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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.

Fertilizers Increase Hay Yield.

As children we learned in the Sabbath schools that "By their works ye shall know them." The world is sure to judge a man by the results he accomplishes. Hence there is good reason for general doffing of hats to Prof. A. S. Cook of Yale University. Even if he is a professor, he has set a pattern in the production of hay which thousands of New England farmers would do well to follow. On his Vermont farm, to which he retires each summer for rest and inspiration, the editor is advised that he has succeeded in making seven blades of grass grow where there was one before. The story is best told in his own words. He says:

PROF. COOK TELLS HOW

My experiment was begun some 10 years ago on about 4 1-2 acres in the grazing section of Vermont, where every farmer raises hay, at least for his own stock. Most of these farmers own 10 to 50 cows, and enrich their soil with stable dressing. My problem was to enrich the land without such dressing, to pay for seed and labor and yet secure a profit on the outlay. When I began, the 4 1-2 acres yielded perhaps 2 1-2 tons hay. About half the field was wet and mucky, tending to produce a coarse and sedgy grass, locally known as swale grass. The remainder of the land was higher and soil was comparatively thin—thin rather than light, for it was clay loam overlying ledges of rocks which in several places came to the surface.

I decided the first thing to do was to drain the wet portion. The fall was slight and the water could not be let off without blasting through a ridge in my neighbor's garden. However, with the help of a carpenter's spirit level laid on a chair I convinced myself that the drainage was possible. So it proved, and the tile was soon in place. The cost was more than it should have been, for the man I employed naturally thought me "green" and took such advantage as he could. One trench down the middle of the wet part and another about half as long entering at an angle was sufficient. The swale grass soon disappeared and has never given me trouble since. It became possible for horses to walk over the ground even in a wet season and in a dry year this area gives us the best hay.

EMPHASIZE CULTIVATION

Next came the plowing of the land and feeding it. We took off a large part of the small stones as well as a few big boulders. We placed great emphasis on the harrowing, which was done several times. I went over it at least once a week for five or six weeks, using a double-action cutaway harrow.

Fertilization I effected solely with a mixture of nitrate of soda, muriate of potash and acid phosphate made fine enough to pass through a screen of moderately small meshes. The proportions of the three ingredients depend upon circumstances. Always remember that the nitrate, being extremely soluble and expensive, should for the most part be reserved till the grass begins to grow in the spring, lest it leach away and be wasted. I found 600 to 800 pounds of such a mixture carefully blended sufficient to the acre. It was evenly distributed over the land at the time of sowing the seed. A similar mixture is applied when the grass has grown 2 or 3 inches each succeeding spring. This, of course, is applied annually.

SEEDED TO TIMOTHY AND REDTOP

For seed I used 14 quarts to the acre of the best redtop and timothy I could buy. This was sown broadcast, going lengthwise on the field with an application of half the mixture and then going crosswise with the remainder. The seed and the fertilizer were lightly harrowed in with the weeder and the ground afterward rolled. I have not weighed the hay every year, but from records kept of actual weighings I can count at least three tons to the acre of well-dried hay as taken from the field one year with another. The yield one season was 13 tons from the 4 1-2 acres. I was recently told by an experienced and successful farmer who has lived all his life in that region that the average yield of hay in the township is less than one ton to the acre.

Although I undertook this experiment partly as a form of recreation, partly to assimilate my interest to thousands of my neighbors, and partly to contribute my mite to the material wealth of the country, the operations have yielded a reasonable profit which would doubtless have been considerably larger had I done the work myself instead of paying for it all. It would also have made a great difference had I been nearer a market. I find farmers are inclined to be skeptical about the permanency of the effects wrought by commercial fertilizers. Too many of them fear burning out the soil or running it down. I think it is largely due to the fact that they do not see clearly what each chemical contributes to the food of the crop in a given situation.

Horses for Profit.

Make sure the horse you buy has a clear, bright eye.

A dark, damp stall is apt to bring on rheumatism, especially among the colts.

Too long periods between the times the horses drink is apt to upset their digestive organs.

One pound of good hay for every one-hundred pounds of horse is a good rule to follow in feeding—first class hay, not reeking with must or mold.

The temperament of the colt when he reaches maturity will depend much upon whether you are "breaking" or simply training him to saddle and harness.

While corn is a nourishing feed for horses one-half corn and one half oats form a more balanced ration—one that will insure health, strength and vigor.

In making a long drive, just let the horses take their time for the first few miles, gradually increasing their speed, and they will feel fresh and strong for the home-stretch.

If the horse refuses to eat well or take on flesh, and is subject to fits of indigestion, examine his teeth and see if they are in condition to grind his feed. They may need pulling or shaping up.

Show us the advantages of the hot, sweaty collar-pad. It causes sweating, collects dust and filth, thereby galling the neck and shoulders. Try the bare collar with a firm, smooth face working against the skin.

The horse is apt to have his head in the manger or be otherwise engaged when you step into the stall behind him, and it may save you a cracked shin or a broken leg if you speak to him every time you pass within reach of his heels.

Isn't it quite likely that the horses relish a cooling draught of water as often as you do? Don't tie them up in the scorching sun while you go and "tap" the refreshing water jug or "the old oaken bucket", but unhook the team and drive them down to the well for an enjoyable drink of fresh water—takes only a few minutes, but it adds much to the comfort, strength and endurance of the animals.

In matching up the colts, have an eye to their size, build, gait and general appearance, mating them early and training the mane of each to lie on the side next to its mate, so the bare, graceful neck will be arched to the view when the team is looked at from either side.

Old cows that have passed their days of usefulness lower the average of the herd quite as much as young heifers.

Getting the Eyes Open to Facts.

Running round for a few days away from home, I came across a farmer who has had some experiences that are worth while. I got him to tell me about them. He was a bit backward about coming forward at first. I wonder if that is not the way with most men who have done things in this world? But after he got started he put the vim into his story; no doubt about that!

"There isn't much of it to tell. I just got my eyes open, that's all; you know it takes quite a little while to do that sometimes."

"My! I should think so! Why, I know of gray headed men who are fumbling in the dark now, just the same as they did forty or fifty years ago. Wonder why?

"I hadn't a cow in my herd that gave four percent milk. Terrible, wasn't it? It took at most seasons of the year not far from twenty-eight pounds of milk to make a pound of butter. The worst of it was, I did not know which were my good cows and which were my poor ones. I think now none of them were very good. If there had been one really good cow in the lot she would have brought my test up somewhere near what it ought to have been.

"Along about that time I heard of a man that was getting a pound of butter out of sixteen pounds of milk. He lived not far away from me and had a lot of Jerseys. I used to look at them as I drove past his place and think they looked pretty good, but I never thought I would have any like them. But I stopped and talked with that man one day and he told me he would sell me a thoroughbred bull calf for $10. That was a big pile of money to pay for a young calf in those days, but I paid it and took the calf home.

"He wasn't worth a cent—something was wrong with his makeup. I never got a single calf from him. It rather took the tuck out of me to be brought up standing that way; but sometimes it is a good thing for a fellow to have his head knocked against the wall a few times. Stirs up his ideas a little.

"The next bull I got was a seven-eighths Guernsey, and he was a beauty—kind as a kitten, and we got some nice calves from him. That blood is in the herd yet, and a good many of the neighbors have some of it too. I never charged a neighbor anything for the use of my bull. Maybe that does not seem like business to folks that think the money is everything.

"My test began to go up when those heifers got into the harness. Today my herd as a whole tests the best of anybody's that goes to our creamery. Worth while? I should say so; but I am not more than just started. If nothing happens, I'm going to show the folks some cows one of these days!

"One of the good things about this is that it makes the whole farm better. I know that sounds queer; but it is a fact just the same. A man gets some well bred stock on the place and he wants other things to correspond—better barns, better crops and all that. I actually believe my farm is worth more than it would have been if I had kept on in the old rut. I know it is, in fact. And what is more it makes more of a man of a fellow when he gets his dander up to do things."

Don't we all know that is right? A man steps off better when things are going well on the farm. He holds his head up higher and is not afraid to take hard jobs by the handle. But there a good are many men who have not yet gotten their eyes open. Wonder if they ever will?

Safety Kinks About the Farm.

Keep all male animals where the children cannot possibly reach them.

All poisonous chemicals should be plainly labeled as to contents, and kept strictly separate from all other medicines.

A weak ladder should have no place about the farm. See that all steps are firmly nailed or mortised solidly in the ladder.

By cleaning the chimney at least twice a year, there would be very little danger of the soot catching fire in it and the sparks setting fire to the house.

The horse that strikes or bites is in a class with the vicious kicker and ought to be in the market-place, no matter how highly he is valued by the owner.

One should burn or bury all broken bottles, fruit jars, etc., instead of throwing them out where they will cripple some of the live stock or some member of the family.

Many a painful accident would be avoided if the driver would but look over the harness before starting out on a trip, repairing those weak spots that would give away later on, exciting the horse and causing a runaway.

Every fire or smoke passage about the farm-home should be closely examined frequently, whether it be of ordinary stove pipe or a brick flue, to ascertain if there are any leaks where sparks might creep through and set fire to the house.

Just consider for a moment how dangerous is an open well to both man and beast; then fix every one about the farm so it can be closed till not even a mouse can enter it and see that it is kept that way every hour in the year.

The small boy may be a pretty good rider, and the horse he rides may be trusty enough, but unusual things are forever occurring, and the safest plan is to keep the little fellows off the horses till they are stronger and more skillful horsemen.

The kicky horse is a constant menace to the life and limb of every animal and human being around the farm. He should not be trusted at any time; he should not have an additional and ugly weapon given him by shoeing his hoofs with steel. The safe horse costs no more than the unsafe one.

Keep a reliable telephone in the house, and in case of fire, give the line-alarm immediately. This is also a safety kink where some of the stock or one of the family becomes suddenly ill, as the veterinarian or doctor can thus be on the scene so much quicker than where one must depend upon a messenger to carry the call for assistance.

The stove pipe which runs through the attic is a constant danger of setting the house on fire, as the joints so often work loose, allowing the sparks to fall inside the attic, where the fire gets a good start before it is discovered. Such pipes should have the joints firmly riveted together, or, better still, a brick chimney is safer, and may be constructed at small cost.

How often we read of some ordinarily quiet, tractable stallion attacking his keeper, horribly mangling him and often killing him. One never knows when such outbursts of viciousness are apt to occur, and to always be on the safe side, the stallion should be kept where it is possible for someone to feed him almost altogether from the outside. Such an arrangement is especially to be desired where it sometimes becomes necessary for the boys or the women folks to feed and water the stallion when his regular keeper is absent or ill.

Notes.

The largest and richest milkers have the most sensitive udders and are also very nervous. Cold hands when beginning to milk or a sudden fright will cause them to kick when they have been raised to have better manners.

It is hard to resist the natural temptation to have a round with the cow that kicked, but the best thing to do is to find out why she kicked.

Form is essential, color is helpful, but vigor and digestion are indispensable in the making of a high-class dairy cow.

Break an egg, put it in a bottle, and pour it down the throat of any animal that gets choked.

Alfalfa is like clover only more so.

O. HENRY'S STORIES

IV.—New York by Camp Light

By O. HENRY

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AWAY out in the Creek Nation we learned things about New York.

We were on a hunting trip and were camped one night on the bank of a little stream. Bud Kingsbury was our skilled hunter and guide, and it was from his lips that we had explanations of Manhattan and the queer folks that inhabit it. Bud had once spent a month in the metropolis, and a week or two at other times, and he was pleased to discourse to us of what he had seen.

Fifty yards away from our camp was pitched the tepee of a wandering family of Indians that had come up and settled there for the night. An

"Miss Sterling lights up and begins to do some cooking."

old, old Indian woman was trying to build a fire under an iron pot hung upon three sticks.

Bud went over to her assistance and soon had her fire going. When he came back we complimented him playfully upon his gallantry.

"Oh," said Bud, "don't mention it. It's a way I have. Whenever I see a lady trying to cook things in a pot and having trouble I always go to the rescue. I done the same thing once in a high toned house in New York city. Heap big society tepee on Fifth avenue. That Injun lady kind of recalled it to my mind. Yes, I endeavor to be polite and help the ladies out."

The camp demanded the particulars.

"I was manager of the Triangle B ranch in the Panhandle," said Bud. "It was owned at that time by old man Sterling of New York. He wanted to sell out, and he wrote for me to come on to New York and explain the ranch to the syndicate that wanted to buy. So I sends to Fort Worth and has a forty dollar suit of clothes made, and hits the trail for the big village.

"Well, when I got there old man Sterling and his outfit certainly laid themselves out to be agreeable. We had business and pleasure so mixed up that you couldn't tell whether it was a treat or a trade half the time. We had trolley rides and cigars and theater roundups and rubber parties."

"Rubber parties?" said a listener inquiringly.

"Sure," said Bud. "Didn't you never attend 'em? You walk around and try to look at the tops of the skyscrapers. Well, we sold the ranch, and old man Sterling asks me round to his house to take grub on the night before I started back. It wasn't any high collared affair—just me and the old man and his wife and daughter. But they was a fine haired outfit, all right, and the lilies of the field wasn't in it. They made my Fort Worth clothes carpenter look like a dealer in horse blankets and gee strings, and then the table was all pompous with flowers, and there was a whole kit of tools laid out beside everybody's plate. You'd have thought you was fixed out to burglarize a restaurant before you could get your grub. But I'd been in New York over a week then, and I was getting on to stylish ways. I kind of trailed behind and watched the others use the hardware supplies, and then I tackled the chuck with the same weapons. It ain't much trouble to travel with the high fliers after you find out their gait. I got along fine. I was feeling cool and agreeable, and pretty soon I was talking away fluent as you please, all about the ranch and the west, and telling 'em how the Indians eat grasshopper stew and snakes, and you never saw people so interested.

"But the real joy of that feast was that Miss Sterling. Just a little trick she was, not bigger than two bits' worth of chewing plug, but she had a way about her that seemed to say she was the people, and you believed it. And yet she never put on any airs, and she smiled at me the same as if I was a millionaire while I was telling about a Creek dog feast and listened like it was news from home.

"By and by, after we had eat oysters and some watery soup and truck that never was in my repertory, a Methodist preacher brings in a kind of camp stove arrangement, all silver, on long legs, with a lamp under it.

"Miss Sterling lights up and begins to do some cooking right on the supper table. I wondered why old man Sterling didn't hire a cook, with all the money he had. Pretty soon she dished out some cheesy tasting truck that she said was rabbit, but I swear there had never been a Molly cotton tail in a mile of it.

"The last thing on the program was lemonade. It was brought around in little flat glass bowls and set by your plate. I was pretty thirsty, and I picked up mine and took a big swig of it. Right there was where the little lady had made a mistake. She had put in the lemon all right, but she'd forgot the sugar. The best housekeepers slip up sometimes. I thought may be Miss Sterling was just learning to keep house and cook—that rabbit would surely make you think so—and

"Say, was that heaven?"

looking for a job on the ranch. He said he was a good horseback rider, and there was pieces of tanbark hanging on his clothes yet from his riding school.

"Well, for awhile they put him to keeping books in the ranch store, for he was a devil at figures. But he got tired of that and asked for something more in the line of activity. The boys on the ranch liked him all right, but he made us tired shouting New York all the time. Every night he'd tell us about East river and J. P. Morgan and the Eden musee and Hetty Green and Central park till we used to throw tin plates and branding irons at him.

"One day this chap gets on a pitching pony, and the pony kind of sidled up his back and went to eating grass while the New Yorker was coming down.

"He come down on his head on a chunk of mesquite wood, and he didn't show any signs toward getting up again. We laid him out in a tent, and he begun to look pretty dead. So Gideon Pease saddles up and burns the wind for old Doc Sleeper's residence in Dogtown, thirty miles away.

"The doctor comes over and he investigates the patient.

"'Boys,' says he, 'you might as well go to playing seven up for his saddle and clothes, for his head's fractured, and if he lives ten minutes it will be a remarkable case of longevity.'

"Of course we didn't gamble for the poor rooster's saddle—that was one of Doc's jokes. But we stood around feeling solemn, and all of us forgive him for having talked us to death about New York.

"I never saw anybody about to hand in his checks act more peaceful than this fellow. His eyes were fixed 'way up in the air, and he was using rambling words to himself all about sweet music and beautiful streets and white robed forms, and he was smiling like dying was a pleasure.

