much longer tail, and with brilliant red and bronze on their heads and bodies. I had seen them mounted, in museums, but never expected to see such beautiful birds walking about the fields, and apparently quite tame, for we saw quite a number of them, and quite near the road, apparently not much alarmed at our presence.

I can hardly tell the full story of the trip without telling of the wonderful sight of Mt. Hood. It had been rainy in the morning and the clouds had been close to the horizon all the afternoon, but as we rode home at about sunset, the clouds cleared away, and suddenly, as if a curtain had been drawn aside, we saw Mt. Hood in its snowy grandeur in the distance. It rose above the horizon like an iceberg at sea, or like an enormous snow bank, magnificent and imposing. It looked almost like a huge cloud, and at first sight it was hard to believe that it was not an illusion of the eye, that would soon dissolve like the mirage of the desert. Our guide told us that it was seventy-five miles away, but it seemed only a short distance to me.

WHICH IS BEST—EAST OR WEST?

I have been asked since I came home, where I would rather live, in the East or the West, and I have always said that I preferred to stay in the East. Where our home is, is best, and while there are many very beautiful places, and alluring climates free from snow and cold, I think that the changing climate of the East suits me best.

I have also been asked which is the better place for a man to get a living, and to this question that is as broad as the country, I can say that I have not found any place where a man without money can get a living without work. It is also my impression that a man who has the persistence and ability to get any more than a living in the West, can do the same thing here if he tries, and his chances of getting a start in a small way are a good deal better here than in the West.

It is a common thing to find persons who think that if they can but get money enough to get to California, they will suddenly be rich, if they can but buy an orange grove—that it will yield untold wealth in a year or two.

If such persons would buy an Oxford County farm and put in as much work in clearing up the rocks and setting out apple trees as they would have to in caring for an orange grove in California, they would find that one end of the rainbow is in their own backyard, if the other end is west of the Rocky Mountains.

It is my opinion that there is just as good a chance to make money in raising apples here as there is anywhere, and if our farmers would give the same care that the western farmers do, they will not want to think of leaving home, as they will find that the profits of the orange groves are no more than those that can be made from the apple trees of Oxford County. GEO. R. MORTON.

Card of Thanks.

We the undersigned wish to express our appreciation and gratitude for the many acts of kindness shown to us and our beloved husband and father during his recent illness and death; also for the beautiful floral offerings from the neighbors, friends and shopmates. To each and every one, who by kindly words and deeds, have helped to make our loved one's last days brighter, and assisted us in time of need, we are truly grateful.

MRS. F. M. EDWARDS.
MRS. ANGIE CUTLER.
RONELLO EDWARDS.
HORACE EDWARDS.
WILLIS EDWARDS.
MRS. AMY STRICKLAND.
VERNAL EDWARDS.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank my many friends and relatives through the columns of this paper, for the post cards, letters, tokens of remembrance and sympathy received, and the kind words spoken by so many, during my confinement to the house with a broken limb.

EDITH NAOMI LITTLEHALE.

West Paris, Maine.

Girl wanted, to learn type-setting at the Democrat office. Permanent work for the right one.

David Woodbury has his usual supply of garden seeds on sale.

NORWAY.

E. E. Hastings of Fryeburg was in town the first of the week.

George Locke and L. M. Morse have shingled the Hawkins house, corner of Main and Danforth Streets.

George I. Cummings and family are moving into their new house on Pike Hill.

Hugh F. Pendexter captured a red spot trout Wednesday, above the dam, that weighed three pounds and six and one-half ounces.

A. W. Walker & Son have put a first class cement sidewalk in front of Abbott Block.

Postmaster Akers, his son Vivian, Fred Harriman, Oscar Needham and James Wight enjoyed a fishing trip up country to their Andover camps this week.

Warren Hills of Union visited his son, V. W. Hills, this week.

The new auto ice car attracts some attention. The car is operated by the owner with two workmen to handle the ice.

John F. Hutchins and crew are at work painting the Burnham cottage and Rock Island buildings.

Mrs. Ernest W. Hutchins and children will spend some time in Exeter, N. H., at the home of her husband. Mr. Hutchins has accepted a position at Brown's camps as guide.

The grade schools in the village will close the spring session May 29th. The high school continues one week longer.

Benj. Bicknell of Rumford Falls was the guest of his brother, court crier Will A. Bicknell.

During the recent very heavy shower the wind mill of Dr. C. A. Stephens was blown over.

Capt. Moses P. Stiles of Norway, assistant inspector of small arms practice, N. G. S. M., will probably be a member of the American team which will compete in the Olympic games rifle matches at Stockholm, Sweden, June 28-July 5. The preliminary rounds, by which the field was reduced to twenty-five men, were shot at Winthrop, Md., last week, and Capt. Stiles was fifth when the shoot closed Saturday evening. This week these twenty-five men will shoot to pick the first ten who will be the team and alternates to go to Sweden. "Capt. Stiles' score in the preliminaries was 859 out of a possible 900," says the report to Augusta of the contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Horne entertained Mrs. Louise H. Baker and daughters, Florence and Elizabeth, of Rumford, the first of the week.

Charles E. Brown has returned from a trip to Casco and reports the fishing not very good.

Dr. and Mrs. Bial F. Bradbury entertained at their Main Street home Wednesday evening. Music and refreshments.

John A. Woodman has sold a lot on Deering Street to the Pennesseewassee Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., whereon a K. of P. building will be built in the near future. The committee having the matter in hand consists of O. M. Cummings, Otto Schnuer, T. P. Richardson and T. L. Heath. The lot is one of the best in the village.

Mrs. E. E. Andrews, Mrs. H. F. Andrews and Mrs. Percy Nevers had charge of the Congregational food sale at the Noyes Block stores Friday afternoon.

The social given by the senior class of Norway High School at the Grange Hall Friday evening was under the direction of the executive committee of the class. It was a big success and largely attended.

George Devine is constructing a cement walk in front of his place on Beal Street.

Alfred Hobbs of Fresno, Cal., made his Norway people a short visit during the week. Mr. Hobbs is engaged in the fruit packing business and was here on a business trip.

