THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 62. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1895. NUMBER 7.

GEORGE D. BISBEE,
Counsellor at Law,
RUMFORD FALLS, - MAINE.

BEARCE & STEARNS,
Attorneys & Counselors,
NORWAY, - MAINE.
H. M. Bearce. Seward S. Stearns.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, - MAINE.
Addison E. Herrick. Ellery C. Park.

CHARLES E. HOLT,
Attorney & Counselor,
NORWAY, - MAINE.
Hathaway Block, Main Street.

JOHN S. HARLOW,
Attorney at Law,
DIXFIELD, - MAINE.

E. F. SMITH,
Attorney at Law,
NORWAY, - MAINE
New Grange Block. Collections a specialty.

C. H. YOUNG,
Artist,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.
Best room outside of City. $2.00 Cabinets.

GEORGE P. JONES & SON,
Dentists,
NORWAY, - MAINE.
Geo. P. Jones. H. P. Jones, D.D.S.

HORATIO WOODBURY, A.M., M.D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
Office: Odd Fellows' Block. Open day and evening. Refers to Drs. Dana and Weeks, Portland.

A. N. WITHAM, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
(University of Vermont 1885.)
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.
Office and Residence: 7 Main Street.

A. C. JONES,
Smith & Machinist,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.
Manufacturer of general machinery, steam engines, mill work, spool machinery and tools, bolts, set screws, taps, dies and drills made and repaired. Sewing, mowing and threshing machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, guns, pistols, knives, traps, etc., neatly and promptly repaired. Steam and water piping done to order.

S. A. STEVENS,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Lock Box 171,
NORWAY, - - - - - MAINE
Special attention to the retracing of old lines. Estimates furnished and correspondence solicited.

Dr. C. L. Buck,
SURGEON - DENTIST.
South Paris, - Maine.
Teeth extracted without pain by use of Odontunder.
Artificial teeth $5. per set.
Warranted to fit the mouth.
All our best work warranted.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
It will Cure. HAY-FEVER
CATARRH
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

N. Dayton Bolster & Co.
Are making a specialty of
Banquet Lamps!
in Nickel, Gilt and Bisque.
Nice line of Linen and Silk Shades!
We have all of the popular makes. Rochester, Miller and B. & H.
35 Market Square,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.

FOR SALE.
Dark bay mare with black points. Weight about 900 pounds, 8 years old. Sired by Volunteer, sired Volunteer. Will be sold cheap. Call or write to
A. L. HOLMES, South Paris.

TO LET.
Notice is hereby given that the subscriber wishes to lease a part or the whole of her real estate situated on Paris Hill, excepting a small portion of her homestead buildings, for a term of one or more years.
MRS. A. H. MASON.
Paris, Nov. 5, 1894.

A. I. STURTEVANT, PH. G.,
DEALER IN
Assayed Drugs and Chemicals, Toilet Articles, etc.
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.
(Try Sturtevant's Headache Powders.)
No. 2 Odd Fellows Block,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Dental Notice!
Having opened Dental Rooms in the office lately occupied by G. D. Bisbee at Buckfield, I wish to inform the people of Buckfield and adjoining towns that I am ready to do anything pertaining to dentistry.
All the latest methods in making and adjusting Gold, Aluminum and Rubber Plates.
RUBBER PLATES, per set, $5.
My aim in dentistry is to Save Teeth. Don't have a tooth or root extracted until you find it cannot be filled or crowned.
My specialty is Crown and Bridge work.
Local anæsthetic used when desired for extracting.
ARTHUR E. COLE.
Buckfield, January 10, 1895.

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.

POULTRY NOTES.

The principle of the brooder (which must not be confounded with an incubator, as is so often done by persons who have only a hazy knowledge of the matter) is to furnish something that takes the place of the mother-hen after the chicks have left the shell. Its purpose is to furnish, as nearly as lies in our power, warmth and security from danger, whether the latter be from cold, rain or enemies either winged or four-legged. No one has as yet succeeded in making it cluck, or walk about from place to place, with its brood of forty or fifty chicks running along behind—nor will it fight hawks by day or weasels or rats by night—but almost every other duty it is ready to perform with a considerable degree of efficiency.

No brooder has been invented that will ever do just as the mother-hen does, in giving the chicks exactly the requisite degree of heat that they require, adapted to their age, and it is doubtful if we will ever be able to supply that need, in just that way.

The difficulty lies in this, that we do not know ourselves exactly what conditions prevail between the hen and her chick—we have no way of finding out just how warm the little chick is made, as it snuggles up closely beside its mother or under her wing.

It is upon this point of temperature that the great difficulty with artificial brooding hinges. Too high and too low a temperature, alike, are fatal, and of the two the former has caused by far the greater number of deaths. It is in this direction that the novice would most naturally err. In his anxiety to keep the little orphans warm enough, he loses the sense of their proper requirements, his sense of proportion is faulty—and his intended kindness is sadly misplaced, because with the application of an amount of heat, even, that would seem to be but comfortably warm to the hand, the chicks are literally murdered.

No one who has ever raised chicks upon any scale at all, in this way, but will have passed through all these stages of experience, erring between the two extremes of warmth and cold, until time and experience have matured judgment and at last he is able to tell whether his chicks are warm enough by simply placing the hand under the hover, (without any reference to any thermometer) and by observing how the little waifs act—for the experienced operator gets to know at a glance whether the chicks are happy and comfortable in their brooders or not—all these things are told by their behaviour, by sundry little noises and chirps of content, or of discomfort.

There is one thing in which the brooder, if kept clean and entirely removed from vermin infested places, wholly distances the hen, and that is in the matter of freedom from lice.

The average hen that brings off a clutch of chicks, bequeaths to every one of them some lice, both in the egg and in the matured state. (We mean that the hen's lice will, in all probability, have also deposited nits upon the chicks, so that although the chicks may be at once taken away from the hen that hatched them, they will nevertheless be fitted out with a plentiful supply of vermin). But if chicks are put into a clean brooder, directly out of an incubator, and not allowed to mix with any that may have been in charge of a hen, they will arrive at maturity without ever having seen or felt one of the pests.

This, to be sure, is a great factor in favor of the chicks' growth! Likewise, it is true, that as the result of many careful experiments, it has been proven that chicks mothered by a brooder, (and a careful person attending upon them,) will attain more weight and size by anywhere from 25 to 45 per cent than those that take their chances with a hen.

Of course we are not now referring to small flocks of two or three dozen chicks that are reared annually in countless yards, farms or small enclosures. But when the number approaches fifty to one hundred, then the brooder plays an important role. Much more might here be said upon the merits of this method of raising the young of the hen and the duck to maturity, but perhaps these points will be brought out as we go on. Instead of minutely describing the construction of a brooder, as we had at first intended, we will give the general principles upon which they are operated, and then tell the reader where to write for farther particulars.

The principle involved is simply to furnish the chicks a warmed chamber (with suitable ventilation), in which they may find varying degrees of temperature, ranging from 70 to 95 in different parts of the brooding chamber. The brooding chamber, or apartment in which the chicks are to live, is usually about three feet square, and is best made with a flat, or if intended also for outside use in the spring, sloping roof. Ventilation into this chamber is provided by a row of inch auger holes ranged along the top and rear sides made with a slide to close them wholly or partly at will.

The floor of this chamber just described, is of matched flooring or sheathing, well seasoned, and is perforated by three or four one inch gas pipes 2 1-2 inches long, screwed into the floor by a thread, and ranged equidistant, about six inches from the exact centre of the floor. Over these gas-pipes is placed a hover, consisting of matched half-inch stuff, made two feet square, and mounted on legs at each corner, capable of raising the hover from two and one-half to five inches above the floor. A strip of old flannel or bagging is nailed all around the edge of this hover, of such width that when the hover stands clear, two and one-half inches from the floor, there will be about a half-inch space between the lower edge of the flannel and the floor. The flannel must then be slit or cut an inch and a half long, about every two inches, all around its circumference. Through these slits the chicks emerge or retreat at will, and they also serve to keep in the heat that emerges through the mouths of the gas-pipes, underneath the hover. It is under this hover that the temperature should range its highest, namely 90 to 95, and care should be taken that the thermometer is placed on the floor, at its centre, when testing, as that is the warmest place of the brooder. Under this brooder floor is a space three-fourths of an inch deep, made by nailing a strip of wood of that thickness all around the edge, and under this strip, or on top when turned bottom up, a piece of sheet iron. The strips that separate the sheet-iron from the brooder-floor proper, are to contain a three-fourths inch auger hole, one on each side, for the purpose of letting in fresh air, which is warmed in the hot air chamber, passes up through the gas pipes under the hover, and there diffuses itself to furnish warmed and fresh air for the chicks.

Now under this sheet-iron floor, build a box nine or ten inches deep, into which the lamp, made for the purpose (and for sale, I think, with W. H. Rudd, Son & Co., Merchants' Row, Boston, to whom write with an inclosed stamp) shall slide upon runners. That is, make a suitable board to hold the lamp, and slide this in upon the lateral grooves, so that when in position the lamp is directly under the middle of the sheet iron.

The lamp slides in through a door, which closes after it, and this door is to be perforated at the bottom with auger holes, in order to furnish fresh air for the lamp. There must also be provided a vent for the smoke, by making a two-inch hole on one of the sides, towards the front, snug up under the sheet-iron floor, which ought to be covered in on its sides and on top, much like a chimney top, to prevent the wind from affecting the draft. The front of the brooding chamber has two small glass panes to give light to the interior, and between them is a door of about four by six, through which the chicks emerge.

This is a rough description of the "Peep-o-Day" brooder, and I have given it because it is one of the best hot-air brooders now in use. I have used it myself last year, having run seven or eight of them at one time, and my friend, Mr. A. F. Hunter, the editor of that excellent poultry journal, Farm-Poultry (published by I. S. Johnson & Co., Custom House Street, Boston), used seventeen of them last season. I should advise the beginner buying one of these to begin with, and he can very easily make subsequent ones himself as they are not patented. Mr. E. F. Hodgson, Dover, Mass., manufactures this brooder, and will send descriptive catalogue upon application. I have no personal acquaintance with this gentleman, and have no interest whatever in his brooder save that I know it is a good one, since I have used it myself, and can conscientiously commend it. There are scores of brooders upon the market—in fact each poultryman eventually makes his own, but the above is one I know of from personal experience and hence feel justified to mention it in connection with this article.

Personally I am using this year another brooder, of my own invention, which heats with a large volume of hot water, kept warm by a stove similar to the one mentioned above (the oil stove), and gives a steadier and more diffusive heat. In some future number I may describe the latter.

After the hatch is "off," that is, after all that are going to hatch have emerged from the egg, (and you had better do as little meddling as possible by opening the egg-chamber and trying to render assistance where possibly you're not wanted) remove all the egg-trays and allow the chicks to remain 24 hours at the bottom of the brooder. Never remove any chicks from the hatching chamber whilst the hatch is "coming off". To do so lowers the temperature for each chick removed, disturbs the moisture of the egg-chamber, and will demoralize things generally. The chicks are to remain in the bottom of the incubator about 24 to 36 hours (the floor of which should be strewn with coarse sand in order that they may at once begin to pick up particles of grit with which to grind their future food.)

The temperature in the bottom of the incubator should vary, where the chicks are congregated, from 90 to 95, never over.