"'He's about gone now,' said Doc. 'Whenever they begin to think they see heaven it's all off.'

"Blamed if that New York man didn't sit right up when he heard the Doc say that.

"'Say,' says he, kind of disappointed, 'was that heaven? Confound it all, I thought it was Broadway! Some of you fellows get my clothes. I'm going to get up.'

"And I'll be blamed," concluded Bud, "if he wasn't on the train with a ticket for New York in his pocket four days afterward!"

Reason For Haste.

"I'm going to marry her at once."

"What's your hurry?"

"My salary isn't large enough to stand an engagement."

Kangaroo Sinews.

The sinews of the kangaroo are especially desirable for use in surgery for sewing wounds and binding broken bones together.

Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom, love itself.—Augustus Hare.

O. HENRY'S LETTERS.

Quaint Epistles That Show His Happy-go-lucky Spirit.

A few years before O. Henry's death Robert H. Davis of Munsey's secured his services as a contributor. He signed a five year contract to have first choice of all his contributions.

The letters, addressed to Mr. Davis, which follow, tell their own story of the friendship between the two men and reveal the whimsical, happy-go-lucky, improvident spirit of the author:

Thursday.

Dear Old Bill—At last I have hove anchor at — Waverley place and have an address to give you. I am in Gilman Hall's apartment and can now continue to turn out the old blown-in-the-bottle brand of fiction.

I am a man of derned few words. I want $125 (don't read that a dollar and a quarter) That in addition to the $150 that I screwed out of Merwin during your absence will make a total of $275, which will be more than covered by the moral and entertaining tale that I hereby agree to have finished and delivered to you all by 10:30 a. m. Monday, Aug. 27, or perhaps earlier.

Pursue the liberal policy and get the best stuff.

Personally and officially I greet you and make obeisance. Consistently,

BILL THE BEDOUIN.

P. S.—I want the dough, not a check (but a check will do) by the bearer or else a few well chosen words of refusal.

Thursday.

Dear Bill—Will you be nice enough to let me go over the proofs of all my stories before they are published? The printer, with his usual hellfiredness, seems to always butcher the meaning by setting up words that do not appear in the MS. Also please tell your proofreader.

Hoping, etc., yours, O. H.

Dear Bill—Here she are. I reckon you or some intelligent person in the office can tell where the patches fit. If you don't like the new title say so. There are others. Fulsomely, WILLIE.

Mon Cher Bill—Can you raise the immediate goods for this and once more rescue little Ruby from certain death?

The big story will be handed in Monday for you to try on the piano. From next week on I'll show you a story every week. I'm going to make some of the best samples of 2,000 and 2,500 word stuff that's possible. That's the length that counts.

I'm feeling fine and hope these few lines will—say, don't forget to send the $25.

Don't do it if you can refuse to do it. Yours as ever, O H

Saturday

Hello, Mr. Bill!

Say a fool and his money, etc.

Is there anything doing for about $49.98 today for the purpose of purchasing things offered for sale in the marts? I had to send most of all that stuff abroad that you gimme the other day.

Don't press the matter if it seems out of order. I'll be even and ahead of the game pretty soon. There will come to you on Monday the new story.

Greetings and undying veneration in either case. O H.

Dear Bill—Herewith submitted one MS. Have another one ready to typewrite, which you can read tomorrow.

Give the full speed ahead signal and whoop 'em through, pro or con. Great business. The mill is grinding at the old gait. Yours, BILL 2d.

Monday.

Dear Mister—Would you put a tail on this kite for me again? She will fly on the date advertised. Please send the cash if you've got it on hand.

Say, the story will be brought to you by me on WEDNESDAY. It will be an all right one. Hoping, etc., and yours truly, O H.

Reading the Barometer.

Do you properly understand a barometer? Many people tap the glass, note a rise or fall, say it will therefore be wet or fine and there end. But there's more in barometrical science than that. The following key might be cut out for reference: A steady rise shows that fine weather may be expected and, in winter, frost. A rapid rise indicates unsettled weather. Fine weather immediately after a rise must not be expected to last. The barometer often rises from a northward change in the wind. A fall of half a tenth or more in an hour is a sure warning of a storm. A fall with a low thermometer foretells snow or rain; with a rising thermometer wind or rain from the south. A fall in winter indicates warmer weather; in hot weather, thunder. Fine weather may occur with a low glass, but it precedes wind or rain. The rise or fall of a barometer rather than its absolute height shows an approaching change, so the usual words "Fair," "Change," etc., cannot always be depended on. The rise from a low point indicates the close approach of gales.—London Answers.

Essay on the Waist Line.

The waist line is an imaginary ring around Rosie. For many years it lay in a dormant state. So quiet and demure it was that Rosie herself hardly knew of its existence. Of late, however, the waist line has deported itself in a reckless and shocking manner. It has twisted itself into curious shapes. It has soared to Rosie's shoulders and swooped to her feet. It has coyly hidden in folds of bouffant drapery, suddenly to reappear and spread itself all over creation. We predict that such frivolous conduct on the part of the waist line, this self appointed architect, can bring only sorrow and degradation. In fact we shall not be one bit surprised if it is forced to spend its old age in the bread line.—Kansas Industrialist.

An Exception.

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?" asked a counsel who was severely cross examining and badgering a witness.

"No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"'Twas a negro, sir."—Exchange.

Quite a Difference.

When a woman winds a towel around her head and calls for a bucket of water it means the beginning of a big day, but when a man winds a towel around his head and calls for water it means the end of a big night.—Atlanta Constitution.

Comparisons.

"I like athletics for girls. You ought to see how my daughter can run up a rope."

"And you ought to see how mine can run up a bill."—Baltimore American.

Woman's Advantage.

It's easy for a woman to clean up. She can rub a little powder on her nose and cheeks, but a man has to take off his collar and necktie and wash.—Detroit Free Press.

Left Eye For Microscope.

In microscopic work use the left eye rather than the right, says the American Machinist. Astigmatism and other eye troubles occur more frequently in the right eye.

Sea Otter Skins.

Sea otter skins measure 48 by 24 inches. The best color is a dark bluish brown, almost black. A perfect skin in this color is worth $4,000.

The Bowes Street House

How It Came by Its Repairs

By LENORE E. CHANEY

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

While Gilder bent eagerly over the quarterly report his agent sat back and watched him uneasily.

He was a big man—this agent—faultlessly dressed and bearing an air of ease and conscious well being very soothing to the senses. Faultless, too, was his manner toward his superiors—suave, deferent, but not too deferent.

Ah, that is a very great thing—to acquire a manner like that. If Gilder smiled, Burson radiated pleasure; if Gilder frowned, Burson breathed a deprecating regret, and yet he never roused the savage desire to kick that a more suppliant and cringing servant might have done.

For Burson respected himself, in a very modest and unobtrusive way, and thus begat respect in his betters. But for all that he often experienced troublesome days, and one glance at Mr. Gilder's lean face had conveyed clearly to Burson that this was going to be one of the most troublesome of them all.

"Ahem!" Gilder shut his spectacle case with a snap and glared at his agent. "I see profits far below normal again, sir. I notice in the Bowes street house alone the bill for plumbing is over $300 for the past year."

"I have been wanting to speak to you about the Bowes street place," began Burson, extracting a letter from the file at his elbow. "You see, Mr. Gilder, the Bowes street plumbing is in pretty bad condition; there's been quite a little agitation recently in some of the papers about an epidemic of typhoid down there, and this morning I got this letter from the head of the social settlement in the district."

"Lot of nonsense," was Gilder's only comment as he tossed the letter down half read.

"But you see they threaten a health board investigation."

"You ought to know as well as anybody, Burson, how little we have to fear from the board of health."

"Yes, I know they have been very kind."

"The point is what are you going to do to bring up this credit balance? At the present rate of decline another year or two may see the balance on the other side altogether," said Gilder.

Burson faced himself for a battle, though his manner was as suave, as gracious as ever.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Gilder, that I can't see any way of stopping the leak unless you are prepared to spend a lump sum on new plumbing. In the Bowes street place alone a thousand dollars ought to be spent immediately. A great many of the tenements remain empty simply because they are not habitable, even for the sort of people who live in that section. We cannot reduce the rents without establishing a very bad precedent, and of course I could not put in any very extensive repairs without consulting you."

"Extensive repairs," ejaculated Gilder, now thoroughly aroused. "For heaven's sake, Burson, one would imagine you were letting on Fifth avenue instead of slum tenements! You are dealing with a class that has no business to expect luxuries. It's scum—plain scum, demanding new and up to date plumbing in its dens."

"Of course what you say is true," agreed Burson, "but times are changing everywhere, and I can assure you, sir, the people in the tenements now are not the sort we had there ten years ago. It grows increasingly difficult to deal with them, and in this Bowes street house especially we've had no end of trouble.

"One of my men was pitched down the steps only last week by a burly giant who declared he wouldn't pay his rent until the leak from the floor above was stopped. Of course we set him out, but it's had a very bad effect on the others, especially as the typhoid is very bad in the house, and the settlement workers have led them to believe it's entirely due to the pipes."

"More likely it's due to their own dirt and filth!" snapped Gilder, pacing wrathfully up and down. "But I look to you, Burson, to straighten this out. That's what I pay you for, and I expect you to do it."

"I have been doing my best. I intend to go down there myself this afternoon and look the house over. I am having a plumber meet me there to submit estimates."

At the word "estimates" a sudden gleam of suspicion lit in Gilder's eyes. "Estimates—graft! Aha!"

"I think I'll just go down with you, Burson, and we'll look it over together."

Burson's dismay was evident.

"Oh, Mr. Gilder, I'm sure you wouldn't like that! You've no idea how filthy and vile the streets and people are down there. It wouldn't do at all to go in your car, in the present state of things, and I'm sure you wouldn't relish the ride on the street cars."

This served, of course, to fix the idea only the more firmly in Mr. Gilder's mind. He would certainly go; of that Burson might be certain.

Once having made the resolution he forged calmly ahead, but before he had traversed half the distance from the street car to the entrance of the Bowes street house he had begun to realize some of the difficulties of which Burson had spoken. For one thing it was hot—the middle of September—and the smells were almost overpowering.

Hawkers with cans of lukewarm water, in which floated half cooked ears of green corn, others with slices of watermelon cut in the early morning and now covered with filth and flies, were everywhere in the dusty streets.

Added to these were the roar of the not distant elevated, the screaming of innumerable babies and the shrill whistles of gangs of street gamins, making a very inferno of dirt and confusion. Gilder was glad to turn into the comparative quiet of the Bowes street house.

Once inside, Burson took the lead and began at once the tour of inspection. The house had been designed for a far better class of tenant than now found a haven within its walls. It had originally two suits of apartments of five rooms each on either side of the narrow hall which bisected the house. But long ago these five rooms had been divided so that now they formed three suits each—two of two rooms and a single room.

The single rooms, dirty and dark as they were, found ready occupancy, for the rent was but half that of the two roomed suits. But, while nearly all of the single rooms were tenanted, many of the two room suits were empty. Gilder's reduced dividends were explained.

They were making the last rounds on the top floor when they heard a voice far below hailing Mr. Burson. The strength and assurance of it spoke eloquently of a full dinner pail.

"Ah, that must be Manders, the plumber!" exclaimed Burson, hastening toward the dark and rickety stairway. "Pardon me one moment, Mr. Gilder. 'I'll bring him right up."

Left to himself, Gilder started slowly toward the narrow window at the far end of the hall. Suddenly a door was flung open halfway down the hall, and the anxious face of one of the amateur nurses from the settlement peered out. At sight of Gilder her face cleared and she sprang forward.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you! My patient is very sick—typhoid. I must have help. The doctor is somewhere in the building, probably with Casey's little girl on the first floor. Bring him as quick as you can." Then as she realized the blank look on Gilder's face anxiety again puckered her smooth brow.

"Oh, you don't think you can find him? What shall I do? I must—I know! You stay here—keep very quiet—he's delirous and won't notice the change. Don't excite him whatever you do!" and before Gilder could voice his protest she had pushed him through the door and sped down the hall.

Nauseated and highly indignant, Gilder looked about him.

The work of the volunteers from the settlement was apparent here, for the room was far cleaner than any Gilder had seen in the house. The patient lay on one of the settlement hospital cots, which with a deal table and one chair formed the only furniture in the room.

Gilder was a stranger to sickrooms, and a vagrant curiosity stirred him as his glance rested on the form of the sick man. In the dim light his features were barely distinguishable—his thin frame twitched restlessly under the light sheet.

Gilder half turned to go when suddenly the man sat bolt upright and stretched out his arms in the piteous appeal of childhood.

"Daddy—daddy!" he wailed. "Take me up, daddy; I am tired of my bed."

An onlooker might have seen a curious change in Mr. Gilder during this scene. At the first word from the sick man's lips he had stopped, one foot extended toward the door.

The trembling of his form grew until it was like a palsy, and the muscles of his throat moved convulsively up and down. Little beads of perspiration that were not caused by the heat stood out upon his forehead—a great pounding was in his ears. Then he turned.

"Danny—Danny!" the whisper sounded loud and rasping in the little room. "Danny—it can't be you, Danny, boy—it can't be you! It's been a long time—you've changed, Danny. But your voice—it's just the same—just the same!"

When the nurse and doctor hurried into the room a few moments later a strange sight met their eyes. Mr. Gilder, the great Mr. Gilder, whose wealth and eccentricities furnished so much copy for the Sunday supplements, was on his knees by the side of the tenement typhoid patient, and the face he turned toward them was tear stained and very old.

"Doctor—my son—he is very ill. My son—do you hear? The son of Baldwin Gilder. You must work hard—spare no expense—see how he clings to me—my poor Danny, come back to me like this! You think he will live—oh, I'm so glad—so glad!"

Some time later Burson, with his plumber in tow, appeared at the doorway, properly shocked at sight of his aristocratic patron in the midst of such surroundings, but his surprise gave place to wonder at Mr. Gilder's first words—the voice was so strangely gentle.

"Ah, Burson, I cannot go with you now. I have more important matters here. I have found my son—yes, my son—lost these ten years. I shall not leave him—he needs me. You will have to look after the plumbing yourself. And Burson—we will put new pipes throughout the house—whatever is necessary for comfort and health. Never mind the expense. Your see, Burson—my son is a tenant—that is, he was a tenant—in the Bowes street house."

Gods of Machinery.

The ceremony of propitiating the gods which are supposed to reside in the printing machinery is annually performed by the Hindu members of the Times of Malaya printing staff. The usually prosaic machine and composing rooms are turned into weird caverns of mystery, dimly lit by candles and oil lamps, and odorous with the heavy scent of incense and perfumes. Every machine is garlanded and has placed before it an offering of "makan." Rice and bananas and cakes are the portion of each machine acording in its size and importance; even the "stone" comes in for a share of the gifts. At the appointed time braziers, containing smoking camphor and cocoanut oil, are carried round and held before each machine, while the power engine, whose god presumably is regarded as a particularly aggressive personage, is "smoked" for a specially long period.—Times of Malaya.

Von Moltke and His Snuff.

During the Prussian advance in the Franco-Prussian war Von Moltke continually took pinches of snuff. When he was told that MacMahon was marching northward he exclaimed "He is surely mad!" and forthwith nearly emptied his snuffbox as he retired to his tent to organize the plans that culminated in the tremendous conflict of Sedan. At the end of the war Von Moltke received a bill from the military stores with this item: "For one pound of snuff supplied to General Von Moltke, 1 thaler." The great soldier paid it without a murmur.

Accounting For Patrick Henry.

It is related that Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase on stopping at the birthplace of Patrick Henry in Virginia exclaimed: "What an atmosphere! What a view! What glorious mountains! No wonder Patrick Henry grew here!" Whereupon an honest native dryly remarked that the atmosphere, the view and the mountains had been there for ages, but that only one Patrick Henry had been produced.

Too Much For the Cabs.

One afternoon Signor Lablache, the celebrated basso, a man of enormous proportions, on leaving Covent Garden theater after rehearsal found that his carriage had not arrived, so he sent for a four wheeler. Into this, after a strenuous effort, he managed to squeeze his massive body, to find himself seated on the edge of the smaller seat, a truly uncomfortable position, which it was imperative at once to change. As he struggled to his feet in his attempt to do so the bottom of the vehicle gave way, and the artist found himself standing in the road. Help, however, was at hand, and he was released with no small difficulty from his ridiculous dilemma.