Harry Rust Post, W. R. C., and the Spanish-American war veterans will observe Memorial Day by assembling at the Armory. The members of Co. D, 2d Regiment, N. G. S. M., Capt. Daughraty, will act as escort. At 10 A. M. the line of march will be taken up to Pine Grove Cemetery. Norway Brass Band will furnish music. The usual and appropriate exercises will be held at the cemetery—remarks, readings and music, while the graves are being decorated. At the Opera House at 2:30 P. M. the program will be:

Prayer.....Rev. B. C. Wentworth
Poem.....Mrs. E. B. Jackson
Reading.....C. E. Brown
Music.....Marion Haskell and Ruth Cummings
Oration.....C. S. Bartlett

Mrs. T. H. Sawin went to Old Orchard the first of the week, where she will remain for some time with her people.

Judge Jones has returned from Boston, where he visited his mother and sister.

Mrs. Mary Pike attended the wedding of her daughter, Iza M. Pike, to Harry Fogg, at Berlin, N. H., Wednesday. It is understood that Mrs. Pike will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Fogg, in the near future.

Charles H. Pike graduates from Bliss Business College this week.

Deputies Cole and Bicknell arrested Chester R. Clemons for desertion Thursday morning and took him to Portland. It is alleged that he deserted from Fort McKinley Nov. 9, 1911. He has been at work in the shoe factory for some months.

Rev. M. C. Ward will deliver the Memorial Day oration at Bethel.

Harry Nevers, M. D., and John C. Cutting, M. D., of Lawrence, Mass., are spending a few days' vacation in town. They enjoy the lake fishing.

Capt. John W. Nash has returned from a business trip to Belgrade Lakes.

Frank A. Danforth and wife have returned from Southern Pines, where they passed the winter, to their Norway home for the summer.

Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt occupied the Universalist pulpit on the 19th. This was his last sermon as state superintendent of Universalist churches. He will assume his position as president of Westbrook Seminary June 1st.

Base Ball.

TOWN TEAM 9; P. H. S. 4.

Wednesday night after school the fourth game of the season between the high school and the town team was played, and resulted in victory for the town team, 9 to 4. This gives the teams two games each.

P. H. S. 7; B. H. S. 1.

The Paris High School boys returned from Buckfield Saturday feeling well satisfied with the day, as they had won the second game this season from Buckfield High School, the score of this game being 7 to 1. As the score discloses, it was an errorless game on the part of Paris.

PARIS H. S.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
S. Davis, s.s.	4	2	0	1	1	0
Edwards, 2-b.	4	1	0	2	0	0
Brooks, 1-b.	4	1	2	13	0	0
Newton, c.	5	0	3	9	4	0
L. Davis, c.f.	5	0	1	0	1	0
Merrill, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Shaw, 3-b.	3	2	0	2	2	0
Winslow, l.f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Penfold, p.	4	0	1	0	6	0
Woodworth, l.f.	1	1	1	1	0	0
Totals,	35	7	8	27	14	0

B. H. S.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Record, 2-b.	4	0	0	3	0	3
Palmer, 1-b., p.	4	0	1	7	1	2
Hutchinson, c.	4	1	3	11	6	0
Keene, p., 1-b.	4	0	3	1	5	1
Turner, s.s.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Gerrish, l.f.	4	0	3	0	0	0
Dunn, 3-b.	4	0	0	6	1	1
Warren, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Waterman, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Totals,	35	1	11	27	12	8

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Paris H. S.	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	2	0—7
B. H. S.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two-base-hit, Keene. First base on balls, off Penfold 0; off Keene 5, Palmer 1. Struck out, by Penfold 7; by Keene 8; Palmer 2. Double plays, Edwards-Brooks. Hit by pitched ball, (Keene) Winslow. Umpire, E. Shaw. Scorer, C. Easson.

The South Paris Grammar School won a game from Oxford Grammar School at the brick school grounds Saturday afternoon, by a score of 12 to 8.

Paris High plays Mechanic Falls High at Mechanic Falls next Saturday.

Tools and Furniture at Auction.

Edwin E. Thurlow will sell at auction, at his place in South Woodstock, known as the Daniel Henry Curtis farm, Friday, May 31, at 10 A. M., his entire stock of farming tools, implements, small tools, household furniture, and numerous other articles.

ESCAPES AN AWFUL FATE.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now." Quick and safe, it's the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free at the Chas. H. Howard Co.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease,

the antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen, tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 19-22

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. *They never fail.* At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. 19-22

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health—keeps you well.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.

Born.

In Greenwood, May 18, to the wife of Randal Herrick, a daughter (10 pounds).
In Norway, May 17, to the wife of Clark C. Hunt, a son.
In Locke's Mills, May 20, to the wife of D. D. Cross, a daughter.
In North Paris, May 16, to the wife of Mark Hoats, a son.
In Milton Plantation, May 11, to the wife of Albert Hopkins, a daughter, Bertha Mabel.
In Mexico, May 23, to the wife of John Burns, a daughter.

Married.

In South Paris, May 19, by Rev. Fr. J. Drolet, Mr. Cyrus W. Twitchell and Miss Josephine Roy, both of Norway.
In South Paris, May 25, by Rev. Chester Gore Miller, Mr. Preston C. Heald and Miss Lula A. M. Buswell, both of North Buckfield.
In West Paris, May 18, by Rev. Charles Julin, Mr. Willi Heikkinen and Miss Hilda Sutinen, both of West Paris.
In Mexico, May 20, by Rev. Paul L. Kirby, Mr. W. W. Sanders and Miss Mary C. Sullivan.
In Berlin N. H., May 22, by Rev. James Moore, Mr. Howard F. Fogg, formerly of Lewiston, and Miss Iza M. Pike, formerly of Norway.
In Fryeburg, May 21, By Rev. Baman N. Stone, Mr. Frank Herbert Bemis and Miss Dorothy Johnson, both of Fryeburg.

Organ for Sale,

Six-octave Estey organ. Any one wishing to buy a good organ will do well to see this one. Come and try it. It is a beauty.

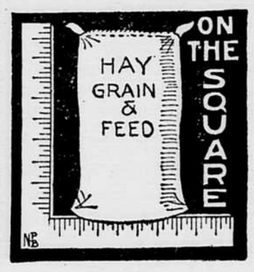
22tf J. H. COLE, West Paris.

Save your Piano by having an Expert do your Tuning.

B. F. CUMMINGS,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, R.F.D. 1.
Work Guaranteed. Drop a postal and I'll call. 22-47

Watch Lost.