Leaving them thus in the incubator for a day after the last chick is well out, and giving them no food during this time save some dry coarse-cut oat meal strewn over the sand and a fountain of tepid water in a dish into which they can not get, they will be in better trim for the brooder after the beginning of the second day. Never feed until they are twenty-four hours out of the shell, do not give them any mush food, but let it consist of either dry, coarse oat meal, or dry bread squeezed out very dry in milk. Place water before them *ad libitum*, but preferably after their feed, rather than just before it, since they are just as likely to fill their little crops with fluid as with solid, and then will have a much harder row to hoe until they unlearn and relearn.

Test your brooder carefully with a number of thermometers (which should themselves be first tested and compared, since they vary so much among themselves) placed in different parts of the floor under the hover, and let the hottest place not exceed 95.

J. G. GEHRING, M. D., Bethel.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Urge every family to subscribe for a grange paper, so that they may be fully informed of the doings of the order.

'Tis said that "where ignorance is bliss it were folly to be wise." But who wants that kind of bliss? Surely not the farmers of New England.

The best men and women in the grange to-day, those who are doing the most good and are in reality the leaders, are those who are not afraid of work.

As the views of members of the grange become enlarged through association and education the possibilities of co-operative effort become more and more apparent to them.

The proceedings of the 28th session of the National Grange are promptly printed and we were indebted to Secretary Trimble for a copy of the same. It is a business-like volume of 269 pages.

The grange is doing a wonderful work in bringing the farming population up to a higher average degree of intelligence, and in this respect it becomes an important factor in the future prosperity of the country.

In our associations and grange meetings we are continually filling the storehouse of the mind, which becomes the farmer's bank of thought. If the deposits are pure metal the drafts will be honored every time.

The small traders of our back towns are beginning to learn that the grangers have brains in their heads if they are covered up with hayseed; and large traders in the big cities know that the grange's cash for a car-load of flour or feed is all right.

The educational work of the grange during the first twenty years of existence was but little noticed, but to-day it stands out in bold relief through the men of nerve, brain and character who are coming to the front in all matters pertaining to the best interests of the farming population.

—Clippings from Our Grange Homes.

Miss Katie Rosengrant
Ulster, Penn.

Scrofula
The Worst Case the Doctors Ever Saw
Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Dear Sirs:—I wish to testify to the great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For some time I had been troubled with scrofula, which early last winter assumed a very bad form.
Sores Appeared on My Face
and hands and gradually increased in number until they reached to my shoulder. The doctors said it was the worst case of scrofula they ever saw and also went so far as to say it was incurable. I tried ointments and other remedies but to no avail. A friend recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla, and although I was completely discouraged, as a last chance I resolved to give it a trial. After taking one bottle I noticed the sores had commenced to heal. After the sixth bottle
They Were All Healed.
I continued to take it, however, until I had used nine bottles, and now I am perfectly well."
MISS KATIE ROSENGRANT, Ulster, Penn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

ALONE.

Since she went home—
Longer the evening shadows linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain.
The old glad songs breathe a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE in February Ladies' Home Journal.

BOUND TO GET THERE.

A RAILROAD OFFICIAL'S STORY OF TWO ENGLISH LADS WHO WERE IN A HURRY.

"The English tourist is often a surprising person," said a railroad official, "and I have frequently had cause to wonder at him. Some time ago I had an experience with two English tourists that was out of the ordinary. I was in a large western city in charge of the passenger business of the trans-continental railroad which ran two special trains a week to the Pacific coast. One afternoon I was about to close my desk and go home, when the local ticket agent came into my office with two young men. It was not necessary to look at them twice to understand that they were Englishmen. They were the typical tall, big-boned, blonde-haired men whom one recognizes immediately as being English. They were dressed in ultra English style, and carried themselves with the self-confidence and independence of men who thoroughly believe in themselves and are utterly indifferent to the estimate placed upon them by others. I call them men, though they could not have been over 18 or 19 years old. The agent told me that they wished to see me about a matter of business. I assured them that I was at their disposal, and watched, wondering what they could want of me. The taller of the two acted as spokesman.

"'We want to get to San Francisco,' he said, 'in time to connect with the next steamer for Japan.'

"'I am very sorry,' I replied, 'but our special train which connects with the steamer passed through here two hours ago.'

"They looked serious at this, but did not seem overcome.

"'I suppose,' said the tall one, 'that the next regular train will be too late to connect with the steamer.'

"'Oh, yes,' said I, 'you would be delayed about a week in San Francisco.'

"'Oh, that will never do,' he replied. 'We must catch that steamer. You will have to make some arrangement by which we can overtake this special train.'

"I was paralyzed by the cool assurance with which he suggested this. The train he wished to overtake was known as the Golden Gate Special, and was a record-breaker. It was one of the fastest trains on our road, and we were proud of the time it made. Yet here were a couple of youngsters who wanted to know whether they could not arrange to catch it with the same calmness that they might have asked for a cup of coffee. I smiled on them pityingly.

"'Don't you know,' said I, 'that this is an exceptionally fast train, and that it is almost impossible to beat it? Why, even if it were possible to do what you asked, the expense would put it out of the question.'

"They listened calmly without change of expression. Then the one who had spoken before said:

"'Yes, I know all about that, but we have got to catch that boat. We are attached to the British embassy at Tokio, and have been traveling on leave of absence. Our time will be up the very day that that boat reaches Japan. We must be there at that time because we have promised to. We had intended to catch the previous boat, but we were having such a good time that we thought we would chane it and wait over. Now nothing can be allowed to interfere with our plan.'

"'Well,' I said, 'don't see how I can aid you, sorry as I may be for you.'

The English-man looked at me in a bored sort of way, and said:

"'I don't see why there is any need of arguing about this. We want a special train to overtake that special, and if we can't do it in any other way we will have to follow it across the continent.'

"I looked in amazement at these two clerks—that is what they amounted to, I suppose; at least what we would consider them in this country—who were coolly asking for a special train to cross the continent. I was not all convinced that they appreciated the enormity of their demand. In fact, I felt more amused than credulous.

"'I suppose,' I said, 'you have some idea of what it will cost you to do this?'

"'Oh, we are willing to pay whatever it is,' was the reply in a drawling tone.

"'It will cost you $300 if we overtake the special at her first stop,' said I; '$500 if we have to wait for the second stop, and $1000 if go clear across. It is barely possible that we can make connection at the first stop.'

"The Englishman made no other reply than to thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and pull out a big roll of bills. He counted out $1,000 and laid them on the desk.

"'Of course,' he said, 'I presume if we make the connection that you speak of, I will get back what I have paid in excess.'

"I saw then that he was in earnest. I took out $300 to guarantee us, and returned the rest to him with the understanding that he was to pay the conductor if he missed the first connection, according to the terms I had outlined. I at once set the machinery in motion to get out the train. It required a good deal of work. In the first place we had no engine in which the fires were up, and found it would save time to have one brought on from another station. Then we had to send for an engineer who would be capable of running the train at the high rate of speed that was demanded and still avoid unnecessary risks. As ours was in the main only a single-track road we had to telegraph all along the line to keep the track clear of freight trains and arrange to have the ordinary passenger trains side-tracked at convenient times and places. Altogether about four hours were taken up in these preliminaries. During that time the Englishmen loafed around, looking very bored, and not very interested in our efforts to hurry things. When it was announced that the train was ready they invited me to drink to the success of their trip in a bottle of wine—condescension on their part that amazed me, and the last I saw of them they were bowing from the rear platform of their car as the train went flying out of the depot. They made the connection at the first junction, as I learned that night by telegraph. How they ever did it I don't know, but I have a shrewd suspicion that they bribed the conductor and engineer to run the train at a rate never known before, and that would have been condemned by the higher authorities if they had heard of it."—New York Sun.

DIFFERENCE WAS PLAIN.

Female friend (examining picture critically, to girl artist who is an "impressionist")—And what is the subject?

The artist—Cows in a meadow.

Friend—Nothing like cows.

Artist (severely)—This is not photography; it is art.—Tit Bits.

CHICKAMAUGA.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

CHAPTER IV.

A GUERRILLA'S HOME.

"A dispatch for you, general."

An aid-de-camp entered, followed by a tall, bronzed Confederate cavalryman with very muddy boots and a southern sombrero on his head. In his hand he carried a sealed envelope, on the left hand corner of which was printed, "Official business."

"Why not bring it yourself?" asked the general, evidently put out at being interrupted at dinner.

"The messenger says that he was instructed to deliver it to no one but yourself. It is from general headquarters."

The man stalked in, his accouterments rattling as he did so, and removing his hat handed the general the communication. He opened it, and seeing that it was in cipher handed it to a member of his staff who possessed the key and directed him to unravel it. It read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, June 27, 1862.

To General —, Commanding Cavalry on Extreme Right:

Mlr rrwee lrddrx mexrr lzl krxn m nbpy mfefhse ut tixwrax dari sm mirwe gb iglq vvim kltvq gs ljsqa mikkingmfy fe lvdzvkwvge. Eggi jwpxy tx bagw.

BRAXTON BRAGG, Com'd'g.

Scarcely had the general given the dispatch over for interpretation when another from the same source, which had come by telegraph, was handed him also, evidently an inextricable jumble of letters. This, too, was taken up by the cipher officer. In the course of half an hour he handed interpretations of both to his chief. The first read as follows:

The enemy having taken the gaps, I will abandon my present line. Be ready to form rear guard to troops retreating by University. Move south at once.

Here is the second:

Enemy's telegram in cipher received. Can not Miss Baggs secure information of the enemy's intentions as to following this army across the Tennessee? Such information would enable us to be prepared if he attacks in concentrated form or cut him up in detail if he divides.

The general gave the two messages a few minutes' consideration, and then, dismissing the aid who had interpreted them, directed him to inform Miss Baggs that he would like to see her.

When she entered, the general handed her the interpreted copies of the two dispatches.

"Here is a more important work for you than any you have yet attempted," he said.

She read both the dispatches and then thought a few minutes.

"I am ready to undertake it, general," she said, "but without much hope of success. I must first succeed in taking off a message in which the plan of the Yankees is given or hinted at so clearly as to be inferred, and then it must be interpreted, for it will surely be in cipher."

"If you could succeed in both, you would insure us victory in the west, and that would be half the battle to the cause."

"I will undertake it."

"You will be exposed to a frightful danger."

"You know, general, that I have devoted my life to this work. I consider that as already sacrificed."

"We move from here at once, as you see by the order just received."

"I will go with you a part of the way and watch an opportunity to slip back behind the Union lines."

With that Miss Baggs went out, and the general began his preparations to cover the retreat of the right of the Confederate army.

No further attention was paid to Farmer Slack and his family. Evidently there was business of greater importance on hand. They went out on to the doorstep, where they stood wondering what was going on about them. Every one was stirring. An orderly dashed up to the door leading an officer's horse saddled and bridled. An aid ran out of the house, and mounting in hot haste rode away. A man from an upper window called out to him:

"What's up?"

"They've secured the gaps."

"Which?"

"Liberty and Hoover's. All of 'em."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? It means retreat." And before the last word was spoken he was out of sight.

In a few minutes a bugle was heard. Its tones had scarcely died away before the camp was alive with men preparing to move.