A similar adventure befell the brothers Pope—one a doctor, the other the well known Q. C.—who between them weighed over forty stone, when crossing Waterloo bridge in a four wheeled cab. How it happened is uncertain, but about the center of the bridge the floor of the cab collapsed, and for the next thirty yards two pairs of sturdy legs, straining to keep pace with the horse's mild amble, was a spectacle for unrestrained mirth. Cabby soon pulled up, and eager hands quickly extricated the obese and exhausted brothers.—London Tit-Bits.

A Red Spider Gone Wrong.

The chigger is really an embryo that never got out of the chrysalis stage. He started out to be a red spider and stopped at becoming a pest. His papa and mamma are red spiders, about the size of a pinhead and bright red. They inhabit old stumps and logs in the woods and feed on vegetable diet. But their offspring are divided into two classes—the bloodthirsty and the nonbloodthirsty. The nonbloodthirsty, like a well behaved child, heeds mother's advice and dines on grass and leaves and old woods. He grows up to a red spider. But the bloodthirsty little cuss hunts up a quadruped or a biped when he feels hungry and burrows. He has no control over his appetite, says the entomologist, and gorges himself. Ergo, he dies. He is the chigger. He is so small that he can scarcely be seen by the naked eye. Of course he doesn't rear a family, in consequence. But his nonbloodthirsty brothers and sisters will reach years of maturity and acquire offspring. And among their children will be chiggers. So the race is kept up.—Kansas City Star.

Debt.

Debt is the one thing which goes contrary to the laws of nature, because you can contract and expand it at the same time. Nothing exceeds like debt. Every one is always in debt to some one else. Every debtor is a creditor, every creditor is a debtor. There being no clearing house of humanity the thing goes on from day to day, getting more complicated. Everybody starts by owing the government his part of the interest on the national debt. As this is increasing all the time, the fatal habit some people have of putting off the day of their birth counts against them. Debt is a poor sleeping companion. He won't stay hitched. If you

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

South Paris, Maine, September 15, 1914

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. R. 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.

Coming Events.

Sept. 15, 16, 17—Oxford County fair.
Sept. 16—Reunion of First Maine Cavalry, Dover.
Sept. 16, 17, 18—State W. C. T. U. convention, Houlton.
Oct. 2—Mountain Grange fair, North Buckfield.
Oct. 6, 7, 8—West Oxford fair, Fryeburg.
Nov. 17, 18, 19—Annual meeting Maine State Pomological Society, Bangor.
Jan. 5, 6, 7—Show of Western Maine Poultry Association, South Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oxford County Fair—T. Smiley.
The New Fall Styles.
School Time Again.
Footwear.
Blue Stores.
Early Showing.
N. Dayton Bolster Co.
Question Cleared Up.
Eastern Steamship Corporation.
Appointment.
Millinery.
Petition for Discharge.
Administrator's Sale.

American Sentiment.

(New York World.)

American opinion in regard to two vital aspects of the war has not been better expressed than by Oscar S. Straus, former Ambassador to Turkey, and Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard.

Discussing the action of Great Britain in defense of the neutrality of Belgium, Mr. Straus said in an interview in The World yesterday:

"In my judgment, the reasons that projected England into this war will be of the highest service to civilization in accentuating, as nothing else could, the sanctity of international obligations. If that sanctity had been disregarded by her, as sanctity was disregarded by the invasion of Belgium, international relationship would have been thrown back to a condition of international barbarism. The service that England has rendered is not only of value to the belligerent nations, but equally so to all nations."

Discussing the general aspects of militarism Dr. Eliot said in a letter to the Times:

"Should Germany and Austria-Hungary succeed in their present undertakings, the whole civilized world would be obliged to bear continuously, and to an ever-increasing amount, the burdens of great armaments, and would live in constant fear of sudden invasion, now here, now there—a terrible fear, against which neither treaties nor professions of peaceable intentions would offer the least security."

Mr. Straus and Dr. Eliot have given voice to the moral sentiment of the American people. They have said what is in the minds of most of us. If our German friends will study these two statements, they may, perhaps, understand why the United States thinks as it thinks.

Here and There.

About the first permanent change resulting from the war in Europe is the change of the name of Russia's principal city to Petrograd. But how many decades will it take the world to forget "St. Petersburg"?

"Some people have a difficulty in remembering when pork is really in season," says the housekeeping department of a magazine. Pork is generally in season when it is eaten.

It is reported that the Kaiser regards two of his ministers responsible for the unreadiness of German diplomacy which led to the coalition of European states against Germany. One of the principal causes of the coalition was not any kind of unreadiness, but altogether too great a readiness to march through Belgium.

That newspaper writer who recorded the fact, in the story of a recent Maine wedding, that the bride had been for fifteen years a teacher in a certain school, made a slip which he should not repeat. What he should have said was that she "has been a successful teacher." Years are not to be mentioned in such a chronicle.

Speaking of wedding reports in the papers, it is nothing remarkable to have a story in which the name of the groom is omitted, for while he is a necessity, he is the most inconspicuous figure of the affair. But a neighboring exchange in its last issue "goes the limit" in a long wedding report, complete in every detail, except that it does not mention the name of either bride or groom!

Maine News Notes.

Chief Justice Albert R. Savage of the Maine Supreme Court was recently married, the bride being Miss Frances A. Cooke, who has been a successful school teacher. The wedding took place in Weston, Mass.

A North Bridgton man, S. D. Clark, will receive a reward of $250 for return of a satchel containing $15,000 worth of jewels, which were lost from an automobile by a Pennsylvania woman while on the way from Bretton Woods to Poland Spring, and which he had the good fortune to pick up.

In the Piscataquis County court at Dover Thursday, Cornelius S. Cable of Brooklyn, N. Y., was found guilty of "carelessly and negligently shooting a human being while in pursuit of wild game." Cable shot and killed Charles Dodge of Guilford at Schoodic while hunting about a year ago. He was fined $250 and costs.

Richard Moore and Alva Huff of Edgecomb were electrocuted Tuesday by coming in contact with an electric wire which had just been broken while they were blasting at Davis Island. Huff lost his life while trying to rescue Moore when the latter thoughtlessly laid across the wire a crowbar, which he was using to pry out pieces of broken ledge after the blast. They were both about 45 and had families.

Two summer hotels were burned early last week. At the Isles of Shoals on Sunday, the 6th, the Appledore House and seven cottages were destroyed, at a loss of some $150,000. Tuesday morning the famous Casco Castle at South Freeport was burned. This was built in 1902 by Amos F. Gerald at a cost of about $20,000, but it had never been a well paying proposition, and had changed hands at a loss.

Maine was honored by having one of the members of its delegation who attended the encampment in Detroit, Mrs. W. R. Tarbox of Fryeburg, selected to present to the Boy Scouts a very beautiful flag for their untiring labor in behalf of the veterans while in Detroit. The Detroit papers certainly felt assured the Ladies of the G. A. R. appreciated the boys, by the compliments paid Mrs. Tarbox, and the Maine delegation as usual were very proud of their past department president.

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.

Leo W. Farrar and family, who have been with Mr. Farrar's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Farrar, left Thursday for their home in Dallas, Texas.

Rev. C. A. Hayden, D. D., who is well known here and has many times preached in this place in years past, has resigned the pastorate of the Universalist church in Oakland, where he has been pastor for about six years, and will retire from active work in the ministry. He will make his home with his son at Livermore Falls.

The annual meeting of the Paris Hill Universalist Society will be held at the church Tuesday evening of this week at 7:30.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Vining of Farmington were recent guests at O. A. Maxim's.

Miss Jeannie Hubbard, who has been with Mrs. Jackson all summer, returned to New York Saturday.

William L. Perham of Washington, D. C., was at Paris Hill last week, coming through by automobile.

Col. Edward T. Brown is building an addition to his residence in this village.

Raymond L. Atwood and Miss Ione Harlow made an automobile trip to Boston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Owen and William G. Harlow, of Dixfield, were the guests of relatives at Paris Hill the past week.

The Misses Lois and Alice Curtis visited relatives at West Paris several days last week.

Everybody goes to county fair this week. With election and the fair over we pick the apples and "go into winter quarters."

The Hubbard House has had a very large patronage the past summer and is still having many automobile parties as well as regular guests. There were thirty-three guests at dinner Sunday. On account of the encouraging business received Mrs. Hubbard has decided to keep the house open the year around and cater to winter parties who wish to come into the country for snowshoeing and other winter sports.

Heavy blasting is going on at Mt. Mica, where Loren B. Merrill is working with one assistant. They have got down nearly to the pay rock, and may strike a pocket at any time. Mining there has now got to be quite a serious business. The dip of the strata is such that sixteen feet of mica schist has to be taken off before the mineral vein is reached, and eight feet more of that vein before the pockets begin to appear in which the tourmalines are found.

Wilson's Mills.

We are getting too much rain now, but it is beneficial to garden produce.

David Bond and daughter Edna, who have been boarding at W. H. Hart's through the summer, started last Sunday on their return to their home in New York.

Ina Ripley, who has been in the hospital at Colebrook for treatment for appendicitis, returned home the first of the week.

School commenced Aug. 31st, Frank Smith of Corinna teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Smith board at the Aziscoos House.

A. L. Salt and family returned to their home at Summit, N. J., on Thursday, and Saltaire Lodge is closed for the season.

Will and Ira Huntoon, Rangeley guides, are up with some boys on a camping trip. They are from Indian Rock camp.

Clinton Bennett went to Bethel Sunday with his auto. He was accompanied by his mother and Mrs. Walter Buckman.

Dickvale.

We will write while waiting for the corn to grow. Most corn needs nearly two weeks more to be ready to pick.

W. H. Brown and daughter from North Paris made us a call recently.

Miss Ida Webb of North Paris is making us a visit.

Herbert Bowker has sold his horse to J. G. Tyler.

E. L. Child is at work for his father.

Carl White has cut one piece of corn which was damaged by the frost.

B. C. Putnam has moved back from Jay, where he moved in the spring.

Mrs. Ida Putnam Hinds is visiting her son, B. C. Putnam.

Thomas Wyman of Weld called on his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wyman, last Sunday.

Our school began Tuesday, Sept. 8, with Miss Smith as teacher.

North Buckfield.

Capt. Howard Emery has returned to Washington, D. C. Mrs. Emery and her mother, Mrs. Sanborn, will remain for a while.

Mrs. M. A. Warren, Judith and Ezra, have been visiting in Turner.

Mrs. M. S. Record is better. Mrs. Florinda Farrar is with her.

Mrs. Bertha Fuller is going to keep house for C. B. Damon. Clyde Keene and family have rented her place.

Mrs. Albina Irish has been sick with a bad cold.

A. W. Spaulding and Norman Philbrooke attended state fair Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Davis has finished work for Mrs. J. E. Mayhew.

Frank Turner was in Boston last week.

Judith and Clithroe Warren are attending Buckfield High School.

News was received by Calvin Keene Thursday of the death of Richard, the 10-year old son of Harold Keene of Tyngsboro, Mass. The funeral will be at C. B. Keene's Sunday, burial at Buckfield cemetery.

Colby Varney and son Ross of Haverhill, Mass., are visiting Mr. Varney's sister, Mrs. Jennie Heald.

Frank Bisbee and wife of Camden and Benjamin Heald of Massachusetts called on B. F. Heald the 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crockett of Locke's Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Corless of Hartford were week-end guests at Washington Heald's.

West Buckfield.

The ball game Saturday between the Prince and Darnit districts ended with a score of 17 to 14 in favor of the Prince.

Miss Marion Bridgham of West Minot has been a recent guest of her cousin, Miss Mary Hall.

Joseph Boulos and Mr. Chapman were through here this week.

Miss Beryl Harlow has gone to Massachusetts visiting relatives.

Mrs. Isaac Turner and Mrs. H. H. Buck spent Friday with their aunt, Mrs. J. E. Mayhew.

Fred Bennett is at home from Berlin, N. H., for a few weeks.

Mrs. Everett Harlow is at J. V. Pearson's.

Doris and Dorothy Buck, Louise Richards and Lena Warren are attending Buckfield High School.

West Sumner.

Daniel D. Small died at his home on a farm near this village on Sunday, the 6th, at a few days less than 50 years of age. He leaves a widow and four children, the oldest 14 and the youngest 3 years of age. Mr. Small was the son of the late Capt. G. M. Small, a former resident of this village, and is survived by his mother and one brother, Byron M. Small, clerk of courts in Franklin County, both of whom live in Farmington. The funeral on Tuesday was attended by Rev. G. W. F. Hill.

East Waterford.

Charles H. McIntire of Reading, Mass., and Mrs. Georgie Merrill of Wakefield were week-end guests of their cousin, J. E. McIntire.

Hon. B. G. McIntire started for Denver, Col., the 5th, where he is attending as a delegate the conference of the National Tax Association.

L. E. McIntire is at the state fair as judge of cattle.

Mrs. Brownie Verrill and little son Howard are spending a week with her mother, Mrs. Stearns, at West Bethel.

The Maine Telephone Co. is putting new poles in this vicinity.

Bethel.

Monday many of the stores were open, as no special observance of Labor Day was made here.

The village schools opened Tuesday with a new corps of teachers, all normal graduates.

A large number of Bethel people have attended the state fair this week.

Mr. Osmon Twitchell of Freeport, for many years an engineer on the Grand Trunk, whose home was formerly in Bethel, stopped in Bethel and called upon friends. Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell were in a party which has made an extended auto trip.

Prof. F. E. Hanscom and family returned home Wednesday from their summer home in Mechanic Falls.

Mrs. W. O. Straw and Miss May Wiley have returned from Islesboro, where they have spent the summer.

Bethel Inn is full of guests at the present time.

Harold Chandler is assisting in the bank during the absence of Fred Tibbetts.

Mrs. Webster Woodbury is spending a few weeks in Bethel.

Hon. D. J. McGillicuddy spoke in Bethel Thursday evening.

Friday afternoon an auction was held to sell the chair-shop property. This was a bankrupt sale and no bids were made at the price required. I. C. Jordan bid off three acres of land.

Mrs. E. T. Russell, Miss Shirley Russell and Miss Isabel Shirley have closed their summer home and returned to Brooklyn.

Mrs. J. U. Purington and Miss Belle Purington have returned from Andover, Mass.

Gould Academy will open Tuesday.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Our sister, Rose Packard Houghtaling, did not visit Maine as we expected. Her daughter and Dr. Smith of Brookline, Mass., kept her there, as she was hardly able to take the journey to Maine or New Hampshire to her sister there in Exeter. God grant that we may meet another summer in our loved state of Maine.

A beautiful letter came recently giving an account of the annual reunion at G. A. R. Hall, East Elm Street, Brockton, Mass., of the Packard Family Association, also what it will be this year Sept. 9, 1914. We ought to be there but debts must be paid first we think. The letter enclosed a picture of the scene at the celebration in 1913, of the 275th anniversary of the landing of Samuel Packard in America, at Hingham, Mass., August 10, 1638. Samuel Packard lived long and died in the dwelling which many years ago disappeared, but which was located in what is now West Bridgewater, Mass., on the north bank of Town River. At the right of the picture and seen under the edge of the tent is a section of the stone wall. The site of the old homestead was within a few feet of the spot.

The photograph was taken about 3 o'clock, Monday, August 11, 1913, during the exercises of the second day, and during the dramatic incident when, in character, Samuel Packard, Myles Standish, and Chief Massasoit appeared to greet the assembled Packards. The Indian, "Massasoit" (Ziba C. Keith, Jr.,) had just before appeared on the river, turned his canoe to the banks and crossed the field to welcome the white men. In the picture he can be seen squatting upon the platform at the right or east end of the tent.

"Myles Standish," (Farnham Gillespie) had also come down the long field in helmet and warlike costume, bearing upon his shoulder the pike once owned by the real Standish of colonial days. He sits on the platform near the Indian. The next person seated on the platform was the president of the Packard Family Association, (Frank E. Packard). On the other side of the platform desk were standing members of the Lotus Quartet of Boston, who entertained the gathering delightfully during the afternoon exercises.

The photographer caught the audience listening attentively to the music—with one exception, the boy seated on the boxes at the rear of the tent at the extreme left of the picture. His head was turned, evidently he had caught sight of "Samuel Packard" (James B. Packard) himself who had come up behind the automobiles in the field and was waiting till the music had ceased, and then, "marvelling as if some magic band had brushed aside the veil of years and that they were beholding history in the making, the Packard kin waited, almost breathless, as another sturdy figure walked across the field on which the Packard homestead was built. 'Will the Packard family rise,' announced President Packard to the gathering. 'I believe I see Samuel Packard coming this way.'