May 7, in South Paris or on road leading over Paris Hill. Gold watch, Seth Thomas. Finder please report at Democrat office. 22tf



Our hay, grain and feed is on the square so far as quality and prices are considered. We aim to please our customers in every respect and the fact that we are daily adding to our large number of customers leads us to believe that we are succeeding in our efforts.

We have just received a carload of fresh wood burned lump lime. Also we have cement, lime, brick, pressed brick, and fire brick.

C. B. Cummings & Sons,
Norway, - - - - - - Maine.

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 May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve. 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 June, A. D. 1912, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Laura K. Murch late of Buckfield, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented br Horace A. Murch, the executor therein named.

Margaret A Rich late of Oxford, deceased; petition that James S. Wright or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased presented by Lolo M. Dunbar, daughter and heir at law.

William S. Bushby of Porter, ward; first account presented for allowance by Ethel S. Bushby, guardian.

Addie E. Parlin late of Sumner, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by Elroy H. Russell, administrator.

Hannah L. Damon late of Buckfield, deceased; petition for determination of collateral inheritance tax presented by Stanley C. Damon, administrator.

Lewis Gauthier late of Buckfield, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Frederick R. Dyer, trustee.

Joseph F. Benson late of Sumner, deceased; first account presented for allowance by James S. Wright, administrator.

Charles F. Whitney late of Norway, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Karl E. Whitney, administrator.

Frank Durgin late of Sweden, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by C. K. Chapman, administrator.

Charles F. Whitney late of Norway, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Karl E. Whitney, administrator.

Emily L. Emmons late of Paris, deceased; petition for an allowance out of personal estate presented by David Emmons, widower.

Frank Durgin late of Sweden, deceased; final account presented for allowance by C. K. Chapman, administrator.

Henry M. Bearce late of Norway, deceased; petition that Eugene F. Smith be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased as trustee of a fund bequeathed to the First Universalist Parish of said Norway by said deceased, presented by Frank H. Beck, a trustee.

Francis E. Shaw late of Paris, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Robert E. Shaw, executor.

Addie E. Parlin late of Sumner, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by Elroy H. Russell, administrator.

Leander S. Swan late of Paris, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by Horace L. Swan, administrator.

Urban J. Cairns late of Paris, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by Almon N. Cairns, administrator.

Lawrence Tucker late of Andover, deceased; will, codicil and petition for probate thereof presented by Robert H. Gardiner and Alfred Bowditch, the executors therein named.

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

SHOES THAT WILL WEAR

We have a line of Men's Shoes made for service, and we can say positively there are none better and few as good.

Men's 9 inch Tan Blucher, plain toe, soft and easy for $4.00.
Men's Tan Bals, plain toe, same as above only not high cut for $3.50.
Men's Tan Blucher, plain and cap toe for $3.00.
Men's Tan Blucher, Goodyear Welt for $3.50.
Men's Grain Creedmoor, Bals. and Congress for $2.50.
Men's Grain Bals., Never Rip for $2.25.

The lines mentioned are solid leather throughout and are made on good style, good fitting lasts. We are selling them over and over again to the same people. We have a tremendous trade on all these lines. We know they are worth the price and better goods cannot be made for those prices and remember please that you can always find here all kinds of footwear; also Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases.

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.,
Opera House Block, - Norway, Maine.
Telephone 38-2. Residence 38-3.

BLUE STORES

Straw and Panama Hats.

Lamson & Hubbard
STRAW HATS
NONE BETTER MADE

The past month has not been conducive to the wearing of or the reminding you of Straw Hats. It is well though to select your hat early when the hat stocks are complete.

It often happens one puts off buying a hat until it is so warm you rush into a store and find the assortments broken and you are forced to buy something you do not want or go without.

Buy early. Get what you want. It only requires a few minutes now.

We are Lamson and Hubbard Agents

Panama Hats. $3.98, $5 and $7.	Straw Hats. 25c. up to $3.
Cloth Hats. 25c., 50c.	Boys' and Children's Hats. 25c., 50c.

Look at our straw hats in the window. Come in and try them on.

F. H. NOYES CO.
SOUTH PARIS (Two Stores) NORWAY
Store closed Memorial. Paris store open Wednesday evening.

N. Dayton Bolster Co.

offers for sale for seed:

150 bushels Native Green Mountain Potatoes, at $1.50 per bushel, 40 cts. per peck.

Native Grown Yellow-Eyed Beans, $3.25 per bushel.

Native Pea Beans, fine quality, at $3.50 per bushel.

Full line of Grass Seeds at lowest market prices.

E. Frank Coe's High Grade Phosphate.

35 MARKET SQUARE, SOUTH PARIS, ME.
'Phone, 19-21.

Savoy Theatre

Cleanest Best Brightest
High-class Photoplays and Musical Novelties.
Shows daily at

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

No. 233. 40 ACRES TO PINE, BIRCH, POPLAR AND OAK. 75 M. pine, several hundred cords pulp and oak, two turn road to market and railway. Upland farm of 160 acres devoted to dairy, corn and apple cultivation; 150 apple trees, 300 sugar maples, running spring water, 16-room house, barn 36x56, with nice cellar. A great all-round farm and sickness compels owner to sell. Also includes farming tools, carts, sleds, etc., etc. Telephone, R. F. D., on cream route. $2300 and only $1000 to pay down. Look this up at once.

No. 230. 100 ACRE UPLAND farm with a timber growth consisting of 25 cords white birch; 100 cords poplar; 200 cords spruce, fir and hemlock; 150 cords hard wood; 25 acres in tillage; balance, wood and pasturage. Cuts 20 tons hay; principal crops corn, potatoes and hay. House 1 1-2 stories, ell, carriage shed connecting with barn 36x36 ft., second barn 34x32 ft. Running spring water to house and yard. Nearby market for timber. Here is a good opportunity to secure a farm. $1300, only $500 down.

No. 227. UPLAND FARM OF 125 ACRES in Paris, including stock farming tools and hay, viz.: 4 cows, calves, heifers, mowing machine, rakes, harrows, cultivators and small tools, 30 tons of hay in barn. Dwelling of 9 rooms, house 1 1-2 stories. Barn 67x38 feet with cellar under entire buildings. 200 apple trees, mostly to Baldwins, average yield 225 barrels. Two wood lots of 15 acres each, to old growth hard wood and young growth spruce. Never failing water to buildings. This farm will carry 20 head and at present cuts 40 tons of hay; smooth fields and all machine mowing. Telephone service, R. F. D. and cream collections. An ideal all-round farm. Must be seen to be appreciated. Price $3,200.00.