The farmer determined to get his children into the wagon as soon as possible. He had been given his pass, which, for the present at least, was likely to be of little use, as he would simply follow the army. The party lost no time in getting to the wagon and into it and drove down the road. But they were too late. The way was choked with horsemen and wagons, and they were soon brought to a halt. The general dashed past, with his staff, and who should be by his side, her striped dress covered with a gray riding skirt, a sombrero on her head, with a jaunty cock's feather encircling its crown, but Miss Baggs. Seeing the farmer's wagon waiting by the roadside, she reined in Bobby Lee beside Souri and took her hand.

"Goodby, my dear. I trust that your innocent heart will not have to suffer more than the rest of us during the continuance of this fearful struggle. You know we are all being tried in a fiery furnace. We'll meet again. I know it. If you ever need any help or protection when our army is near, hunt up Betsy Baggs."

"Whar's th' chicken coop?" called Jakey as she rode away.

"What chicken coop?"

"Th' one on wheels."

"Oh, the buggy," she said, smiling. "I left that for the Yankees to pick up when they come along."

"Rats'll be ridin inter it, I reckon."

"If he can find it, he's welcome to it," and with a laugh she dashed after the rest.

Farmer Slack only succeeded in getting a few miles on the way before nightfall. Then, coming to a small village, he made up his mind that it would be better to sleep there than attempt to go on through a country being abandoned by one force to be immediately occupied by another. He knew well the crowded condition of the roads and the perils of night travel. So singling out a house beside the road, which was the main street of the place, and seeing a woman standing in the door, he asked if she would give him and his party a night's lodging.

"Reckon I kin keep you uns, but hain't got no stablin fo' the critters."

"Oh, I kin find a place fo' them uns," said Slack, and handing out his daughter she went into the house with Jakey, while the farmer drove off to find shelter for the horses. Jakey wished to go with him, but his father bade him stay with Souri.

The woman of the house was depressed. She was not strong, and the continued successive occupation of the country by Union and Confederate troops for more than a year had completely worn her out.

And now another shifting was at hand. At first she had spoken her sentiments freely. They were with the Confederacy, but lately she had come to endeavoring to find out the sentiments of strangers before betraying her own. Wondering whether she was harboring Unionists or secessionists, she began to question Jakey.

"Reckon you uns live nigh 'bout hyar, don't y', boy?"

"Nigh onter th' Sequach."

"Let me fill that kettle for you," said Souri, seeing the woman about to take up a wooden bucket she was scarcely able to lift. The woman suffered her and went on making inquiries of Jakey.

"Thur mixed over thar'. Some's Union, 'n some's secesh. Which air yer paw?"

"Waal, I ben ter skule a year, 'n paw he mought 'a' changed sence I went away."

"Don't say 'mought,' Jakey, dear," said Souri.

The woman looked at Jakey inquiringly.

"Y' couldn't 'a' l'arned much at skule ef y' reckon a man's goin ter change sides in this hyar fight. Th' git wusser 'n wusser. Still ef ye'd ben hyar ye'd l'arned thet. Reckon y' ben no'th to skule?"

"We have been north—in Ohio," said Souri as she put the kettle on the stove.

It was midnight at the little frame house where slept the Slack family. Farmer Slack was awakened by a pounding at the front door. Then he heard the woman by whom they were sheltered get up, and going to the door let some one in. The partition was thin, and every word that was said could be plainly heard.

"Lordy, Ben, whar did y' come from?" asked the woman.

"Tullahomy."

"Whar y' goin ter?"

"Up inter the mountings."

"What fur?"

"Ter lay low till the armies move on south. Then we uns 're goin ter hang in the tailens of the Yanks. Thur's better feedin than thur is behind Confederates."

"Oh, Ben, I wish you'd stop this business. Go 'n jine one o' the armies. I don't keer which. Only stop this kind o' work."

"Polly, you know I've been driv to 't. What have they left us? Nothin but this house. Ef I didn't rake among the refuse that the Yankees leave behind 'em, whar w'd you 'n th' children be?"

"But why air y' leavin now, Ben? What does 't all mean, the men goin south? Hain't th' goin ter fight at Tullyhomy?"

"Ther gittin outen Tullyhomy thi' very minute."

"How d'ye know?"

"I kem from thar this afternoon. The trains were goin outen the place loaded with supplies. What's them things doin thar?"

He pointed to some of the belongings of the Slack family. The farmer could hear the woman caution her husband to speak low, but by that time Slack's ear was at a crack.

"Jakey," whispered Farmer Slack.

"Ther's a family hyar stayin all night," she whispered.

"Any critters?"

"Two, but I don't want y' ter take 'em, Ben. It's onnateral. Thur's a sweet young gal ez helped me git supper, 'n I wouldn't hev nothin happen to her fur the world."

"I won't take thur critters tel after y' git me somep'n ter eat. Come, be lively, my dear. I hevn't hed a squar meal in two days."

"Whar's the gang?"

"I left 'em a mile t'other side o' th' town. We got ter git inter th' mountings afore th' Federals come along. Whar air the young uns?"

"In thar."

The farmer could see the man go into a room into which the candle from the one adjoining cast a dim light. The father bent over the sleeping little ones, put his lean face down beside the round, warm cheek of a child and groaned.

"Jakey," whispered Farmer Slack.

Jakey awakened, but could not make it known, because his father had clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Be still, my boy, till I git yer clothes. Don't yer make no sound fo' yer life. Thur's guerrillas in th' house."

The farmer got Jakey's clothes and his own. They put them on, using all possible caution. Then the farmer took his son's hand and led him on tiptoe to the open window. Once there, he took him up in his arms, and passing him through it dropped him on the ground a few feet below. Then Slack got through himself and dropped beside Jakey.

"Now for the stable, my son."

Going across some vacant lots, they reached the stable and took out both the horses.

"Jake," said the father, "I'm goin to the headquarters of the Federals. I want yer to stay 'n take keer o' yer sister."

"Souri don't need no one ter take keer o' her."

The farmer went back into the stable, leaving Jakey to hold the horses, and brought out a saddle and bridle.

"Waal, Jake," he said presently, "she's a gal 'n may need y'."

"What yer goin fo'?"

"T' tell 'em the southern men air gittin outen Tullyhomy. 'T may make a lot o' differ ter th' cause."

"Why can't I go 'n do thet?"

The farmer made no reply. He went on equipping the horse for a ride, but he was thinking. After all, wouldn't a boy have a better chance to get through than a man? He had great confidence in Jakey's abilities in this direction, for they had been tested long before near the beginning of the war. Then he disliked to leave his daughter without protection in a lawless territory.

"Jake," he asked at last, "do y think y' o'd do 't?"

"Reckon."

"I kin put y' on th' road 't Manchester. Thar or before y' git thar y'll find Yankees. But yer powerful little fo' sich a job." And the farmer looked at his son undecidedly.

"Do y' think I'm a babby ter be rocked in a cradle?"

"No, Jakey. Yer a 'markable little chap. Thur's not 'nother boy o' your age livin I'd trust to carry this message. I reckon I'll let y' try it."

Slack took Jakey up in his arms and sat him on the horse. Then he shortened the stirrups till all the holes in the straps were exhausted, when he cut new ones, making the length a proper one for Jakey's little legs.

"Now, Jake," said his father in a tone that bespoke a desire to put resolution into himself and the boy at the same time, "tell th' Federal general that a guerrilla kem to the house whar we war sleepin and tole his wife thet the southern men air gittin outen Tullyhomy. He kem from thar this afternoon. 'N, my boy, ez I often tole y' afore, remember yer a Unioner 'n hain't afraid o' nothin. Thar's th' road."

"Tom, you git."

CHAPTER V.

CARRYING THE NEWS.

Had not Jakey Slack possessed a stout heart he would have quailed at pushing out in the middle of a dark night on a road of which he had no knowledge and possessing the disadvantage of being occupied by neither Union nor Confederate troops. Between the rain and the artillery and the wagons, the roads were all cut to pieces. Water stood everywhere, and often where the way passed over a depression in the ground it was necessary to pass through small lagoons. This in the daytime, when one might keep the road by observing the fences, when there were any, would not have been so difficult, but overshadowed by the great black wings of night there was absolutely no guide save by feeling underfoot or an occasional glimmer ahead indicating that the way lay through an opening in the forest.

Tom floundered along at a very slow pace. Jakey found it not only difficult to keep him in the road, but impossible to keep out of mudholes when on it. Now Tom's fore legs would sink into a soft spot and again would splash into a deep rut, or one leg would be in the rut while the other was on the higher ground. Then he would flounder, while Jakey held on to the saddle with all his strength to keep from being thrown off by Tom's writhings. All the while a drizzling rain was slowly working its way through Jakey's jacket to get at the skin. The boy tried to guide his horse for awhile, but finally concluded that Tom was far better qualified to find his way than he was himself, and dropping the reins on the pommel of the saddle turned his undivided attention to keeping his seat. Every now and then Tom would stop and look about him, as much as to say, "Jakey, I don't like the looks o' things at all." But if Jakey understood him he made no comment on the remark. He had placed Tom in command and did not propose to interfere.

Just before morning the darkness grew thicker. Tom had for several miles proved himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him and kept the road, but all of a sudden he brought up against a snake fence.

Jakey was discouraged. He knew Tom had lost the road, and as for himself he did not feel competent to find it again. Bringing the horse sideways to the fence, he slid off on to the top rail and then down on to the ground. Holding the reins and leading Tom—for he dared not leave him, lest he might not find him again—the boy groped around for awhile looking for the road. It was of no use. Go where he would, there were only stumps and grass, every hollow being filled with water.

He thought of lying down in a fence corner to sleep till morning. But he did not like to do this, for fear that, once asleep, he would not wake up till late the next day, and then the southern army might be away from Tullahoma, with all its stores, and perhaps there were a great many other advantages they would gain that caused Jakey, being a good Union boy, to wince, though he could not name them. But there seemed no alternative. It could not be more than two hours before daylight would show him the road, and he reluctantly concluded to go into bivouac. As he was looking for a good, broad, flat rail to stretch himself on, Tom put his nose over his shoulder affectionately and rested it there. Never before had Jakey felt so deeply any interchange of sympathy with a dumb brute.

"Tom, ole critter," he said, putting his arms about the horse's neck, "this air lonesome."

And Tom seemed to respond as plainly as if the words were spoken:

"Jakey, you bet."

Maybe Tom had an object in view more important than an offer of sympathy. Maybe he had something to communicate. At any rate as Jakey stood with his arms around the lowered neck and looking over it he espied a light.

"Golly, Tom," he exclaimed, "I reckon y' sor't."

In a moment he had climbed the fence and had regained his place in the saddle. Then, pointing the horse's head directly for the light, with a "Git up, Tom," rider and horse were soon away in the direction of its appearance.

Suddenly there was an ominous click, which in the stillness of the night sounded with all the distinctness of the cocking of a gun.

"Who comt dare?"

"Mister, can y' put me on ter the road?"

"Who you vas?"

"I'm a boy, I air."

"Vat you want?"

"I want ter go ter Manchester."

"Vat for?"

Jakey thought a moment before replying. The question occurred to him, Was this surely a Union picket? No Confederate would be likely to challenge with a German accent.

"I've got some information fo' Mr. Rose—Rose—what's his name?"

"Sheneral Rosecrans?"

"Yes."

Jakey was led over a stubble field which had not been planted since the previous season and brought before a group of half a dozen tents, the headquarters of the colonel commanding the —th cavalry brigade. The colonel had not yet risen. Jakey's conductor explained to the sentinel on post that the boy had important information, whereupon the sentinel shouted, loud enough to wake the whole army, "Corporal of the guard!" The summoned soldier came, and it was explained to him that Jakey had important information. The corporal went off to fetch the officer of the guard.

