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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Feeding Calves.

Please let me know how to raise calves. I have calves from six weeks old to three months old and I intend to haul milk to the cheese factory. How much whole milk should I keep for each calf and what else should I feed? I have been giving them one third whole milk with two-thirds of skimmilk and some ground oats and hay but I don't know how much to give. How much oil meal can I give them and how? Should it be scalded and put in milk or mixed dry with grain?

Coleman, Wis. E A M.

A very good practice is to feed young calves whole milk from three to four weeks, depending upon their growth and development. At the end of this period a little skimmilk may be added and the whole milk reduced until at the end of the fifth or sixth week the calf is placed entirely upon skimmilk. About three or four pounds of whole milk is fed twice a day for the first few days, and then the amount gradually increased as the calf's needs demand.

There is more danger of overfeeding the calf at this period than underfeeding. The calf when through drinking milk appears more eager for it than when it began, but the feeder must use his judgment and not try to satisfy the calf's propensities for feed at this time.

It will be found that in two or three weeks the calf will eat a little hay. There should also be placed before it at this period a mixture of whole oats bran, equal parts by weight. The calf will not eat very much but doing this early in the calf's life encourages it to eat sooner than it would otherwise. It is well to feed calves skimmilk until they are eight to ten months old, but they will get along very nicely if skimmilk is taken from them when they have reached the age of six months. It is possible after they are three months of age to raise them without feeding any milk, but we always consider it far better to continue the milk until they are at least six months of age. Calf foods have been used quite successfully when there is a shortage of skimmilk. Ground flaxseed is also an excellent feed for young calves, especially if they do not do very well upon skimmilk alone. Mix a teaspoonful of the ground flaxseed meal with the milk, then gradually increase the amount until the calf is being fed about a tablespoonful. Blood meal is often used and it is a very good calf feed.

It is not necessary to cook or scald any of the feed for the calf.

When the calf is five or six months of age, it may be fed the same mixture as is given the herd, provided it contains a good variety of feed and is rather rich in protein. It will be found that the calf will enjoy silage if it can be provided. Silage and a good legume hay form the basis for a good calf ration after it is six months old.

If sweet whey can be provided it may be fed when the calf is 3 or 4 months old, using a little ground flaxseed or blood meal with it. Whey is by no means as good as skimmilk for calves, but is better than water provided it is clean and sweet.—Hoard's Dairyman.

How Farmers Can Teach Scientists.

It is not enough that the county agent be "simply a common carrier of ideas" from farmer to farmer. He is to be a go between to gather facts and experiences everywhere and to interpret these facts and experiences in the light of local conditions and needs. Then he is to go a step farther and carry the experience and the ideas of the farmers themselves to the Department of Agriculture and the agricultural colleges; for these institutions are as much in need of the farmer's wisdom and an accurate knowledge of the farmer's problems as the farmer is in need of the information which agricultural institutions can give.

Active and mutually helpful co-operation is needed between the farmers themselves and all of the public agencies intended to promote agriculture and agricultural education. The farmer needs the facts and the explanations which the scientists can furnish. The scientists and teachers are no less in need of the facts and the point of view of the farmers; they need to learn the superscience which farmers call common sense,—that wholesome wisdom that is the essence of the thought and experience of generations of men who have made good through work, and thought, and thrift, and unconscious adaptation to circumstances.

In nearly every country it will be found that most of the serious agricultural problems have been solved by several of the good farmers. There is no better way of teaching a scientific truth than by calling attention to some one who is successfully practicing it. It will often be found that the successful farmer has not stopped to analyze the cause of his success and may often attribute it to the wrong factor. The lesson is there just the same.—News Letter, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

$1.00 per Apple.

Mr. Marshall, the business orchardist of Fitchburg, Mass., who this last year packed 4000 boxes of choice apples, has had for years a standing offer, posted on the walls of his packing house, of $1.00 to any man, visitor or laborer, who found a wormy apple on any tree or under a tree. The dollar is there yet, and the wormy apple has not been found. This simply tells of thoroughness in spraying. Men who complain about law, and that they must have a chance to dispose of their poor apples, want to realize that control of pests is largely in their hands, and that any large percent of poor fruit tells of their failure to fertilize, prune and spray.

What we want to do is to get more out of our orchards by putting more into them. The man who gets 10 percent No. 2's has failed somewhere. Reduce this to three to five percent, very easily accomplished, and the dollars multiply for the grower. It costs too much to grow apples to allow them to grow themselves. In 1914 the one object should be to fertilize, prune and spray to increase size, improve color and minimize defective specimens. The man who fails has only himself to blame. The larger the percent of No. 1's, the better the pocketbook of the grower. It pays to spend ten dollars in spraying when there is the certainty of getting back thirty to fifty. The penny wise and pound foolish man is still to be found among us, and probably will be to the end of the chapter, but this by no means proves that others must follow in the same track.

Lets get all that is possible this year, out of every apple tree, by doing our best in fertilizing, pruning and spraying. It will pay.—Dr. Twitchell in Maine Farmer.

Come, Mr. Dumps, 'tis time to stir your stumps; see that your woodhouse is well filled before the winter closes. Go to! get thee up in the morning, and hie to thy barn; peradventure thy ox or ass may stand in need of thy aid! Who but a slouch or sloven would have a dirty barn? Clean stables are as necessary to the barn, as clean bedrooms to the house. Filth is said to be necessary to the production of vegetable life, but I have no belief of its being conducive to the health of animals.—Old Almanac, 1814.

Be a good friend to your hens. They know the difference. The hen that is petted and made much of is the best hen to lay. That's what we keep them for.

Building a Dairy Herd.

Every little while someone writes to his farm paper and asks how to make money out of chickens, hogs, alfalfa, butter, or what not. In many cases the inquirer wants to go into the new venture heavily. He has the capital; why not buy fifty good cows and make the dairy hustle for all it is worth?

Go slow. Don't plunge. It is better to be safe than sorry. Work up from small beginnings. Grow up with your business. These will prove anchors to windward.

To illustrate this point, let me tell what a young structural iron worker once said to the writer. It was his job to walk the beams and girders of lofty steel skeletons which grew into skyscrapers. He would ride a derrick load of heavy beams to a height of 250 feet from the ground, step off on a slender thread of steel with as much assurance and absence of fear as any of us country fellows follow the plow.

"How do you do it?" I asked my friend.

"It's nothing when you go at it right," he responded. "You must work up from the bottom. First you do one and two story work and you get so used to it that soon you can run around the girders at twenty stories without thinking about it. I have seen brave men who tried to go too fast or they tried to begin at the top. Nearly always they would get fear-struck and after becoming scared stiff they never would tackle another job on steel work."

START SMALL—GROW BIG

For anyone to tackle a new job is a fairly safe proceeding provided he is willing to start with small beginnings and work up. He thus learns his new business with a small investment and any mistakes he makes are not serious nor fatal.

I have seen men who wanted to go into the cow business. They had money and enthusiasm. Up went several thousand dollars worth of fancy buildings! Here comes a carload of pedigreed stock! Order a blue-ribbon bull to give style to the barn yard! "A good cow will give five gallons of milk a day. It is worth 8 cents a quart. That's what we have been paying. At 32 cents a gallon, each cow will bring in $1 60 a day. Twenty cows will produce $32 a day. That makes $11,680 a year. Not a bad income, eh?" That's about the way some of these disciples of Col. Sellers estimate.

Unless he has had a lot of practical experience, the man who starts out on that line is headed for trouble.

That the reader may not feel that he is reading an article written by some high brow dreamer or a biled-shirt clerk I would like to say right here that the writer made his living for a number of years as a practical dairyman. He has been up against every slant of the cow question and has now arrived at that interesting stage where he knows that in spite of all that is past, he has a whole lot yet to learn. If he lived to be as old as Methusaleh, he could never acquire it all. Besides, the art and science of dairying is changing every year.

The dairy business can be made profitable or it can be made very much otherwise. On the whole it is a good thing for the average farmer in the corn belt to slowly increase the size of his milking herd and steadily extend the market for his dairy products. In no other way, probably, can he make his high priced land earn its proper percent of interest; in no other way can he so easily keep up the soil's fertility; in no other way can he so readily and quickly turn his raw products of field and pasture into cash.

Granting all this, the first question he will ask is "How can I best acquire a bunch of good milkers?" The answer is, buy them or raise them.

In most cases it will be found more satisfactory to raise cows than to buy them. The man who will sell you cows generally holds back his best and you get the culls. Culls do not make good foundation stock. Occasionally you can pick up some good cows at fair prices at public sales or from the fellow who is hard up and must sell quick.

By buying at what you would probably consider a fancy price (say $100 to $200) a young, pedigreed, dairy bull, you can rapidly improve your herd. If he is of an established milking breed and strain, and happens to be a well-bred and prepotent animal, he will gradually make even a grade herd virtually thoroughbred. Whereas, if he is of that lowly type known as scrub, he will in a few years make a yard full of fine cows look like 30 cents worth of cannery stuff. With a good bull a farmer can in time build up a profitable herd of milking cows. They will not be eligible to registry however, unless both parents were pedigreed.

To more quickly develop a herd of choice milkers which also are eligible to registry—hence salable at fancy prices for breeding purposes—the farmer should purchase one or more of the thoroughbred cows or young stock in addition to the pedigreed sire. It costs no more to raise a pure bred animal than it does a scrub. Then you have a first-class animal worth more as a producer and much more when you come to sell him. This is one of the solutions of making high-priced land pay.

Foster Mother of the Human Race.

Man needs the hog for its utility and economy as a wealth producer, the cat for its companionship, the dog for its domesticity, the hen for its helpfulness, and all for their aid in the conservation of his resources or for his personal pleasure, but man has lived and can live without any of these.

With the cow it is different. Milk is the only universal human food without which mankind cannot exist, and its supply in adequate quality and quantity affords one of the big economic problems of the day. Beef has ever been the food of the dominant races of mankind. From its fibre is builded that brain and brawn, that vim and energy, that acumen and initative by which man has not only conquered the forces of the earth and air to man's use, but has won supremacy over the vegetarian races of his own kind. The leather of our shoes, our chairs, automobiles, mills and factories; the buttons on our clothes, the combs for our hair, glue for our furniture, hair for mortar and mattresses, biscuits for our pets and fertilizer for our farms, are but incidental side-lines of production by the cow, who is the foster mother of half the human race.

Cranky Cows and Cranky Men.

The nervous man often does not think how hard he is bearing on with the comb and brush while grooming the stock. The nerves in some cows seem to lie very near to the surface. At any rate, they feel it when the pressure is a little harder than it ought to be, and they are apt to step around and try to get out of the way. I do not know how it is nor why it is, but anything that works on the feelings of a cow directly affects her milk giving qualities. I have seen cows that had such control over the flow of milk that you could not get a drop from them if everything was not just so.

Cranky cows and cranky men never ought to be on the same farm. Bad for the cows and bad for the man. Makes the man ugly and costs him money. Makes the cow meaner than pusley and leads her to hate the sight of her master. Get cows about you that you like and then be kind to them. That's the highway to success.

Plenty of Sunlight—In the construction of barns, or shelters of any kind for animals, ample provision should be made for the admission of the maximum amount of sunlight. Southern exposure is desirable; that is, having the majority of the windows facing the south.

Save some of the finest cockerels for the home flock.

World's Greatest Short Stories

No. I.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By Edward Everett Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Mary Roberts Rinehart and Owen Johnson was "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale. His works are published by Little, Brown & Co.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

PART I.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805 at Fort Massac or somewhere above on the river he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to monongahela, sledge and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. It was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him—and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "a man without a country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only when the grand catastrophe came some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi valley to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams got up for spectacles a string of court martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order only been signed. "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough as I say, yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States he cried out in a fit of frenzy:

"D— the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Nolan had grown up in the west of those days in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot" and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother hunting horses in Texas, and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side. I do not excuse Nolan. I only explain to the reader why he damned his country and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court. The court decides, subject to the approval of the president, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the president approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid some thirty years after I saw the original paper of instructions:

Washington (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

Sir—You will receive from Lt. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present the execution of the order is intrusted by the president to this department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it, and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Resp'y yours, W. SOUTHARD,
For the Secretary of the Navy.

I suppose the commander of the Levant has it today as his authority for keeping this man in his mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites. I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. They called him "Plain Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember soon after I joined the navy. Some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy, and everybody was permitted to lend him books if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship sooner or later, only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Phillips told me a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage, and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. Nolan took the book and read to the others, and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and border chivalry and was 10,000 years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?" "

Then they all saw something was to pay, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,"

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages, but he had not quite presence of mind for that. He gagged a little, colored crimson and staggered on:

"For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self"—

And here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and, by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first they said he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that, but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare or something else he was sure of. He was always shy afterward when I knew him—very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart wounded man.

Nolan's transfer at sea to the Warren was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been a long time in the bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball, so the captain said they might ask him if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had ventured so far and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her and this was a godsend. He said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Love! how she must have looked through him! "Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" And she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. In one of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun's crew. As the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies there appeared Nolan in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, perfectly cheery and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits till the enemy struck. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree—that the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir, and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over and he had the Englishman's sword in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today. You are one of us today. You will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the secretary of war. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington.

PART II.

NOLAN must have been in every sea and yet almost never on land. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time more than to do anything else all the time, but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading, and I include in them my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "odds and ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated.

Till he grew very old, he always went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill he was the kindest nurse in the world, and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did, and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there it was such a scene as you seldom see and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck Vaughan looked down from a hogshead on which he had mounted in desperation and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something?"

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese and one or two fine looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan, "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the deus ex machina of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was—that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes. Tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White desert they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And they all fell to kissing him and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long, and, getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy. Forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy. Write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion, but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me, but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of you age!"

I think it was this half confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor at the end of our cruise I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830, and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington. I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, well found, involving a tremendous blowing up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country."