"Reverently as though greeting the spirit of a nobleman, the assemblage arose. It was Samuel Packard—a latter day reproduction of the founder of the family, impersonated by one of his kinsmen. Samuel Packard wore his simple, somewhat austere Pilgrim dress. In his hand he carried his long musket. With fine friendliness he acknowledged the greeting of his descendants, and took his place upon the platform with the Indian chieftain and the Pilgrim warrior."

West Bethel.

"The gold-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

"The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

"The s.dges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the roadside
Make asters in the brook.

"From dewy lanes at morning
The grape's sweet odors rise.
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

"By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With autumn's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer."

The nights are growing long and cool.

Corn is slow in ripening this year.

Beans are being pulled and stacked when green to keep from being frozen.

Mrs. W. D. Mills spent several days of last week in Rangeley.

George Dana Morrill and wife were in Auburn three days during the state fair.

Mrs. Maude M. O'Reilly is teaching the fall term of school on Flat street.

Mrs. Nellie Gribbin and sons returned to their home in Portland Wednesday.

Claude N. Mills and wife of Portland visited his parents the first of the week.

Miss Emily Burke is again teaching our village school, and all seemed pleased to have her return.

But little if any change is seen in the condition of Mrs. L. D. Grover, but she is thought to be slowly failing.

Political rallies are now over and people will be more interested in the foreign war and high prices.

Josiah Swett and family have moved back to this village and have gone to housekeeping in the store under his hall.

Automobiles are becoming more and more plentiful and to walk the highway safely one must keep eyes and ears open.

Brownfield.

Thursday, the 10th of September, seems like late fall.

Only in a few places has there been any frost. It is said sweet corn is coming in fairly good. Apples, any quantity of them.

Groceries here are beyond all reason as far as high prices are concerned. Don't see why the old stock of groceries should feel under any obligation to take a rise if there is a war.

Prayer meeting this evening at R. Linscott's.

The Universalist Circle gave a supper at Town Hall Wednesday evening. As far as money is concerned it was a success.

The city visitors are leaving for their homes.

West Lovell.

Earl R. Fox is teaching at Union Hill and boards at home.

G. W. Andrews and sister, Mrs. Caroline Fox, and their cousin, Charles Andrews, and grandson of Freedom, N. H., took an auto ride to Berlin.

Misses Lillian and Nellie Lord have returned to Augusta.

G. H. Fox and wife took their uncle Zack and wife and son Webster to East Bethel and back Sunday.

Mrs. Georgie Chadbourne is at work in Sweden.

West Paris.

Friday afternoon about 5:30 an alarm of fire was sounded for Maple Street, which proved to be the small house owned by L. F. Willis, and situated near his residence. The fire company and chemical engine were quickly on the spot, besides many of the citizens of the village, but before the fire was extinguished the house was nearly ruined. The house has always been rented, but the family moved away a few weeks ago. The fire is supposed to have caught from the engine of a train. There was a small insurance.

Some thief broke in the window of the telephone office one night this week, and stole about five dollars in small change, and some papers of value to the company. Later in the week the contents were returned to the president of the company, A. R. Tuell, mailed from the local office, but no name signed.

Mrs. Mary Peckover of Lawrence, Mass., is the guest of her brother, Albert J. Ricker.

Mrs. H. W. Dunham spent several days last week with her son Clifton and family at Dixfield.

Luther Dana went to Westbrook last week, and the Dana residence is closed. Miss Dana was taken to a private hospital at Portland about two weeks since.

Mr. and Mrs. Welch are boarding at S. R. Johnson's. Mr. Welch is the manager at the corn shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Hammond of Somerville, Mass., are the guests of his relatives here.

Mrs. Nellie Daniels is spending two weeks with relatives in Lewiston.

Misses Lilla Young, Clara Bacon, and Agnes Gray will go to Farmington Normal School this fall.

Roy Perham has entered Kent's Hill Seminary.

Miss Mildred Davis left Monday for Hebron Academy.

West Paris Rifle Club, composed of ten men, E. G. Curtis, Osgood Swan, A. D. Coburn, H. L. Emery, Ralph Bacon, Millard Emmons, W. H. Barker, John Titus and E. J. Mann, attended the state shoot at Auburn Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mann were in Lewiston Monday and Tuesday. They attended the play, "A Grain of Dust" at the Empire Theatre Monday evening, and the state fair Tuesday.

John Brock has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Susie Walker and two children are guests of her sister, Mrs. Charles Curtis.

Horatio Hammond and family are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hammond of Gorham, N. H., have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis.

D. H. Fifield and sister, Mrs. G. F. Cummings, and son Henry, took an auto trip to Mechanic Falls last Sunday, and were guests of their brother, Judson Fifield.

Mrs. Birney Field and daughter, Mrs. Lucinda Spofford, and son, David Keith Spofford, of Norway, were recent guests at J. R. Tucker's.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tucker of Portland were recent visitors at J. R. Tucker's.

Mrs. W. W. Gardner and children, Edith, Herbert, Ethelyn and George, are visiting relatives in Canada.

Mrs. Mrry Stetson and children, Beatrice and Lorraine are visiting Mrs. Stetson's brother, L. F. Willis, at Milton.

TRAP CORNER.

About a dozen of the young people here gave Keith J. Field a surprise party Thursday evening, Sept. 10th, it being the occasion of his twenty-first birthday. Music and games were enjoyed until a late hour. Ice cream and crackers were served.

Mrs. Flanders of Bethel visited her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Kennaugh, recently.

L. F. Everett, A. R. Tuell and G. G. Tuell attended the state fair at Lewiston, Sept. 9. G. G. Tuell stayed for the next day.

Mrs. M. E. Briggs, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ned Swan, at Bryant's Pond, a few weeks, has returned home.

Harry Rowe and John Kennaugh have moved their families to Mrs. M. A. Bradbury's rents.

Greenwood.

There is a meeting at the City each alternate Sunday afternoon, and last Sunday after meeting George Cole drove up with his wife and little daughter and spent an hour or two with us very pleasantly. He is still employed by the Thomas heirs, surveying timber land, and not long since he had a job of that kind of work in New Brunswick.

Later in the week Mrs. Wesley Cole was our day's guest. It seems that in their younger days these people resolved that no race suicide should pass through their hands to displease Col. Roosevelt. They have had nine children born to them, five sons and four daughters. Three of the daughters are married and have families, and also one son married, but no increase. What seems a little curious, the oldest of the family is a son about 30, and report says he has at last concluded it is not good that a man should be alone, and is about to take to himself a helpmate.

Lyman Herrick, after travelling through several states out as far as Philadelphia and Milwaukee, has finally bought the E. H. Morgan farm on Patch Mountain and settled down to business. His aunt, Mrs. Viola Herrick, is to be his housekeeper.

They must have had a heavy thunder shower somewhere to the north last Monday, but the rain here was about equal to a September dew, although one clap of thunder made quite a scare among the more timid people, who never have learned it is lightning and not thunder that does the harm.

During the civil war they used to sing, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and the villain who caused the rise in provisions just for speculation ought to be served up in a similar manner. But what about the wholesale murderer who started the present European war? What a fine theme that must be for the non-Christian world to contemplate.

Almost the middle of September, and no rust nor frost to injure crops as yet, although they seem to have had both on less favored land.

In the death of America Benson of Hartford, another family of about fifteen becomes extinct. We were related to each other, both of our mothers being Bisbees. When interviewed eight years ago he was living alone, the reason being, as he said, that he had lost one wife and should never lose another.

Hebron.

On Saturday Mr. Philbrook, Mr. Brown and little son of Andover, and F. E. Besse of Lynn, Mass., took an auto trip calling on relatives here. Mr. Besse, who was a resident here in his boyhood, has lived in Lynn many years, and is a custom shoe manufacturer.

There was quite a family reunion at Mrs. Mary Bearce's on Sunday. Mrs. Annie Bearce Damon and Horace Murch of Buckfield, Ira and Henry Bearce and families of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Emily Bearce Conant and Mrs. Agnes Skillings and daughter of Hebron, Mrs. Widger and Mrs. Besson of Lynn, Mass.

Albert Richardson spent a few days in Portland recently.

H. B. Pinkham of Newton, Mass., has been with his family at Mrs. E. S. Dunham's for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Richardson attended the Oxford Baptist Association at Bryant's Pond this week.

Prof. and Mrs. Joy are getting settled in Atwood Hall, where Prof. Joy takes charge the coming year.

Miss Ellen Glover will attend Farmington Normal School this fall.

Miss Annie Glover is still very seriously ill.

The remains of Mrs. Nancy Whitman were brought from South Paris Tuesday and interred in their family lot.

Waterford.

Mrs. Sadie Pennock and Mrs. Addie Olmstead of East Waterford called on Mrs. P. A. Ripley at the home of her father, F. A. Damon, Friday afternoon.

The friends and neighbors of Mrs. F. A. Damon gave her a surprise on her birthday, Saturday, the 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hall and family called on Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harvey on Sunday.

Mr. Whittemore, the fruit man, was through here selling fruit trees, grain seed and other things Monday.

We are glad to hear that Matt Devitt is gaining in health.

Buckfield.

The corn factory started Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Lamb, Miss Sarah Barrett, Mrs. E. A. Prince, Mrs. W. M. Ricker, Mrs. H. B Jacobs, Misses Nellie Dudley and Mabel Lamb, and Perlen Dudley attended the sessions of the Oxford Baptist Association at Bryant Pond Tuesday and Wednesday.

Will Allen of Rumford has been with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Allen, and will go to Florida for the winter, leaving here about the first of October.

Mrs. Martha Lowe of Rumford has been the guest of Mrs. C. S. Childs this week.

Allen Irish of Bath was here over Sunday.

H. H. Wardwell's family of West Paris have been here a few days this week.

Perley Dunn and Herbert Spaulding left for Orono Monday, where they will enter the University of Maine.

Miss Amy Shaw went to Boston Monday to resume her work as musical instructor in the schools. She has been absent a year from her work, during which time she went to Europe, returning just before the outbreak of the war.

John Lewis Childs of Floral Park, N. Y., was with his brother, C. S. Childs, Friday.

Bert Drummond and family of Waterville were with Mrs. Mary Hall at Saints' Rest, Labor Day.

Not as many as usual attended the state fair at Lewiston last week.

The body of a ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Keene of Haverhill, Mass., was brought here Saturday, and the funeral was held from the home of Calvin Keene at North Buckfield Sunday. Rev. F. M. Lamb officiated.

Mrs. Edwin Teague has been in Lewiston with her husband for a few days.

Mrs. Eugene Vaughn returned Thursday from a trip to Rockland, Castine and Waterville.

Mrs. J. C. Withington and daughter Constance were in Lewiston Saturday.

Bryant's Pond.

Many strangers have been in town this week, including a number of clergymen, all of whom came to attend the Baptist Association meeting.

Two days were taken up by the Association and some very interesting services were the result. The society here entertained their out-of-town brothers royally. The last meeting of the Association here was some thirty years ago. It also met here Sept. 6, 1870.

Several dates have been made for the corn factory to start, the present being Sept. 17th.

Nathan A. Johnson of Medford, Mass., was in town last week visiting relatives. Mr. Johnson in his boyhood was a resident of this town. This is his first visit in thirty years, and he finds many changes around the old places, once familiar to him. He is engaged in the grocery and provision business on Park Street, Medford.

Sept. 29th the annual meeting of the Oxford County Sunday School Association will be held at the Baptist church Addresses will be made by Rev. J. J. Hull of Portland and Rev. J. M. Arters of Rumford.

Mrs. Ida Farnum entertained eight members of the Quiet Club Monday evening in honor of her birthday.

Ned I. Swan and C. L. Heath were in Oxford Thursday on business.

The school in the Chase district has been ordered closed for two weeks on account of the whooping cough.

Hastings.

Mrs. Geo. Rolfe and children have moved to her father's in Albany for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant visited relatives in Lewiston and Waterville last week, and attended the state fair also.

Miss Elsie Bartlett and friend of East Bethel were guests at Marsh Hastings' Sunday.

Fred Taylor went to Lewiston Tuesday to see his attending hospital physician.

A very large bear and two cubs were seen by berry pickers from here, on Haystack Mountain last week. After an interview of 15 minutes they were left right where they were found.

Beryl Edgerly has returned from a three weeks' visit with Arthur Herrick's family at Norway.

Sumner.

Freeman Maxim lost a nice work horse recently.

A. S. Robinson and wife, accompanied by Leon Poland as chauffeur, went to Weld Pond last Sunday.

Pearle Portwine attended state fair at Lewiston last week.

N. M. Varney is now able to be on the cream wagon again after a long illness.

For earache, toothache, pains, burns, scalds, sore throat, try Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, a splendid remedy for emergencies.

QUESTION CLEARED UP.

South Paris Readers Can No Longer Doubt the Evidence.

Again and again we have read of strangers in distant towns who have been cured by this or that medicine. But South Paris's pertinent question has always been "Has anyone here in South Paris been cured?" The word of a stranger living a hundred miles away may be true, but it cannot have the same weight with us as the word of our own citizens, whom we know and respect, and whose evidence we can so easily prove.

"I suffered for five years from backache," says Hiram Lovejoy, of Myrtle Ave., South Paris. "For days at a time any sudden move caused added pain. The secretions from my kidneys were too frequent in passage and my rest was broken at night. I lost health and strength and felt discouraged. When one of the family asked me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, I did. I began to improve at once and it wasn't long before my kidneys were in good working order."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lovejoy had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Eastern Steamship Corporation.

Changes in Schedule in Effect Sept. 15.

REDUCED RATES.

Autumn Excursions

— TO —

Eastport, Calais, St. John and all other points in the Maritime Provinces.

Tickets on sale Sept. 7-30. Return Limit 30 days.

Maine Steamship Line

Steamships North Star and North Land leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 p. m. Portland to New York $6.00 (Round Trip $10.00).

Boston and Portland Line

Leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, week days at 7.00 p. m. RETURNING—leave Boston week days at 7.00 p. m. Steamships Bay State and Ransom B. Fuller.

Fare between Portland and Boston, $1.50. Staterooms, $1.00, $2.00.

International Line

Steamships Calvin Austin and Governor Dingley leave Portland Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5.00 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec, Maine, and St. John, N. B. RETURNING—leave Portland for Boston Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7.00 a. m.

Portland and Rockland Line

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 Fridays at 8.00 a. m., and 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.

Administrator's Sale.

The following described real estate of the estate of John C. F. Doten, late of Hartford, in the county of Oxford, deceased, will be sold at public auction on the premises at Hartford, on Wednesday, the 14th day of October, A. D. 1914, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon: Farm with buildings thereon, bounded on the north by land formerly owned by James E. Fogg; on the east by land now or formerly owned by B. F. Trask and Betsey Allen; on the south by land now or formerly owned by said Betsey Allen and then by land of Charles Merrill to the road; thence westerly, then northerly by said road to the bounds begun at, containing ninety-five acres be the same more or less, and known as the William G. Soper farm.

LIVERMORE, MAINE, SEPT. 11, 1914.

WILLIS E. GOULD, Administrator.

37-39

BLUE STORES

What are the Styles This Fall?

We have this question asked us many times now and we are only too glad to answer because we have the goods to show. We could write a long article about styles but it would be confusing to you. You can see with your own eyes if you just call at one of our stores. We will consider it a privilege to show you the

New Clothing for Men and Boys Ready for You.

Balmacaans

$10.00 to $18.00

Slip-On-Coats

$5 to $12

Fall Overcoats

$10 to $15

Winter Overcoats

Balmacaan and Regular Styles

Suits

"Kirschbaum Clothes"

$12.00 to $22.00

"Boston Special Clothes"

$10.00 to $20.00

Some of the Best

$5, $7.50, $10, $12

We Have Seen for Years

Mackinaws and Sweaters

These garments you really need to buy every year to keep a fresh appearance. We have a very large stock and variety for men and boys.

MACKINAWS $4 to $10. SWEATERS 50c to $6.

Fall Hats
STIFF HATS $2.00, $2.25, $3.00
SOFT HATS 50c to $5.00 Including
FELT, CLOTH, PLUSH, VELOURS, STETSON

Boys' Clothing

We take pride in the style and quality of our boys' clothing. We sell the kind that wears.