"What you want, sonny?" asked that person when he arrived, buttoning a coat he had just put on.

"I don't want nothin."

"Oh, you don't. I thought you did."

"Reckon I got somep'n you uns want, but I'm gittin tired answerin questions 'bout it."

"Well, what is it, my little man?"

"I ain't no little man. I'm a boy."

"Can't you tell me what you have for us?" asked the officer, smiling.

"Can't tell nobody but somebody big."

"I don't know anybody bigger than our chief of staff about here. I'll call him."

So the chief of staff was called up and informed that Jakey had information of the enemy. The chief of staff called up the colonel commanding, who suddenly appeared at the tent door in a pair of trousers and a woolen shirt.

It was evident from the moment the colonel espied Jakey sitting on old Tom in front of the tent and Jakey espied the slender figure of the colonel, with his blue eyes and light hair, that they had met before, not only that they had met, but that they must have been united by some cord of great durability. There were two exclamations like pistol shots.

"Big brother!" from Jakey.

"Little brother!" from the colonel.

Colonel Mark Maynard strode up to the boy, took him in his arms, and Jakey might have as well been in the embrace of a bear for a time, while not a word was spoken. Then there was a fusillade of questions and answers, after which the colonel took Jakey into his tent and sat him on his own camp cot. Jakey lost no time in giving a brief account of his trip from school, how he had slept at the guerrilla's house and how his father had heard of the evacuation of Tullahoma.

The colonel, throwing open the tent flap and seeing his chief of staff outside, called him in.

"Captain," he said, "ride over to corps headquarters and say that a boy has just come in who is sent by his father to say that he slept last night at the house of a guerrilla, who told his wife, not knowing that he was overheard, that they are getting out of Tullahoma. Say that the information is perfectly reliable, as it has been brought by a Union boy who went with me on my most important mission when I was a scout and rendered me on that occasion the most valuable service a human being can render another. Ride at once. Never mind the division commander. There's no time to spare for army etiquette. Go."

The captain saluted, and without waiting for his own horse to be saddled mounted the horse of an orderly and

ESTABLISHED 1828.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

PARIS, MAINE, FEBRUARY 12, 1895.

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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

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

JOB PRINTING:—New type, fast presses, steam 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 of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris, Sturtevant's Drug Store. Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway, Noyes' Drug Store.
Rackleff, Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Fryeburg, A. F. Lewis, Insurance Office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. W. Swan & Co.
Petition for License to Sell Real Estate.
Germea.
Deafness.
Piles.
Wanted—a Few More Book Agents.
Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.
Pianos.
White Bronze Monuments.
Commissioners' Notice.
Statement North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.
Vick's Floral Guide.
Prospectus of the Forum.
Sheriff's Sale.

THE LEGISLATURE.

WORK UPON THE ACTIVE BUSINESS OF THE SESSION.

The man who predicted a small amount of business and a short session has forgotten all about it before this time. The flood of bills, petitions, remonstrances, etc., seemed to increase from day to day by its own momentum, and if our legislators get home to stay in March they may consider themselves well off.

The flood of introduction of matters being now somewhat abated, the legislature is beginning to get down to the kind of business where results are apparent to some degree.

The resolve appropriating $70,000 for each of the years 1895 and 1896 for pensions of the old soldiers has been approved by the governor. This increase in the appropriation is in accordance with the recommendation of Governor Cleaves.

The matter of the state printing is causing considerable discussion. Burleigh & Flynt, publishers of the Kennebec Journal at Augusta, have always done the state printing. The Lakeside Press of Portland claims to have put in a bid that makes a saving of $7000 a year. As this is nearly 25 per cent of the entire appropriation, it looks like a too enormous reduction. Whether the printing can be done outside of Augusta with convenience and profit to all concerned, is at least a debatable question.

Saturday sessions have begun, but they are not a distinguished success as yet. Very few members remain over for them.

Major Dickey presented a bill to prohibit the taking of offenders a greater distance than twenty-five miles for appearance before a trial justice or disclosure commissioner.

The Biddeford constables, those never-ceasing sources of trouble, have appeared in the legislature, a bill being introduced to abolish the office of constable in Biddeford.

A hearing on the listing bill was given Tuesday evening. Most of the speakers who appeared opposed the listing system.

The committee on taxation has voted to report favorably the bill to exempt the property of agricultural societies from taxation.

The fish and game committee recommend changes in the law to reduce from fifty to twenty-five pounds the amount of trout or land-locked salmon that may be in the possession of an angler. The committee will also recommend that only one caribou, instead of two, may be shot by an individual in one season.

Mr. Cates of Vassalboro has put in a bill to make every jail a Keeley cure. It provides that the county commissioners shall make all prisoners undergoing sentences of not less than thirty days for habitual drunkenness submit to a course of treatment for alcoholism, the county to pay the bills.

Mr. Harlow of Oxford has introduced an act to incorporate John J. Towle, Emerson Walt, Charles H. Kidder, E. E. Holman, Horace Holman, Hosea Newton, George H. Towle, Daniel F. Newton, Gustavus Hiscock, Willis Towle and John S. Harlow as the Dixfield Mutual Fire Insurance Company for the purpose of insuring in the county of Oxford their respective dwelling houses, stores, barns and all other insurance risks.

The governor has returned to the senate without his signature the bill to charter the Dexter Water Company. It is understood that the governor will sign no water, gas, electric light and trust company bills, until it is determined whether the general laws for this class of companies will be passed.

The first fight of the session in a legislative body as such, came up in the house Wednesday, on the Bangor insane hospital matter. The matter was discussed at some length, and on the vote, the resolve appropriating $150,000 toward the Bangor hospital had 101 in favor and 34 opposed.

One of the insurance bills introduced provides for reducing rates by reducing the number of fires, to this end providing for an inspector of buildings, who shall look out that buildings are so erected and afterwards cared for that the danger of fires shall be considerably lessened. Of course the inspector would necessarily be more or less of an expert.

The State College appropriation bill came up in the house Thursday. The bill appropriates $25,000 annually for ten years. The bill was opposed by Mr. Gilbert of Canton and others, who thought the appropriation too large, and was supported by Mr. Gilbert of Greene and others. The bill passed.

The judiciary committee have voted to make no changes in the ballot law. Hon. J. W. Bradbury appeared before them and asked for the envelope system.

Governor Cleaves has vetoed the bill giving the superintendent of the insane hospital per diem and mileage for attendance upon the insane at the state prison. The legislature two years ago transferred the criminal insane from the hospital to the state prison, the superintendent of the hospital being required to visit the prison at least once a month. His expenses were allowed him for these trips. This bill gave him $2.00 per day and mileage at 10 cents per mile. The governor vetoes the bill on the ground that the superintendent is already receiving a salary for duty to which he is required to give his whole time, and that he should receive no additional compensation.

The judiciary committee is tied on the woman suffrage question, and two reports will be made.

The legal affairs committee will report favorably on the bill to charter the Rumford Falls village corporation.

RUMFORD FALLS TRUST CO.

A meeting of the corporators and associates of the Rumford Falls Trust Company was held at the office of Hon. George D. Bisbee on Friday, Jan. 18, 1895, to perfect its organization. The following officers were elected:

President, George D. Bisbee.
Vice-President, Waldo Pettengill.
Secretary and Treasurer, Elisha Pratt.
Trustees, George D. Bisbee, Waldo Pettengill, Francis A. Danforth, Milton G. Shaw, Hugh J. Chisholm, Charles D. Brown, Ceylon Rowe, John S. Harlow, Wm. W. Mason.
Executive Committee, George D. Bisbee, Waldo Pettengill, Francis A. Danforth.

The capital stock is all paid in and the company is conveniently located in Shaw Block, and will be ready to open business in a few days.—Rumford Falls Times.

SPORTING.

The Brunswick and Winthrop Fur Clubs are advertised to hold a three days' fox hunt at Buckfield this week.

SOUTH PARIS.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, R. J. Haughton, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching services, 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Wednesday prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor meeting on Friday, 7:30 P. M.

Methodist Church, Rev. H. L. Nichols, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayer meeting, 9:30 A. M.; preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting, 6 P. M.; evening prayer meeting 7 P. M.; Tuesday prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M. Class meeting, Friday, 7:45 P. M.

Baptist Church. Rev. T. J. Ramsdell, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M. Tuesday evening prayer meeting 7:30 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—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.

P. of H.—Paris Grange, second Saturday of each month. The Grange store is open for trade Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

U. O. G. C.—First and third Thursdays.

I. O. G. T.—South Paris Lodge, No. 311, meets every other Monday evening in the G. A. R. Hall.

G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets Saturday on or before full moon, in G. A. R. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.

Wm. K. Kimball Relief Corps meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall, at 7:30.

S. of V.—John C. McArlle Camp meets second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at 7 o'clock, at G. A. R. Hall.

N. E. O. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets at G. A. R. Hall first and third Friday evenings of each month.

K. of P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every Friday evening at Masonic Hall.

Rev. George R. Palmer of Woodfords will deliver the Memorial Day address to Wm. K. Kimball Post, G. A. R., next Memorial Day. Mr. Palmer was one of four brothers that went to the war, and the only one that returned alive.

Dr. Eugene Andrews of North Paris is to locate among us. He will make a specialty of the eye and ear. Four doctors in this place ought to keep us in good health.

S. P. Maxim is still confined to the house with a bad cold.

Med Howard of Portland has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Chester Record, the past week.

Miss Godfrey of Boston is visiting at Mr. Alvin Rice's for a few days.

Miss Maud Carter finished her school in the King District and has returned home.

Mrs. C. W. Bowker has been visiting in Portland the past week.

The M. E. Sewing Circle will meet with Mrs. O. G. Curtis Wednesday afternoon and evening.

We understand that Dr. Stackpole will give his noted lecture, Hypnotism versus Spiritualism, at the Methodist church, Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, under the auspices of the Epworth League.

The past week has been a good sample of "court weather." We trust it will not continue through the term of court which opens Tuesday.

A full line of valentines at Shurtleff's and Sturtevant's.

Two have been taken from our midst by death the past week. Mrs. Blake, aged about 90 years, and Edith Jackson, aged 12 years. The relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends in the community.

Harry Gerry was at home from Colby over Sunday.

Found, in the post office, a small sum of money. Inquire of postmaster.

There is an advertised letter in the South Paris post office addressed to Frink Cleament.

Our teamsters and truckmen have all been busy the past few days breaking roads, and the prospects are good for more of the same work if the wind keeps on blowing. The prophets that predicted mild weather after Candlemas Day will have to take a back seat.

L. S. Swan has in his possession an ancient musket which his father purchased from a Revolutionary soldier. The musket is one of the old Queen's Arms, and was captured from the British in the war of 1776. Mr. Swan has presented it to the G. A. R. post to be placed among their relics of the late war.

The angel of death has again visited our midst and claimed for his own one of our brightest and most promising young school girls. Edith, daughter of the late L. W. Jackson, died Saturday morning after a short sickness of inflammation of the stomach and bowels. Mrs. Jackson has the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends in her great bereavement.

Mr. Albert Hammond has been at work in the bank for the past few days.

Cook's barge carried ten of our citizens to Norway Tuesday evening to attend Miss Mayo's recital. More would have gone had the weather been warmer.