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnaping against every man who had had him in charge? The secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give and that we must act on our own judgment.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2° 2″ S. @ 121° W.

Dear Fred—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. The doctor had been watching him very carefully and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well and had not left his stateroom, a thing I never remembered before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear, do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country." And he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States as he had drawn it from memory and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it in large letters. "Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now—stop, stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know—that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do or prays for it as I do or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away. I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man who had years ago expiated in his whole manhood's life the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about, only where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! And he pressed my hand and said: "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag.

Well, I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas; told me how his brother died there. He had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was, and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon. That, he said, he had suspected partly because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again, and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war and settled down more quietly and very happily to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him of emigration and the means of it, of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs, of inventions and books and literature, of the colleges and West Point and the naval school, but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

I remember he asked all of a sudden who was president now, and when I told him he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln when he was quite a boy himself at some Indian treaty. I said no; that Old Abe was a Kentuckian, like himself, but I could not tell him of what family. He had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan. "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

South Paris, Maine, June 23, 1914

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, vast 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,	A. L. Newton, Postmaster.
Paris Hill,	Mrs. Harlow, Post Office.
West Paris,	Samuel T. White.

"I wish I could impress upon your minds in some way the necessity of paying attention to the little things in connection with road work."—*Chief Engineer Sargent at state road convention.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fly Nets.
Suit Cases for Vacation.
Wheeler Bros. Shows.
Price Togs.
Real Estate For Sale.
Z. L. Merchant & Co.
11 Notices of Appointment.
Bank Book Lost.
Probate Notices.
2 Fish and Game Notices.
Chas. H. Howard Co.
Grass for Sale.
Piano ad.

Nominations by the Primaries.

In the Maine primaries held on Monday, the 15th, the contest in which there was the chief interest was that for the Democratic nomination for governor, for which four candidates were in the field. There is little surprise at the result, which was the nomination of Oakley C. Curtis of Portland. Mr. Curtis received some over 13,000 votes, Peter Charles Keegan of Van Buren about 3000, Bertrand G. McIntire of Waterford about 5000, and Elmer E. Newbert of Augusta some over 7000. Mr. McIntire received all but a small fraction of the Democratic vote in his section of the state.

J. Edward Sullivan of Bangor is the Democratic nominee for state auditor.

There were but few contests on the Republican side, and the vote of that party was small. Governor William T. Haines of Waterville is renominated for governor, and Timothy F. Callahan of Lewiston for state auditor.

For congress the Republican candidates are, Asher C. Hinds of Portland in the First District, Harold M. Sewall of Bath in the Second, John A. Peters of Ellsworth in the Third, and Frank E. Guernsey of Dover in the Fourth.

Democratic candidates for congress, John C. Scates of Westbrook in the First District, Daniel J. McGillicuddy of Lewiston in the Second, William R. Pattangall of Waterville in the Third, and Charles W. Mullen of Bangor in the Fourth.

Orman L. Stanley of Porter received the Republican nomination for State Senator, but the Democrat has no returns available from which to announce the result of the other contests in Oxford County.

In the town of Paris the vote for all candidates was as follows:

REPUBLICAN.

Governor—	
William T. Haines, Waterville	52
State Auditor—	
Timothy F. Callahan, Lewiston	51
Representative to Congress—	
Harold M. Sewall, Bath	48
State Senator—	
Stanley Bisbee, Rumford	34
Orman L. Stanley, Porter	18
County Attorney—	
Frederick R. Dyer, Buckfield	49
Clerk of Courts—	
Charles F. Whitman, Norway	46
Register of Deeds—	
J. Hastings Bean, Paris	50
Sheriff—	
Edward W. Jones, Fryeburg	41
William O. Frothingham, Paris	2
Harry D. Cole, Paris	1
County Commissioner—	
Charles W. Bowker, Paris	46
County Treasurer—	
George M. Atwood, Paris	47
Representative to Legislature—	
Arthur E. Forbes, Paris	44
N. D. Boister, Paris	1

DEMOCRAT.

Governor—	
Oakley C. Curtis, Portland	1
Peter Charles Keegan, Van Buren	1
Bertrand G. McIntire, Waterford	138
State Auditor—	
John E. Bunker, Eden	43
J. Edward Sullivan, Bangor	54
Representative to Congress—	
Daniel J. McGillicuddy, Lewiston	116
State Senator—	
Francis A. Fox, Porter	18
Young A. Thurston, Andover	89
County Attorney—	
Albert Belliveau, Rumford	109
Clerk of Courts—	
Ernest J. Record, Paris	116
Register of Deeds—	
John M. Holland, Mexico	29
George L. Sanborn, Norway	83
Sheriff—	
William O. Frothingham, Paris	127
County Commissioner—	
Don A. Gates, Dixfield	54
Frank L. Wilson, Oxford	53
County Treasurer—	
Howard D. Smith, Norway	115
Representative to Legislature—	
Frank A. Farrar, Paris	118

SOCIALIST.

Three Socialist ballot were cast, all marked for the candidates for the several offices. Only for county commissioner was there any contest, and these ballots were all marked for W. H. Woodworth of Paris for that office. On one of the three ballots there was a vote for Frank H. Maxfield for representative to legislature.

Here and There.

It is refreshing to note, from a legal notice which appears in this issue of the Democrat, that the name of Indian origin, "Aziscohos," has at least a degree of official sanction as applied to the new lake created in northern Oxford County by the corporation controlling the water power of the Androscoggin River. It would have been too bad to break up the style of lake nomenclature so nearly uniform in this state of lakes, by tacking on a plain Anglo-Saxon appellation to this large body of water. To be sure, the man who conceived the creation of this artificial lake may be entitled to recognition, but the dam which makes the lake is a massive monument to its builder.

For information as to whether the mediation conference at Niagara Falls is just on the point of breaking up, or is near a settlement of all the troubles, see the daily papers of yesterday, and take the other horn to-day.

The flying machine which is designed to make a continuous flight of nineteen hundred miles across the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland will be transported from Hammondsport, N. Y., to Newfoundland by rail and boat as tenderly as if it were a hatching of fancy eggs.

Maine News Notes.

Chester Alley, 21, unmarried, fell from a boat while fishing in Pushaw pond near Bangor and was drowned.

Sewall N. York of Waterville, a railroad conductor on the Maine Central, died Wednesday in the hospital at Lewiston, as the result of having both legs cut off in an accident at Leeds Junction. While walking beside his train he was struck by a caboose to which a shifting engine had failed to couple.

In a fit of melancholia Mrs. William Brown of Jay hung her only child, a boy of six years, and then committed suicide by shooting. Mrs. Brown's father, Augustus D. Brown, was the first veteran to die at the Gettysburg reunion last summer. His death and that of her mother shortly afterward, were believed to have affected her mind. She leaves a husband.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mathewson arrived here from New York last week and are occupying the new Benham Cottage near The Beeches.

Mrs. J. E. Burke and Miss M. Burke of Palo Alto, California, are the guests of Mrs. Lunt.

An extensive and excellent job of repairs is in progress on the highway leading from this village to South Paris. Many rocks have been removed and the road made wider and crowned up to turn the water into the gutters. The work is under the direction of U. H. Heald of the Board of Selectmen.

The Paris Hill Water company has a crew of men at work at Crocker Hill putting in new wells and constructing a reinforced concrete storage basin which will increase both the water supply and the storage capacity.

Mrs. E. H. Jackson went Monday for a stay of a few days with friends at Fortune Rock.

Mrs. J. C. Merrill of Portland is with Mr. and Mrs. Mathewson at Benham Cottage.

Recent arrivals at the Hubbard House are as follows:

Mrs. J. E. Burke, Miss M. Burke, Palo Alto, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Buck, Chicago.
Mr. E. B. Buck, Hanover, N. H.
Mrs. H. B. Ewing, Bloomington, Ill.
Mrs. John M. Curran and three children, Winnetka, Ill.
Miss M. E. Watkins, Miss Francis R. Watkins, Denver, Col.
Mr. Abbott F. Bond, New York City.
Mr. and Mrs. Z. L. Merchant, Norway.
H. E. Dustin, Auburn.
Spencer H. Fuller, Lewiston.
Dr. W. D. Taylor, Mc. Falls.

The first Ladies' Universalist circle of the season will be held at Academy Hall next Friday evening, June 26th. An interesting program will be given by Mrs. George Lunt of Paris, Miss Alice Barden of West Paris and Mr. Alden Chase of Bryant Pond. The entertainment will be followed by a social dance, music by Shaw's Orchestra. Ice cream will be on sale during the evening. Admission to the hall the entire evening 25 cents, dancing free. Doors open at 7:30. Entertainment at 8.

Mrs. I. C. Ingraham, Mrs. Albert E Davies and Miss Paulina Davies came here recently from Brookline, Mass., and are occupying their summer home in this village.

The new Pine Tree Tea Room opens on Monday evening of this week. Refreshments of various kinds as well as home-made and other candy will be on sale.

Announcements have been received of the marriage in Roslindale, Mass., on June 14th, of Miss Martha B. Austin, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Albert S. Austin, to Mr. James McKenna. They will reside in Roslindale. The Austins are former residents of Paris Hill.

FORBES DISTRICT.

R. D. Winslow of Portland is at Quin Allen's for two weeks making extracts.

School closed the 12th with the following not absent:

Helmi Pulkkinen	Rupert Ellingwood
Lempi Pulkkinen	Morris Ellingwood

Program of the closing exercises:

Song, Old Glory	School
Words of Welcome	Lempi Pulkkinen
Long Pants, First Pair	Morris Ellingwood
The Squirrel's Lessons	Victor Niskanen
An Awful Dream	Annie Niskanen
Song, Catken	Girls
Good Enough	Rupert Ellingwood
We Little Boys	Andrew Niskanen
Quotations	School
Song, Ompo Tiviva	Girls
Lost	Helmi Pulkkinen
The Brood and the Wave	Peter Pulkkinen
Song, Chickadee	School
The Angel Vision	Henry Niskanen
The Trades	School
All Hail, Gentle Spring	Hilda Niskanen
Song, The Happy Eskimo	School
A Boy's Suggestions to Teachers	Floyd Stevens
Arnold or Washington	Morris Ellingwood
Song, America	School

Bryant's Pond.

Rev. E. H. Stover, pastor of the Baptist church, is taking a vacation. He and Mrs. Stover are visiting friends in another part of the state. During the pastor's absence Rev. J. R. Herrick of Old Orchard will supply in his place.

Mrs. Louisa Cole and grandson, Ellis Stevens, who have been stopping here through the school term, have returned to Copperville, N. H.

Nearly fifty attended the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Morgan at the home of Elbridge Crooker last Wednesday evening. The occasion was fully enjoyed by the guests of the newly wedded couple, and many gifts accompanied by the best of good wishes were bestowed upon them.

Greenwood.

Glancing at our notebook and taking a rearcast back to Saturday, we find a few things wise and some otherwise, a few of which may be worth reading.

On that day the mill shut down, thus giving the boys a chance to go a-fishing; for that purpose Dannie Bryant borrowed a boat, but found the employment much as Peter did when he toiled all night and caught nothing.

The next morning the folks took a ride to the City, where they found Henry Morgan and his bride. During the day the father of the company took them over toward Overset, a mile more or less, to the place where he was born and lived his infantile days more than 60 years ago.

The log house and a few other small buildings had entirely disappeared; the stones composing the fireplace and chimney, together with a few scrub apple trees and rose bushes, being nearly all to indicate that a family once lived there, and this is only one of quite a number of similar places in town where families once lived, and what do we know about them?

There has been a crew of men at work on the highways much of the time for two weeks, putting them in good repair, where they will remain until another downpour spoils them again, when the same work will have to be repeated. It is all very well to talk about keeping good roads where the land is level, but over steep hills it is quite a different proposition.

Mrs. Mary Brooks Felt of Woodstock visited her parents recently, and while there found time to make us a friendly call, taking her two little children along with her. There are just two years between their ages, one of each sex, and two prettier little kids it would be hard to find. And let us hope she will be more fortunate than her sister, who had the same number and sex until death came and took the youngest, a boy, to himself.

Monday afternoon gave us two copious showers, the former ending at four o'clock with a very small rainbow, and two hours later another ending at six, and giving us a full grown one, and similar perhaps, to the one Noah looked upon.

Dickvale.

Mrs. J. C. Wyman's sisters, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Knight of Readfield, are making her a visit, also her granddaughter, Idella Wyman of Weld.

How the wedding bells do ring in the merry month of June.

Ralph Putnam and Mr. Hines of Jay were in this place one day last week.

David Chenery and Leslie Gordon went to Rumford Thursday, each with a load of potatoes.

Quite a number from this place attended the funeral of Mrs. Daniel Fletcher Friday.

Mrs. E. A. Richardson was at Dixfield to see Dr. Pease Saturday, and took supper with her son Alfred.

Herman Fuller and family were in town Sunday.

North Waterford.

E. K. Shedd has purchased an automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ward are nicely settled in their cottage at Pappoose Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Holt of Bryant's Pond have been visiting relatives here.

Mell Knight's watch that was stolen recently from the mill where he hung it, was brought back and left in the place from which it was taken.

Mr. Welch has been running the auto and carrying the mail to Norway while Winfred Knight was away in Boston.

West Paris.

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

Mrs. Dudley was at her home on Maple Street a few days last week.

Quite a large number attended the graduating exercises at South Paris Thursday evening.

Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ridlon, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mann and Miss Lois Hollis attended the Paris High School alumni banquet at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Day were at Sumner last week to attend the wedding of Mrs. Day's niece, Miss Beulah Robbins.

Fred Andrews of Woodstock and Miss Imogene M. Farnum of Bryant Pond were married by Rev. C. H. Young at the M. E. parsonage Monday morning. Mr. Andrews is a clerk in Penley's store. Mrs. Andrews is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Farnum of Bryant Pond. She was graduated from Woodstock High School in the class of 1913 Both are highly respected young people, and have many friends here who wish them happiness. They went to housekeeping in Dr. Yates' rent.