The Dennis Pike Real Estate Agency,
Tel. 35-3 NORWAY, ME.

Pianos
— AND —
Organs

Second hand Pianos and Organs for sale at a bargain. Two square pianos I will sell at low price. A lot of second hand organs that I will sell at any old price. Come in and see them.

New Pianos, Stools, Scarfs, Instruction Books, Playerpianos always in stock at prices that are right.

Send for catalog.

W. J. Wheeler,
Billings' Block, South Paris.

THE KEELEY CURE
For Liquor and Drug Using.

It Destroys the Craving
No Nausea or Sickness. No Confinement.
No Prostration or Collapse.

General health improves from the beginning. A scientific treatment, skilled physicians, rational and honest methods and a comfortable home.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,
151 Congress Street, Tel. 2224. Portland, Me.

Home Remedies for Tobacco Using and Nervousness.
Printed Matter on Request. 19-45

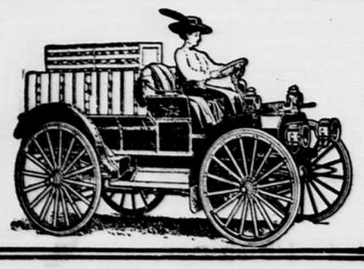
STANDARD SEWING MACHINES.
Send for Catalogue.
W. J. WHEELER & CO.,
South Paris.

SEE **L. S. BILLINGS** FOR
Lumber of All Kinds for Building Purposes.

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

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

L. S. BILLINGS, South Paris, Me.



From Orchard to Market
Quickly and Cheaply

You can deliver fruit and produce to your shipping point in one-third the time and at less cost—regardless of hills or sand, good roads or bad, day or night, you can go anywhere in an

International Auto Wagon

Its solid tires eliminate all tire troubles due to punctures and blowouts. Its wheels are sufficiently high to give ample clearance, and unlike low wheels, they will not drop into chuck holes until the body of the car rests upon the roadbed, but will strike bottom and get traction in time to pull out. Its engine is air-cooled; no water to freeze and crack the water jackets. It is simple and practically fool-proof. Any man of ordinary intelligence can operate it and keep it in first class running order.

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

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

For Sale by N. Dayton Bolster Co.

Metz "22"

For Sale.

The James R Merrill farm, situated in the easterly part of the town of Paris, near road leading direct from Paris Hill to Buckfield. This farm contains about 140 acres and was formerly occupied by the late Herbert Record. For further particulars inquire of
JARVIS M. THAYER,
20tf Paris Hill.

Wanted.

Young or middleaged man to distribute advertising from house to house in Norway and South Paris. References required. Address Jordan's Advertising Service, P. O. Box 282, Lewiston, Maine.

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

1748.—Hidden Girls' Names.

(1) The senate rushed it hurriedly through. (2) The Arabian equine, Aljan, entered the contest in the horse show. (3) "Mamma, believe me, I speak truly," said the child. (4) I saw them making paper—an interesting sight. (5) The children sang their Christmas carol in excellent time. (6) American national songs are inspiring. (7) Albert has a new pair of skates. (8) He possessed natural musical ability of a high order.

No. 1749.—Changes.

By using the same consonant each time change:

1. A golf term into a monarch of the forest.
2. A mist into a water loving animal.
3. Caloric into a vital organ.
4. A ringing noise into a gem.
5. A large quadruped into a bird.
6. A salutation into a forehead.
7. A domestic animal into a vehicle.
8. A rubber tube into an animal.

No. 1750.—Numerical Enigma.

I.

I am composed of eight letters.

My 1 2 5 8 is a word of greeting; my 6 5 4 is a receptacle; my 7 3 an article in grammar.

My whole is the name of a Carthaginian who crossed the Alps and wintered in Capua.

II.

My 9 12 3 2 is a trailing plant; my 4 11 2 is to frost; my 5 8 1 12 7 is bright; my 1 6 11 2 is a synonym of crime; my 10 is a pronoun.

My whole is composed of twelve letters and was the announcement of a victorious commander.

III.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 1 3 4 is a taste; my 2 7 9 is a vehicle; my 5 8 is a preposition; my 11 6 10 13 is a piece of money; my 12 is always first in its own line; my 14 15 are present company.

My whole is a Roman leader who wrested Spain from the Carthaginians.

IV.

In ancient times I was the date
That held a good or evil fate.
Eleven letters, let us state.

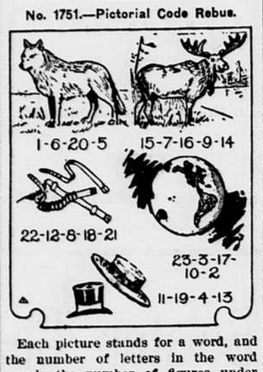
I contain a thought, a clothing of skin, a part of architecture, an evil, a piece of money, a piece of ground for cultivation, an act of rising and a Spanish poem.

V.

My 1 5 12 18 8 is similar; my 2 11 16 3 men and fishes may do; my 7 4 23 is a part of the body; my 6 9 15 21 is to scourge; my 9 13 14 is the whole; my 10 22 20 15 is a mark of affection; my 19 17 is a part of speech.

My whole is a common saying.—Youth's Companion.

No. 1751.—Pictorial Code Rebus.



Each picture stands for a word, and the number of letters in the word equals the number of figures under each picture. When correctly solved and arranged in numerical order the letters will spell a quotation from Shakespeare.

No. 1752.—Twelve Abbreviations.

Fill the blanks with twelve abbreviations in common use which belong in the order given:

A —itor in a grocery store,
Whom —rile symptoms overbore,
Ate —malade in pots by stealth,
And —cot jam, so bad for health;
Also —onnaise on biscuits dry,
Which —oesque ladies came to buy.
Then —lenne soup began to go,
Which —mented the fever so
Not —icide or quinine pill
Kept the —oroon from getting ill.
This —el state he found so queer
He —ided to leave at the end of the year.

No. 1753.—Charade.

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

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1740.—Charades: 1. Car, a, van—caravan. 2. Dic, shun, ary—dictionary. 3. Heel, I owe, trope—heliotrope.

No. 1741.—Added Syllables: Ton, tonic; pan, panic; can, candle; hand, handle; this, thistle; whist, whistle; ran, random; tan, tandem.