The Electric Light Co. were putting in new transformers Tuesday, preparatory to starting their new machines. The lights will probably be much improved now.

The last lyceum of the term will be held in the high school room next Thursday evening.

Owing to the severity of the storm the schools were not in session Friday.

Madge and George Wilson were at home from Colby over Sunday to attend the funeral of their grandmother.

About twenty of our young people witnessed "Hands across the Sea," at the Norway Opera House Friday evening.

Newton R. Elliott of Portland has accepted a position with A. I. Sturtevant to complete the study of pharmacy in which he has been engaged for the past two and one-half years. He comes highly recommended and appears to be a fine young man.

On Thursday evening last Mr. James A. Coleman, who has been a teacher of elocution in one of our Maine schools, gave some of his popular readings in the Congregational church. The audience was not as large as we would have wished, owing to sickness, etc., but all who did attend were highly pleased, and many expressed the hope that Mr. Coleman might return at some more favorable season.

WHEELER-YATES.

A very pretty home wedding took place Tuesday evening, January 29, at 7 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. O. K. Yates, of West Paris, the contracting parties being their daughter and only child, Myrtle Dora, and Rev. F. E. Wheeler, pastor of the Universalist church at Foxcroft, Maine. The bride wore a beautiful dress of white brocaded silk with train and veil. The dress was trimmed with point lace and satin ribbon, and she carried a bouquet of white hyacinths. The groom wore the regulation suit of black. Mr. George E. Wheeler, of Oakland, Maine, brother of the groom, acted as best man, and Miss Linda E. Locke of West Paris as bridesmaid. Miss Locke was arrayed in blue silk and carried a bouquet of mermet roses.

Rev. F. E. Barton of Bethel performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate relatives of both parties and a few intimate friends, after which a reception was held from 8 to 10, the happy couple receiving the congratulations of over one hundred friends. The parlor was beautifully decorated with vines, flowers and potted plants, the bride and groom standing in the large bay window directly under a wedding bell trimmed with vines and flowers, above which was a white dove with wings spread and holding in its beak a trailing vine.

Mrs. Wheeler is an accomplished musician playing the piano and guitar very finely, and will be much missed from the local entertainments at West Paris. She also does very fine work in crayon and oil painting. Mr. Wheeler is a graduate from the theological department of St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y., and while a student preached during his vacations at West Paris and Bryant's Pond, forming many warm friends in both places. He is an unusually brilliant speaker and true Christian, and his friends bespeak for him a successful career in his chosen work. They will remain at West Paris during February, after which they will go to his field of labor in Foxcroft, attended by the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

The gifts were numerous and valuable.

AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Mayo's recital at Norway was hit by the cold wave, but was a good time and well attended.

The dance orders for the ball given by Hose Co. No. 1 at Norway contain photographic scenes of the Norway fire.

The Catholic fair Feb. 12 to 16, is what is agitating Rumford Falls this week. A special train will be run from Lewiston Thursday.

NORWAY.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Universalist Church, Rev. Caroline E. Angell, Pastor. Preaching service on Sunday, at 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath-school, 12:45 P. M.

Second Congregational Church, Rev. B. S. Rideout, Pastor. Preaching service at the Baptist Church, Sunday, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 11:45 A. M.; Social Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; regular weekly Prayer Meeting, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday; Young People's meeting Friday at 7:30 P. M.

Methodist Church, Rev. J. H. Roberts, Pastor. Preaching Service, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Social Evening Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; Tuesday Prayer Meeting, 7:30 P. M.; Class Meeting, Friday, 7:30 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Union R. A. C., No. 36, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon, at Masonic Hall. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Monday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, on or after full moon.

Norway Division, Sons of Temperance, in Ryerson Hall every Saturday evening.

I. O. O. F.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wibley Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block, every Thursday Evening. U. R., A. O. Noyes Division, No. 12, meets third Friday of each month.

G. A. R.—Harry Rust Post, No. 54, meets in Ryerson Hall on the third Friday Evening of each month.

S. of V.—Wellington Hobbs Camp meets the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

W. R. C.—Meets in Grange Hall third Friday evening in each month.

U. O. G. C.—Meets the 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month in Ryerson Hall.

P. of H.—Norway Grange meets every other Saturday at Grange Hall.

Norway Light Infantry.—Regular meetings the first and third Monday evenings of each month.

N. E. O. P.—Lakeside Lodge, No. 177, meets in Ryerson Hall, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

E. F. SMITH, Esq., New Grange Block, is the authorized local agent and correspondent of the Democrat for Norway and favors shown him will be appreciated by the publishers.

Register Park of Paris Hill was in town Thursday.

C. B. Cummings & Sons have their new motor and will start their mill the first of the week.

Parties are trying to organize a lodge of Independent Order of Foresters in this village. Quite a number have already signified their intention to join.

Several carloads of bark have been shipped from this station during the week.

The coldest day of the winter came Wednesday, February 6th. The thermometer registered from 12 to 19 degrees below zero all day with a strong wind blowing. Very little business was done.

The selectmen are in session this week settling town business and making up their report for the current year which closed January 31st.

The recital and concert given at the Opera House Tuesday evening by the pupils of Miss Maud Mayo assisted by Miss Rice, contralto soloist, of Portland, Miss Plummer, accompanist, of Paris, and Mr. Hatch, banjo and xylophone soloist, of Portland, was a great success. The overture by Stearns & Norseworthy's orchestra was greatly appreciated by the audience. Each member of the class received a most hearty applause as she concluded her recitation. It would indeed be difficult to designate the one who took her part the best. All showed much ability and each made clear the fact that the excellent entertainment had been brought about by much study and careful preparation on the part of both Miss Mayo and each one of the class. The class consists of the following young ladies: Miss Mina Jewett, Miss Alice Rounds, Miss Hattie Cragin, Miss Fannie Cummings, Miss Alice Smith, Miss Agnes Rounds, Miss Myrtle Gammon, Miss Edith Brooks, Miss Clare Gammon, Miss Grace Holden, Miss Belle Harriman, Miss Fannie Paragard, Miss Ethelyn Cummings. The tableaux "Studies from the Greek" were particularly pleasing and well executed.

Simeon Drake died Thursday morning at his residence on Main Street after a short sickness. Mr. Drake was born in New Hampton, N. H., June 25, 1819. He learned the printer's trade at Concord, N. H., serving an apprenticeship of seven years. He worked at his trade in Ohio five years when he returned to Concord. Later he went to Franklin, N. H., where he met and married Martha E. Durgin. After a short residence he accepted a position as foreman of Luther Roby's printing establishment at Concord. Afterwards he took charge of the Gazette published at Laconia, N. H. Later he went to Bath where he served as foreman of the office of the Daily Tribune. He also worked in the Sentinel office. He moved to Augusta and worked in the Journal office and then to Bridgton and in 1872 moved to Norway where he has since lived. In January, 1872, he started the Norway Advertiser which he continued to publish until November, 1875, when a copartnership was formed with C. F. Whitman, Esq., the present efficient clerk of the S. J. Court of Oxford County, known as Drake & Whitman. They purchased the Oxford Register and united it with the Advertiser. The February following the paper changed hands. From the date of his moving to Norway until January 15, 1895, he has been connected with the Norway paper. He leaves a wife and four children, Dr. W. A. Drake of North Weymouth, Mass., Dr. F. E. Drake and Mrs. Chas. Johnston of Norway, and Ernest Drake of Haverhill, Mass. His circle of friends was large, and he was highly respected by all who knew him.

The affair of the season will be the clerks' ball Tuesday evening, February 19th.

Judge Davis will move after the February term of the Supreme Judicial Court into the rent recently vacated by J. F. Bolster.

The February term of the Norway Municipal Court was held Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The docket showed about twenty new entries.

The ladies of the Methodist church held a circle and supper at the vestry Wednesday evening. As usual the entertainment provided was most pleasing.

COUNTY INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Bethel Chair Co. is doing an extensive business this winter.

David Flood of Norway Lake is shipping pulp wood by the car load to Yarmouth.

George B. Dunham of Hebron has been granted a patent for a wagon wrench.

Business is booming at S. V. Bisbee's mill in Waterford. Thirteen men are employed.

1500 cords of poplar have already been landed at the railroad station at East Brownfield this winter.

Eben Kilborn of Bethel has hauled about 400 cords of birch to Hodsdon's mill to be sawed into spools and dowels.

The Success Lumber Company have 148 horses hauling logs from Success Township in New Hampshire to their mill.

A J Blake of Gilead has cut and hauled some 5000 feet of logs to Bethel and West Bethel to have sawed for his use in carriage making.

The Rumford Falls Woolen Company have added five new looms to their mill. They are turning out a superior grade of pulp and paper makers' felt.

The Norway and Paris Electric Railroad Co. has received permission to use the central part of Main Street in Norway, from Pleasant to Paris Streets for its track.

E. A. Poor of Andover is working eight horses drawing spruce from the mountain to the river. He has hauled over 100,000, and one tree that scaled almost 1000 feet.

The canal at the power station at Rumford Falls froze up solid last Wednesday night so that firms depending on electric power had to shut down until it could be cut out.

Lewis M. Mann & Son, of West Paris, have an excellent article in the white bronze monuments which they are advertising in the Democrat. The Maine state assayer of metals says of them "for durability and beauty they are all that can be desired."

Rumford Falls celebrated the opening of her new and enlarged post office last week. It occupies the corner of Congress and Hartford Streets in the new brick block and is about 35x50 feet, lighted on two sides by three large plate glass windows, with two wide entrances. It contains about 700 boxes and can be suitably arranged for about 500 more.

THE WEEK IN MAINE.

THE MOST IMPORTANT STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD.

The scene of the Coburn murder in Gorham is the Mecca of relic hunters, who chip off blood-stained pieces of wood in the barn and carry them away.

The Rickers will use the Maine world's fair building at Poland Spring as an art building and dormer windows will be placed in the roofs to make the light better.

A Lewiston gentleman who is something of an experimenter in floriculture has succeed in securing apple blossoms in a somewhat novel manner. He gets the budded branches early in the winter and after keeping them for a time in a warm, dark room finds that they blossom as nicely as any that bloom in the spring.

Cumberland County is having its second murder trial for this term of court. Dr. John B. Hughes is on trial for the murder of Miss Mary Dunn by means of procuring an abortion. More than one day was occupied in securing a jury, only eleven men being obtained from the sixty-five summoned by special venire.

The case of James Lewis, convicted of the Coburn murder in Gorham, will go to the law court on motion for a new trial, and the money necessary will be raised by popular subscription. A great many people have acquired the idea that Lewis was wrongfully convicted, and are willing to contribute towards securing him a chance to have it tried again.

The Bar Harbor Record suggests that the town of Eden, before it is too late, purchase the few remaining points of attraction in the vicinity of Bar Harbor, and insure their being kept open to tourists. Among those for which it pleads are the top of Green Mountain and the carriage road thereto, the shores of Eagle Lake, the Ovens, and the right of way to them, and Otter Cliffs.

A very curious incident marked a fox hunt over in St. Albans the other day. As Oscar Blaisdell was passing Brownfield Fairbrother's house one day last week, he was surprised to see a fox on the roof of the ell of the house. He had been driven there by hounds. He ran back and forth some time, but getting rested a little he leaped to the ground and took to the woods with the dogs after him.