Mrs. Irene Locke of Norway was the guest of Mrs. Levi Shedd Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Mann, Mrs. Cynthia Curtis and H. R. Tuell left Monday morning for a motor trip through Dixfield, Weld, Phillips and the lake region.

Lilla Cole has gone to Ocean Park to do table work in a boarding house.

Miss Maud Carter of Boston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. H. Packard.

Ralph Butts of Norway has been doing plumbing work here during the past week. Mrs. Butts accompanied him and was the guest of friends here.

The high school closed this week. The scholars and teacher, Miss Roberts, enjoyed a hay rack ride Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Ola Swan Dunham is visiting her mother, Mrs. Elisha Emery.

TRAP CORNER.

Mrs. Samuel Wheeler and sister, Mrs. John Kennagh, and son Kenneth, went to Norway June 18.

Mrs. Arthur Dean left Saturday to visit relatives in Buckfield and Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Tuell went to South Paris June 18.

Mrs. Henry Dean and children went to Waterford June 18, for a short stay with her parents.

George Tuell was at his parents' over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Swan of Bryant's Pond called on relatives here Sunday afternoon.

Henry and Donald Briggs have the chicken pox.

A number from here attended the graduation exercises of Paris High School, June 18.

East Sumner.

L. B. Heald, S. Frank Stetson and Sharon Robinson attended the Grand Army encampment at Lewiston last week. Luther C. Abbott of Livermore Falls and Alonzo Pomeroy of Paris Hill, former Sumner men, were also present. It was an impressive sight to see the happy fraternal greetings of the old veterans. It was a most happy event for them and helped to make them forget for the time their infirmities and live over again the memorable scenes of the past.

We noticed in the gatherings Thomas S. and "Billy" Bridgham and "Phon" Warren from Buckfield, Ronello A. Barrows, George Moore and William F. Mitchell from Canton. Lots of unwritten history was rehearsed, and the occasion will be treasured in memory while life lasts.

North Buckfield.

O. L. Varney has purchased a second-hand automobile. Mrs. Varney has returned home, and they have got settled in their new home.

Mrs. Cora Hardy and Mrs. Fannie Adams of Paris were at J. F. Turner's recently.

Ella Ames of Rumford was in the place last week.

Many friends of Mrs. Agnes McAlister were saddened to hear of her death. The family have their sympathy.

Mrs. Florence Foster of Paris and Sadie Swallow of Sherbrooke, P. Q., visited relatives in the place recently.

Mrs. Martha Record has returned from Mechanic Falls, where she has been on a visit.

C. B. Keene seems to be improving slowly.

John Gerrish has his new barn up and boarded.

A. S. Bessey and family are the first to have lettuce from their garden in this locality.

West Lovell.

Mrs. Caroline Fox and George Andrews visited at Mrs. Jane Hatch's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fox of Auburn are at West Lovell for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. McAllister visited their son Ralph at his home on the lake Sunday.

Hartford McAllister has made a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Charles Evirs, in Norway.

G. C. Lord spent last week with his niece, Mrs. Charles Brackett, in Sweden.

Mason.

Allison Browne has a new auto.

Mrs. Robert Cushing was called to Portland by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. A. Kennison.

Miss Mildred Hunt of Norway is visiting her brother Frank and his wife of this town.

E. H. Morrill is painting his buildings.

Carroll Martin of Harrison spent the past week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Mills, who have been visiting in Northwest Albany, returned Sunday.

J. A. McKenzie and son Allan have finished work for F. L. Ordway of Gilead.

Several from here attended the dance at Hunt's Corner Saturday.

P. W. Saunders and wife visited at D. W. Cushing's the first of the week. He returned Tuesday but she remained to make a longer visit.

Locke's Mills.

Sunday, June 14, was children's Sunday. In the afternoon Rev. J. H. Little delivered an interesting sermon, and in the evening there were exercises by the children.

Mrs. Helen Bryant is with her sister, Mrs. D. A. Thurston, at Rumford Corner.

Hannibal Houghton of Auburn is in town for a few days and is stopping at Hotel Greenwood.

Ransom Cummings of Bryant's Pond is visiting at Elmer Cummings'.

L. P. Bryant has a new automobile, and all his friends are expecting a ride.

Mrs. Bessie Sloan and Master Roger of Bethel are at "Outside Inn" for a short vacation. Miss Florence Chapman spent Thursday with them.

Mrs. C. B. Tebbets and children returned Sunday from a three weeks' visit with relatives in Durham and Auburn.

Norway Lake.

J. S. Smith has a new motor boat on the lake. He supplies for cottagers round the lake.

Mrs. W. S. Partridge will attend commencement exercises at Bates College.

Merton P. Green has a new automobile.

Quite a number of the cottages around the lake are filled.

Mrs. Tracy and daughter have gone to Greenwood for a while.

Wilson's Mills.

Clinton Bennett made a trip to South Paris last Sunday in his auto, accompanied by his mother, and his cousin, Iva Littlehale, to see his sister, Pearl Bennett.

Dermont Fox has returned from the Rangeley region, where he went early in the spring.

N. R. Leach has a new Oakland car. He employs a chauffeur.

Eighteen sportsmen went up the river last Tuesday to Camp Waistata, George Nason proprietor.

Lewis Olson and Ray Linnell have been over in the vicinity of Farmington looking for farms.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Sturtevant were in town several times the past week. Mr. Sturtevant is looking after the lumber business.

Ell Stearns of Bethel was in town Saturday buying wool.

Bethel.

Rev. W. C. Curtis and "Troop 2," Boy Scouts, have been camping out near Mr. H. N. Upton's. The boys had fine luck fishing.

Sunday was observed as Children's day by the Congregational Sunday School, the church being prettily decorated, and the pastor preached an appropriate sermon, the children rendering the music at the morning service. They also assisted at the Christian Endeavor.

The children of the Methodist church gave a fine program in the evening, and the pastor preached a children's day sermon. The exercises were very interesting.

Will Gill went to Dr. King's Hospital Saturday, June 13, and underwent an operation for appendicitis which was a serious case. He rallied well and physicians were expecting rapid recovery and reports to friends were very favorable. Thursday morning he passed away very suddenly. Funeral services were held at his late home Saturday. Mr. Gill was born in Greenwood nearly thirty-nine years ago. When eighteen years of age he entered the employ of Woodbury & Purington, and during twenty years he has been a faithful employe, and has a very large circle of friends and acquaintances who will miss him and express sympathy for the brothers and sisters. The floral tributes from friends were abundant and showed the esteem in which he was held.

E. C. Bowler and Ernest, Jr., came to Bethel by auto Thursday and were calling upon friends. Miss Mona Martyn accompanied them to their home in Providence Friday.

State examinations for entrance to the secondary schools were given the pupils Friday.

David Forbes of the Citizen office is still ill, being under the care of a trained nurse.

Mrs. E. T. Russell, her daughter, Miss Shirley Russell, and Miss Isabel Shirley came from Brooklyn to their summer home here last Saturday.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Mrs. Harry Brooks and child of Dorchester, Mass., are at her parental home at C. L. Sanborn's.

Mrs. Edward Carter, *nee* Capen, and her little daughter Rebecca are visiting relatives in China.

Mrs. Joseph Oliver has gone to Lewiston among relatives and friends.

Dr. Twaddle is a frequent caller on a patient here at the old Uncle Israel Kimball place.

John Philbrook and wife call occasionally to see relatives here, especially those who are ill.

Mrs. Harold Stanley and children have been visiting relatives in New Hampshire.

Susie Bean in company with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Simson of Boston, recently called here en route for Bethel village.

The road is being repaired under the supervision of Commissioner Farwell.

Ruth Buck is at home from Northfield Seminary, Mass.

Miss Frances Abbott is at home on a vacation.

Mrs. Phon Bean is at home from Portland and gaining in health. Her many friends are glad of her return, and are hoping that she will be well again in the near future.

Planting time is nearly over, and all looks well. If we do our part nature and nature's God will do the rest.

A call at the old Ned Bean place at East Bethel, where the widow of the late Joseph Bean lives, assures us of the remarkable beauty of the scenery near and as far as the eye can reach. This is the loveliest place on the river and Mrs. Bean owns it and manages it all right. Her people in Boston come on every summer and enjoy the lovely view and restful scenery all about the farm.

West Bethel.

"With rakish eye and plenished crop,
Oblivious of the farmer's gun,
Upon the naked ash-tree top,
The crow sits basking in the sun."

"Sing of Summer, a splendid song,
Summer royally fair—
When nights are white, and days are long
And the jasmine scents the air.
When the nightingales sing of love,
And the red, red roses blow—
Those are the notes to make music of!
Ah, that Summer must go!"

"No joy is true, save that which hath no end;
No life is true, save that which liveth ever;
No health is sound, save that which God doth send;
No love is real, save that which changeth never."

The nights are cool for the season.

Many have had their tomato plants ruined by potato bugs.

Edgar Briggs spent last week in South Paris and Norway.

There is a prospect that two of the empty stores in this village may soon be filled.

Mrs. L. D. Grover is getting along with only her husband for assistant housekeeper.

For several days of last week the weather was more like November than "balmy June."

Bloodthirsty mosquitoes and black flies are the greatest plagues of one's life out of doors.

Real estate owners in this end of the town can see no reason why taxes are so much higher this year than usual.

A college student named Henry Crane, from Massachusetts, is the preacher for the summer in Union church.

Elbert R. Briggs, the new postmaster in this village, is fast learning the rules and regulations of the business, and is now running the office alone.

Albion P. Mason and wife, who sold their old home farm in May, have not yet vacated the premises, but are waiting for the arrival of their son Millard to assist in packing and shipping their household goods to his home in Greenfield, N. H., where the son holds the position of postmaster.

Henry Verrill has made quite extensive repairs on his farm buildings this spring. New windows have been put in the house, and the buildings have been painted. Mr. Verrill is the faithful and popular mail carrier on Route 4 from Bethel.

East Bethel.

Ceylon M. Kimball recently made a business trip to Lewiston.

Chas. Martin of Rumford is working for Mrs. Susan Bean.

Wendell Kimball Clark is spending a short vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kimball.

Mrs. O. B. Farwell is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Nutting of Perham, Me.

Mrs. H. E. Bartlett and Mrs. Fred C. Bean were recent guests of Mrs. Herbert Lyon and family of Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Bartlett were in Farmington last week to attend the graduation of their daughter Edna May, from the State Normal School.

Hebron.

Prof. I. M. Bearce and family arrived here from Washington on Sunday, and will spend the summer at Prof. J. F. Moody's.

Mrs. Lord of Lynn is at E. S. Dunham's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cushman and Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn of Lynn were guests of A. M. Richardson Tuesday.

Mrs. Hersey Munroe of Washington is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. M. Richardson.

Norman Richardson was at home from Bates for part of the commencement exercises.

The week has been very favorable for visitors and others. Cool with little dust. Many were here, and the exercises were called of the best. Many former graduates were present.

N. D. Barrows of Knoxville, Tenn., and his brother George of Auburn, were in the place Tuesday. They used to be old neighbors of ours, and we are always very glad to see them.

W. A. Bartlett and C. H. George have just returned from a week at Biddeford Pines, where they were the guests of J. E. Bartlett of Boston.

Albany.

Milford Phelps has sold his place to F. L. Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. L. Farwell have bought a horse, and were at S. G. Bean's Sunday.

Levi Butters works for I. S. Morrill and son, and has moved to the Phelps place.

Rain Morrill has a new auto and goes back and forth with it. He is building a shed to house the dowels in.

Ed Good has turned his horse out and boards at the mill.

Buckfield.

A. F. Warren, T. S. Bridgham, W. H. Bridgham, and H. D. Irish attended the state encampment of the G. A. R. in Lewiston Wednesday and Thursday.

The Ladies' Circle of the Baptist church met with Mrs. A. S. Holland Wednesday afternoon.

F. R. Dyer delivered the address to the graduating class at Hebron Wednesday. Mr. Dyer was a member of the class of 1894, and this commencement is the twentieth anniversary of his graduation.

Mrs. Martha Libby of Brunswick is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Shaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Austin of Millbridge and Miss Mollie Austin from Boston are at the home of their parents for the summer.

Rev. F. M. Lamb is attending the Baptist anniversaries in Boston this week.

Bertha Willoughby of Dixfield has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Frost.

Mrs. Lucy Skillings of Saco is visiting friends in town.

Frank Berry has been visiting in Hebron during the week.

Marguerite Staples Brown and her two children have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tuttle.

Misses Ellen Cole and Julia Gile are at home from Farmington, where Miss Gile was one of the graduates.

Miss Helen Shaw is at home from her school in New York.

H. A. Murch went to Bangor Thursday to attend the meeting of the retail monumental dealers' association, and from there goes to Block Island, R. I., for a visit of about ten days.

The graduating exercises of the grammar school will be held in the Baptist church Thursday afternoon.

Miss Dorothy Jewett of Portland is with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Holland.

Mrs. Eugene Vaughn was in Augusta with friends over Sunday.

Miss Sadie Spaulding returned Friday from a visit with friends in Portland, accompanied by Master Paul Morton.

Program of graduating exercises of class of 1914 Buckfield High School held in the Old Church on the Hill Friday, June 19:

Music—March
Prayer
Response
Salutatory, The Position of a Woman ..... Laura F. Bonney
History ..... Helen Heald
Essay, Mexico ..... Charlie Rowe
Oration, Our Greatest Asset ..... Herbert Spaulding
Music
Prophecy ..... Dorothy Palmer
Essay, Thomas A. Edison ..... Bert Gerrish
Class Will ..... Perley Dunn
Music
Essay, The American High School ..... Harry Hall
Presentation of Gifts ..... Mary Hall
Valedictory, The Value of a High School
Education ..... Dwight Turner
Presentation of Diplomas
Commencement Address ..... Rev. C. G. Miller
Awarding of Prizes
Music

Class officers:

Pres.—Dorothy Palmer
Vice-Pres.—Helen Heald
Sec. and Treas.—Laura Bonney
Executive Com.—Helen Heald, Herbert Spaulding, Harry Hall
Class motto—Not how much, but how well
Class colors—Green and white
Class flower—White carnation

CLASS ROLL

Laura Field Bonney
Perley Bernard Dunn
Bert Wardwell Gerrish
Mary King Hall
Harry Thomas Hall
Helen Maude Heald
Dorothy Louise Palmer
Charlie Harold Rowe
Herbert Ansel Spaulding
Dwight Wilson Turner.