Knee Suits $3 to $7.50. Youths' Suits $7.50 to $12.

We Give You a Standing Invitation to Call and See Us

F. H. Noyes Co.

South Paris (2 Stores) Norway

STORES OPEN FIRST TWO EVENINGS OF THE FAIR

N. Dayton Bolster Co.

DEPARTMENT STORE

Wish to buy in exchange for goods at our store

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS

DRIED APPLE

5 cents per pound

N. Dayton Bolster Co.

SOUTH PARIS, - - - MAINE.

SCHOOL TIME AGAIN

As usual we have a complete line of everything needed for school use.

Tablets, Pencils, Composition and Note Books, Erasers, Crayons, Ink, Pens, etc.

The Rexall School Series is an especially fine set of Tablets and Composition Books 5c each.

The "Excellent" Tablet at 5c is the best value out.

Rexall and Waterman Fountain Pens—$1.00 to $7.00.

Chas H Howard Co

The Rexall Store

South Paris Maine

New Fall Styles IN FOOTWEAR

FOR LADIES AND GENTS ARE IN STOCK

New lasts are very attractive and comfortable made in all leathers.

Ladies' and Gents Rubber Sole bals in Gun Metal and Russia Calf on the new English last. Call and see for yourself.

W. O. Frothingham,

South Paris, - - Maine.

Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow

Plant an advertisement in the Democrat and then watch it grow results.

Z. L. MERCHANT & CO.

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

The New Fall Styles

as portrayed in the recent arrivals of women's ready-to-wear apparel enable us at this time to announce

An Interesting Showing of New Fall Coats Tailored Suits and Dresses

at extremely interesting prices

TAILORED SUITS for Women and Misses in the most approved models which includes the plain, smart tailored effects, cutaway jackets 38 to 48 inches in length, with vest and collar of velvet. Skirts with Russian tunic, yoke and plaited effects. The materials employed are broadcloth, gabardine, poplin, boucle, serge and other desirable weaves in the new fall colors.

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' COATS in a variety of materials, such as Scotch and English mixtures, cheviots in plain colors, boucle, eponge, etc., made loose or semi-fitted, yoke and plain effects, raglan and set-in-sleeves, desirable for street or motor wear.

CHILDREN'S COATS in a variety of the most fashionable materials, made in the different style effects including the cape coat.

SEPARATE SKIRTS broadly represented in the various weaves, including broadcloth, gabardine, poplin, serge, etc. The style effects include the new Russian tunic, yoke and plaited models shown in this season's most wanted colors.

STREET AND SCHOOL DRESSES of wool materials, combined with satin or charmeuse, latest style effects, fashionable colors.

Attention is invited to an interesting showing of

NEW WOOLENS For the Fall Season

Fabrics for Coats, Suits, Dresses and separate Skirts in the various new-weaves and plaid effects.

Wool Dress Goods Priced from 25c to $2 per yd.

**Final clean-up of what we have left in Tub Dresses, White and colored Dress

The Oxford Democrat.

South Paris, Maine, September 15, 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; 8:32 p.m., express, daily.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Paris Lodge, No. 94. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.
I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings, Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.
D. of R.—Mount Pleasan Rebekah Lodge, No. 30, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall.
W. R. C. 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 evenings of each month, in Grange Hall.
O. U. A. C.—Second and fourth Mondays of each month.
K. of P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 131, meets every Wednesday evenings.
K. of P.—Hermon Lodge, No. 31, meets every Friday evening at Pythian Hall.

And aren't you glad this campaign is over?

A. U. Tyler has installed a milking machine at his farm.

Dr. R. W. Taylor of Portland is a guest at Frank A. Taylor's.

Richard Garland of Gorham is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Elder.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Murch and Miss Flora Murch visited in Portland several days last week.

Miss Cora Gowell of Lisbon is again here as designer for Mrs. Smiley in the millinery store.

Mrs. L. C. Smiley has returned from the millinery markets with a full line of hats for the fall.

Miss Elsie Holman is here from Portland with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rawson Holman.

At the time the Democrat goes to press, three parties are confident that the fight has been won.

Mrs. W. T. Wheaton of Searsport has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stuart, for a few days.

Miss Louise Sherman of Newton, Mass., was a guest at Alton C. Wheeler's for a few days the first of the week.

Mrs. H. K. Hilton, who has been the guest of Mrs. Almeda Newton, has returned to her home in Somerville, Mass.

Winfield Brooks, Chester Easson, Curtis McPhee and Elmer Tyler go this week to Orono to enter the University of Maine.

Miss Rena Tribou has returned from a visit of several weeks at Machias, and was accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. Tribou.

H. E. Wilson is taking a vacation from his work as conductor on the Norway train. His place is taken by Conductor Aleck McKee.

Miss Edith Maxwell has returned to her teaching in Melrose, Mass., after spending the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Maxwell.

Albert and Alton Bonney and Clarence Winslow have returned from Lake Maranacook, where they have been employed in a hotel during the season.

Charles W. Bowker went to Augusta last Monday, where he was one of the judges of the Labor Day sports. Last year Mr. Bowker was one of the judges at Bangor.

Carl Jean Tolman was here for a few days last week, on his way from Winthrop, where he has spent the summer, to his work at Coker College, Hartsville, S. C.

State fair played in about its usual luck for weather last week. There was some attendance from this vicinity, but it was not large, the cold wind proving a decided drawback.

Charles W. Bowker attended the meeting of the Maine Fire Chiefs' Association at Lewiston Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. Mr. Bowker is treasurer of the association.

Miss Mary E. Adams of Edgecomb, who is designer in the millinery store of Mrs. Powers at Norway, is again here for the season, and is at C. E. Tolman's on Park Street as usual.

A long train went through here about 9 o'clock Thursday morning carrying a large number of Americans who had been touring in Europe, and who had arrived in Montreal on the day preceding.

George H. Clark of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Clark, last week. Miss Emma Walton of Melrose Highlands, Mass., was also a guest there.

Shaw's Orchestra of five pieces will furnish the music for the round dances at the cattle show ball at Grange Hall Wednesday evening of this week, and Dunham's Orchestra will play for the contra dances in the lower hall.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Frank Jones and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Berry of North Livermore have been guests at Burr F. Jones' for a few days, coming here from the meeting of the Oxford Baptist Association at Bryant's Pond which they had been attending.

Three citizens of undoubted veracity aver and iterate and reiterate that on Wednesday, the 9th inst., at about 9:45 of the clock in the forenoon, while standing on the platform at the Grand Trunk station, they observed a number of flakes of snow floating in the atmosphere.

About thirty of the teachers and younger scholars of the Universalist Sunday School went on the picnic Friday. Loaded in a hayrack, they started about 11 o'clock, and later ate their dinner in the grove by the school house at Norway Lake. After dinner games were played.

The remains of Edgar Farrar were brought here Thursday afternoon for burial in Riverside Cemetery. There was a service at the grave, conducted by Rev. G. W. F. Hill. Mr. Farrar died on Tuesday at his home in Manchester, N. H., at the age of 69 years. He was for a number of years on the police force in Manchester. Some years since he resided for a while at Paris Hill, but later returned to Manchester. His wife died some years since, and there are no children. He is survived by two brothers, Fred W. Farrar and Warren Farrar, and one sister, Mrs. George B. Shaw, in Paris, and a half-sister, Mrs. Richardson, in Mechanic Falls.

A party as mentioned last week, including Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Park, Miss Eva Walker of South Paris, Mrs. Myrtle Palmer, Mrs. Ella S. Heald, Llewellyn Heald, of Sumner, Maine, and B. C. Cobb of Berlin, N. H., with B. B. Bickford of Gorham, N. H., as guide, left the Glen House on Saturday morning, the 5th, by the path through Huntington Ravine to the Tiptop House. The party left there Sunday morning by the Gulfside Trail to Jefferson, thence down Jefferson's Knee by the Six Husbands Trail to the Gulfside Camp. After dinner by the Traffic Trail to the Halfway House. A storm setting in, they enjoyed the hospitality of this place for the night, and on Monday morning went to the carriage house on top of Washington. After taking breakfast the party left Washington by the Crawford Trail, arriving at the base in the early evening. This party had in three days accomplished about thirty-two miles over the mountains, which is pretty good for a party composed of ladies very largely. One member was a veteran of the civil war and seventy-two years old. The Huntington Ravine Trail and the Six Husbands are regarded as among the most difficult of the numerous paths of the range.

William R. Swan of Lynn, Mass., is a guest at Albert E. Dean's.

Mrs. W. K. Holmes and daughter of South Norwalk, Ct., are guests at A. L. Holmes'.

Daniel Morse and son Ernest Morse of Marlboro, Mass., are guests at L. M. Winslow's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson of Mechanic Falls were Sunday guests at Harry D. Cole's.

Miss Fanny N. Chapman went Saturday to Mount Desert, where she has a position to teach.

Miss Susie Walker and Edgar Jordan of Portland were guests of Miss Mildred Parlin over Sunday.

O. Everdell Curtis and family of Kennebunk have been making his mother and other relatives a visit.

Miss Beatrice Wheeler, who has been a guest at Dr. C. L. Buck's for a week, returned Saturday to her home in Auburn.

Mrs. M. J. Marshall of North Leeds has been visiting Mrs. W. E. Bryant at West Paris, also Miss Martha O. Wyman at South Paris.

The South Paris Band played Friday evening at a Progressive rally at Mechanic Falls which was addressed by Hon. H. H. Sturgis.

Ralph B. Easson returned Wednesday to Orono for the opening of the college year at the University of Maine. Harry Titcomb will return Tuesday.

Voting is going on rapidly as the Democrat goes to press Monday noon. The weather is perfect, and every indication is that the vote in the state will be very large.

All members of the Ladies' Circle of the G. A. R. are earnestly requested to be present at their next regular meeting on Saturday evening, Sept. 19th, at seven o'clock instead of half past. Some business of importance is requiring attention.

Rev. R. J. Haughton, a former pastor of the Congregational church here, is expected on Tuesday to spend the week at A. H. Jackson's, and will preach at Poland Spring next Sunday. He will be glad to meet any of his former parishioners and friends this week.

A call has been extended by the South Paris Baptist church to Rev. F. L. Cann of Kennebunk, who has recently preached here, to become pastor. Mr. McCann has not yet given a positive reply, but will be here on the 27th to occupy the pulpit and talk the matter over with the people.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office Sept. 14, 1914.

Mrs. Oscar Delano.
Mrs. Flora E. Abbott.
Mrs. Hattie Billings.
Miss Anna Dunham.
Mrs. Albert Robinson.
Miss Mattie E. Hersey.
Dr. S. C. Tucker.
James Thomas.
T. A. Glover.
Mr. Merrill, care Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Among the Paris people who attended the meeting of the Oxford Baptist Association at Bryant's Pond Tuesday and Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Crockett, Mrs. L. C. Morton, C. R. King, Miss Myra King, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Heidner, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Twitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Burr F. Jones, Miss Annie Edwards, Mrs. E. M. Thayer, Miss Flora Murch.

After covering up their garden stuff carefully for two or three nights, a lot of people got caught unawares Friday night, when we had the second touch of frost for the season. It was not enough to cut off corn, so far as heard from, but in many gardens put a finish to squashes and beans, and other very tender plants. Sunday night there was another light frost, which may have touched the corn a little. While corn has a heavy stand, much of it still needs two or three weeks of good weather, and it is in rather a precarious situation.

Saturday evening a special train was run to Lewiston, where Alton C. Wheeler spoke at a Progressive rally in City Hall. It was a free ride for all, provided by those interested in the campaign. About 175 were carried from South Paris and intermediate stations, leaving South Paris at 6 o'clock. An Oxford Bear from Nash's was taken along, and at Lewiston the train was met by the Brigade Band and the party marched to the hall, accompanied by a second bear and a bull moose which were provided in Lewiston. The train returned after the meeting.

Quite an excitement Friday when a pair of horses left standing with a hayrack load of barrels in the Square ran away up High Street. In fifteen seconds there were more people looking up the street at that team than had been seen in an hour before. Several men waved their hands and shouted in front of the horses, but as they were not in politics and not accustomed to being steam-rolled, they got out of the way seasonably, and the horses kept on. One man caught on to the rear end of the rack, but it looked like such a rough road up over that high load of barrels to where the reins were hooked at the front that he concluded to drop off. However, this is a long story for a short matter. The horses were stopped near the lower end of the park. No damage.

Paris Wins Tennis Championship.

A team from South Paris, consisting of Burr F. Jones and Morton V. Bolster, won the tennis championship of Oxford County last week. The contests were to have been all played at a tournament at Rumford on Monday, but a shower prevented their completion. At this tournament Paris was represented by the above team and one other made up of Harold T. Briggs and Sumner Davis. Twelve teams in all were entered, five of them from Rumford, two from Buckfield, three from Norway and two from Paris.

Briggs and Davis won in the preliminaries, but were defeated in the second event. The two teams which reached the finals were Jones and Bolster of Paris, and Walter Luck and Merle Russell of Norway. A shower which came up about 4 o'clock prevented the playing of the finals, so it was played off on the court at Norway Thursday afternoon, the Paris team winning, 6-1, 8-10, 6-4, 6-3.

Large Liquor Seizure.

Possibly something like a barrel of whiskey headed toward the county fair didn't get there. Acting on a tip which he had received, Sheriff Frothingham, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Libby of Norway, went to East Hebron station Friday night, and in an hour and three-quarters was back here with 240 pints of whiskey. The stuff was consigned to a fictitious person, at least, the name was not known there.

Hon. Parker Spofford, a well known Maine civil engineer and former railroad commissioner, did at his home in Buckfield Tuesday.

INFECTION AND INSECT BITES DANGEROUS.

Mosquitoes, flies and other insects, which breed quickly in garbage pails, ponds of staguant water, barns, musty places, etc., are carriers of disease. Every time they bite you, they inject poison into your system from which some dread disease may result. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment. It is antiseptic and a few drops will neutralize the infection caused by insect bites or rusty nails. Sloan's Liniment disinfects Cuts, Bruises and Sores. You cannot afford to be without it in your home. Money back if not satisfied. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Sores.

John H. Riley, a contracting mason, was killed at Bangor Thursday when a staging gave way and he fell fifty feet from a roof on which he was working.

SUMMER COUGHS DANGEROUS.

Summer colds are dangerous. They indicate low vitality and often lead to serious Throat and Lung Troubles, including Consumption. Dr. King's New Discovery will relieve the cough or cold promptly and prevent complications. It is soothing and antiseptic and makes you feel better at once. To delay is dangerous—get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery at once. Money back if not satisfied. 50c. and $1.00 bottles at your Druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Piles.

Labor Day Trap Shoot.

The second annual Labor Day shoot was held at the Parsons farm on Sept. 7th in the afternoon. Soon after dinner the automobiles began to appear filled with marksmen and spectators.

As soon as a sufficient number had arrived the shoot began, each man firing two shots for practice, after which the regular schedule began.

The first event was a straightaway match of fifteen birds with a prize of fifty loaded smokeless shells for the highest score. There were ten contestants in this event. F. Tamm broke thirteen birds and won the shells. For second place C. H. Robinson, E. Shaw and J. T. Parsons were tied, each having broken eleven birds. Robinson declined to shoot off the tie, so the other two shot it off. J. T. Parsons won the second place by breaking three birds in succession, Shaw getting two out of three. The score is as follows:

	15 Birds Straigh.	away
F. Tamm	13	
G. McKeen	5	
F. Wright	5	
H. Shaw	6	
C. H. Robinson	11	
E. Shaw	11	
S. Wheeler	8	
W. Abbott	8	
C. Swett	8	
J. Parsons	11	
O. Parsons	9	

The second event was to have been for double guns, shooting at two targets thrown at the same instant. But on account of one of the traps being broken beyond repair in the first event, it became necessary to pass over this contest, as the management had only two traps.

The third event was for ten birds at unknown angles. The same men contested in this contest. J. T. Parsons was high gun with eight birds to his credit and won fifty loaded smokeless shells. G. McKeen was a close second with seven birds.