The survey for a railroad from Milo Junction to Newport is being made this winter and work on the road will probably be begun in the early spring. The new road will connect with the Bangor and Aroostook road at Milo Junction where the main line of that road from Old Town to Brownville and the Katahdin Iron Works come together. The distance from Milo Junction to Newport by the proposed route is 33 miles.

The ladies of Houlton are engaged in a most practical and praiseworthy form of charity. Every Saturday afternoon the benevolent society of that town has a number of the poor children of the place and instructs them in the art of sewing. Material is furnished and cut by the ladies, and the children are taught how to make for themselves such garments as they are in need of and which are given them free of charge. A number of children have found these gifts, during the present cold winter, very acceptable.

Hon. John L. Stevens died at his home in Augusta Friday morning after four weeks' illness of valvular disease of the heart and nervous prostration. For the past two weeks he has been critically ill and there had been no hopes of recovery for a week past. He was born Aug. 1, 1820, and was accordingly 74 years of age. Mr. Stevens was a veteran editor and publisher and achieved his great distinction as a diplomatist at Honolulu. For his work at Honolulu he won the condemnation of the Cleveland administration, and the commendation of the great mass of the American people.

Probably the oldest man that makes a business of going into the woods each winter is Frank Wright of Hancock Street, Bangor. Last week he came down from John Ross' camp. This makes the fortieth season he has worked in the woods for Mr. Ross. Wright is 85 years old, and has passed sixty winters thinning out Maine forests, and in that time he has seen many changes in the mode of lumbering. He feels as young as a boy of 16, and while in the office of the Kineo House, on his way home last week, he wanted to bet $10 he could turn a handspring with any of them. Mr. Wright thinks that about five more winters in the woods will satisfy him.

GEORGE H. BROWN.

BETHEL, Feb. 5, 1895.

The subject of this notice, George H. Brown, Esq., was born in Albany, Me., November, 1823, and died in Mason Feb. 3, 1895, aged 71 years and 9 months.

His privileges in the town school were limited, but he improved those privileges, and supplemented them by attending Gould's Academy. He was a diligent scholar, a great reader, and for many years a successful teacher in our common schools. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the citizens of his adopted town, and held all the offices within their gift, until his infirmities necessitated his retirement. He was a writer of ease and felicitous ability, and the patrons of the Democrat sustained a personal loss when he felt constrained to withdraw from the brigade.

He was one of the municipal officers of Mason during the Rebellion, and visiting Lewiston in relation to his town's quota, finding them one short, offered his services and was accepted and joined the 10th Regiment of Maine Volunteer Infantry, and was assigned to hospital duty. When he left the army his health, which was never vigorous, was much broken.

He represented his district in the legislature during one session with much ability, and had his health permitted, he would have been called to occupy positions of honor and trust outside of his town and representative district, for he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the whole community of his acquaintance. For many years he has had a slender hold upon life, and has often been laboring under great discouragements.

He was a member of Cuiver Grover Post, G. A. R., while it existed in Bethel, and after they disbanded, upon the formation of Brown Post, G. A. R., he united with them. He was an ardent temperance man, and frequently addressed the different organizations. In politics he was a steadfast Republican.

In early life he married Miss Shaw of Bethel, who survives him, with two sons—Edgar, a lawyer in Illinois, and Charles, who lives on the home farm—and three daughters.

The funeral was to have been held at the church Tuesday, conducted by Rev. I. A. Bean of Cornish, who was formerly a neighbor of Mr. Brown. Members of Brown Post started from Bethel to assist in the services of their comrade, and found the traveling so bad they had to abandon their teams and walk one mile, and waited for one hour at the church, and the remains not appearing, reluctantly returned to their homes without showing the honors they had intended to their beloved comrade.

A good citizen, a kind neighbor, an indulgent husband and father has passed away, but being dead he yet speaketh. The impress he has made upon the hundreds of young minds he has had under his care, still lives. The earnest words he has uttered in behalf of temperance and sobriety, are testifying of his faithfulness. His upright life is a living inspiration. E. W. WOODBURY.

HOW'S THIS !

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDEN, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1895.

COURT OFFICERS.

L. A. Emery, Justice Presiding.
Charles F. Whitman, Clerk.
Fred A. Porter, Sheriff.
H. E. Hammond, Crier.
Eugene F. Smith, County Attorney.
W. A. Barrows, Messenger.
Herrick C. Davis, Librarian.

GRAND JURY.

Arthur W. Stanley, Hiram, Foreman.
Charles F. Abbott, Bethel.
Alvin P. Allen, Hebron.
S. D. Andrews, Norway.
C. D. Atherton, Newry.
N. J. Cushman, Paris.
Geo. P. Fox, Porter.
John Graffam, Brownfield.
Fred E. Heald, Buckfield.
John B. Kimball, Lovell.
Amos J. Learned, Canton.
Frank Leavitt, Mexico.
Levi McAllister, Stoneham.
Cassius W. Pike, Fryeburg.
S. W. Richards, Andover.
E. P. Richardson, Hartford.
P. W. Torrey, Dixfield.
William D. Tucker, Sumner.

The traditional court week storm having got around a week ahead of schedule time, the air is cleared and everything is in good shape for the February term of court, which opens at the old court house on Paris Hill Tuesday morning.

The following venires have been returned for traverse jurors—who, according to Judge Emery's order, will not be in attendance until Thursday morning:

William Allen, Denmark.
Abel Andrews, Albany.
Elden B. Andrews, Stow.
Edmund M. Bailey, Andover.
E. C. Chamberlain, Bethel.
James W. Chapman, Porter.
Geo. A. Charles, Fryeburg.
Howard Charles, Lovell.
Hiram A. Conant, Buckfield.
Charles Cotton, Hiram.
Gideon Ellis, Canton.
E. P. Farrington, Greenwood.
John V. Fletcher, Hartford.
Elisha D. Fuller, Rumford.
Henry W. Green, Waterford.
Samuel O. Grover, Mason.
John Hodsdon, Brownfield.
Albion Holman, Dixfield.
W. H. Merrow, Bethel.
W. W. Pride, Norway.
A. W. Robbins, Roxbury.
Roscoe L. Staples, Oxford.
Chandler Swift, Paris.
Ira O. Swift, Sumner.
Albion Taylor, Paris.
A. W. Whitehouse, Norway.
E. G. Wing, Woodstock.

Juror Wing of Woodstock reports himself sick and unable to attend.

The grand jury, empaneled last term, will be in attendance Tuesday morning. The indications are that they will have a comparatively light term's work. The epidemic of "cussedness" seems to have run its course, and the county has been more quiet of late. There are in jail awaiting this term of court three prisoners: Isaac Moody, committed for rape; Patrick Welch and B. Foley or Conoly, who were sentenced by Trial Justice Morrison of Rumford Falls on complaint for search and seizure, and appealed. Two others are serving jail sentences. Among the other matters which may come before the grand jury are two cases in which a revolver was used but no bodily injury inflicted. These two cases are the Aldrich-Bachelder affray at Riley Plantation, and the Lufkin-Foss affair in Rumford.

The civil docket is large, but it is not known that there are any specially important civil cases to come to trial. A long term is not anticipated.

OXFORD COUNTY.

COURT DIRECTORY AND COUNTY OFFICERS.

Supreme Judicial Court.

TERMS:

Second Tuesday of February.
First Tuesday of May.
Second Tuesday of October.

Probate Court.

AT PARIS,
Third Tuesday of each month.
AT FRYEBURG,
First Tuesdays of June and December.

Court of Insolvency.

AT PARIS.
Wednesdays following Probate Court.

Court of County Commissioners.

AT PARIS.
Regular Sessions:
Second Tuesday of May.
First Tuesday of September.
Last Tuesday of December.

County Commissioners.

W. W. WHITMARSH, Chairman, Norway.
JOSEPH F. STEARNS, Lovell.
GEORGE W. RIDLON, Mexico.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

CHARLES F. WHITMAN, Paris.
Clerk Supreme Judicial Court.
EUGENE F. SMITH, Norway.
County Attorney.
J. HASTINGS BEAN, Paris.
Register of Deeds.
ECKLEY BALLARD, Fryeburg.
Register of Deeds, (Western District.)
GEORGE A. WILSON, South Paris.
Judge of Probate.
ALBERT D. PARK, Paris.
Register of Probate.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD, Paris.
County Treasurer.
FRED A. PORTER, Rumford Falls.
Sheriff.

Deputy Sheriffs.

Chandler Garland, (Jailer,) Paris.
Henry E. Hammond, (Crier,) Paris.
James R. Tucker, (P. O. West Paris,) Paris.
James L. Parker, Norway.
Albert P. Bassett, Norway.
Thaddeus Cross, Norway.
Cyrus M. Wormell, Bethel.
Milton Penley, Bethel.
A. F. Warren, Buckfield.
Ronello A. Barrows, Canton.
George G. Shirley, Fryeburg.
Edgar L. Flint, (P. O. East Hiram,) Hiram.
Walter C. Bassett, Lovell.
Isaac M. Stanley, (P. O. Kezar Falls,) Porter.

BORN.

In West Paris, Feb. 6, to the wife of Geo. W. Ridlon, a daughter. (9 1-4 pounds.)

MARRIED.

In Norway, Jan. 7, by Rev. J. H. Roberts, Isaac H. F. Pingree and Katie F. Pingree, both of Norway.

In Turner Center, Feb. 2, by Rev. John Kimball, Mr. Washington Heald and Miss Ella M. Bessey, both of North Buckfield.

DIED.

In Buckfield, Feb. 2, Herbert, son of Seth Dudley, aged 17 years.

In Mechanic Falls, Feb. 1, Lucinda A., widow of the late W. Scott Bryant, aged 38 years.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction, on the sixteenth day of March, A. D. 1895, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the store of Eli B. Bean in Brownfield, in said County, all the right in equity which John O. and William A. McDonald of Brownfield, in said County of Oxford, had on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D. 1894, when the same was attached on the original writ, to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in Brownfield in said County, to wit: a certain lot of land in Brownfield, aforesaid, and bounded as follows: lying on the southerly side of the road leading through Brownfield Center commencing at the southwest corner of lot owned by J. L. Frink; thence westerly by the road to near a stone post by the southwest corner of the store; thence north thirteen degrees east about ten rods to the old tannery road, so called; thence east by said road five rods and five links to the lot of J. L. Frink, aforesaid; thence by said J. L. Frink's lot to point begun at, together with the buildings thereon.

Brownfield, Feb. 4, A. D. 1895.

G. G. SHIRLEY, Deputy Sheriff.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1895, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of John B. Rand, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, represented insovent, hereby give notice that six months from the date of said appointment are allowed to said creditors in which to present and prove their claims, and that they will be in session at the following places and times for the purpose of receiving the same, viz.: at the office of Chas. E. Holt in the town of Norway on Saturday the thirteenth day of March and on the twenty-seventh day of April, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., and at the hotel of John Lewis at North Waterford on the twelfth day of July, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Dated Feb. 4, 1895.

CHAS. E. HOLT, P. W. SAUNDERS, } Commissioners.

COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH

Cough! Cough!! It's the hacking cough that often ends in the most serious trouble.

Pain-Killer stops the cough at once by removing the cause and thus prevents the trouble. Put two teaspoonfuls of this good old remedy in a small cup of molasses, take ¼ teaspoonful often, and your cough will quickly cease. Sold everywhere. You now get double the quantity of Pain-Killer for the same old price.