Music was furnished for the day and evening by Shaw's orchestra of South Paris.

The prizes were awarded as follows by Supt. Whitmore: Prize for excellence in English, $5, given by Miss A. H. Prince, awarded to Dwight Turner; prizes given by Hon. John D. Long for excellence in deportment and character, first prize $5 to Erland Waterman; second prize $3 to Dorothy Palmer; third prize $2 to Herbert Spaulding.

The reception was held in Odd Fellows' Hall in the evening, and the school board and faculty were in the receiving line with the class. The hall was prettily decorated. A social dance followed the reception.

Hiram.

Hon. Charles Rankin, who went to the Maine General Hospital recently, is reported as being comfortable, and his condition hopeful. As he is 81 years old it is not deemed safe to use surgery. Mr. Rankin is remarkably well preserved, and would pass for a man of 60 years. His hair is still black, and he is still one of our most expert surveyors of lumber, and aids in settling large estates. He served in the Maine Senate in 1880.

Lemuel Cotton, who has been sick a year, was able to ride to the primary June 15th.

Ell Clemons was visited this week by his daughter, Mrs. Cora E. Welch, and her husband, Prof. Edwin K. Welch, Preceptor of Coe's Academy, Northwood Center, N. H., also his son, Samuel W. Clemons, and wife. As there were two men in Hiram named Samuel W. Clemons, one could be spared, and this one, after graduating at the University of Maine, as civil engineer, entered the factory of Ex.-Governor Draper at Hopedale with a salary of $1200 a year.

Brownfield.

Miss Lena Perkins has gone to Conway, N. H., for the summer.

Miss Lucinda Wentworth has gone to Bar Harbor for a few weeks.

Mrs. Florence Willard of Denmark called recently at J. L. Frink's.

Dr. and Mrs. McAlister of California are visiting friends in town.

Farmers are very busy doing their planting.

They say there is a fine prospect of plenty of apples this year.

Grass is looking fine.

J. L. Frink is still on the sick list.

North Stoneham.

H. M. Adams has bought an automobile. Lee Andrews of North Lovell is driving it for him. They took a party to the White Mountains Friday.

Myrtle Adams has gone to Bridgton to work.

Herbert McAllister has moved his family to Slab City in Lovell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chute and son Fred went to Biddeford to visit Mrs. Chute's parents.

Lester Fogg carried Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Chute, Lyman Chute and Wm. Ward to the graduation at Norway in his automobile.

C. P. McKeen and wife from Albany visited his brother, H. B. McKeen, Saturday and Sunday.

In Stoneham, June 19, to Bessie and Jesse Adams, a daughter.

Byron.

John S. Taylor, who has been station agent at West Minot, has taken the station at South Rangeley. He boards at Mr. Packard's there.

Two steel bridges are to be built in town this year, one across East Branch and one across Mill Brook.

L. A. Mason and family have moved back to his farm from Rangeley.

A crew of men are splitting stone for the abutments to the steel bridges.

Clarence A. Young from West Minot, with his son, is visiting friends in town.

Pomona Grange met at Echo Hall the 17th inst. Nine new members were installed, at Roxbury. A good attendance and a pleasant time was enjoyed.

A fierce animal was seen in L. A. Mason's pasture resembling a lynx, only he had a tail about 15 inches long. Mason fired twice at him, when he leaped about five feet in the air and about fifteen feet on the ground, so says L. A. Mason.

East Brownfield.

There was some observance of Flag Day, but not as much as there should be.

The Congregational Circle held its annual meeting at Mrs. E. E. Rounds' on the 10th. The report of the year was very good.

The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held on the 12th, postponed from the May meeting, which was the memorial meeting for Mrs. Stevens.

Schools are closing in the outlying districts this week.

The Evening Express on Monday had a long list of patrons of the New Liberty. This is a pleasant indication.

The MacAllisters are spending a few days with Charles Howard and nieces at the Fessenden farm.

Improvements are going on in Burnt Meadow Brook cemetery.

Z. L. MERCHANT & CO.

Successors to S. B. and Z. S. Prince

Summer Merchandise When You Need It at July and August Prices.

IN THE READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

TAILORED SUITS at a reduction of $3.00 to $10.00 which means that some of them have been reduced to Half Price.

SILK AND WOOL COATS marked down $2.00 to $8.50 on a garment and some of them at Half Price.

CHILDREN'S COATS all marked down to just a little more than half price.

RAIN COATS at reduced prices. $4.75 Coats now $3.25, $5.75 Coats now $4.50.

CHILDREN'S RAIN CAPES in red, blue and tan, sizes 2 to 14 years, values $1.98 priced $1.39.

LADIES' THIN WHITE DRESSES all put in at mark-down prices to clean them up.

FANCY SILK AND NET WAISTS all marked down at very liberal reductions in price.

COTTON WASH GOODS in a great variety of styles and qualities. Many of them we have put in at mark down prices.

New Linen and Linene Coats Just Received

LINEN COATS Priced $2.95 and $3.75.

LINENE COATS Priced $1.25 and $2.50.

ONE PRICE CASH STORE.

NORWAY, - - - MAINE

ONE of the queerest things about some people is that they will not follow GOOD ADVICE when they KNOW they OUGHT TO. Perhaps we are all more or less that way. All the wise men of all ages have urged their fellow beings to PUT AWAY SOMETHING for a RAINY DAY. Good old Benjamin Franklin's sayings on economy and saving alone ought to make a bank book holder of EVERY ONE. If you have DELAYED, suppose you act HONESTLY with YOUR SELF RIGHT NOW.

We pay 2 per cent interest on check account of $500 and over, on even hundreds. Interest credited to your account last of every month.

Savings Department Connected with

BRANCH BANK AT BUCKFIELD, MAINE.

PARIS TRUST COMPANY

SOUTH PARIS MAINE

State of Maine.

PUBLIC NOTICE

In Conformity with the provisions of Section 15, of Chapter 32, of the Revised Statutes of Maine, as amended by chapter 206 of the public laws of 1913, deeming it for the best interest of the State, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, after due notice to all persons interested, and public hearing in the locality to be affected, and deeming it necessary and proper for the protection and preservation of the inland fish of the State hereby adopt the following needful Rules and Regulations relating to the times and places in which and the circumstances under which inland fish may be taken in the waters of Aziscohos lake and tributaries, Parmachenee lake and tributaries, tributaries to Magalloway river above Aziscohos dam, and Long pond, all in the county of Oxford.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish at any time in any of the tributaries to Aziscohos lake, so-called, or in any of the tributaries to Parmachenee lake, so-called, or in any of the tributaries to the Magalloway river, above Aziscohos dam, EXCEPT LITTLE MAGALLOWAY RIVER, all in the county of Oxford, for a period of four years from June 13th, A. D. 1914.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish in said Aziscohos lake, Parmachenee, Long pond, or in the Magalloway river, above said Aziscohos dam, or in Little Magalloway river, all in the county of Oxford, except by the method thereof of casting with artificial flies or fly fishing.

It shall also be unlawful for any person to have in possession any kind of fish taken in violation of any provision of this section.

Section 2. During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to take, catch or kill, in any one day, more than five pounds of f

The Oxford Democrat.

South Paris, Maine, June 23, 1914

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY,
Beginning Sept. 28, 1913,
TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (East): 5:36 a. m., express, daily; 9:43 a. m., local, daily except Sunday; 4:36 p. m., express, daily.

Going up (West) 9:43 a. m., express, daily; 3:35 p. m., local, daily except Sunday; 8:22 p.m., express, daily.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

A. & A. M.—Part 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.

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

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

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

The circus is coming! July 2 is the date.

Mrs. America Andrews has returned to her home at North Paris.

Miss Martha Ostrander of New York is the guest of Mrs. Almeda Newton.

Miss Sara Swett is the guest of Miss Grace Dudley in Portland for a few days.

Roy E. Cole of Canton, Mass., joined his family at W. J. Wheeler's Friday night.

Concrete sidewalk is being built in front of the house of F. A. Heidner on High Street.

Two traveling musicians with violin and guitar made good music on the streets Friday.

Miss Mary Chase, after spending the past year in South Paris, started last week for her home in Minneapolis.

Russell Butts of Houlton was the guest of his brothers at South Paris and Norway for a short time last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Grinfill Stuart attended the State Encampment of the G. A. R. in Lewiston on Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Maud Carter of West Paris, who teaches in Dorchester, Mass., has been a guest at Mrs. Justina Hall's for a few days.

There will be a dance conducted by Howard Shaw this week Saturday night. Dancing at 8:15 sharp. All invited.

Seats are on sale at Shurtleff's drug store for the organ recital on the evening of the 30th, by Dr. Minor C. Baldwin of New York.

A number of the members of the Grand Army and Ladies of the G. A. R. attended the state encampment at Lewiston last week.

Mrs. Lulu Lane of Auburn was with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Fletcher, for a few days last week, called here by the illness of Mrs. Fletcher.

Miss Sadie Swallow of Sherbrooke, P. Q., formerly of South Paris, has recently been a guest of Miss Mildred Parlin and relatives here for a week.

Capt. Alfred A. Starbird of the United States Army, accompanied by Mrs. Starbird and child, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Starbird.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Kenney of Randolph have been visiting relatives here for the past few days. Mr. Kenney has returned, Mrs. Kenney will remain for three weeks.

Mrs. N. G. Elder was in Portland last week to attend the graduation of her nephew, Richard Garland, from Portland High School.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McArdle have gone to Schenectady, N. Y., where they will spend some weeks with their daughter, Mrs. Roy E. Strickland.

Mrs. C. Ellis McAllister left Wednesday to visit her old home in St. Stephen, N. B., and attend the wedding of a relative. She expects to be gone about three weeks.

At a special village corporation meeting Friday evening, it was voted to buy 600 feet of hose, to be paid for out of next year's assessment. A quorum of voters were out.

Miss Ethel C. Crockett is attending commencement this week at Bates College, where she was a former student. She is one of a house party who are occupying a cottage at Lake Auburn for the occasion.

Students of the high school enjoyed a picnic Friday at the cottage of Capt. F. C. Tribou on Pennesseewassee Lake, and four boat loads took advantage of the opportunity. They made the trip by street car and boat.

Roy J. Bird, who has a position with a large rubber company in Providence, R. I., is spending a two weeks' vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bird. Miss Harrington of Everett, Mass., is also a guest there.

The Berlin Sunday excursion train was put on Sunday, without any notice to speak of. Four well filled cars constituted the train. As in former years, the train goes up at 10:22 in the forenoon, and down at 6:00 in the afternoon.

A base ball team from Portland, in two automobiles, went through here about one o'clock Saturday, bound for Rumford to play a game scheduled at 3 o'clock. Wouldn't it have made you laugh to think of such a trip as that twenty years ago?

U. G. Wheeler, well known in South Paris, has been elected superintendent of schools in Newton, Mass. For the past two or three years Mr. Wheeler has been superintendent of schools in Passaic, N. J. Previous to going to Passaic Mr. Wheeler was superintendent in Everett, Mass., and had before that held the same position in other places.

The state assessors, B. G. McIntire of Waterford, E. M. Johnston of Brownville, and J. J. Dearborn of Newburg, were here on Friday for a meeting at the court house. They met the assessors of a number of the towns in this part of the county, examined their books and talked over matters in a rather informal way. This was one of the regular sessions of the state assessors, and there was nothing of special importance in connection with it.

Rev. Frank Penley Manley of the Newton Theological Institution, Newton Center, Mass., who has recently spent a week of his vacation with his grandfather, C. Freeland Penley, is fitting himself for a missionary for the India field, where his father and mother went in 1879, and where they now are. Mr. Manley will graduate in another year. He expects to be accompanied to India by his bride-elect, Miss Edith Argo, a worthy and accomplished young woman of Oregon. Dr. Charles Manley, a brother of Rev. Frank M., expects to go out with his brother as a missionary physician. He is now a member of the faculty of McMinnville College, McMinnville, Ore.

Alfred Andrews attended the alumni banquet Friday night.

Charles A. Hersey is here from the soldiers' home at Togus.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Ellingwood of East Hebron were at Mrs. Godwin's Sunday.

The H. M. Society will meet with Mrs. Lizzie Millett Friday afternoon at half past two.

Miss Annie Muzzy is here from Milford, N. H., for a short stay with her father, Henry Muzzy.

Miss S. E. Porter is at home from her teaching in Portland for the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Porter.

Alton C. Maxim is landing timber in preparation for the building of a grain mill on the site of the one which burned, on Skillings Avenue.

Fires were necessary for warmth all day Saturday, and many scared people covered up their garden stuff that night, but it all came through safely, though by a narrow margin.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. O. E. Barrows on Pine Street Tuesday afternoon. This will be the annual field day of the Union, and the meeting will be followed by a picnic supper.

Harold T. Thayer, who has been with the Democrat during the past winter, and his family, have gone from Norway to Old Orchard, where he will have a position in the store of the Seaside Drug Co. for the summer.

J. H. Stuart has resigned from the engineering corps of the State Highway Commission, of which he has been a member since the organization of the commission, having the work in Oxford County. Henry Nelson of Rumford takes his place.