No. 1742.—Numerical Enigma: Prop, agate—propagate.

No. 1743.—Twelve Hidden Insects: Fly, gnat, ant, moth, bee, midge, wasp, flea, tick, hornet, bug, grasshopper.

No. 1744.—Hidden Bird Puzzle: Swallow, owl, blackbird, wren, cardinal, crow, catbird, plover, raven, tern, swan, crane, dodo and dove.

No. 1745.—Anagrams: William Cullen Bryant. Julian Hawthorne. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Ralph Waldo Emerson. William Dean Howells.

No. 1746.—Enigma: School.

No. 1747—Square Word: Rail, Anna, inky, lays.

Mrs. Ben Meyerink, Ulymer, N. Y., read of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound just at the right time. She says: "I received Foley's almanac from our druggist and read of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I got a bottle at once and gave some to my little girl. It saved her from the croup which she would have surely had, but Foley's Honey and Tar Compound stopped it." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"You have written a good, strong, logical play," said the young dramatist's learned friend, after he had finished the manuscript.

"For Heaven's sake, don't tell me that! I want it to to be a success."

For soreness of the muscles whether induced by violent exercise or injury, Chamberlain's Liniment is excellent. This liniment is also highly esteemed for the relief it affords in cases of rheumatism. Sold by Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

Mr. Datus—I'll not be home to-night.
Mrs. Datus—You won't, eh? Why?
Mr. Datus—An artist friend wants me to pose as a model for a henpecked husband picture.

Louis A. Frazier, 4 Market St., Norwich, Conn., had been subject to backache due to kidney trouble for some time. He says: "Hearing of Foley Kidney Pills, I took them and they gave me relief at once. I recommend them as a prompt and effective medicine for kidney and bladder trouble." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Poet—I called to see if you had an opening for me.
Editor—Yes, there is one right behind you. Shut it as you go out, please.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Planting a Rose Garden.

Roses will grow and give some kind of returns in any good well-drained soil, but will amply and richly reward her who gives them intensive culture. You go to the exhibitions and admire the beautiful roses displayed there, and wish you could grow such yourself! You can, by the same method of culture and with no more labor than by the old-time slack methods. The principles are the same whether you grow a small bed or a large garden full of beds and borders.

In growing roses the aim should be toward permanent beds and borders, as in these there is sure to be good drainage and a made soil of known quality. This may seem like a good deal of work, but keep in mind that permanent beds and borders, once made, are made for life, and you get the same fine results every year. They should be excavated to the sub-soil, taking two inches of the latter as you go, keeping all the good soil to one side, and saving separately all the stones to be used for drainage. If the bed or border is on the level, slope the bottom toward one end, making it three inches lower than the other. In the case of a circular bed (the poorest shape for rose beds) grade from the outside to the center, making the latter three inches higher.

In the bottom of the excavation put two or three inches of stone broken to the size of railroad ballast, according to the depth, and grade it evenly. On this the soil should be put some time before the planting to allow it to settle.

The soil for the rose-beds and borders should be specially made, as it is intended to last a long time. The base may be good garden loam, to which should be added its bulk of sods from the roadside, especially white clover sod, which usually can be had in plenty. You can use all sod to good advantage, if obtainable, omitting the garden loam; if both are used, chop the sod fine, and mix with the loam. To this add half its bulk of well-rotted cow manure. Use no green manure of any kind in beds and borders, as much harm can be caused thereby. Cow manure is the best for roses, and that from a stable in which leaves are used as bedding is better than any other. It should be made fine, and loose, and be well mixed with the sods and soil.

If the season is well advanced, a good way to settle the soil in the excavation is to fill in several inches, give it a light soaking with the hose, and repeat. By the time all is in it will be settled and ready for the planting. When the top-layer of soil is put on, before raking, give it as much bone-flour as will whiten the soil, and a similar quantity of powdered lime, and rake the bed even and smooth. Roses must have lime to give vivid color.

The rose which gives the greatest returns in beauty and number of flowers is the hybrid tea. North of New York they are not hardy even with protection, but south of that they can be held out in the open ground all winter by giving protection according to your latitude. The best protection is to drive three stakes in the ground as high as the top of the bush. Tie them together at the top, and tack tar building paper over them, which will insure ventilation and keep office.

A number of fine hybrid tea roses have been introduced for the season of 1912, which are: "Betty," coppery rose; "Dorothy Page Roberts," light coppery pink and apricot; "Duchess of Wellington," saffron, yellow, crimson; "Duchess of Westminster," clear rose, madder; "Elizabeth Barnes," satiny salmon rose; "Fernlehurst," coppery pink, or fawn; "Florence Edith Coulthwaite," deep cream, suffused rose; "F. R. Patzer," creamy buff; "Grace Molyneux," creamy apricot; "James Coey," deep yellow; "Chateau de Clos Vougeot," rich scarlet.

There are fewer novelties in the hardy perpetual garden class than in any of the others. We have not had a good new one for ten years until this year, when we get the following three: "George Arends," tender rose, form of the famous "Frau Druschki"; "Gloire de Chedane Guinois seau," velvety vermilion red; "President Kruger," crimson scarlet, shaded black. We also have three fine new Austrian briers: "Juliet," back of petals old gold, interior rosy red; "Rayon d'Or," golden yellow; "Soleil d'Or," reddish gold. The above are deliciously fragrant.

There are two new baby-ramblers, which are fine for low hedges as they bloom from June until killed by frost; "Jessie," cherry red; "Orleans," geranium red. The best of the new tall ramblers are: "Delight," bright carmine; "Excelsa," crimson maroon. There are two new pillars which are worthy of a post in every garden: "American Pillar," soft pink with white eye; "White Dorothy," a white form of the popular "Dorothy Perkins" pillar.

Roses in beds or borders should not be crowded; give them a foot of space all around the bushes, and they will give better results. They require watering often and thoroughly—not merely sprinkling the top of the soil. The drainage will prevent over watering, so be generous with the water during the hot, dry months of midsummer.—Ex.

A Pet Economy.

At first blush it may not seem such, but experience has proved that embroidering the initial on all towels and napkins is a great economy. Whether the laundry work is done at home or at the steam laundry, there is great respect for what the girl at the laundry called: "Hand embroidered napkins." I vary the initial on each set of napkins or towels, and thus keep each set together, and keep track of the dozen.