Perry Davis & Son, Providence, R. I.

J. W. SWAN & CO., Clothiers,

132 Main St., Norway,

Are selling their Stock of Ulsters, Overcoats and Winter Clothing at cost.

Look Them Over

before you buy. Who can sell new goods at less than cost? Don't think for one minute any one can. They have

A Few More

of those 25 cent Shirts and 9 cent Suspenders. Call and see them.

J. W. SWAN & CO.,

132 Main Street,

NORWAY, - - MAINE.

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. The John T. Cutting Co., 133 Duane St., New York.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. My Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain, invisible. F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway New York, sole depot. Send for book and proofs FREE.

PILES R. M. READMAN, M. D., Harvard, 1876, 175 Tremont St., Boston. Cure guaranteed. Consultation free. Send for Pamphlet. Office hours 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. Sundays and Holidays excepted. FISTULA

WANTED—A FEW MORE BOOK AGENTS in this and adjoining Counties for Our Journey Around the World. A brand new book by REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. The best chance to make money ever offered to all who want profitable work. A good Agent in this vicinity can earn $100 a month. No Distance no hindrance, for We Pay Freight, give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, and Exclusive Territory. For particulars, write to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Vegetable, Pulmonary, BALSAM. The old, well known cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. "Best in the World." Originated by Lowe & Reed, 1826. CUTLER BROS. & CO., Boston, 50c., $1.00.

White Bronze Monuments!

OVER 500 Beautiful Designs

YARMOUTH, ME., July 7, 1890.

MR. G. W. COBURN,
Gardiner, Maine,
Dear Sir:

I have seen the White Bronze Monuments and Headstones in Austria, Germany and Italy and those that have been set for three hundred years looked as fresh and new as though they had been set one day. That was in countries where granite and marble were very cheap, but the White Bronze they use in preference to marble. CAPT. DAVID LOVELL.

No Change in Twenty-three Years.

"I have a headstone at a brother's grave in my lot which I purchased of Mr. Chapman in 1871, and it shows no sign of change or wear."

S. C. CALDWELL,
365 Pleasant Street,
New

The Oxford Democrat.

"ON THE HILL."

DIRECTORY.

First Baptist Church: Rev. A. P. Wedge, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7 P. M. Prayer Meetings Thursday Evenings at 7:30 P. M.

Universalist Church: Sunday School every Sunday at 11 A. M.

John F. Stanley, Esq., was in Boston last week.

S. S. Stearns, Esq., of Norway, was at the Hill on business Saturday.

Emery W. Mason and wife have been employed by the selectmen to carry on the town farm the coming year. An excellent choice.

There will be an entertainment at the reading room on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13th, under the auspices of the Reading Room Association. The exercises will consist of reading by Prof. Coleman, elocutionist and humorist, and music by local talent. After the entertainment there will be a baked bean supper. Admission 15 cents. Supper 15 cents. Members of the Association will be admitted to the entertainment without charge by showing their membership tickets.

Perhaps our correspondents have said enough about the weather, but it has been a very engrossing topic for the past few days. The past week was a record-breaker, and S. D. Hutchinson, who ought to be able to speak with authority, says it is the worst weather we have had in forty years. Wednesday was certainly the coldest day in many years. The thermometer stood at 20 below zero in the morning and 15 in the evening, and did not get higher than 10 below at noon, with the wind blowing a gale.

"Vene" Porter was at the Hill a few days since calling on friends. It was Mr. Porter's father, "Uncle John Porter," who built the present Baptist church here, and in connection with that subject Mr. Porter remarked that he wished he had the stocks which were in the old church that was taken down about 1837. He carried the stocks home, but somebody else was not so careful of them as he, and they disappeared. It will doubtless surprise some to learn that the old colonial customs were brought down into this community to the extent of providing stocks for the confinement of those who wouldn't attend church, but such is the fact. The stocks were in the vestibule of the church, within sight and sound of Elder Hooper—and they used them occasionally, too.

Universalist Circle at Academy Hall Friday evening, February 15th. Picnic supper at six o'clock. The comic drama in two acts, entitled "Our Awful Aunt", will be presented with the following cast of characters:

Mrs. Haselton, a widow, Mrs. W. H. Cummings.
Alice, her daughter, Miss Eva Austin.
Carrie Benton, engaged to Frank, Miss Grace Harlow.
Matilda Johnson, Our Awful Aunt, Mrs. H. P. Hammond.
Frank Haselton, Alice's brother, Mr. Jarvis M. Thayer.
Arthur Wallace, a fop and villain, Mr. Arthur E. Forbes.
Pete, Mrs. H.'s colored servant, Mr. Albert D. Park.
David Mann, Wallace's accomplice, Mr. Frank B. Hammond.
Policemen, { Mr. Herbert Scribner, Mr. B. C. Curtis.

To be followed by the usual social dance. All invited. Admission ten cents.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Waldo Pettengill and Hon. George D. Bisbee of Rumford Falls were at Augusta last week.

J. W. Bennett of Gilead is on a trip to Montana. He is president of a company operating a gold mine there.

Urias Bonney, an aged and respected citizen of Sumner, is sick with heart trouble. Mr. Bonney is 84 years old.

DeWitt C. Kidder, Esq., a Dixfield boy now located at Webster, South Dakota, is County Treasurer of Day County.

James Brown has bought the John B. Rand store at North Waterford, and after making some alterations will open a general store.

Charles Bisbee of Waterford, 88 years old, is the last of the old settlers of the town. He is living on a farm he reclaimed from the wilderness.

National Bank Examiner Charles P. Hatch of Buckfield has been assisting Treasurer Pratt in opening the business of the Rumford Falls Trust Company.

John E. Stephens, the Rumford Falls jeweler, has been studying optical science for about a year and will soon be thoroughly equipped for optical practice.

Dr. A. E. Robinson of East Hebron is one of the leading horse buyers of the county. He took two pairs to Philadelphia recently, one pair costing $1000, the other $500.

County Commissioner Whitmarsh is reported pleased with the jail at Rockland. The estimated cost of a similar one with jailer's house is $7000. The cells will be fitted to hold thirty-two prisoners.

F. A. DeLano of Oxford utters an epigram worthy of Lincoln when in answer to a criticism on the Oxford fire company he says: "It takes good men to do effective work, but anybody can find fault."

The late Geo. H. Brown of Mason was a correspondent of the Democrat for forty years, and has been in town office almost continuously since early manhood. He represented Bethel and Mason in the legislature of 1856.

The Norway Lake correspondent of the Advertiser says that the available citizens of Norway who might be prevailed upon to take the first selectmanship are Geo. L. Beal, Geo. A. Brooks, Wm. H. Whitcomb, W. W. Whitmarsh and H. C. Davis.

Simeon Drake, the veteran printer and publisher of Oxford County, died at his residence in Norway on Thursday forenoon, Feb. 7th, at the age of 75 years. Mr. Drake has been in failing health for some months, but has been able to do more or less work in the Advertiser office, where he was employed, up to Jan. 15th, since which time he has been confined to the house. The deceased leaves a wife and four children. Mr. Drake was born in New Hampton, N. H., June 25, 1819, and when 14 years of age went to Concord, N. H., to learn the printer's art. Seven years was the time required in those days, and Mr. Drake faithfully served it out. He then went to Ohio where he worked at his trade five years and then returned to Concord. After a few months he accepted a position at Franklin, N. H., where he married Martha E. Durgin. His next move was back to Concord to take a position as foreman of Luther Roby's printing establishment. From there he went to Laconia, N. H., to take charge of the Gazette, from there to Bath, Maine, as a job printer in the Daily Tribune office where he was subsequently foreman. He was afterwards employed in the Bath Sentinel office, and then in the Kennebec Journal office at Augusta, when the paper was published by Stevens & Sayward. From Augusta he moved to Bridgton and in 1872 to Norway where he has since resided, and where he has been connected with the Advertiser as employe or proprietor nearly all of that time. For over fifty years, with the exception of the time he published the Advertiser, he has worked as journeyman printer, and during all his mutations he has never been discharged except at his own request. As publisher of the Norway Advertiser Mr. Drake has been associated at different times with Judge C. F. Whitman, the present clerk of courts for Oxford County, Mr. C. E. Meserve and Mr. Fred W. Sanborn, the present proprietor of the Advertiser.

Maine people interested in Florida orange groves are having a hard time the present winter. A former Warren boy writes from that state that he had just picked 250 boxes of oranges when the freeze came and ruined what he estimated to be more than 1000 boxes of fine fruit. As he expended $400 in fertilizing his grove, he is considerably out as a result of his season's work.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

RUMFORD.

Mrs. Mabel Thompson is ill.

Mark Elliott of Rumford Point is on the sick list.

Tuesday night was the coldest night of this year.

Ed Elliott and Dexter Elliott are getting in their year's ice.

George Tuttle was at the Corner Sunday.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Quite a number from this place made up a party and attended meeting at Bryant's Pond one evening last week to hear the evangelists, Mr. Hatch and wife, from Bangor. A good time was reported.

Rev. R. A. Rich has gone to Durham for a few days on business.

Steve Foster is night watch in the mill.

Joel Goodwin of Walker's Mills still continues to be very poorly. He is talking of going to Togus to the soldiers' home for treatment for a few weeks.

E. L. Tebbets went to Lisbon Saturday on business, returning Monday night.

Miss Leona Hill visited her sister, Mrs. Vere Bean, at Bethel recently.

Abraham Bryant is at home from the woods.

H. Curtis of West Paris called on friends at this place one day last week on his way through to Grafton with sleighs.

J. G. Coffin has ten hens that laid 145 eggs during the month of January. Next!

Miss Edith Emery came home from Norway Saturday night.

Miss Ella F. Sanborn attended the firemen's ball at Bethel Friday evening.

Nearly every one here is afflicted with a bad cold and cough.

The thermometer registered 24° below zero in some places Wednesday morning.

UPTON.

The past week has been the coldest weather known here for several years.

Wednesday the thermometer registered 22 below at noon.

Hay is plenty here, but stock seems to need more this winter than before.

H. I. Abbott has been to Bethel with a load of potatoes, and brought back a load of apples.

Simon Stahl is in this vicinity with his usual supply of watches, jewelry, etc.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

Mr. George Haley returned home from Buxton last week.

Mrs. Augusta Littlefield, who has been visiting friends in Portland, came home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pease and little daughter, of Boston, are visiting friends in this place.

Miss Genie Rounds is taking her fourth quarter of music lessons of Mrs. Harry Jameson, and goes to Cornish every other week to recite. Miss Rounds has already taken thirteen quarters, and is a fine pianist.

Quite a number of our young people are attending a select school at Brownfield Centre, under the instruction of Mr. O. A. Morton, of which the following is a list: Wesley Cole, Howard Colby, Fred Bickford, Effie Allard, Lula Mason, Grace Griggs and Addie Greenlaw.

GREENWOOD.

Eleven vessels fitted out and sailed for the polar regions last year, two of them in search of former expeditions; and it would be interesting to know where they all are now. What a sacrifice of life there has been during the last hundred years trying to find the north pole; but it is yet undiscovered and probably will remain so for some time to come.

We thought it was cold enough about here last week with a temperature of 20 below, and yet the chickadees were as lively those coldest days as ever, flying about and picking something from the trees for dinner.