Children's Sunday was observed by the Universalist Sunday School on Sunday with exercises by the several classes, most of the exercises relating to the study which the classes have recently made. At the morning service in the church, two girls were baptized by Rev. Mr. Miller.

Don't forget the grand concert of secular music to be given by Dr. Minor C. Baldwin, Tuesday evening, June 30, at the Universalist church. Tickets on sale at Shurtleff's drug store. This concert will be the finest musical event of the year, and by one of the world's greatest organists.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office June 22:

H. P. Smith
Eva Swift
Mrs. Samuel Tripp
Henry R Jordan
William Hartsgrove
Ira Crooker
Thos. M. Coulton
Mrs. F. M. Cross

S. F. DAVIS, P. M.

Rev. E. A. Davis of the Baptist church is attending the Northern Baptist convention in Boston, and services at the Baptist church were omitted on Sunday. All services will be resumed next Sunday, and Rev. Mr. Davis will give echoes from the convention at both morning and evening services. The convention has a very large representation in the attendance from Maine to California.

Delayed School Notes.

The names of the graduates of South Paris Grammar School, Miss Florence Goodwin Principal, are as follows. These will enter the high school next fall:

Eva Andrews	Lillian Judkins
Mary Abbott	Leslie Kenison
Mabel Allen	Florence Leach
Annette Austin	Ruth Miller
Howard Barry	Fannie McKeen
Harold Campbell	Carroll Penley
Willard Curtis	Miles Record
Gerald Curtis	Ida Stiles
Ernest Dudley	Marion Simpson
Carl Fales	Henry Wetherell
George Hollis	

There were in the grammar school four pupils who were neither tardy nor absent for the whole year. They are Eva Andrews, Ida Stiles, Annette Austin and Gerald Curtis. The two last named live two miles and three miles respectively from the village, and have been present even when the school teams have not found it feasible to make their trips.

From the fourth grade, Miss Lena L. Franck teacher, the following were promoted to the fifth grade:

Harlan Abbott	Ora Maxim
Robert Brackett	Ralph Maxim
Pearl Burnett	Kathleen McWhorter
Harold Cash	Carrie Moore
Sadie Clark	Lillian Newton
Annie Clifford	Herman Noyes
Doris Cummings	Hester Ordway
Wilfred Davee	Walter Palmer
Marjorie Edwards	Helen Paterson
Helen Emeley	Gordon Powers
Martha Fletcher	Esther Pratt
Doris Hatch	Gwendolyn Record
Robert Hicks	Ronald Simpson
Howard Jackson	Eleanor Simpson
Maxine Johnson	Glenna Starbird
Ralph Johnson	James Wheeler
Esther Libby	Lewis Woodworth
Margaret Martin	

The following pupils in the fourth grade have not been absent, tardy or dismissed during the year:

Harlan Abbott	Wilfred Davee
Howard Jackson	Ralph Johnson
Doris Hatch	Doris Cummings
Hester Ordway	

Col. Wm. B. White.

Col. Wm. B. White, who died at his home in Quincy, Mass., on the 16th, at the age of 78 years, was a native of Paris, son of Capt. Bezaleel White. In early manhood he went to Massachusetts and settled in Abington, where he learned the trade of shoemaker.

When the war broke out he joined the Twelfth Massachusetts Infantry as lieutenant. On Aug. 20, 1861, he was transferred to the 20th Massachusetts as a captain, and was promoted to major May 1, 1863, and to lieutenant-colonel Oct. 15, 1863. He rose to the command of the Eighteenth Massachusetts, and was mustered out as colonel, May 2, 1864.

After the war he established himself in Boston as a manufacturer of shoe patterns, and in 1898 he moved to Quincy where he made eyeshades, spectacle cases and leather novelties. He was a public spirited citizen.

Col. White was twice married, and had three children, but all are dead, and his only near relative is a sister, Mrs. Alfred H. Jackson of South Paris. Mrs. Jackson and daughter, Miss Nellie Jackson, were in Quincy to attend the funeral.

The funeral on Thursday was attended with military honors. There was a large attendance, including all the employees of the White factory, and delegations from the Loyal Legion, from Hartsuff Post, G. A. R., of Rockland, of which he was a member, and a delegation from the Eighteenth Regiment Association, of which he was president. The service was closed with taps by the bugler. Bearers were from the Sons of Veterans and the United Spanish War Veterans.

Base Ball.

Two close and interesting games, though quite different in the looks of the score, were played at the high school grounds Saturday afternoon. The first game was between the regular Paris High School team and the alumni, and was the last game scheduled for the high school team for the season. It was won by the alumni by the score of 1 to 0. The line-up of the alumni team was:

E. Shaw, c.
Lowell, p.
S. Davis, s.s.
Rawson, 1b.
Henry Shaw, 2b.
H. T. Briggs, 3b.
Bigelow, l.f.
Harry Shaw, Lloyd Davis, c.f.
Harold Dunham, r.f.

Following this game the newly organized Paris town team played the first game of its schedule, with Norway. The game was won by Norway by the score of 11 to 10, in the tenth inning.

No Milk Train This Summer.

The summer schedule on the Grand Trunk goes into effect next Sunday, June 28. Contrary to expectation and preliminary announcement, the milk train will not be run this year. For some years this train has been run from West Paris to Portland daily during the summer, leaving West Paris a few minutes before six o'clock in the morning, and leaving Portland on the return at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Other trains will run about as usual during the summer, but the time tables have not yet been received here.

Graduation of Paris High School.

TEN YOUNG MEN AND NINE YOUNG WOMEN RECEIVE DIPLOMAS.

Two things may be safely reckoned upon in connection with the graduating exercises of Paris High School: One, that they will be of a creditable degree of merit, and the other, that in whatever auditorium held, it will be of insufficient size to hold the people who wish to come.

Both these conditions were fulfilled in the graduation of the class of 1914, which took place at Deering Memorial Church Thursday evening. The exercises were of an exceptional degree of merit, and the church was filled to its utmost capacity and many were unable to gain admission. A fair estimate puts the number present at about 475.

Decorations were very simple. On the wall of the room, back of the choir, appeared the class motto, "Aim at a certain end," in the class colors, white on a background of green. A few streamers in green and white were effectively arranged, and the front of the platform was filled with potted plants and bunches of daises.

The class was marshalled by Harold I. Merrill, one of its members, and took seats in the choir at the rear of the platform. The four teachers in the high school, Principal John S. Carver, Miss Jeanne Towle, Mrs. Alta Rankin and Miss Louise Cushman, Superintendent of Schools Burr F. Jones and Dr. D. M. Stewart of the school committee, occupied seats on the platform.

The music for the program was by Mrs. Burnham at the organ, and Miss Grace Dean, and Miss Marion Haskell of Norway, violins, Miss Haskell rendering a solo.

Not only were the several parts all well written, but the delivery was very pleasing, all the participants evidently understanding that whatever other good qualities their speaking might have, the first essential was distinct enunciation so that every one could hear. As there are a number of good singers in the class, the singing of the class ode was particularly pleasing.

While all the parts are worthy of commendation, the presentation of gifts by Miss Minnie Beatrice Andrews, and the class essay on the topic of the class motto, "Aim at a Certain End," by Miss Clara Sadie Hammond, were especially so.

Program of the exercises, and the names of the graduates, were given in the Democrat last week.

Always an interesting part of the exercises is the class prophecy, and while this one may suffer somewhat from the abbreviation of its text, the summary of the fates selected for the several members of the class is here given. The prophecy was by Miss Clara May Bacon, and the date to which it related was ten years hence.

Winfield Brooks was a player on the American League Athletics.

Beatrice Andrews was a missionary on the dark shores of Africa.

Philip Spear was running for congress, and Chester Easson was employing his somewhat massive voice stumping in his behalf, both having been admitted to the bar.

Clara Hammond was a writer of popular books.

Elmer Dunham, after trying manicuring, had followed his natural bent for drawing, and was a rising artist.

Ethel Spofford was doing fine work as a Red Cross hospital nurse in San Francisco.

Harold Merrill, after taking a college course and publishing "Merrill's Improved Mode of Simplified Spelling," was admitted to the bar, and was specializing in divorce suits.

Miss Nellie Tubbs had become the wife of a South Paris milkman, and they were cultivating an extensive orange grove in Florida.

Lorenzo Littlehale was prospering on the old farm, and Curtis McPhee was acting as chauffeur for him.

Miss Lulu Davis was the wife of a noted doctor and surgeon, and a leader in Boston society.

Miss Marie Newton had charge of the kindergarten department in the Boston public schools.

Merton Clifford, having inherited a large fortune, was a gentleman at large and at leisure in England.

Miss Laura Hill, after acting for a while as stenographer for the firm, had become an active partner in Shaw & Co., Paris Hill.

Richard Millett was filling his first pastorate as Methodist minister in a small town in Maine.

Miss Marion Tyler had married and settled down on a farm, whose special product was Porter apples.

Stephen Clifford, after giving up the idea of becoming a doctor, had gone to teaching, and was principal of a high school in a Massachusetts town.

Superintendent Jones, with a most excellent short address, conferred the diplomas upon the ten young men and nine young women in the graduating class.

Of the members of the graduating class, it is probable that Brooks and McPhee will go to the University of Maine, Clifford to Bates, and Spear to Wesleyan.

Mrs. H. D. McAlister.

Following a serious but imperative surgical operation, Mrs. Agnes, wife of Howard D. McAlister, of North Paris, died Tuesday evening at the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston. Mrs. McAlister was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin B. Keene of North Buckfield, and was 38 years of age. She leaves a husband and four children, three boys and one girl, the oldest fifteen and the youngest six years of age. Her death is the first break in a family of nine children of Mr. and Mrs. Keene. She is survived by six brothers, and two sisters, Mrs. F. A. Turner and Mrs. L. M. Winslow, both of South Paris.

Mrs. McAlister won the highest esteem of all who came in contact with her, and the sympathy of every one goes out to the bereaved family.

The funeral Friday afternoon was attended by D. L. Joslin of Norway, with Rev. C H. Young of West Paris assisting. Mrs. McAlister's mother, the six brothers and two sisters, were all present, the father, Mr. Keene, being confined to his bed from a recent fall. Burial was at West Paris.

There was a large quantity of beautiful flowers, the list of the several pieces being:

Pillow, "wife"—Husband.
Crescent, "mother"—Children.
Crescent—Father and mother.
Wreath, "sister"—Brothers.
Spray gladiollas—F. A. Turner and family.
Bouquet pinks—Samuel Keene and family.
Spray stalks—L. M. Winslow and family.
Spray gladiollas—Frank Keene and family.
Wreath—H. W. Keene and wife, C. M. Keene and wife.
Crescent—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rowe and family.
Spray stalks—Deering Memorial Church.
Spray stalks—Mt. Pleasant Rebekah Lodge.
Bouquet pinks—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Marston.
Bouquet pinks—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Buck.
38 mixed pinks—Neighbors.
Scroll—West Paris friends.
Wreath—Willing Workers.
Basket—Ladies' Aid.
Pillow—Y. I. S.
Bouquet pinks—Mrs. Chas. Edwards.
Bouquet pinks—Hiram Lovejoy and family.
Bouquet pinks—Lilla Young.
Bouquet pinks—A. R. Knight.
Bouquet pinks—Henry Merry.
Bouquet pinks—E. L. Russell.
Bouquet roses—Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Whitten.
Wreath—Mrs. B. C. Lowe.
Several bouquets cut flowers—Friends.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the neighbors and friends for the many kindnesses shown and floral tributes given during our recent bereavement; also the choir for the beautiful music, and Mr. Joslin and Mr. Young for their comforting words.

H. D. MCALISTER AND CHILDREN.
North Paris, Me., June 22, 1914.

ALWAYS LEAD TO BETTER HEALTH

Serious sicknesses start in disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best corrective and preventive is Dr. King's New Life Pills. They purify the blood—prevent constipation, keep liver, kidneys and bowels in healthy condition. Give you better health by ridding the system of fermenting and gassy foods. Effective and mild. 25c. at your druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for all burts.

New Hathaway shirts just received from the makers. F. H. Noyes Co.

Hash physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Commencement at Hebron Academy.

INTERESTING EXERCISES ATTENDING GRADUATION OF LARGE CLASS.

Characteristic Hebron spirit was manifest in all the exercises and events of commencement week at Hebron Academy, and weather of a comfortable coolness combined with the return of a large number of graduates and the attendance of many other visitors combined to make the week a memorable one.

On Monday evening was held the usual junior prize debate. Question for debate, "Resolved, That the national enactment which exempts American vessels engaged in coastwise trade from payment of tolls for passage through the Panama canal should be repealed." Affirmative, Jacob Ham, Lewiston; Grace Littlefield, Gardiner; Fred Chadbourne, Waterford. Negative, William Damm, Swanville; Letitia Mitchell, Pownal; Harold Sawyer, Farmington; The team prize of $12 was awarded to the affirmative, with prize of $3 for best individual debate to Fred Chadbourne.

The annual meeting of the trustees of the academy opened at nine o'clock Tuesday morning and lasted nearly all day. A large amount of business was transacted. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Pres.—Freeland O. Stanley, Newton, Mass.
Vice-Pres.—N. M. Marshall, M. D., Portland.
Sec.—Albert M. Richardson, Hebron.
Treas.—William E. Atwood, Hebron.

Trustees for three years were elected as follows:

John D. Long, Hingham, Mass.
George M. Atwood, Paris.
Mrs. Eugene N. Foss, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Henry K. Stearns, Hebron.
Hugh Chisholm Leighton, New York, N. Y.

Tuesday afternoon the class day exercises of the class of 1914 were held in the church, with program as previously published.

Following the class day exercises there were dedicatory exercises of the Deacon William Barrows monument on the campus. The program included several selections of music, and was opened with prayer by Rev. A. T. McWhorter of South Paris. A poem was read by Mrs. Annie B. Robinson. A paper on "Early days at Hebron," written by Rev. G. M. Prentiss King, D. D., of the class of '53, was read by Miss Ruth Gott Pearce of the class of 1916. The dedicatory address was given by John Stuart Barrows of Boston, Mass., and the exercises closed by the singing of the Hebron centennial ode.