Where napkins are sent out with dainties for sick friends, they are sure to "come back." The laundress takes more pains with a napkin with the embroidered initial than she would with one of twice its value without the embroidery. The work is not much trouble. I select simple letters—and the act of emboidering is wonderfully soothing to the nerves, if one will make it so.

Cake Without Butter.

It is worth knowing, in these days of high-priced dairy products, that good cake may be made without any butter, using instead one of the lard substitutes that is made from vegetable oils.

It will require less of this shortening than the same receipt would require if butter were used, and a trial cake should be baked in a patty tin to be sure that the batter is not too rich. A pinch of salt is needed also, as in butter the salt is supplied. In any cake, whether butter or a substitute is used, better results will be obtained if one-half cup more sugar is used than the receipt calls for.

Long Life for Clothes.

Clothes need rest as well as people. When I come home from my work daily I take off my business suit, brush and cleanse it and hang it away carefully on its proper hanger. My street shoes next receive attention. Afterward I put on a comfortable house gown and slippers. Both my clothes and I profit by the rest and change. On my weekly holidays I mend and press my clothes and do the necessary refurbishing.

I always follow three cast-iron rules concerning clothes:

Never throw away anything that can be made over.

Never lounge in good clothes.

Plan the entire outfit carefully before buying any part of it.

By buying late in the season I often get serviceable bargains.

To Renew Velvet.

Velvet can be made to look like new by this process. Let the fire in the cookstove get very low, take a large cloth, wring it out of cold water, and spread over top of stove, then spread the velvet out upon this, brushing it very briskly with a whisk broom. The steam and brushing cause the nap to rise and the velvet looks as fresh as when brought from the shop.

To remove sticky fly paper from clothing, saturate the spot well with turpentine, roll up and let remain over night. In the morning, wash the material with warm water and soap.

If the soles of walking shoes are dipped in melted wax every two or three weeks, the soles will last twice as long, and will be waterproof.

QUEER QUITO.

A City With No Chimneys and Where Carriages Are Curiosities.

Travelers in South America see many strange places, but the queerest of all is probably Quito, the capital of the republic of Ecuador. The first thing which strikes a visitor to that city is that there are no chimneys to the houses.

Charcoal is all that is burned there, and consequently no smoke arises. Another peculiarity is that while the streets are well paved you may pass days in the city and never see a wheeled vehicle.

There are some carriages in Quito, but they are rarely used, and when one of them comes rattling along everybody turns out to look at it as at some curiosity.

A third peculiarity is that while the bulk of the population dress in ponchos (a kind of cloak or loose garment) and short linen trousers a considerable number of people—white men—are to be seen walking about and wearing frock coats and tall hats. These men, the visitor is generally told, are enlightened and cultivated men, natives of Spanish origin, who claim that they form the nation of Ecuadorians. Indians, of course, do not count.

Every white man in Quito who can possibly manage it wears this sort of coat and hat to emphasize his importance and highly civilized condition.

This dress justifies him in calling himself doctor and others in so styling him, and he also thinks that it gives him a claim to come into your apartments without being invited and try to borrow 5 cents from you.

How Malta Became European.

Malta underwent a geographical as well as a political change through its acquisition by England in 1814. It had always been regarded as part of Africa, to which it seemed to belong both from topography and language. After its annexation, however, it was discovered that the garrison was entitled to the higher pay granted to troops employed out of Europe and was therefore more privileged than the soldiers in the Ionian islands. To remedy this parliament passed an act decreeing that so far as pay went Malta should be regarded as part of Europe. It used to be a joke that Malta had become European by act of parliament, and the jest soon became a reality.—London Standard.

Appropriate.

"She was dressed so appropriately for a Wall street man's bride."

"What was she dressed in?"

"Lamb's wool."—Baltimore American.

Is there anything in all this world that is of more importance to you than good digestion? Food must be eaten to sustain life and must be digested and converted into blood. When the digestion fails the whole body suffers. Chamberlain's Tablets are a rational and reliable cure for indigestion. They increase the flow of bile, purify the blood, strengthen the stomach, and tone up the whole digestive apparatus to a natural and healthy action. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"What's the matter with your wife? She's all broken up lately."

"She got a terrible jar."

"What has happened?"

"Why, she was assisting at a rummage sale, took off her new hat, and somebody sold it for 35 cents."

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment wonderfully effective. One application will convince you of its merits. Try it. For sale by Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

Clerk—How shall I mark these new dress goods?

Old Tapeyard—Just figure out 50 per cent profit and add seven odd cents so the women will think it's a bargain.

There are people in this town who unthinkingly neglect "a mere cold" though they would not otherwise expose their children or themselves to danger. Yet a cold neglected may develop into contagious diphtheria, bronchitis, or pneumonia. Use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly for it stops coughs quickly and cures colds. It contains no opiates and is safe for children. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Miss Smart—I've been thinking of you, Mr. Boreleigh. I hope you are going to Palm Beach again this summer.

Boreleigh (pleased)—You will certainly find me there.

Miss Smart—I hardly think so. I am going to Bar Harbor.

J. M. Howell, a popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says, "We use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our own household and know it is excellent." For sale by the Chas H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"Have you proposed yet to that North Side girl?"

"I can't seem to get a chance."

"Can't get a chance, eh? Better turn your attention elsewhere then. If your girl wished it, you would get a chance all right enough."

Chas. Hammond, 41 Blossom Street, Lowell, Mass., had to give up his business on account of severe kidney trouble and dropsy. He suffered intensely and it was only after using Foley Kidney Pills he began to improve. "They eased the pain at once, the swelling went down, my appetite returned and thanks to Foley Kidney Pills I am entirely over this long standing trouble." A. E Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Wigg—What do you think of young Squills as a doctor?

Wagg—What that fellow doesn't know about materia medica would fill a graveyard.

Landlord—You owe me now for four months' rent, and the first three months you paid so promptly.

Tenant—Yes, I know; I shouldn't have done it.

Sick headache results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try it. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

When a man has a wife who is a good manager, he is likely to be what gets managed.

R. W. Danforth, 166 No. Main Street, Concord, tried many remedies for kidney trouble, but they did not cure him. Then he saw an advertisement of Foley Kidney Pills and began taking them. "In a short time I commenced to get better, the pains left my back, the action of the kidneys was free and natural and the scalding sensation ceased. I gladly recommend Foley Kidney Pills." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Jack—Are you sure that I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?