The fourth event was a walk-up of five birds at unknown angles. E. Shaw and O. Parsons were tied for first place, each having broken four birds. F. Tamm, G. McKeen and S. Wheeler were tied for second place, each having three birds to their credit. These ties were not shot off as the contestants were in a hurry to go home. The score of these two events is given below. Three of the men did not shoot in the walk-up:

	10 Birds Unknown Angles.	5 Birds Walk-up.
F. Tamm	5	3
G. McKeen	7	3
F. Wright	2	—
H. Shaw	2	2
C. H. Robinson	6	—
E. Shaw	4	4
S. Wheeler	3	3
W. Abbott	4	2
C. Swett	3	—
J. Parsons	8	2
O. Parsons	6	4

The shooting may be considered very good when we take into consideration the fact that only four of the contestants had done any trap shooting this season. In the straightaway event the traps could not be made to throw all the birds straightaway, but varied from it as much as 30 degrees, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, so that the shooters were really breaking birds at unknown angles part of the time. Of course this cut down the score considerably. The conditions for shooting were very good. A light breeze did not hinder the contestants to any extent. When the birds were picked up it was found that a large number were pierced with from one to three shot, though no large pieces were broken off, so, of course, they did not appear in the score, which was that much smaller.

After the shoot was over the shooters left for home in their automobiles, all declaring that they had had a fine time. They were fortunate enough to escape a heavy shower which came up, as they were on their way, and which amounted to almost a cloudburst over at Rumford.

There were quite a number of spectators present, among which were two ladies, Mrs. F. N. Wright and Mrs. Stanley Wheeler.

Deacon William Barrows.

(Read at the dedication of the Barrows Memorial at Hebron, June, 1914.)

As we reach across the distance
Of the long gone vanished years,
From oft repeated legends
A noble man appears.
He dwelt among these grand old hills
That blessed our childhood's happy day,
And listened to the voices of our dear ones
That have gone from us but just a little way.

To nobler aims and higher thoughts
He sought to lift mankind,
To build upon its better gifts
And leave its narrowness behind.
Within his heart there dwelt a dream,
A faith from hope was born,
As from the starlight brow of night
We hail the coming morn.
So faith with joy a vision waits,
The breaking of the dawn,
And courage strong and with iron hand
Heeds not defeat or storm.

With strenuous toil and earnest prayer—
Grand rocks on which to build—
When students came from near and far
His fondest wish fulfilled.

And when in after years
The structure lay an ashen heap,
He paused not by its blackened walls
To o'er its ruin weep,
But straightway from his active brain
He formed a well laid plan
To battle in the cause of right
And save "the one ewe lamb".

With noble deeds his life was filled;
He loved the ways of truth;
His home was ever opened wide
To shelter homeless youth.
If those to whom he did those deeds
His grave were passing by,
Should drop a rosleaf on the spot,
Methinks 'twere mountains high.

Justice appears with tardy step,
It brings us here to-day,
That we upon this sacred spot
May gratefuf tribute pay.
And as the years go sweeping by
His name to all be known;
The founder of this noted school
Is graven on this stone.

ANNIE B. ROBINSON.

County Baptist Young People.

At Bryant's Pond, Sept. 8-9, the Baptist young people of Oxford County formed an association to be known as the Oxford County Young People's Baptist Association. Money was raised to hire a cottage at Ocean Park next year during the Missionary Educational Conference.

Pres.—Burr F. Jones, South Paris
Vice-Pres.—J. Gersinovitch, Mechanic Falls
Sec.—Miss Flora Murch, South Paris
Treas.—Miss Mattie Brooks, Rumford

Directors:

Bethel—Mrs. John Howe
Mexico—Mrs. Lang
Bryant's Pond—Miss Laura Day
Mechanic Falls—Miss Lilla R. Pearl
South Paris—Miss Phyllis Taylor
North Paris—Miss Edith Littlehale
Paris—Mrs. Clintie Shaw
Hebron—Miss Esther George
East Sumner—Mrs. F. M. Keene
Canton—Mrs. J. H. Faye
Rumford—Norton Mixer
Smithville—Mrs. Otis Wyman
Buckfield—Miss Mabel Lamb
Norway—Miss Doris Longley
North Livermore—Miss Annie Gibbs

Grange Fair.

The annual fair of Mountain Grange will be held at North Buckfield on Friday, Oct. 2. There will be the usual general exhibit of fruits and farm crops, pulling matches, ball game and field sports. Baked bean dinner and six o'clock supper. Entertainment by the children of the public schools of Buckfield, and entertainment in the evening by Miss Marion Chase of Portland, reader, Miss Mildred Shaw, soloist, and Miss Etta Mitchell, accompanist. A ball will close the fair.

WORMS AND HOT WEATHER MAKE CHILDREN SICK.

Get a box of Kickapoo Worm Killer to-day. Give it to your child according to directions, and see how quickly your sick and nervous child will get well. It rids the system of worms—clears the sallow complexion—checks pain in stomach and bowels—cleans the tongue and makes the breath sweet. Its mild and tonic medicines induce sleep and tone up the system. Guaranteed to help. Money back if not satisfied. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

With his automobile stalled on a railroad crossing at Richmond Sunday evening, Fred E. Webber of that place was struck by a freight train and killed. A coroner's jury found that the railroad was responsible, not having the crossing guarded by a flagman or gates according to law.

CONSTIPATION CAUSES SICKNESS.

Don't permit yourself to become constipated, as your system immediately begins to absorb poison from the backed-up waste matter. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and keep well. There is no better safeguard against illness. Just take one dose to-night. 25c. at your Druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Skin Eruptions.

Fair Will Now Receive Attention.

AN ANNUAL EVENT FAMOUS BEYOND OUR LOCAL BORDER.

Really, except that the entry list and all signs indicate the largest and best fair ever, there isn't much to say about it. That's enough.

However, if you need to be reminded as to the date, the Oxford County fair is held on the grounds between South Paris and Norway, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 15, 16 and 17. The program is subject to change and may be "set forward" a day in case of bad weather. That is the worst thing to dread, but we've had pretty good luck the last few years in that line, and hope it will continue.

Four granges are now getting their displays in shape—Paris, Norway, West Paris and Frederick Robie.

Under the rules of the present time, all entries close Monday night at 6 o'clock, and all exhibits except the cattle must be in place at that time. This it is needless to say is a great improvement over the plan once in vogue.

On the first day of the fair there will be music by the South Paris Band, and on the second and third days by the Brigade Band of Lewiston.

The officers of the society are mainly the same who have served so well for a number of years—and the quality of their service needs no mention to those acquainted with the fair. President William J. Wheeler of South Paris is again superintendent of the grounds. Vice-President L. E. McIntire of Waterford is one of the superintendents of the cattle department, and with him are associated Trustees E. W. Penley of West Paris and Guy L. Thurston of Bethel. Trustees T. P. Richardson of Norway and W. H. Kilgore of North Waterford are superintendents of the horse department, and Trustee L. A. Brooks of South Paris is superintendent of the hall.

Entries for the races are as follows:

2.50 CLASS TROT. PURSE $200.

Fanny C, br m, A. S. Davis, Portland.
Bonney Wilkes, blk g, Hall Edwards, Webb's Mills.
Prince of Wilkes, br s, Nick York, Portland.
Alice Dispute, gr m, Geo. C. Fogg, Biddeford.
Blue Jay, br g, Ray Willey, Winthrop.
Hayden's Queen, blk m, Pine Tree Stable, Lewiston.
Bernice Z, ch m, Ira W. Fitz, Auburn.
Lord Wilkes, b s, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.

2.18 CLASS TROT AND PACE. PURSE $200.

Orphan Girl, r m, J. H. McGlinchy, Portland.
Phil. DeForest, b g, Mrs. E. S. Jordan, Portland.
Montbert, b s, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Nancy Bingen, b m, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Honesty, b g, Wayne Presby, Lisbon, N. H.
Daisy Queen, ch m, G. S. Pinard, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Tom Longboat, blk g, Fuller & Holbrook, Newport, Vt.
R. L. W., b g, W. L. Wormell, Woodfords.
Baby Lawrence, Miss Marion E. Newman, Manset.
Benone, ch g, B. H. Bisbee, East Sumner.
American Blossom, br m, Pine Tree Stable, Lewiston.
Tommy Wilkes, g g, I. R. Pottle, Portland.
Allie, ch m, J. T. Hollivan, Portland.
Pat Hand, b s, L. A. Worthley, Phillips.
Siroc, b g, G. B. Robens, Sanford.
Ha Ha, ch m, Ira W. Fitz, Auburn.
Don Wilkes, b g, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
Islander, ch h, Dana M. Rosebrook, Lancaster, N. H.
Elm Wilkes, b g, H. A. Booth, Lancaster, N. H.
J. C. Audubon, b s, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Gurth, b g, A. G. Russell, Buckfield.
Slaybond, C. E. Scranton, Madison, Ct.
Rapidite, Howard Georgia, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.

2.24 CLASS TROT AND PACE. PURSE $200.

Alfred Nelson, b g, E. E. Riggs, Intervale.
Della Wilkes, ch m, R. O. Briggs, Buckfield.
Dandy Jim, blk g, A. S. Fuller, South Poland.
Dr. Slocum, b g, C. M. Stuart, South Windham.
Johnson, b s, G. H. Johnson, Canton.
Frank Albert, b s, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Flora Dillard, br m, Dr. H. W. Watson, Haverhill, Mass.
Helen H, b m, Dr. H. W. Watson, Haverhill, Mass.
Lyle Wilkes, ch m, A. F. Hill, Littleton, N. H.
Thos. K, b g, H. C. Phillips, Woodsville, N. H.
Almont, rn g, H. C. Phillips, Woodsville, N. H.
Frank Braden, b g, F. M. Simmons, Rockland.
Frank Ward, blk g, A. E. Russell, Lewiston.
Bessie Herrick, g m, G. G. Robens, Sanford.
Dan S, Jr., b c, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
Elm Wilkes, b g, H. A. Booth, Lancaster, N. H.
Katric, b g, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Rapidite, Howard Georgia, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.

2.30 CLASS TROT. PURSE $200.

Fanny C, br m, A. S. Davis, Portland.
Bonney Wilkes, blk g, Hall Edwards, Webb's Mills.
Prince of Wilkes, br s, Nick York, Portland.
Alice Dispute, gr m, Geo. C. Fogg, Biddeford.
Blowfelt, b g, J. C. Churchill, Dover, N. H.
Hayden's Queen, blk m, Pine Tree Stable, Lewiston.
Bernice Z, ch m, Ira W. Fitz, Auburn.
The Enchanted, b m, John Flanders, Lancaster, N. H.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.

2.20 CLASS TROT AND PACE. PURSE $200.

Della Wilkes, ch m, R. O. Briggs, Buckfield.
Orphan Girl, rn m, J. H. McGlinchy, Portland.
Dr. Slocum, b g, C. M. Stuart, South Windham.
Montbert, b s, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Nancy Bingen, b m, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Daisy Queen, ch m, G. S. Pinard, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Alcy Wilkes, rn g, F. K. Kittredge, Woodsville, N. H.
R. L. W., b g, R. L. Wormell, Woodfords.
Senator, b g, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Baby Lawrence, Miss Marion E. Newman, Manset.
Indiana Dellon, b g, P. L. Smith, Bridgton.
American Blossom, br m, Pine Tree Stable, Lewiston.
Attorney at Law, b g, Pine Tree Stable, Lewiston.
Tommy Wilkes, g g, I. R. Pottle, Portland.
Lucy Gray, g m, C. S. Robbins, Lewiston.
Pat Hand, b s, L. A. Worthley, Phillips.
Ha Ha, ch m, Ira W. Fitz, Auburn.
Dan S, Jr., b c, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
Islander, ch s, Dana M. Rosebrook, Lancaster, N. H.
Elm Wilkes, b g, H. A. Booth, Lancaster, N. H.
J. C. Audubon, b s, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Rapidite, Howard Georgia, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.
Gurth, b g, A. G. Russell, Buckfield.
Slaybond, C. E. Scranton, Madison, Ct.

2.40 CLASS TROT AND PACE. PURSE $200.

Bonney Wilkes, blk g, Hall Edwards, Webb's Mills.
Richard, br g, W. R. Blair, Canton.
Flora Dillard, b m, Dr. H. W. Watson, Haverhill, Mass.
Helen H, b m, Dr. H. W. Watson, Haverhill, Mass.
Thos. K, b g, H. C. Phillips, Woodsville, N. H.
Monte Carlo, br g, C. M. Dunham, West Paris.
Frank Braden, b g, F. M. Simmons, Rockland.
Rudolph, blk g, E. E. Morse, Auburn.
May Heir, b m, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
Katbric, b g, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Senator, b g, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Rapidite, Howard Georgia, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.

2.22 CLASS TROT. PURSE $200.

Fanny C, br m, A. S. Davis, Portland.
Dandy Joe, blk g, A. S. Fuller, South Poland.
Bonney Wilkes, blk g, Hall Edwards, Webb's Mills.
Prince of Wilkes, br s, Nick York, Portland.
Johnson, b s, G. H. Johnson, Canton.
Frank Albert, b s, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Montbert, b s, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Nancy Bingen, b m, Mayberry Farm, Casco.
Rosa Law, b m, Dr. H. W. Watson, Haverhill, Mass.
Almont, rn g, H. C. Phillips, Woodsville, N. H.
Frank Ward, blk g, A. E. Russell, Lewiston.
Blowfelt, b g, J. C. Churchill, Dover, N. H.
Hayden's Queen, blk m, Pine Tree Stable, Lewiston.
Leach Girl, b m, Noah Foss, Cornish.
Nomas, b g, R. D. Waite, Lewiston.
Bernice Z, ch m, Ira W. Fitz, Auburn.
The Enchanted, b m, John Flanders, Lancaster, N. H.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.

2.26 CLASS TROT AND PACE. PURSE $200.

Chester B, b g, E. E. Riggs, Intervale.
Bonney Wilkes, blk g, Hall Edwards, Webb's Mills.
Johnson, b s, G. H. Johnson, Canton.
Richard, br g, W. R. Blair, Canton.
Lyle Wilkes, ch m, A. F. Hill, Littleton, N. H.
Thos. K, b g, H. C. Phillips, Woodsville, N. H.
Almont, rn g, H. C. Phillips, Woodsville, N. H.
Frank Braden, b g, F. M. Simmons, Rockland.
Frank Ward, blk g, A. E. Russell, Lewiston.
Berry Nelson, b s, L. C. Berry, North Monmouth.
Bessie Herrick, g m, G. G. Robens, Sanford.
Rudolph, blk g, E. E. Morse, Auburn.
May Heir, b m, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
J. C. Audubon, b s, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Katbric, b g, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Senator, b g, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Rapidite, Howard Georgia, St Johnsbury, Vt.
Vibration, Thomas Oliver, New Haven, Ct.

FREE FOR ALL. TROT AND PACE. PURSE $300.

Della Wilkes, ch m, R. O. Briggs, Buckfield.
Lady Elect, blk m, John Varney, Freeport.
Dandy Duval, b g, Dr. H. W. Watson, Haverhill, Mass.
Honesty, b g, Wayne Presby, Lisbon, N. H.
Tom Longboat, blk g, Fuller & Holbrook, Newport, Vt.
Alcy Wilkes, rn g, F. K. Kittridge, Woodsville, N. H.
R. L. W., b g, R. L. Wormell, Woodfords.
Senator, b g, W. E. Berry, Lancaster, N. H.
Benone, ch g, B. H. Bisbee, East Sumner.
Homeland, b g, I. R. Pottle, Portland.
Siroc, b g, G. G. Robens, Sanford.
Ha Ha, ch m, Ira W. Fitz, Auburn.
Don Wilkes, b g, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
Wedgerite, br g, W. A. Nelson, Caribou.
Mary Shontrelle, blk m, G. R. Patten, Lewiston.
Islander, ch s, Dana M. Rosebrook, Lancaster, N. H.
Slaybond, C. E. Scranton, Madison, Ct.
Lawton, C. E. Scranton, Madison, Ct.

One way to relieve habitual constipation is to take regularly a mild laxative. Doan's Regulets are recommended for this purpose. 25c a box at all drug stores.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. $1.00 at all stores.

NORWAY.

Fanny Buck, who has been employed at The Birches, has returned home.

Dea. Birney Field was in Bryant's Pond Tuesday to attend the Oxford Baptist Association as a delegate from the Norway church.

Miss Elizabeth Lasselle was the guest of her friend, Miss Gertrude Gardner, for a few days last week.

Mrs. Sumner Parker of Danforth Street is on a visit to relatives in Conway, N. H.

A. L. Buck made a business trip to Boston Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Warren Jordan of Yarmouth visited her sisters, Mrs. A. P. Bassett and Miss Lila York, Sunday.