Tuesday evening a large audience enjoyed the commencement concert by the Lotus Quartette of Boston and Miss Dorothy Berry Carpenter, reader.

At 10 o'clock Wednesday the graduating exercises were held in the church, when a class of sixty-five received diplomas. The program has already been given. The address to the class was given by Frederick R. Dyer, Esq., of Buckfield.

At 1 o'clock the commencement dinner was served at Sturtevant Home.

Prizes for the year, in addition to the debate as given above, are as follows:

Declamation. Girls. First prize, $10, Kathryne Mary Sturtevant, North Yarmouth, Maine; second prize, $5, Grace Evelyn Littlefield, Gardiner, Me. Boys. First prize, $10, John Bowers Matthews, Troy, N. Y.; second prize, Harold Andrew Manderson, Portland, Me.

Lyford speaking contest, Colby College. Four special prizes, aggregating $100, the gift of W. H. Lyford, class of 1879, Colby College, were offered to young men from Maine preparatory schools. Third prize, $15, awarded to John Bowers Matthews, Troy, N. Y.

In the girls' division of gymnasium work two prizes were offered, based on attendance and excellence of work. First prize, $5, was awarded to Kathryne Mary Sturtevant, North Yarmouth, Me.; second prize, $3, Winifred Marguerite Hollis, Canton, Me.

The Leavitt Composition Contest. Three prizes, aggregating $10, the gift of Mrs. William Leavitt, were offered to the freshman class for the best composition on any temperance subject. First prize, $5, Leta Alvena Weymouth, Howland, Me.; second prize, $3, Margaret Emma Green, Skowhegan, Me.; third prize, $2, Stanford Lawrence Miller, Augusta, Me.

Scholarship Prizes.

$10—Highest rank in Greek, Florence Ina Sawyer, La Grange, Me.

$10—Highest rank in Latin, George Lawrence Evans, Biddeford, Me.

$10—Highest rank in English, Ruth Gott Pearce, Glen Arm, Md.

$10—Highest rank in German, Kathryne Mary Sturtevant.

$10—Highest rank in French, Clarence Crombie Po, Bassein, Burma.

$10—Highest rank in mathematics, Marston Leadbetter Beverage, North Haven, Me.

$10—Highest rank in science, Marston Leadbetter Beverage.

$10—Highest general rank in all studies for the year, Clarence Crombie Po.

$10—First prize in music, Clyde Stanley Murch, South Casco, Me.

$5—Second prize in music, Virginia Mary Bean, West Minot, Me.

Teachers' Examination.

Examination of teachers for state certificates of elementary grade will be held on Saturday, June 27, in a number of the towns and cities of the state. In Oxford County the two places selected are Norway and Rumford, at the high school in each place. The examination continues from 8:30 A. M. to 5 P. M., the time being divided into periods for the several studies, and this division of the time will be strictly observed.

CURES STUBBORN, ITCHY SKIN TROUBLES

"I could scratch myself to pieces" is often heard from sufferers of eczema, tetter, itch and similar skin eruptions. Don't scratch—stop the itching at once with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Its first application starts healing; the red, rough, scaly, itching skin is soothed by the healing and cooling medicines. Mrs. C. A. Einfeldt, Rock Island, Ill., after using Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, writes: "This is the first time in nine years I have been free from the dreadful ailment." Guaranteed. 50c. at your druggist.

At the annual encampment of the Department of Maine, Grand Army of the Republic, in Lewiston last week, Maj. Ray P. Eaton of Brunswick was elected department commander. The reports show a total membership for the state of 3597, a decrease of 295 in the last year. Mrs. Ruth H. Eaton of Skowhegan was chosen president of the National Relief Corps, and Minnie A. Perkins of Augusta president of the Ladies of the G. A. R.

HOT WEATHER TONIC AND HEALTH BUILDER

Are you run down—nervous—tired? Is everything you do an effort? You are not lazy—you are sick! Your stomach, liver, kidneys, and whole system need a tonic. A tonic and health builder to drive out the waste matter—build you up and renew your strength. Nothing better than Electric Bitters. Start to-day. Mrs. James Duncan, Haynesville, Me., writes: "Completely cured me after several doctors gave me up." 50c. and $1.00 at your druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for cuts.

Never sold so many Panama hats so early in the season. Stock is getting low, but we can fit you. Our Panamas are personally selected by Mr. Noyes at the manufacturer's. $3.98 to $5. F. H. Noyes Co.

Miss Laura J. Sargent, for more than forty years a teacher in the Bangor public schools, died Thursday after a long illness. She retired a few years ago and received a pension from the state.

Clothing cleaned, repaired, dyed, pressed in our tailor shop. F. H. Noyes Co.

Belts, hosiery, neckwear in large variety of new goods to show you. F. H. Noyes Co.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching. 50c a box.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes, 25 and 50c at all stores.

NORWAY.

A troop of Boy Scouts has been organized here, with Capt. Alton E. Whitehead as scout master. The council is composed of Capt. Whitehead, John Cleveland, Theodore Hunt, Lloyd Fletcher and Arthur DeCoteau. Three drills a week are being held, and they will later take up field and camp work. The troop now numbers about thirty-five.

George Boulier was before the Municipal Court Saturday on complaint of Deputy Sheriff E. C. Libby, charged with intoxication and cruelty to animals in beating a horse. He pleaded guilty to both charges and was sentenced to thirty days in jail on each.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knight have returned to their home in Manchester, Mass., after a visit to Mrs. Knight's mother, Mrs. Clara Hayden.

The missionary meeting of the Congregational church was held with Mrs. E. N. Swett on Main Street Wednesday afternoon. Subject, Japan.

Mrs. Charles A. Richardson and daughter Eva have been spending a week with Mrs. Richardson's sister, Mrs. Shaw, at Naples.

Miss Maud Ellen Pike graduates from the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston this week, the exercises taking place on Tuesday.

Mrs. H. D. Adkins and daughter Clara are visiting relatives in Turner and Bath.

Children's day was observed at the Methodist church Sunday evening with an interesting program.

Wright Blabee is visiting relatives at Bennington, Vt., and Troy, N. Y., and will probably spend most of the summer at those two places.

Harold L. Cleveland has gone to Westerly, R. I., to work in a grain mill.

Miss Emma Smith and Mrs. Mary Cole are at Tanglewood, Miss Smith's cottage on the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gurney of Boston are at the Robbins cottage at the head of the lake for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Millett of Lynn, Mass., are at the Swan cottage at the lake for the summer.

Hon. John A. Roberts, state commissioner of agriculture, is confined to the house with rheumatism.

Mrs. D. L. Joslin and family are spending a few weeks at the Sampson cottage on Pike Hill. Mr. Joslin is employed at the Lunn & Sweet shoe factory at Auburn, and spends Sunday with his family.

Mrs. Alice Marston is visiting in Middleboro, Mass., for a few weeks.

The T. C. Hunton knitting factory on Marston Street began actual work Monday morning, manufacturing women's and boys' hosiery. Repairs have put the building in first-class condition. In the knitting room on the first floor are twenty-four knitting machines, four sewing machines and two winders. This room is in charge of John H. Desmond of Lowell, Mass. When running full capacity the factory can turn out 140 dozen pairs per day.

Miss Annie Whitehouse, a student at Bliss Business College, Lewiston, is the new book-keeper for the Norway Lake Supply Co.

The motor boats Portland and Hartford Girl began their regular trips on Lake Pennesseewassee Saturday.

Alex MacLean, who has been at his cottage for a few weeks, has gone to Florida to accompany Mrs. MacLean here. At the time he came she was ill and not able to take the journey.

A line is being put in by the Norway and Paris Street Railway to Lakeside Farm on Crockett Ridge, to supply light and power to that farm, the farm of John Shepard and the pumping station.

Richard A. Walker has gone to the Kineo House as cook.

A special meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps will be held at Woodmen's Hall Tuesday afternoon to make complete arrangements for the annual campfire which will be held at Grange Hall on Tuesday, the 30th, at 10 o'clock. The following have been invited to be present: Parker Post and Corps of Lovell; G. M. Corps, North Waterford; William K. Kimball Post and Circle of South Paris; Brown Post and Corps of Bethel; A. A. Dwinal Post and Corps of Mechanic Falls; T. A. Roberts Post and Corps of Oxford; Z. L. Packard Corps of Hebron; William A. Barrows Post and Corps of West Sumner.

Mrs. Ellen Jane Guthrie Pingree Nichols, who died on the 15th at her summer home at Winthrop Beach, Mass., was a native of Norway, daughter of Luther Farrar and Elizabeth Marsh (Dexter) Pingree. She was born April 18, 1844. She married Capt. Edward T. Nichols, who died a few weeks since. They lived in Maine until 1895, when her older son entered Harvard College, and they then moved to Cambridge, and later to Boston. She leaves two sons.

There will be a special meeting of Oxford Lodge of Ark Mariners on Wednesday evening to complete plans for the visit to Readfield on Friday, the 26th.

Lawrence P. Fox, who in company with George Jones ran Central Park last summer, died at Damariscotta Mills last week of tuberculosis of the spine.

The state encampment of the Grand Army and allied bodies in Lewiston last week was attended by a number of the veterans and ladies from Norway.

Champion Riding Experts.

WHEELER BROS. CIRCUS SHOWS HAVE GREAT EQUESTRIAN FEATURES.

The new and wonderful European arenic features that have been added to the Wheeler Bros. Shows appearing here Thursday, July 2, are many and varied, but none stand out so prominently in the brilliant galaxy of star feature acts as the LeRoy Sexton Troupe, now seen for the first time in America. These clever people are acknowledged the champion riding experts of Europe, and appear in what is classed as the only original equestrian acts known to the circus for the past half century. Their simplest feats are not within the range of accomplishment of the average equestrian, and their more heroic efforts are the bane of envious rivals. They are noted for their dextrous individual and conjunctive performances, which embrace a series of riding and athletic stunts entirely new to the American arena, concluding with simultaneous bounding leaps from the ground to the backs of the horses. The certainty of execution with which all their feats are accomplished gives a finished touch that is so frequently lacking in ordinary riders. The Leroy-Sexton Troupe are not alone, however, in the Wheeler Bros. Equestrian contingent. There are many other riders of both sexes whose names are synonymous with the best and greatest in equestrian achievements and the majority of whom are progeny of illustrious riding families, thus combining acquired skill with hereditary genius. They represent every school and style of riding—bounding, jockey, somersaulting, hurdle, menage, and race riders and heroic horsemanship of the frontier.

A Company of genuine Cossack Riders in native costume, give an exhibition of Daring Whirlwind Riding, which has never been equalled. Positively the greatest act of its kind ever offered by any traveling organization.

Ward Pike of Danville Junction, clerk in a store in Auburn, is said to have taken in the ordinary course of trade a few days since a silver dollar bearing the date of 1804. This is a valuable coin. It has been supposed that there were in existence only four of these coins, and the price of them is something large.

Over 5000 people attended the centennial celebration of the town of Sangerville on the 13th. The historical sketch of the town was by Hon. J. F. Sprague of Dover. One interesting feature was a cablegram of congratulation from Sir Hiram Maxim of London, the town's most distinguished son.

GET RID OF THE TORMENT OF RHEUMATISM.

Remember how spry and active you were before you had rheumatism, backache, swollen, aching joints, and stiff, painful muscles? Want to feel that way again? You can—just take Foley Kidney Pills. For they quickly clear the blood of the poisons that cause your pain, misery and tormenting rheumatism. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., So. Paris.

Enthusiastic Paris High Alumni.

A HIGHLY ENJOYABLE BANQUET AND SOCIAL EVENING.

Projectors of the banquet for the alumni of Oxford Normal Institute and Paris High School must have been more than satisfied with the result of their undertaking Friday evening, when the banquet became an accomplishment. Nearly 160 sat down to the tables in the dining room at Grange Hall, and the banquet, the speeches which followed, and the social time which closed the evening, were all highly enjoyed. Not only the words which were spoken, but the large attendance, testified of devotion to the school, and interest in its past, present and future.

The banquet was served by Paris Grange, and was a fine one, as hardly need be said. The menu was:

Cold Roast Chicken — Sliced Ham
Mashed Potato
Pickles — Olives
Fruit Salad
Bread — Hot Rolls
Cheese
Assorted Cake — Ice Cream
Saltines
Coffee
Oranges — Bananas

The oldest member of the school present was Mrs. Charlotte Hall Howe, now past fourscore, who was a student in Oxford Normal Institute in 1849, and the next oldest Mrs. Lucella Morton, who was a student in 1855. The youngest alumnus was Richard Millett of the class of 1916, 15 years of age.

A call of the roll by classes by the secretary, Miss Eva E. Walker, showed some interesting facts. Of the students of the old Oxford Normal Institute, there were 22 present. Three of the graduates of 1889, Paris High School, rose to the call of their class, and from that year to the present, with the single exception of 1891, when there was no graduation, every class was represented. The class of 1905 had 8, the class of 1913 had 10, the class of 1914 had 16. Of the other classes, each, from 1889 to the present, had from one to five representatives. The total number of graduates of Paris High School at the banquet was 99.

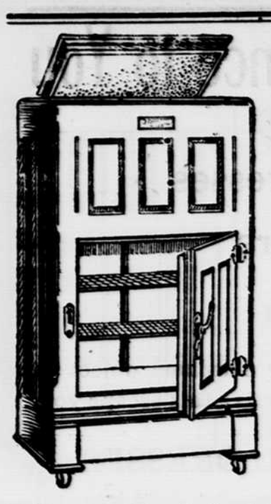
President Alton C. Wheeler of the Alumni Association acted most acceptably as toastmaster at the speaking following the banquet. Following his opening remarks, a poem of much interest was read by Mrs. Agnes Morton, largely devoted to former days of the school. Toasts were then responded to as follows:

Dr. D. M. Stewart—"Our teachers."
Wallace A. Clifford, '04—"Our graduates."
N. D. Bolster—reminiscences of the school.
Shirley J. Rawson, '09—"Athletics."
Albert D. Park—"Our schools of the past."
Principal John S. Carver—"The school of the present."
Superintendent Burr F. Jones—"The school of the future."