Ethel—Perfectly sure, dear, I went over the whole list only yesterday.

Mrs. L. N. Snow, 30 Winter Street, Bangor, was troubled for many years with kidney and bladder ailments, and had a pain in her back with dizzy spells, and other painful symptoms. She saw Foley Kidney Pills advertised and took them and splendid results followed. She says: "I have now taken three bottles of Foley Pills and to-day I am perfectly cured of kidney and bladder trouble." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"What is the trouble, wifey?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is. What are you crying about, something that happened at home or something that happened in a novel?"

FIRE IN THE HOLD.

Vessels at Sea Are Often Smoldering Furnaces Below Decks.

Smoldering fires on board ship are common enough and in many cases are comparatively harmless. They arise mostly from spontaneous combustion caused by piling large quantities of coal in close quarters.

It is said on excellent authority that there is not much danger from such a fire, hardly any on an iron or a steel ship. The first protective measure in such an event is to exclude the air, so that the fire can only smolder. Then the bunker is flooded with water, which usually serves to extinguish it.

Even in wooden ships the danger from smoldering fire is not half so great as has been pictured by nonseagoing folk. This is illustrated by the experience of the captain of the Twin Brothers, engaged some years ago in the wheat trade between San Francisco and Liverpool. The vessel was returning from Liverpool with a thousand tons of coal in the hold as ballast. Just after it rounded Cape Horn it was discovered that the coal was on fire.

There was a steam pump on board, and after closing the lower hatches the crew flooded the hold until the ship had settled about four feet lower in the water. Then the captain stood pat and let her burn. No one was frightened, and every one was confident that the ship would be safely brought into port. Call was made at Valparaiso for fresh water and provisions, but not a man deserted.

The vessel was seventy-two days in reaching San Francisco from the Horn, and all that time the coal burned, and little streams of smoke could be seen coming through the cracks in the deck. Arriving at San Francisco, the Twin Brothers sailed out on the mud flats and was flooded until she settled almost even with her upper deck. This extinguished the fire.

The appearance of the vessel after all this was pretty fair evidence what a ship may sustain in the way of a fire. In a dozen places the bottom had burned through, and all that was between the crew and the deep sea was the thin sheet of copper bottom. The weight of the coal and the pressure of the water kept about equal strain on both sides of the copper sheeting, and it had not broken, although it was little thicker than an ordinary tin pan. There was one place where this copper was exposed about the bigness of the top of a barrel.—New York Tribune.

CENTER OF THE EARTH.

It May Be a Mighty Mass of Molten Precious Metals.

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that in all probability the center of the earth is a globe composed of gold, iridium and platinum? These metals are, of course, in a liquid state, the iridium at the exact center—that is, provided there is not some heavier metal at present unknown to man occupying that place—the platinum next and the gold surrounding the other two.

"But," you say, "what proof have we that this proposition is correct?"

In answer I would say:

"Two proofs, and perhaps more."

First, the three metals are the heaviest known substances, compared bulk for bulk. This being the case, they would naturally be attracted to the center of our planet. In the beginning the earth was liquid, if not gaseous. In either case the heavy metals mentioned were held in solution. By gradual condensation the metals settled to the center, iridium first, platinum next and gold last.

Ages ago, when the crust of the earth was thin—very thin—all of the gold now known was thrown out in volcanic eruptions. This last mentioned fact is the second reason for believing that our globe has a golden center, woven around a nucleus of iridium and platinum.

A third reason for believing that there is gold at the center is this: The earth as a whole weighs five times as much as a globe of water of the same bulk, while the rocks forming the outer crust are less than three times as heavy as water.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Luring the Beaver.

Beavers when they have been undisturbed for long are very curious in relation to strange sounds. They will come swimming out of their house even at the firing of a gun. The Indians usually call them with a hissing noise or one produced by munching the lips. Another favorite tole is a sound made by tapping the trousers with the hand. The most successful beaver caller in Newfoundland killed great numbers of beavers in the open season by making a sound that resembled the cutting of chips off a tree. It is said that the unfortunate beavers never fail to respond to this noise.

Charles Lamb's Bad Cold.

When Charles Lamb was suffering with a cold he wrote the following to his friend Bernard Barton:

"Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable daymare—an indisposition to do anything or to be anything, a total deadness and distaste, a suspension of vitality, an indifference to locality, a numb soporifical good-for-nothingness, an assification all over, an oyster-like indifference to passing events, a mind stupor, a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting in conscience, with a total irresolution to submit to water gruel processes?"

The Canny Sailorman.

"It was a terrible situation," said Dubbleigh. "There we were, hub deep in the sand and the tide rising. At the end of an hour the water was up to the floor level of the tonneau, and then I managed to get hold of an old cuss with a team of horses, and he hauled us out."

"By George, that was a narrow escape. What did you give the old fellow for rescuing you?" said Higgs.

"I offered the old duffer $10, but he was a retired sea captain, and he attached the car for salvage," said Dubbleigh.—Harper's Weekly.

Easy Waiting.

A newspaper woman, a spinster, went to interview a member of one of the leading firms in Boston and was told to wait five minutes for him to be at liberty. Three-quarters of an hour later he came hurrying toward her with, "Well, Miss W., I would never wait so long as this for any man!" "Oh, Mr. Cole," she retorted, "if you had waited forty-five years for a man you wouldn't mind an extra half hour."—Boston Post.

Compound Fracture.

"I just saw Hunter, and he looks pretty bad. What's the matter with him, do you know?"

"Compound fracture."

"What sort of compound fracture?"

"He's broke, and Miss Richley, discovering the fact, broke her engagement to him."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Muddled Tourist.

Absentminded Husband (in Paris)—My wife asked me while I was out to get her some eau de cologne. Now, what the deuce is "eau de cologne" in French?—Boston Transcript.

The Stoics.

"Mucianus made a great number of remarkable statements to Vespasin (A. D. 71) against the Stoics—as, for instance, that they are full of empty boasting, and if one of them lets his beard grow long, elevates his eyebrows, wears his fustian cap thrown carelessly back and goes barefoot he straightway postulates bravery, righteousness as his own. He gives himself great airs, though he may not understand (as the proverb says) either letters or swimming. They view everybody with contempt and call the man of good family a mollycoddle, the ill born a dwarfed intellect, a handsome person licentious, an ugly person comely, the rich man an apostle of greed and the poor man a servile groveler."—Dio's Roman History.