E. C. Sawyer and wife of Brookline, Mass., are spending their vacation in town. Mr. Sawyer is paying teller of the Five Cent Savings Bank of Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Haskell is caring for Mrs. Josephine Teague while Mrs. Swan is taking a vacation of two weeks.

Mrs. Roy White (formerly Velma Wentzel) and two children of Boston are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buck of Pike's Hill are in Auburn for a few days.

Mrs. Algernon Millett and two children of Auburn are with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Buswell, for a short time.

Joseph Desantelle and wife of Roxbury, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gammons of Water Street.

Wright Bisbee, who has been visiting his daughter Mildred at North Bennington, Vt., for several weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. Izah Sanborn, matron of The King's Daughters' Home in Bangor, is the guest of her friend, Mrs. Alice Oxnard.

Miss Lena Schenk has returned to her school in Warwick, R. I.

Miss Alice Libby of Portland spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Libby.

Tuesday eight members of The Minerva Club went by team to Mrs. Elizabeth Foss Pitts' home in Harrison. To the surprise of Miss Annie Gibson, this was a shower given in her honor. The afternoon was pleasantly spent with sewing and conversation. After a bountiful supper a sort of hide and seek game was played, and Miss Gibson was the lucky finder of many useful and pretty gifts. Those present were: Mildred Holmes, Florence Rideout, Maude Pike, Annie Gibson, Geneva Barker, Mrs. Carl Stone, Marion Smith and Helen Howe.

Wm. Horne of North Weymouth is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Horne.

H. Walter Brown is in Toronto, Canada. Mrs. Brown and son Brice, who have been visiting her sister there, will return with him.

Miss Hazel Bicknell is visiting relatives in Brockton, Mass.

Saturday evening, Sept. 5, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith entertained a few friends at their cottage, The Green Dragon. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Maxim, Mr. and Mrs. True Morrill, Miss Ava Thing and Mr. Peabody were among the number.

Mrs. Merton L. Kimball and son Houghton, who have been spending the summer in Ellsworth, are at home.

Henry F. Favor of Brockton, Mass., has been elected assistant superintendent of manual training in the Brockton High School.

Mrs. Albert Sanborn and children are visiting Mrs. Sanborn's sister, Ella Keene Chaffin, at Buckfield.

Mrs. P. O. Brinck and two children of East Apple River, N. S., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Beal Street.

Friday evening Oxford Lodge, F. and A. M., held their annual meeting. Visitors were present from Bryant's Pond, West Paris, South Paris and Bolster's Mills. The following officers were elected:

W. M.—W. L. Merrill
S. W.—Fred E. Smith
J. W.—Raymond H. Eastman
Treas.—Stuart W. Goodwin
Sec.—Howard D. Smith.

Two members received the third degree. The degree lecture was given by Past Master Irving Frost. Supper was served at the close of the meeting.

R. K. Morrill and son took six pair of oxen to the state fair.

Mrs. Geo. H. Bennett, who has been spending the summer on Pike's Hill, has returned to the village. Her health is much improved.

A. P. Bassett was elected secretary and treasurer of the Maine Detective Association at the annual meeting held in Lewiston.

The large elm tree in front of W. S. Cordwell's, Main Street, has been cut down. It cost $25 to do the work, and Percy Walker, who is putting in the concrete sidewalk, was in charge. The tree was some eighty years old and had begun to decay.

Norway High School opens to-day, Monday, with a large attendance. The grade schools will open next Monday, September 21st.

Mrs. Julian Brown is suffering from sciatic rheumatism, and her niece, Miss Crystal Hamlin of Otisfield, is with her.

Edward L. Libby spent last week in Lewiston and attended the state fair.

Joseph Kershaw of the "Fairmount," Old York Beach, has returned to Beal's Tavern, and will assist Mr. Seavey during the fair.

E. G. Burnell is working in the cutting room of the shoe factory. Mr. Burnell has been employed in the sled factory at South Paris for the last ten years.

Dr. G. R. Clifford of Houlton called on friends in town last week. The doctor once worked in the dental parlors of H. P. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Tarr of Newburyport, Mass., are visiting here. About eleven years ago Mr. Tarr was superintendent of the Radcliffe shoe factory. He is now connected with the Dodge Bros.' shoe factory at Newburyport.

Mr

Green Mountain Silos!

EVERY FARMER SHOULD HAVE ONE

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Eight room cottage, nicely arranged, stable, shed, brick cellar, all in splendid repair, garden with five thrifty apple trees, centrally located. Will give you easy terms; small payment down. Price $1,000.

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TUCKER HARNESS STORE.

Leather and harness have advanced in price the past month, but I shall still sell at the old prices for a short time.

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91 Main St., Norway, Maine.

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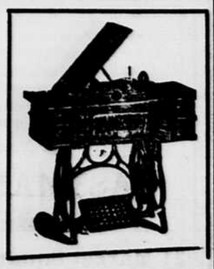

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Plant an advertisement in the Democrat and then watch it grow results.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Variety in Pickles.

Every good housekeeper likes to have a variety of pickles with which to supply her table. To make her pickling a success she must begin with good vinegar, and should use only porcelain lined or granite kettles, and either wooden or silver forks and spoons. Here are some tried and true recipes:

PICKLED BEETS.

For pickling use young, tender beets. Wash them well, cook and peel, as usual. If small, they should be left whole; if large, slice in thick slices. To make the pickling syrup, add to 1 pint vinegar, 1 cup of water, and 4 pounds sugar, to each 7 or 8 pounds of the beets. Boil in this 1 doz. or more cloves and 2 sticks cinnamon. Skim off all scum that may arise, then add the beets and cook about 10 minutes. Remove with a strainer or fork and fill carefully into glass jars—the wide-mouthed jars are the best for most pickles. Pour the syrup over the beets in the can until overflowing, and seal up while hot.

PICKLED BEANS IN POD

The large golden-wax or white pod beans are the finest for pickling. Cook these in slightly salted water until tender, but be careful not too cook them too long, or they will get soft. Drain and fill into jars. Boil together 2 cups vinegar, 1 cup water, 2 cups sugar, and a little bag of mixed spice. Pour over the cooked beans in the jars and seal tight. Use about 1 heaping teaspoon salt for each quart of water in which the beans are boiled.

PICKLED ONIONS

Choose the small silver-skinned variety. Peel and place over night in a brine that will float an egg. In the morning drain. Put over the fire to boil enough vinegar to cover the onions and about 1 teaspoon each of allspice and cloves to each quart of onions. Fill the onions into the jars, adding a few small red peppers, then pour over them the scalding hot vinegar and seal up. A tablespoon of sugar added to each quart of onions will improve these for many. Some prefer to cook the onions until tender before placing them in the jars. Either way will make good pickles.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE

Slice without peeling 1 gallon green tomatoes, and peel and slice 1 quart onions. Arrange in layers in a crock, placing salt between each layer, using about 1 cup salt for this amount of tomatoes. Pour over 1 quart water and let stand until morning, then drain off the water in the morning. Place in a saucepan or kettle 1 quart vinegar, 1 cup water, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon each ground mustard and pepper, 1 2 teaspoon each allspice and cloves—or 1 tablespoon mixed spice can be used,—the spices tied up in a little bag and boiled in the vinegar. Place the tomatoes in this and boil until tender, then fill into jars.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES

Take 1-2 peck small cucumbers—they should be about 2 inches long and as uniform in size as possible. Pour over enough brine to cover them, using about 1 cup salt to 1 gallon water. Let stand overnight. In the morning place in a kettle 3 pints vinegar, 1 pint water, 1 1-2 pounds granulated sugar, 1-4 cup cinnamon, broken into pieces, 1 tablespoon cloves, a few tiny red peppers, and 1 teaspoon mace—or, if preferred, mixed spice can be used—but whatever kind is used, tie up in little cheese cloth bags. Drain the cucumbers, and wash in two or three waters to freshen them up some, then place them in the vinegar mixture, after it has boiled long enough to get the spices extracted—about 20 minutes. Just bring to the boil again, after the cucumbers have been put in, and then take out the cucumbers with a skimmer and pack into jars. Boil the vinegar up again and pour over the pickles in the jars and seal up.

WHITE MIXED PICKLE

Take 1 quart small white onions, 1 quart peeled and sliced cucumbers, using them when large and white-fleshed, 1 quart white chopped cabbage, 1 pint white celery cut in inch lengths, and about 1 2 cup horseradish. Soak these vegetables separately in weak brine overnight, then in the morning drain and cook in half water and half vinegar, until tender, keeping each vegetable separate. Boil 1 quart white beans in slightly salted water. Place in a kettle 1 quart vinegar, 1 pint water, 1 pound white sugar, 1 teaspoon white mustard, 1-2 teaspoon white pepper, and 1 tablespoon celery seed. Place the vegetables in this, just bring to the boil and fill into jars and seal up.

GREEN MIXED PICKLE

Take 2 quarts small, whole cucumbers, 2 quarts green tomatoes, sliced, 1 quart green beans, 1 quart green peppers, and 2 quarts green leaves of cabbage. Soak the different vegetables in salt water overnight. Boil in half water and half vinegar in the morning, first draining off the brine. Make a spiced vinegar, using enough vinegar and in the same proportion the other ingredients as they are mentioned in the white pickle recipe. Green radish pods or nasturtiums can be added, instead of the horseradish. Line a kettle with horseradish leaves and place in the vegetables, pour over the hot vinegar mixture and bring to a boil. Lift out the vegetables with a skimmer and fill into jars until overflowing, and seal up.

RED MIXED PICKLE

To make this red pickle use 1 quart red chopped cabbage, 1 quart sweet red peppers, 1 quart chopped red beets, and 1 quart red kidney beans, shelled from the pods before being quite ripe. Put all the vegetables in salt water overnight except the beans. Boil separately in the morning, first draining off the brine, then proceed as in making the other pickles. Only a little bag of mixed spices can be used, instead of the other spices tied up in a bag, and a few tiny red peppers.

SWEET PEACH PICKLE

Choose the firm white peaches for pickling, and peel. To each 3 pounds fruit use 1 cup vinegar, 3 cups white sugar, and 1 tablespoon each mace, cinnamon, cloves and ginger root. If the vinegar is strong add half cup water to this amount. Tie the spices up in a bag and place in the vinegar. Place the peaches in this syrup when it has come to a boil, and boil about 15 minutes. Remove the peaches with a strainer and fill carefully into jars. Boil the syrup down until pretty thick, then pour over the peaches in the jars and seal up.

SWEET PEAR PICKLES

Small pears should be pickled whole, while the large ones should be halved and cored, and all should be peeled. Use to each 5 pounds pears 2 pounds sugar, 1 quart water, 1 pint good vinegar, 1 teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and 1 tablespoon ginger root. If you wish these a little stronger with vinegar use 1 quart vinegar and 1 pint water. When the syrup has come to the boiling point, put the fruit in and simmer slowly until tender, then fill carefully into jars, pour the hot syrup over them, and seal.

PICKLED MUSKMELONS

Take ripe muskmelons, cut of the rind and remove the seeds, and cut into uniform pieces. For every 5 pounds melon use 1 quart vinegar, 1 pint water, 3 pounds sugar, 1 tablespoon each cloves and cinnamon, and 1-2 teaspoon allspice and mace. Tie the pieces in a bag and boil in the vinegar. Place the fruit in the syrup when it has come to a boil, and boil until clear and tender. Remove from the syrup with a strainer or silver fork and place in jars. Boil the syrup a few minutes longer, and pour over the pickles. Seal up.

PICKLED GRAPES

Choose nice large grapes that are not too ripe. Wash and cut off by the stem, and place in a jar. Make syrup as for other pickled fruit, and when boiling pour over the grapes in the jars and let stand until cool, then pour back in the kettle—you should have a little more syrup than will fill the jars in the first place, to allow for boiling away—and boil down until the syrup begins to thicken a little, then pour over the grapes again, to overflowing, and seal up while hot.

Grades of Lemons.

There are a good many interesting points about lemons. There are several qualities that combine to make a prime or fancy brand of lemons. A first class lemon must be free from specks, have a smooth skin of a pale yellow color and be very hard. Take a magnifying glass and you will see that the little black specks on the lemon that look like seeds are really parasites. They are called lemon lice, and a curious fact is that as soon as the lemon is cut from the tree these parasites die immediately.

The best fruit comes from a little place near Naples, Italy, called Maiori. The next in grade comes from Sorrento. Those from Messina and Palermo are about the same quality and rank next, and those from Catania are inferior. The Maiori lemons are very carefully cultivated. They are on the trees even while the snow is still on the ground, but are kept covered with matting to protect them, not only from the cold, but from the scorching rays of the sun. They are nearly white when picked, very graceful and regular in shape and are exceedingly smooth and hard.—Spatula.

The Capitol.

The capitol at Washington fronts east and stands on a plateau eighty-eight feet above the level of the Potomac river. The entire length of the building north and south is 751 feet 4 inches, and its greatest dimension from east to west is 350 feet. The area covered by the building is 153,112 square feet. The dome of the original central building was constructed of wood, covered with copper. This was replaced in 1856 by the present structure of cast iron. It was completed in 1865. The entire weight of iron used is 8,909,200 pounds. The dome is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom, which is 19 feet 6 inches high and weighs 14,955 pounds. It was modeled by Crawford. The height of the dome above the base line of the east front is 287 feet 5 inches. The greatest diameter at the base is 135 feet 5 inches. The rotunda is 97 feet 6 inches in diameter and its height from the floor to the top of the canopy is 180 feet 3 inches.

A Fish Story.

"The inns of dear old England are picturesque," said Richard LeGallienne, "but the food they serve is something terrible.

"After a visit to Blenheim palace I entered an inn in the quaint village of Woodstock. As I lunched—or tried to lunch—my landlord said to me:

"'The great dook of Marlborough once set in that chair you're a settin' in, sir.'

"'Is that so?' said I.

"'And the dook once drunk 'is beer out o' that same mug you're a-drinkin' out of.'

"'And I bet,' said I, 'I bet he refused to eat this fish too. Well, take it away, my man. I don't want it either.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mighty Capella.

The star Capella is a hundred times brighter and hotter than our sun. If the earth were as near to Capella as it is to the sun the thermometer (if an instrument could be made capable of bearing such a temperature) would rise in July not merely to a hundred, but to 10,000 degrees F.! The oceans would fly off in puffs of steam. The forests and fields would kindle and burn like matchwood. The mountains and hills would melt like beeswax in a redhot oven! The earth in the rays of Capella would be as a moth in a candle flame.—New York Journal.

Where It Pinched.

"Don't it aggravate you that I ask you for twenty-five louis?"

"No, that does not aggravate me; it is the giving of it to you."—Paris Pages Folles.

COST KEPT DOWN—QUALITY KEPT UP.

No better medicine could be made for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling throat, bronchitis, etc., than Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. That is why they can't improve the quality, and war or no war the price remains the same. No opiates. Don't take substitutes, for Foley's Honey and Tar is the best. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Skinnem (relating adventure)—Yes, death stared me in the face and in those few seconds I thought of all I'd ever done.

Smart—Quite a little directory of names, eh?

DIZZY HEAD, FLUTTERING HEART, FLOATING SPECKS.

These are signs of kidney and bladder trouble. You'll have headaches too, backaches and be tired all over. Don't wait longer, but take Foley Kidney Pills at once. Your miserable sick feeling will be gone. You will sleep well, eat well and grow strong and active again. Try them. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Wife (at dinner)—You don't seem to like rice.

Husband—No, it's associated with one of the greatest mistakes of my life.

KEEPS YOUR LIVER HEALTHILY ACTIVE.

A man in Kentucky just told a friend that Foley Cathartic Tablets were the most wonderful medicine that had ever entered his system. Said he would not be without them. Neither would you if you had ever tried them. A thoroughly cleansing cathartic for chronic constipation or for an occasional purge. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"Does your face hurt much?"

"No, Johnnie. What made you think my face ached?"

"Sister said you were painfully homely."

DON'T BE BOTHERED WITH COUGHING.

Stop it with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It spreads a soothing healing coating as it glides down the throat, and tickling, hoarseness, and nervous hacking, are quickly healed. Children love it—tastes good and no opiates. A man in Texas walked 15 miles to a drug store to get a bottle. Best you can buy for croup and bronchial coughs. Try it. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"I have dyspepsia, but you never heard me growl about it."