All spoke in a happy vein, whether talking of past, present or future. In this connection it may be well to mention that Superintendent Jones mentioned as two of the things which it is well to consider in connection with the future of the school, courses in domestic science and agriculture, in accordance with the ideals of the times.

After adjournment from the tables to the hall above, an hour or two was spent in social intercourse. W. A. Porter had a Victrola present, to take the place of an orchestra, none being available for that night, but it served about the same purpose as an orchestra—that is, as an accompaniment to conversation.

At a short meeting of the Alumni Association later in the evening, the by-laws were amended so that the annual meeting instead of coming in August shall be held at the time of the annual banqu



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35 MARKET SQUARE

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There is nothing so sure to help as a bank account with this strong National Bank. It is your best friend. A bank account will save you time and insure correctness in your financial affairs. By depositing all money that you receive and paying all bills by check you will have a faithful accounting of all money received and paid out.

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YOU will examine if you are prudent—
will buy if you are smart—

Your hardware at the modern hardware store of

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Can be bought from the Atlantic to the Pacific in large cities and towns throughout the country.

The new idea in this patented muscle action shoe has revolutionized the shoe business.

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Clinton is NOT a big city. It's only one of hundreds of places where even a bigger demand exists all the time.

The reason? "L. F." Atwood's Medicine, for over 60 years, has afforded relief from stomach troubles, biliousness, constipation and liver complaints.

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"L. F." MEDICINE CO., Portland, Me.

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and each a better loaf than you have ever made before—yours if you will only specify William Tell when you order flour.

Just as good for cake and biscuits and pastry and all the rest of the good things to eat that good flour makes.

All extra nutritious, too, because William Tell is milled by our special process from Ohio Red Winter Wheat—the richest and finest grown.

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RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

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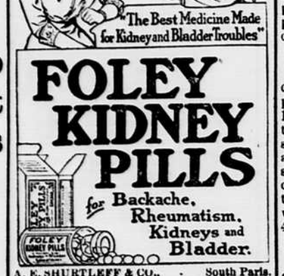

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INSURANCE.

All kinds of insurance placed by

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After July 1, 1913, Stanley M. Wheeler will be taken into the firm of W. J. Wheeler & Co., composed of W. J. Wheeler, Margaret A. Baker, Stanley M. Wheeler.

We thank the people of Oxford County for past favors and solicit continuance of same and shall continue to give them our best efforts, good protection and a good square business deal.

State of Maine.

PUBLIC NOTICE

In Conformity with the provisions of Section 15, of Chapter 32, of the Revised Statutes of Maine, as amended by chapter 206 of the public laws of 1913, deeming it for the best interest of the State, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, after due notice to all persons interested, and public hearing in the locality to be affected, and deeming it necessary and proper for the protection and preservation of the inland fish of the State hereby adopt the following needful Rules and Regulations relating to the times and places in which and the circumstances under which inland fish may be taken in the waters of "B" pond, the two West Richardson ponds, the two East Richardson Ponds, and the Beaver ponds, situated in the town of Upton, Township No. 4, Range 2, and in Lincoln and Magalloway Plantations, in the county of Oxford.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Section 1. For a period of four years from June 20th, A. D. 1914, it shall be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish in "B" pond, so-called, in Upton, in the county of Oxford, or in the two West Richardson ponds, so-called, or in the two East Richardson ponds, so-called, or in the Beaver ponds, so called, which waters are situated in the town of Upton, in Township No. 4, Range 2, and in Lincoln and Magalloway Plantations, in said county of Oxford, EXCEPT BY THE ORDINARY METHOD OF CASTING WITH ARTIFICIAL FLIES, or fly fishing, so-called.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish at any time in any of the tributaries to either of the above named ponds.

It shall also be unlawful for any person to have in possession any kind of fish taken in violation of the provisions of this section.

Section 2. During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to take, catch or kill in any one day more than ten fish in all in either of the above named ponds, or to have in possession in any one day more than ten fish in all taken in either of the above named ponds.

Dated this 10th day of June, A. D. 1914.

J. S. P. H. WILSON, WALTER I. NEAL, BLAINE S. VILES, } Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

35-27

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Household Helps.

The odor of printer's ink and cedar is not at all agreeable to moths. An ordinary trunk lined with clean newspapers, under which a number of small pieces of wood from cigar boxes have been laid, makes almost as safe a storage place for clothing as an expensive cedar chest.

A very convenient article to have in a house is a smooth, strong stick, about 40 inches long, with a deep notch in one end. With this pictures may be lifted by the wires from their hooks, cleaned and replaced, thus saving the climbing up and down on a stepladder, which is so tiresome to a woman.

If you have a penciled letter which you want to keep a long while, lay it in a shallow dish and cover it with skimmed milk. When the paper is thoroughly soaked through, let the milk drain off and dry paper very gradually. This makes the writing so fast that it cannot be easily rubbed out.

Saucepans that have been burnt should never be filled with soda water, for, although this removes the burnt portion, it also makes the saucepan liable to burn again the next time it is used. So, instead of doing this, fill it with salt water and then bring it slowly to the boil. The burnt patches will then come off without any difficulty.

Tomato juice is said to be successful in many cases in removing ink-stains from white materials, such as handkerchiefs, muslin, frills, etc. It must, however, be done as soon as possible after the mishap has occurred. A clean piece of blotting paper should be laid under the stain and a slice of raw, ripe tomato rubbed over the surface, fresh pieces of blotting paper being substituted until the ink spot has vanished.

Teacups, no matter how carefully they are washed and dried, sometimes get dark stains at the bottom. These are caused by the action of the tannin in the tea. Salt, slightly moistened, will remove these stains, but in the case of very fine china it is wiser to use powdered whitening instead, as salt might scratch the china.

Brushes of all descriptions and combs may be quickly and thoroughly cleaned in gasoline. Wash as you would in water, then rinse with clean gasoline and put them where they can air. The odor disappears quickly and the bristles of the brushes are more like new than when washed in soap and water. The gasoline remaining may be strained through cheesecloth into a sealing jar or can be allowed to settle and later poured off and used again for the same purpose.

Place left over pie crust in the lard can and cover. It will keep as moist as when first kneaded for several days.

Recipes.

MADELIENES

Beat 2 ounces of butter to a cream with 3 ounces of sugar; add yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful of orangeflower water and grated rind of a lemon. Then add 4 ounces of flour and the stiff whites of 4 eggs. Fill small pans, well buttered, with batter and cover them with split almonds and powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

DELICIEUSES

Use the madeliene recipe for these, but making them into very small cakes. When baked, split open and fill them with marshmallow cream, whipped, sweetened and flavored as desired Put them together again and dip them in fondant icing flavored with lemon, orange, strawberry, coffee and pistachio.

GERMAN BOILED PUDDING

Take 1-2 pound of molasses, 1-2 pound of flour, 1-4 pound of suet, 1 teaspoon of baking soda, 1-4 pint of milk and one ounce or more of candied orange peel. Mix milk and molasses first, then add the soda and suet, flour and peel. Rub all together until well mixed, pour in the molasses and boil in a bowl or basin.

BOMBAY SPECIAL

Take 1 2 pound of finely grated fresh cocoanut, boiled 8 or 10 minutes in a pint of milk. Beat 5 eggs lightly with 1 4 pound of fresh butter and sugar to taste. When light and well mixed, strew with a penny sponge cake, grated and crumbled; stale lady fingers will answer nicely. Stir gradually into the cocoanut and milk, which should have time to cool. Pour into a dish lined with good puff paste and bake from 30 to 45 minutes.

CARROT CHEESE BALLS

Cottage, neufchatel, or any soft cheese, made into small balls rolled in raw carrots that have been chopped fine. Try this with a salad.

MOCK CHERRY PIE

Take a cup of large not over-ripe cranberries, cut them in half with a sharp knife to prevent bursting and cooking to a pulp. One cup of sugar, half a cup of water, and a teaspoon of flour wet with a little cold water. Stir all together and bake between two crusts, or cut strips of the pie paste and form a lattice work cover for the top of the pie. This makes a pretty pie.

In families of five or six, often by using a made dish, one chicken will be sufficient for a meat dish at dinner, for if one is careful to boil the chicken in a tightly covered kettle there will be plenty of stock or broth for another meal.

Joint chicken, put into warm water without salt and bring to boil; skim if necessary; after boiling an hour add salt and turn fire low and simmer until meat will slip from bone in good sized pieces.

CREAM CHICKEN

Put 1 pint of stock in saucepan, add 2 tablespoons flour that has been blended with a little cold milk; set this sauce in pan in skillet of water and allow to cook for half an hour; when nearly ready to serve put in the chicken and heat; slice 3 hard boiled eggs and a little pimento and add just before serving; this may be served on pieces of dry toast or turned over baking powder biscuits.

CHICKEN BROTH WITH RICE BALLS

Use broth left from chicken, heat hot, when nearly ready prepare balls; chop marrow from 1 round steak; add 1 cup cold boiled rice; salt, pepper, and a dash of ground allspice; mix with 1 whole egg; mold into balls and drop into hot broth for 3 minutes.

SPINACH

Clean thoroughly, cook for ten minutes in boiling salted water (one cup water to one pound spinach). Drain, chop very fine or run through the meat grinder, add one onion which has been chopped fine. Melt one tablespoon butter, add one tablespoon flour and one cup of soup stock. Cook until smooth, add one tablespoon of grated cheese, salt and pepper and pour over chopped spinach. Serve with hard cooked eggs.

GREEN PEA SOUFFLE

Cook peas about done, have ready a sauce made as follows: Into a skillet put a tablespoon of butter, let melt and stir into it a tablespoon of flour, add one cup of milk, and let come to a boil, pour this over the peas and sprinkle the top with browned bread crumbs, and let bake a few minutes.

GREEN PEA PUDDING

Cook peas tender. To each pint of cooked peas, add a cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoon of sugar, and half a cup of fine bread crumbs. Mix well and bake long enough for the egg to set. Do not let bake too long or the custard part will whey.

If the flour is sifted before it is measured and again after the baking powder is added, much will have been done toward making the cake light. Plenty of air is one of the very necessary ingredients if a cake is to be good.

Sometimes it is "we and our children," and sometimes it is "we or our children." A little conjunction sometimes makes a big difference.

Mend small holes (not rips) in black or white kid gloves with court plaster of the same color. Cut the plaster larger than the hole and stick it on the under side.

The Salt Sea Legend.

There is a legend in the Norse scalds which explains why the sea is salt. The "bountiful Frodi," whose mythical reign was a golden age indeed, possessed a quern, or hand mill, which ground out gold and peace, but which would grind out stores of anything desired by its owner. Two giant maidens, ruled over by Frodi, were the grinders. In an evil day a sea rover came upon the scene, slew Frodi and carried off the quern and the two giant maidens who worked it. When the sea rover's vessel was right out at sea he ordered the maidens to grind salt. At midnight they asked if they had not ground enough. The sea rover, angry at being awakened from his sleep, commanded them to grind until morning. Now, the giant maidens naturally enough worked very quickly, so as they went on grinding the load of salt grew so heavy that it sank the ship, and now the sea will continue salt forever.

Magnificent Voracity.

One of the most noteworthy importations in the slaughter of the gypsy moth has been an active green beetle, a tiger in the moth world Here is a terrible creature indeed—a creature of intrepid ferocity and magnificent voracity. Beside him the hog is a beast of most delicate appetite. The green beetle would devour ten times his weight in gypsy moth caterpillars in a single day and be ready to duplicate this performance on the morrow. His nominal two seasons of active life are a wild orgy of slaying and feasting His span of mortality includes a mere fortnight of larval life and two brief summers of adult existence, representing less than five months of activity altogether, but during this time he will normally devour nearly 650 gypsy moth caterpillars or pupae as big as himself. A single pair have been observed to eat 2,000 caterpillars within eight weeks, gluttony almost beyond belief. — Century.

Making Sure.

Lord Suffield went with the then Prince of Wales to India in 1875. At one place the governor felt nervous because among his people there were a number of political and religious fanatics who might be expected to make trouble when the prince passed through He was strongly tempted to lock them all up, but this would have been a somewhat high handed action and the governor hesitated to enforce it.

He mentioned his difficulty to one of his daughters.

"But why not give a garden party, papa?" she replied at once. "Invite them all and keep them entertained until the prince has passed through"

So a fanatics' garden party was given with great success in the grounds of the jail.—London Express.

A Pious Advertisement.

The following advertisement was printed in the Pennsylvania Gazette for June 23, 1787. The author of this little masterpiece is supposed to be no other than Franklin himself. "D. F." then, stands for Deborah Franklin:

"Taken out of a pew in the church some months since a Common Prayer Book bound in red, gilt and lettered D. F. on each cover. The person who took it is advised to open it and read the eighth commandment and afterward return it into the same pew again, upon which no further notice will be taken."

Drowned Bodies.

No human body after drowning can remain sunk longer than ninety or ninety-six hours. Although all air has been expelled from the lungs by the inhaled water, the drowned body will be floated by the gases which begin to form in any dead body immediately after dissolution.—Philadelphia Ledger

GET RID OF THE TORMENT OF RHEUMATISM.

Remember how spry and active you were before you had rheumatism, backache, swollen, aching joints, and stiff, painful muscles? Want to feel that way again? You can—just take Foley Kidney Pills. For they quickly clear the blood of the poisons that cause your pain, misery and tormenting rheumatism. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., So. Paris.