His Car Manners.

Mrs. Knicker—Does your husband read the paper at breakfast? Mrs. Bocker—Yes, and I don't know why. Everybody has a seat.—New York Sun.

Don't do anything till you do it, and when you've done it stop doing it.—William Gillette.

Well Deserved.

THE PRAISE THAT COMES FROM THANKFUL SOUTH PARIS PEOPLE.

One kidney remedy has known merit. South Paris people rely upon it.

That remedy is Doan's Kidney Pills.

South Paris testimony proves it reliable.

Mrs. Frances S. Harlow, Skillings Ave., South Paris, Me., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and have always found them a good remedy for kidney and blader trouble. They certainly do strengthen the kidneys and relieve backache. I was feeling a little bad recently and knew that my kidneys needed a tonic. I got Doan's Kidney Pills from Shurtleff's Drug Store and they gave me relief in a short time." (Statement given July 25, 1908)

LATER TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Harlow was interviewed on May 1, 1912, and she said: "I am certainly grateful for what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. I confirm my former endorsement of them."

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.

Important Letter to all Who Suffer.

"I sufferd from indigestion for a long time. Last May I almost died. The doctor told me it was acute indigestion and I could not be cured. Since that time I have suffered very much, as some days everything I ate, even light food, as soft boiled eggs, would distress me. I lost fifteen pounds. Sometimes I felt that I could not live another day. A month ago I got a box of MI-O-NA tablets. Before I had used them a week I was better. I have used two boxes and I feel as well as I ever did, Eunice A. Peters, Jackson, Ga.

Use MI-O-NA stomach tablets for quick relief from sour stomach, heaviness, heartburn, belching of gas and distress after eating. They are guaranteed. Large box 50 cents at Chas. H. Howard Co. and druggists everywhere. 20-22

Eastern Steamship Corporation

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE direct between Portland and New York and Saturdays at 6 p. m. Passenger service from Franklin wharf, Portland, May 21 and 28, at 6 p. m. Freight service Tuesdays, Thursdays

$4 One Way Portland and New York $7 Round Trip

PORTLAND LINE Service to Boston, Eastport, Lubec and St. John. Portland Line Service Leave Franklin Wharf Portland, week days at 7 p. m., returning leave Boston week days at 7 p. m. Steamships Governor Dingley and Ransom B. Fuller.

International Line Service. Steamers leave Portland at about 5 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning leave Boston Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 a. m., for Portland, leaving there at 5 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and St. John. Steamships Calvin Austin and Governor Cobb.

Fare between Portland and Boston $1.00. Staterooms $1.00.

PORTLAND AND ROCKLAND LINE Steamer Monhegan leaves Portland on Tuesdays, Thusdays and Fridays at 7 a. m. for Rockland and intermediate landings.

Express Service for Freight; all rates include Marine Insurance.

For reservations and all information address H. A. CLAY, Agent, Franklin Wharf, Portland.

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

At a Probate Court, held at Rumford, in and for the County of Oxford, on the 2nd Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve, 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 Paris, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1912, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause:

George Allen late of Brookfield, Massachusetts, deceased; copy of will and petition for probate thereof presented by Nancy S. Allen, the executrix therein named.

Ambrose A. Eastman late of Canton, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Helen A. Eastman, the executrix therein named.

Ellen M. Thomes late of Buckfield, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Nathan E. Morrill, the executor therein named.

Andrew J. and Alice J. Hall of Peru, wards; accounts presented for allowance by John C. Wyman, guardian.

Laforest Knight late of Dixfield, deceased; petition that Evie L. Knight or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Evie L. Knight, widow.

Elias S. Oldham late of Peru, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Alonzo I. Oldham, administrator.

Joseph Douglass late of Porter, deceased; first account presented for allowance by George E. Davis, administrator.

Daniel W. Salter of Hart, Michigan, minor; final account presented for allowance by George H. Allan, guardian.

George Milliken late of Hiram, deceased; first and private accounts presented for allowance by Henrietta M. Clemons, formerly Henrietta M. Cole, administratrix.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.
A true copy—attest:
35-7 ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

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

EDNA A. SMITH, late of Bethel,

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.

May 14 h, 1912. MOSES D. SMITH.

NOTICE.

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

EDWIN L. MARR, late of Norway,

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.

May 21st, 1912. LENA MARR.

NOTICE.

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

DANIEL J. RUSSELL, late of Sumner,

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.

May 21st, 1912. LUCY C. RUSSELL.

NOTICE.

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

ANGEL F. BEAN, late of Brownfield,

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.

May 21st, 1912. ARVILDA V. MORTON.

NOTICE.

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

HIRAM PULSIFER, late of Paris,

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.

FRANKLIN P. PULSIFER.
May 22nd, 1912. JAMES S. WRIGHT, Agent.

Safe Hints for Good Health.

Don't hurry your meals.

Don't eat when overtired, rest a few moments before eating. It will pay you.

Don't borrow time for work that belongs to rest or sleep.

Don't neglect the first symptoms of illness or disordered digestion.

Don't allow the bowels to become constipated, but if you are so unfortunate, don't delay taking one or two teaspoonfuls of "L. F." Atwood's Medicine or Bitters on retiring at night. They have a record of sixty years and never fail to relieve constipation and biliousness.

All dealers have them in large bottles for thirty-five cents. Be sure to get the "L. F." kind. A generous sample mailed free on request by the "L. F." Medicine Co., Portland Me.

Newest Ideas.

I keep abreast of every newest achievement in optometry, as anyone should who takes pride in his profession.

The new invisible bifocals and the new finger-piece mountings combine beauty and utility to a remarkable degree. Are your glasses as up to date as they might be? Consultation free.

S. RICHARDS,
Optometrist
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Wanted.

Calves of any age. Address
ERNEST S. BARTLETT,
20-22 East Stoneham, Me.

RHEUMATISM

This nerve-racking disease is caused from impure blood and uric acid poison. External applications sometimes give temporary relief but won't cure; the sure way to secure permanent results is to thoroughly eradicate from the blood all the impurities. Nothing on earth will drive out the poisons from your system, keep the bowels, kidneys and liver in good condition as SEVEN BARKS, the wonderful remedy that has proved its great merits the past 42 years.

SEVEN BARKS can be had of all druggists, at 50 cents per bottle. Give it a good trial and watch your rheumatism disappear.

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

U. S. Cream Separator