"Never growl about it? Well, then, you haven't got it."

A LAME BACK—KIDNEY TROUBLE CAUSES IT.

And it will give you even worse if not checked. Mrs. H. T. Strayngo, Gainesville, Ga., was fairly down on her back with kidney trouble and inflamed bladder. She says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills and now my back is stronger than in years, and both kidney and bladder troubles are entirely gone." A. E. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"My oldest son," said Mrs. Twickembury, "speaks several languages quite flippantly."

CITROLAX

Users say it is the ideal, laxative drink. M. J. Perkins, Green Bay, Wis., says "I have used pills, oils, salts, etc., but were all disagreeable and unsatisfactory. In Citrolax I have found the ideal laxative drink." For sick headache, sour stomach, lazy liver, congested bowels, Citrolax is ideal. A. E. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris. S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

...A... KIDNAPING

It Was Not For Ransom, but For a Benefit to the Kidnaped

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Rudolf Kenyon at sixteen graduated from the high school of the town in which he lived. He was a bright boy and would have been glad to go to college, but his mother had done all she could for him, and it was time he began to do for her. Consequently he must go to work.

The graduating exercises were over, the pupils had been handed their diplomas, and Rudolf started for his home to tell his mother all about it. Leaving the main thoroughfare, he entered the quiet street in which he lived, having still half a dozen blocks to go to reach his home, when an automobile that was being driven in the direction he was walking stopped at the curb a few yards ahead of him, a man alighted, took him by the arm and forced him into the car. Rudolf was physically no match for the man and offered little resistance. Once in the car he was powerless to call assistance, for it was a closed vehicle, and his captor at once drew down the curtains.

That he was kidnaped to be held for ransom did not occur to the boy for several reasons. In the first place, the man who had taken him was a mild mannered person, with no resemblance to the class of common kidnapers. In the second place, kidnaping was associated in Rudolf's mind with little children, too young to serve as effective witnesses against their captors. Thirdly, the man told him in a reassuring voice that he would be at no discomfort whatever. As they drove along he asked Rudolf a few questions.

"Do you remember your father?"

"No; he died when I was a little child."

"Has your mother ever spoken to you of him?"

"I don't remember that she has."

"And you have never had the curiosity to ask about him?"

"Indeed, I have, but have not done so because to mention him always gives my mother pain."

The man paused in his questions and seemed to be thinking. Then he asked another:

"Have you ever gathered from your mother or any one else that your father while living acted in a reprehensible manner?"

"No one has ever talked to me about him. The impression that I have received from my mother is that she mourned him as any widow would mourn her husband."

This seemed to produce a decided effect on the man sitting beside Rudolf. Again there was a pause, at the end of which came another question.

"Then you have never heard your mother say that your father was a bad man?"

"Certainly not."

The man seemed to be profoundly moved. He attempted to take the boy's hand in his, but Rudolf drew away, and his captor did not renew the attempt. They were some time in the car, at the end of which they turned into the grounds of a handsome house, and the car drew up under a porte-cochere at the end of the porch. The man got out and beckoned Rudolf to follow him.

"Come into the house with me," he said to the boy. "I have something to tell you. If after you have had plenty of time to consider what I shall say to you you wish to go home you will be sent there."

This not only caused Rudolf to feel easy, but by this time his curiosity was excited to learn something about this man who had asked him questions about his father and had kidnaped him on the very day he had been graduated from the high school. On entering the house a maid appeared and the man told her to show the boy to a room and he was to come down to luncheon in half an hour. The maid did as required, speaking kindly to her charge and showing him every attention. The time did not seem long before she informed him that luncheon was ready. On going down stairs he found his captor in the library. Rudolf, so far as he had noticed the man's appearance, had done so regarding him as an enemy. Now that this feeling had worn off he was surprised to see a gentleman who gave evidence of refinement. He led the boy into the dining room, luxuriously furnished, and a butler stood ready to serve the luncheon.

"I shall not eat anything," said Rudolf, "till I have had an opportunity to send my mother a message."

"That you may do. Has your mother a telephone?"

"No, but our next door neighbor has one, and we are permitted to use it."

"Show him the telephone booth," said the host to the butler.

Rudolf went to the booth, called for his mother and found her much worried at his failure to return to her after the school exercises. He gave her a brief account of what had happened, finding her an excellent listener, but when he asked her for his views as to who his captor might be and what were his intentions he found her uncommunicative. As soon as he told her he had been promised that after he had listened to what the stranger had to say and had time to consider it he might go home she seemed much relieved and told him not to try to escape, but await further developments.

On leaving the telephone Rudolf found his captor-host waiting for him in the dining room, and the two sat down to such a luncheon as the boy had never tasted before. While they were eating the gentleman talked, but not about what Rudolf wished to hear—an explanation of this strange captivity. He asked Rudolf what he proposed to do now that he had left school, and when Rudolf told him that he was going to hunt for a position in business the other shook his head.

"You will never succeed in business," he said.

"Why do you say that?"

"By the shape of your head and the expression of your face I judge that you were born for an intellectual career. How would you like to go to college?"

"Oh, I should like that above all things. But I can't. Mother has done everything for me up to this time, and now that I am nearly a man I must begin the work of taking care of her."

The host seemed to wince at this and remained quiet for a time. Then he continued:

"If certain arrangements can be made which I shall propose to you, will you go to college?"

This quite took Rudolf's breath away. For one year during which his mother was ill she had been obliged to put him in a store as errand boy. This had given the natural distaste there was in him for business an opportunity to crop out. The bare idea of going to college filled him with delight.

"Where will the money come from?" he asked.

"I will furnish that."

Rudolf, though intent upon knowing more, thrust back the next question that was on his tongue and applied himself to a delicacy which the butler served him.

When the luncheon was finished his host led him to the library, pointed to an easy chair, then, seating himself in another, said:

"Rudolf, your father is not dead; he is very much alive."

The boy started, then sat looking at the speaker, waiting hungrily for more.

"He came to America from England about twenty years ago. He was the son of a nobleman, and in that country they have what they call a law of entail, which settles the family estate on the oldest son. Your father was the second son. He came to America, met your mother, who was then a beautiful girl, fell in love with her and married her. After you were born his father in England sent for him to come back—without his wife—and a proposition would be made to him. He accepted the invitation. His father told him that his older brother had received an injury while hunting from which he would never recover. If your father would remain in England, divorce his American wife and marry among his peers in England he should be put in possession of the title and estates. Your father after much persuasion wrote your mother of this proposition. She consented to it and obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. Your father married again, and his wife died childless a year ago.

"These are the bare facts. I shall neither try to excuse your father nor to condemn him. That I leave for your mother to do. I will say, however, that he condemns himself bitterly."

"Where is my father now?" asked Rudolf, wondering.

"Here; I am your father."

There was a pause, after which the boy asked why he had been kidnaped.

"I came to America to make amends for what I have done. Your mother can best be made to forgive me through the one she loves best—her son. I desired to tell you the story in my own way and send my supplications for forgiveness to her through you. You are free to go back to her this afternoon and ask her if she will receive a visit from me."

Rudolf sprang to his feet. "I will go now; I am sure she will do as I wish, and I wish that she shall forgive you."

The car was ordered, and the two went hand in hand to the porte-cochere. There Rudolf threw his arms about his father's neck, kissed him and was carried away.

When Rudolf reached home his mother asked him to give her a couple of hours of quiet thought in her room and then she would give him her decision. For awhile she found it hard to conquer rebellious feelings against the husband who had deserted her, but memories of her early happy married life softened her heart.

Rudolf went back with a favorable reply. He remained at the house his father had temporarily taken during his stay in America while his father went for an interview which the boy hoped and prayed might bring a family reunion. During the time that he was left alone he was treated with every attention by the servants, but so great was his impatience to learn what might be the result of the interview between his parents that he found no enjoyment in the luxury by which he was surrounded. On the third day after his father's departure the car pulled up under the porte-cochere. Rudolf ran out eagerly. His father alighted, then—heaven be praised—handed out his mother. Rudolf ran to her, and she caught him in her arms.

What further explanation the boy received was given by his mother. The pair had just been married a second time and were to live together. The husband and father was now Earl of Edgerton, and the son was heir to the title and estates.

Man's Fear of Lightning.

It is hopeless to try to quiet human fears of the thunderstorm by statistics showing that lightning kills far fewer persons than measles or motorcars. Lichtenberg, the eighteenth century physicist, who was a satirist as well as a specialist on electricity, wrote in vain his article on "Fear of Lightning." At that moment there was dysentery in Gottingen, and six persons were said to have died—"more than twice as many in a few days as lightning has killed in our town in more than half a century, and yet the public seem remarkably easy on the subject." How different it would be, Lichtenberg reflected, "if the dysentery rose above the horizon in the form of a big black cloud, changing day into twilight, and whenever it selected a victim exploded with a violent thunderclap."—London Chronicle.

Steel Rail Inventor.

The first modern steel rails of the type which made high speed railway operation possible were designed by Plimmon Henry Dudley, who was born at Freedom, O., in 1843. He became a civil and metallurgical engineer, and after four years as chief engineer of the city of Akron, O., he turned his attention to railroading and transportation problems. His first invention the dynagraph, was made in 1874. He perfected the track indicator in 1880 and three years later designed the first five inch steel rail used in America. In 1892 he introduced the first six inch 100 pound rails. Another of his inventions which made the famous "fliers" of today possible was the stremmatograph, an instrument for obtaining and registering strains in rails under moving trains.

Bielovitoka Forest, Lithuania.

In the great park Bielovitoka forest, in Lithuania, which is about 150 miles in circumference, the primeval forest still stands, and all the wild animals native to central European forests are found there except bears and wolves, which were exterminated some years ago. Except for the roads which pass through it, the forest is unchanged. It is visited by few people except the foresters.

Brains.

"It would be a good idea if brains could be gone over and renovated now and then."

"If that were possible some brains would have to be renovated with a vacuum cleaner."—Baltimore American.

A Pessimist.

"What's your definition of a pessimist?"

"A pessimist is a man who would bring out a searchlight on a cloudy 2d of February for fear the groundhog wouldn't see his shadow."—Washington Star.

Sports in South Africa.

South Africans are described as being sportsmen to the core. Every town of importance has its golf links, cricket and football grounds, tennis courts, bowling green and rifle range.

Diamond Saws For Stone.

In the four fields of stone cutting—hard, soft, cast stone and terra cotta—new methods have wrought great changes of late. In the large cutting plants limestone is handled like so much wood and is cut by circular saws, smoothed by planes and bored into with much the same sort of tools as are used by woodworkers. By all means the most interesting machine used in this work is the diamond saw. The word "diamond" is not fancifully applied, for the device actually includes a huge circular saw set around the edge with real diamonds. They are not the clear, white stones that are used in jewelry, to be sure, but for all that they are real black diamonds, said to be worth about $5 a karat. These stones are about the size of dried peas and are set in pairs in interchangeable steel teeth. One of these saws will eat its way through limestone at the rate of twelve inches in a minute. At the end of a month the diamond teeth are taken out and sent away to be recut and reset. A new set of diamond teeth is then put in place at a cost of about $600.—Argonaut.

The "King of Rome."

What became of Napoleon's son is a question often asked, as little mention is made in history of the young prince, the desire of his father's life, who was born March 20, 1811, amid great rejoicing in Paris and hailed as the "king of Rome." In January, 1814, Napoleon embraced his wife and child for the last time, and this really ended the reign of the little king "who never saw his kingdom." He was reared in the Austrian court under the name of the Duke of Reichstadt and grew to be a handsome young fellow and quite a brilliant scholar. He had one short year of military life and then contracted pulmonary disease, from which he died in his twenty-second year. He worshiped the memory of his father and always spent the anniversary of his death, July 22, in his own rooms. He is buried in the Carthusian monastery of Vienna, which is the Austrian Westminster abbey.

The Bottle Tree.

The Sterculias is a genus largely represented in Queensland and widely distributed. To it belongs the bottle tree of the west of Queensland. Blacks eat the seeds of one of the species of the coast, and in the Philippines those of apparently a closely allied species are considered wholesome when roasted or boiled, though eaten in large quantities. The tree belongs to a good family, being related to the Theobroma (food of the gods), which supplies the world with cocoa and chocolate. When the fruit splits open it is a brilliant scarlet with an orange tinted interior. Along the parted edges are the seeds, oval and black, covered with a rich purple bloom. The fruit, being tough and leathery, remains on the tree a long time, forming a most effective display in the gloom of the jungle.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

No Fruit Without Bees.

If there were no bees, fruit trees and other plants could not produce any fruit. Apple, plum, cucumber, clover, alsike, alfalfa are fertilized by bees. Honey is the bait with which the bee is induced to perform this task. The colored, fragrant petals of the blossom are the advertising signboard telling the bee where the honey may be found. If the blossom is to set fruit the bee with its fuzzy body must brush some of the yellow dust called pollen from the male organs or anthers at the bottom of the blossom, deposit this pollen on the female organ called the stigma. The blossoms are so arranged that to get at the honey the bee must first brush, with its pollen covered body against the stigma, thus completing the pollination. As soon as it has performed this duty it may draw a check for the work in the form of the blossom. While drawing this pay the bee is involuntarily covered with pollen again and made ready to proceed to the next blossom and repeat the process.—Francis Jaeger.

Legend of the Peacock's Feathers.

The ill fortune said to fall upon the owners of peacocks and the wearers of peacock feathers is accounted for by an oriental legend.

The story runs after this fashion: When God created the peacock the seven deadly sins were stirred with bitter jealousy and complained loudly that the bird should be more beautiful than they.

"You are quite right," the Creator answered. "I have been unjust, for I have already given you too much. You should be as black as the night that conceals you." Whereupon he plucked out the green eye of jealousy, the yellow eye of envy and the red eye of murder and added them to the bird's feathers. So the blind sins are ever pursuing the bird to regain their eyes, and that is the reason that when men or women adorn themselves with the feathers misfortune dogs their footsteps.

Eyeglass Lenses.

All lenses used in making eyeglasses by manufacturers in this country are formed from imported glass, which is secured principally from Germany. This glass is of texture and transparency so far above the products of American glass plants that the optical companies use it exclusively for their high grade work. Each blank is about two inches square and nearly one eighth inch in thickness. In appearance it is not unlike an ordinary piece of plate glass—the edges are rough from the molds, and it has no magnifying properties. This is the work of the optical manufacturer, and it is for him to grind the glass and form it until it magnifies or refracts the object before it.—Columbus Dispatch.

Cut and Run.

"Cut and run" originated in a peculiar custom of the Egyptian embalmers. A low caste was employed to make the first incision in the corpse, a process viewed with much dislike by the people, who held him accursed who should mutilate the dead. As soon as the fellow had made his "cut" he had to run through a storm of curses, stones and sticks. He "cut" for a living and had to "run" for his life.

Starting a Row.

"Johnny doesn't get that weak chin of his from my side of the house!" she exclaimed.

"No, my dear," meekly responded her husband. "Johnny has my chin, but he inherits his mother's tireless capacity for keeping it in motion."

Old Open Work Clocks.

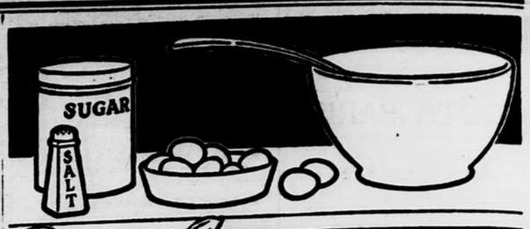
A peculiar clock of the time of Charles I. was the lantern or bird cage style, which hung from the walls high up with its works exposed.

Australia's Rolling Stones.

The "rolling stones" of Australia placed on a fairly smooth surface will soon roll together in a group. They contain a magnetic ore.

Politically Speaking.

"I am not responsible for all I say speaking politically," is part of a statement made on oath some years ago by a Canadian provincial minister under cross examination.



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To Harry D. Cole, Constable of the Town of Paris:

You are her by required in the name of the State of Maine to notify and warn the inhabitants of said Town of Paris qualified as the constitution requires, to assemble at New Hall on the fourteenth day of September, nineteen hundred and fourteen, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, to give in their votes for Governor, State Auditor, Representative to Congress, one State Senator, one Representative to the Legislature, County Attorney, Clerk of Courts, Register of Deeds, Sheriff, County Commissioner and County Treasurer, also upon the referendum question, entitled "An Act to Create a Public Utilities Commission, Presc