Mrs. Wishmore—What would you do if you had $1,000,000?

Mr. Wishmore—I'd have a valet to brush my clothes after I've been stoking the furnace and hustling out ashes.

DON'T LOSE SLEEP COUGHING AT NIGHT.

Take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It glides down your throat and spreads a healing, soothing coating over the inflamed tickling surface. That's immediate relief. It loosens up the tightness in your chest, stops stuffy, wheezy breathing, eases distressing, racking, tearing coughs. Children love it. Refuse any substitutes. Contains no opiates. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris.

Eugene—"Pa, why has that man so many dogs?"

Pa—"To sell."

Eugene (remembering kittens at home)—"Why don't you sell cats?"

COMFORTING TO STOUT PEOPLE

Foley Cathartic Tablets are a specially good little regulator that keeps your system in perfect working order. No biliousness, no constipation, no distress after eating, no greasy, gassy taste. A stout person who uses them constantly will really feel thinned out and more comfortable as a result of their use. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., So. Paris.

Customer—I want something for fleas.

Drug Clerk—Why don't you get a dog?

At Bremen, Ga., W. M. Golden, of the Equitable Life Insurance Society, says he found Foley Kidney Pills to be the best remedy for kidney and bladder troubles, also for rheumatism. He says, "Any person having kidney trouble, backache, or rheumatism should be very glad to find such a wonderful remedy." S. E. Newell & Co., Paris. A. E. Shurtleff Co., So. Paris.

Picture Dealer—Sorry, but I buy pictures of no one except those whose names are well known.

Artist—Gracious! My name is Smith. What more do you want?

Citrolax !

CITROLAX !

CITROLAX !

First—get the name down pat—then buy it of your druggist. Just the very best thing for constipation, sick headache, sour stomach, lazy liver, sluggish constipated bowels. The pleasantest, surest, nicest laxative you ever used. Tastes good—like lemonade. Acts promptly, without pain or nausea. Gives you the most satisfactory flushing you ever had. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., So. Paris.

Charity worker—Will you do something for a poor woman whose husband comes out of jail to-day?

Algy—Here's a quarter. Wire her my condolences.

Bladder irritations, kidney troubles, dull headaches, weariness, pain in back and sides, all show the kidneys need to be toned up, strengthened, their regular action restored. Foley Kidney Pills will do it surely and quickly. They give good health, freedom from pain, a return of appetite and sound sleep. Try them. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., So. Paris.

CAROL'S ISLAND

Or the Mystery Solved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Carol Atwood watched Captain Hussey as he stowed her suit case and the covered basket in the bow of the little motorboat; then she took her place, while the captain pushed away from the landing steps and grasped the wheel all in one agile motion, born of long experience on the waters of Gull lake.

"Where is the island?" asked Carol after they had fairly started on the blue water.

"Ye can't glimpse it till we turn Pine Tree p'int; kinder queer that your cousin, or—was Steve Atwood your cousin, did ye say?" asked the captain inquisitively.

"He was my father's cousin," replied Carol, with an air of reserve.

"Well, I was saying it's mighty queer that out of all his money he should leave you nothing but Pine Island here. You can't do nothing but sell it, miss. I hear you're from New York city. Work there?"

"Yes."

"So I heard. It was all printed in the newspaper when Steve Atwood died—how he left Pine Island to a little cousin who was a bookkeeper or something like that in the city. The paper said it was too bad that Mr. Atwood hadn't left a sum of money so his orphan cousin could do something with it, but I dunno—you can sell the island if you want to. There's summer folks would like it for a camp.

Carol made no reply. Her blue eyes were dreamily fixed on Pine Tree point, but her thoughts were far from Gull lake and the odd inheritance left by her eccentric relative, Stephen Atwood, the many times millionaire. How easy it would have been had Cousin Stephen only left her a sum of money instead of the valueless island in this Maine lake! She sighed bitterly as she remembered the clause in Stephen Atwood's will which said that the island was not to be sold within five years after his death.

If he had left her a sum of money she might have given up that office position and gone away to seek the health that was so necessary to her successful future. She was pale and delicate looking, city born and bred, and the struggle to earn her bread and butter was growing more difficult every day. She had craved her allotted vacation. She was taking her annual two weeks' vacation in the month of May instead of August, so that she might look over the property.

The breeze ruffled the placid surface of the lake, pickerel leaped now and then, and occasionally from the bushy thicket along the shore mild eyed deer peered at the speeding boat and its passengers.

"There's Pine Island," pointed the captain as they rounded Pine Tree point into the upper end of the beautiful lake.

"It is beautiful!" cried Carol, breathless with delight, as she gazed at the small green island that was her very own.

It was set like an emerald in the blue of the lake, and from amid the thick growth of pines Carol could glimpse a red roof.

"You be'ant going to stop there alone!" argued Captain Hussey as he brought the boat up to a small stone landing.

"For a few days," said Carol practically. "I'm not afraid up here in this beautiful country. Why, there is more to fear in the big city where I have always lived."

"That's all very well," decided the old man, "but I guess I'll leave old Watch with you. He can have a little vacation here along with you and hunt rabbits to his heart's content. You can bring him back with you."

Watch, the big collie, who had been asleep at his master's feet, pricked his beautiful ears at the sound of his name and leaped ashore to jump around Carol, who had reached the landing without assistance.

"Now, that is kind of you, Captain Hussey!" cried the girl, taking his reluctant hands into her little white ones. "I believe that you brought Watch along on purpose."

"The missus made me do it," protested the captain as he picked up the basket of provisions packed by his wife for the young stranger. "She thinks you're crazy to stay here all alone for two weeks, and I ain't telling what I think about it. You know I done all I could to keep you away, but I ain't never found the woman yet that would listen to reason—no, ma'am! But I'll try and run over every day and see how you get along. And now I'll look into the boathouse and see if that tidy little skiff is still there. If it is you can use it to run away from the island if things get too lonesome for you. Can you row?"

"Oh, yes!" laughed Carol. "I've learned to do that on my summer vacations."

"Good! Well, if anything bothers you or you get lonesome you jest pack into the skiff and come over to the mainland. You'll find the latchstring always out on the Hussey house."

"Thank you a thousand times!" cried Carol gratefully.

First Captain Hussey took the bunch of keys from Carol and unlocked the boathouse. Here everything was in perfect order, the cedar trimmed rowboat, the oars, the fishing nets and poles all arranged with a careful hand.

Captain Hussey dropped the skiff into the water beneath the boathouse, laid the oars in it and showed Carol how in a moment of emergency she might run down the short flight of steps, get into the boat and emerge through the swinging doors into the lake.

"It's all lovely," murmured Carol as they walked through the pines toward the little log house among the trees.

"It's kind of a tidy little place," assented the captain as he unlocked the front door. "I've heard say that out of all his houses your cousin Stephen liked this best. Ain't that just the way? Millions of money, palaces to live in, and him coming way up here to live in his log cabin and cook his own meals! It does beat all!"

"I wonder why."

"I've heard that he had poor health for awhile, and he got well up here. And he always said that his riches wa'n't nothing without health. Seems like he valued health more than money. You look kinder delikit yourself," added the captain, looking with concern at the girl's face, pale in the gloom of the darkened house.

"I'll feel better after I've been here a few days," laughed Carol. "If Cousin Stephen could regain his health here, perhaps I can find mine also."

"Did you ever see your cousin, Stephen Atwood?"

"Yes, once. A year ago he sent for me to come to his office. He questioned me closely, but he made no remark upon my answers. I never heard from him afterward. Two months ago I heard of his death in California, and I was notified that he had left Pine Island to me. I thought it rather a ghastly joke at first, but there is this lovely little house, and, Captain Hussey, I've a great mind to stay here all summer!" A pink color flew into her cheeks at the notion.

"Never!" gasped the captain. "How'd you live, miss?"

"Maybe I could take a woman boarder," said Carol hopefully. "I'll advertise at once."

"That ain't a bad idee," muttered the captain. "I think I know of some one right now, Miss Halpin and her nephew. They're artists, and they'd admire a green little spot like this. Want me to speak to 'em? They're stopping at the Benner House, and you know what that is!"

"If you only would, dear Captain Hussey!" cried the delighted Carol. "I'll row over to the mainland tomorrow and find out. If they want to come I'll send in my resignation to the office at once."

"I'll see about it soon's I get ashore," promised the captain as he departed.

Carol felt very much alone as she went all over the little house, with Watch trotting patiently at her heels. She found the log cabin furnished plainly, but with every comfort for snug housekeeping and lazy enjoyment. Soon every window was wide open to the pine scented breeze and a small fire was crackling on the living room hearth just for the very homeliness of its blaze.

It was fun to light the blue flame oil stove in the kitchen and to prepare her evening meal with the dainty aluminium cooking utensils. From Mrs. Hussey's generous basket there came forth homemade bread and butter, preserves, cakes and pies, besides groceries from the store.

The next morning Carol awoke feeling strangely strong and energetic. She found everything so attractive that she was quite bewildered as to what to do first. Should she satisfy her longing to go out at once or remain indoors long enough to prepare at least a semblance of a breakfast? She decided on the latter course and flew around doing her light housekeeping, singing all the while. Then she donned a white linen sailor suit and a duck hat and went over to the mainland, leaving Watch on guard.

On the village dock Carol met Captain Hussey with a middle aged woman and a sunburned young man, whom he introduced as her new boarders, Miss Halpin and her nephew, Gerald Lane.

Together they went back to Pine island, and then began the most wonderful summer in Carol Atwood's existence. The island, which she had at first deemed a white elephant on her hands, turned out to be a treasure island indeed, for during those long days of free life under the pines Carol recovered her health—nay, she found new health, for she became round and rosy and sunburned and strong as a young Indian maiden.

She found happiness as well as health. How else could it have ended with a beautiful girl like Carol and a handsome, heart free youth like Gerald Lane living there under the kindly chaperonage of Miss Eugenia Halpin?

And the queerest thing of all was that one day while Carol was rummaging among some books in the living room she found a small tin dispatch box bearing her own name on the outside, and in the box was a letter addressed to her in a crabbed handwriting which proved to be that of her eccentric cousin, Stephen Atwood

And the letter told her that Stephen Atwood believed her to be a sensible girl, and if she fulfilled that belief she would seek Pine island to regain her health, and in the course of time she would find this letter, which declared that, while health was greater than wealth, a blending of each was desirable in this world, so Carol would find placed to her credit in a certain city bank the sum of $50,000, and the bank book was there to prove it!

Pine island is the summer home of Gerald and Carol Lane, and to them each year comes their aunt, Miss Halpin, who loves to tell visitors of the romance woven into the story of Pine island, while she reproduces its beauties on canvas.

Buoyancy of Fresh and Salt Water.

A Chinese lad dropped his ball in a narrow hole and could not get it out. So he poured water in the hole, thinking that he would float the ball to the surface. As the ball was slightly heavier than water, it remained on the bottom. Then he thought of mixing salt with the water, as he knew that salt water would float denser objects than fresh. This he did and was rewarded with the floating ball.

This particular fact is demonstrated at the mouths of rivers. Objects rolling along the bottom of a fresh river, too heavy to come to the top, will rise when they are carried out to sea. The general rule also applies to floating bodies. For instance, a ship with a cargo on the sea will sink sometimes a foot on entering a fresh water port. On the other hand, if she leaves a fresh water port with her cargo she will rise when entering the ocean. So a ship may be loaded apparently too much at a wharf and still be all right on the waves.

In building a dam the fact of salt water's being heavier than fresh must be taken into consideration, and the dam for the same head must be a good deal stronger; this, too, without taking into consideration the beating of waves, etc.—St. Louis Republic.

Britain's Civil Service.

Life in a civil service office is a very drab affair today. But sixty years ago it appears to have had its compensations. Sir Algernon West, who entered the admiralty in 1851, recalls, in his "Reminiscences," the figure of an official "always dressed in a black and snuffy suit." It was the chief clerk. This gentleman "occasionally came to the office in the morning dressed in a great frilled shirt front and evening clothes and announced that, as he was going to dine out that evening, he should not be at the office the next day. Frederick Locker, who always wore kid gloves in the office for fear he would dirty his hands with ink * * * was evidently not impressed with the dignity of the man or the office, for on my asking him what his duties were he said, 'All I know is, that whenever I want a clean towel or a piece of fresh soap, I always ring the bell and send for the chief clerk!'" —London Citizen.

An Unfortunate Phrase.

"Franz der kaiser," Napoleon's father-in-law, who was a rather weak and silly ruler, had nevertheless a thoroughgoing belief in absolutism and in the divine right to rule of even the most incompetent of the Hapsburgs His abilities, such as they were, were best displayed in catechisms that he wrote and printed for the use of his humbler subjects and in peevish criticisms of those of superior intelligence.

According to the author of a recent life of Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria entitled "An Imperial Victim," the emperor once raged against his doctor for remarking that he had "a good constitution."

"Never let me hear that word again!" he said. "Say robust health if you like. There is no such thing as a good constitution."

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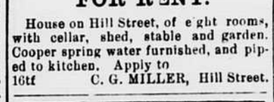

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Steamer Monhegan leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7.00 a. m. for Boothbay Harbor, New Harbor, Round Pond, Friendship, Port Clyde, Tenant's Harbor and Rockland. RETURNING—leaves Rockland Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5.15 a. m. touching at above landings. Due in Portland 2.00 p. m.

Portland and Boothbay Line

Steamer Mineola leaves Portland Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8.00 a. m. for Boothbay Harbor at 11.30 a. m. for East Boothbay and intermediate landings. RETURNING—leaves East Boothbay Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7.00 a. m., and Boothbay Harbor at 9.00 a. m.

H. A. CLAY, Supt., Franklin Wharf, Portland.

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

At a Probate Court, held at Fryeburg, in and for the County of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, 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 July, A. D. 1914, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause:

Daniel Wentworth late of Porter, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Everett Wentworth, executor.

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