A book was put into our hands recently, entitled Early Indian History, which proved highly interesting. It was written by Benj. G. Armstrong, who was adopted in early life by the Chippewa chief Buffalo, and lived with the tribe a good many years. He tells some pretty hard stories regarding the way in which the Indians have been used by the government and white people; and if there is a just God in heaven and a future retribution they will have an account to settle some day that they little think of.

Sylvester Cole's wife and daughter Ella are both prostrated with the grippe.

Lucinda A., whose remains were buried at the Pond last Monday, was the widow of the late W. Scott Bryant, who was killed in March, 1887, by falling under a freight train on which he was a brakeman, near South Paris. She was a daughter of Elbridge and Arabel Cole, and belonged to a family of eleven children, eight of whom are still living.

The hardest wind and coldest weather this winter were last Tuesday and the night following; 12 below Wednesday morning.

WELCHVILLE.

Cold, colder, coldest!

Business suspended and roads blocked.

The village school had only one session Wednesday.

David Andrews from Otisfield and E. F. Bowker from Mechanic Falls got snowbound at C. H. Bryant's.

Thursday morning was the coldest for the winter at Oxford depot.

PERU.

Ozroe and Rev. Windsor Wyman of Massachusetts are visiting at their mother's, Mrs. Lapham's.

It was the coldest day we have had yet on Feb. 6th; it was 20° below zero and a high wind was blowing. The roads were drifted quite badly.

While they were clearing the track on the P. and R. F. R. R. near A. A. Eastman's, they got the snow plow off the track and shifted it end for end. They had to leave it beside the track and come back to East Peru for another one. It delayed the down mail about an hour.

WEST PERU.

There was a dance at the Grange Hall at West Peru Saturday night.

Glendale Lodge, I. O. G. T., installed the following officers Wednesday night:

Edward Hussey, C. T.
C. A. Hall, P. C. T.
Mrs. Ada Demeritt, V. T.
Mrs. William Phinney, Chap.
Mrs. Ada Lovejoy, S. J. T.
Mrs. Ida J. Arnold, Sec.
Willie Atkins, M.
Miss Flora Floyd, D. M.
William Phinney, Sent.
Nelson Larkin, Guard.
E. I. Tucker, Treas.
Rose Demeritt, F. S.
W. S. Arnold, A. S.

Wilson Stillman is hauling wood for E. G. Austin.

SUMNER.

Urias Bonney is slowly improving.

Al Hadley is hauling poplar to Sumner station.

Wilbur Foster is sawing ice on Pleasant Pond for F. H. McAllister.

George Noyes is hauling birch to the dowel factory at East Sumner.

W. E. Bowker had his serenade at West Sumner Monday evening. Several from this way attended and enjoyed a treat of candy and peanuts. Well! It is said those that dance must pay the fiddler.

The cold wave has struck Labrador Pond, and breaking roads is the order of the day.

SOUTH RUMFORD.

Wednesday was the first day this winter that the mail did not get here.

We think the crow that "Ignorance" mentions must have been on his way to the south, as no sensible crow would be likely to stay in this Arctic climate, where the thermometer ranges from 8 to 22 degrees below zero, and the wind blowing a gale.

Mrs. Gusta Putnam is not so well, and Mrs. Ardella Elliott is failing fast.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Married, at Turner Centre, Feb. 2, by Rev. John Kimball, Washington Heald and Ella M. Bessey, both of Buckfield. About fifty of the friends and neighbors assembled at B. F. Heald's, Feb. 7, and gave the above couple a nice reception.

DIXFIELD.

We have had some quite cold weather here the past week. Not only has it been cold, but strong winds have accompanied the cold wave.

We have had some severe storms the past week.

J. S. Harlow's spool mill is shut down.

The Danforth Bros. are having their saw-mill engine and machinery repaired.

The bridge crew now consists of about forty men, and up to the cold snap things at the works were booming.

NORTHWEST BETHEL.

E. S. Skillings, better known as Ned, was home over Sunday. It is always pleasant to see his jolly-looking face.

The weather has been indulging in what might be called a "spree" in which all the elements joined.

Elmer Stearns is "off duty" for a while, suffering from a severe cold.

Seth Mason is also on the lying off list.

Levi S. Bean is at this place visiting relatives. He came from Wisconsin a number of months ago.

Jack Downie is at work for A. S. Bean at Albany.

John Bean visited his aged aunt, Betsey Scribner, recently.

Miss Maude Merrow froze one of her cheeks while walking to her school the 6th; but she got there all the same.

WILSON'S MILLS.

A sad accident occurred in the logging works of the Spauldings Wednesday, January 30th, resulting in the death of A. E. Goyette, aged 28 years. He was working in the yard and started for the top to roll down some logs. They started in a mass rolling over him. He was badly crushed and was quite dead when rescued. Funeral services by Rev. S. S. York February 3d, and held at the school house in the lower town. An only sister, Mrs. Owen Crimmins, with whom he made it his home, has the sympathy of the community.

Daniel Wheeler of Milan was brought from York & Lary's camp Thursday, badly hurt; was carried through to Milan by C. M. Kelly.

Mrs. Lucy Bennett was brought home from Colebrook Saturday and is much worse.

Mrs. C. M. Kelly is enjoying a visit from her mother, Mrs. Leavitt.

Otis Hayford and wife have been up on a visit to their niece, Mrs. S. A. Fickett.

M. D. Sturtevant's main crew came out of the woods Friday.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK.

Coldest weather of the season thus far.

South Woodstock Dramatic Club played the drama "The Heroic Dutchman of '76" at Grange Hall, Bryant's Pond, on Monday evening last. There was a good house for a stormy night.

Some of us attended the Pomona Grange at Bryant's Pond on Tuesday and were well paid for going in hearing the lecture of Prof. Stetson, lecturer of the state grange. The topic was "The Patron of the Future." He or she is to be a better man or woman in every way. The coming citizen will work more for the good of his fellowmen and not so much for self. His or her dress will be more simple and more in the line of common sense than style. Houses will be built with the idea of a home more than for a mansion. Schools are to be conducted on the principle that scholars are to be fitted for life work and not for show. May his prophecies prove true.

EAST SUMNER.

A few of our citizens go to Paris on a "courting" tour this week. Some say that they dread it. Strange, isn't it. We never used to dread courting much if Hannah was on hand to keep the big dog quiet. We did, however, sometimes dread coming away. But then it might have been a different kind from the Paris kind. Anyway we had to pay the bills.

The cold wave got along ahead of court week this time.

But few teams were out on Tuesday.

Mr. Z. S. Parker has now three singing schools running in town taking up every evening in the week except Sunday. His methods are much liked and he believes that nearly every one can learn to sing.

Rev. E. M. Cousins of Portland supplied the Congregational pulpit on Sunday and delivered an interesting discourse.

Rev. Mr. Murray still supplies the Baptist church, and it is hoped will remain.

Eastman, the seedsman, has been confined to his room for several days with an attack of the grippe. Miss Mertye Bonney has attended to the office work.

ROXBURY.

Tuesday and Wednesday gave us the worst blizzard of the winter, reminding us of the winters we had twenty-five years ago. In such a time the railroads are behind the "one-horse shay."

Wednesday night mail driver Richards went through with flying colors, but with little mail because it did not reach Rumford Falls on the railroad.

James Kane of Mexico has built a camp at Walker Brook. He will haul spruce for the railroad. It will be sawn into square timber at L. H. Reed's mill.

Mr. Chapman has made an addition to his barn so as to put up more of his birch teams. It will be a great convenience.

J. C. Perkins, who was running Mr. Chapman's boarding house, has given it up and left town and Mr. Chapman is running it himself with Nettie Babb and Martha Dorr as cooks.

NEWRY.

A cloudy Candlemas this year which indicates according to the weather-wise that the worst of the winter is over, though the blizzard of this week, following so closely on its heels is rather discouraging to such predictions.

Curtis Bickford got his toes frost bitten Tuesday while sawing birch in the woods.

The stage was the only team out on Bear River Wednesday. All of the logging crews laid by for the day.

Mrs. Fransina Walker is in failing health. Dr. J. A. Twaddle is attending her.

Mrs. Ed Lane has gone to Portland to the Maine General Hospital for treatment.

EAST HEBRON.

We are enjoying our first real cold snap of the season, the thermometer going down to twenty-five degrees below zero.

S. H. Keene is loading pine at Hebron Station for the Portland Star Match Company.

F. E. Whiting lost one of his team horses Monday. She dropped dead in the woods.

Members of East Hebron Grange are to visit West Minot Grange Saturday evening, the 9th inst.

PORTER.

The Coburn murder trial has created a great interest here by the newspaper reports and the people were greatly surprised by the verdict given by the jury.

Town meeting fire has commenced to kindle in the people. They are preparing for the 4th of March.

The teachers' institute of the Ossipee Valley Association was held at Kezar Falls last Saturday.

Charles Stanley is drawing cord wood to Kezar Falls for J. A. Libby of that village.

Mrs. Ivory Towle who has been sick the greater part of the winter with the grippe is able to be out again.

Elmer Sawyer left town Tuesday for West Pownal where he is at work for Christopher Sawyer of that town.

HARTFORD.

The Crystal Wave Lodge, I. O. of G. T., celebrated their 27th anniversary January 30th. The occasion was one highly gratifying to all present. The supper and entertainment was one that the members of the Crystal Wave only know how to prepare. Marcus was there and when he came in he made a few remarks which brought down the house. This lodge is in a flourishing condition and the only thing lacking is a little more stable room.

Frank Warren has put up a powerful wind mill on his stable. It has a capacity to pump his water, saw his wood, and thrash his grain. While Frank was in the legislature he probably learned the power of wind.

Lot Keene has lost a valuable yearling steer. He got choked with a tie-up chain. (Not Lot but the steer.)

WEST PARIS.

Rev. A. K. Bryant and wife have both been quite sick with bad colds.

On account of the severe storm and wind blow there was a small attendance at the Free Baptist Quarterly Meeting last week.

Ellingwood & Willis have quite a large contract for cant dogs and driving tools for the lumbermen.

L. B. Swan has been on the sick list the last two weeks.

Mrs. Coburn's sister will spend the winter with her.

The drama "Placer Gold, or How Uncle Nathan Lost his Farm" which was to have been presented Friday evening, February 8, on account of the stormy weather has been postponed until Monday evening, the 11th.

FRYEBURG.

Miss Alice Locke is home from Portland.

Owing to the severe storm of Friday the usual meeting of the Woman's Club was postponed.

Mr. Boyce has been with his sister, Miss Louisa Boyce, at Miss Page's.

24° below zero Thursday followed by six inches of snow Friday.

Wm. Fogg of White Rock was in the place this week.

A very interesting meeting of the Chautauqua Circle was held at Miss Hastings on Monday evening. The paper of the evening was given by Miss Hastings on Mary, Queen of Scots.

Miss Eaton and Mrs. C. E. Harris were in Hiram last Friday.

The machinery in the chair factory is being utilized in sawing spool wood by Weston & Thoms.

A delegation from the Y. P. S. C. E. attended the convention held at Hiram last Saturday.

F. L. Marston of Brownfield is teaching a writing school.

LOVELL.

The fishermen whom we saw a week ago, watching for February first were not losers by patient waiting. They got twenty trout; the longest 15 inches, and six of the largest weighing six pounds. I don't think they weighed the six smallest ones, but the twenty weighed fifteen pounds.

Henry C. Stearns, our supervisor, has closed his term at North Fryeburg, and will now visit the schools of this town. The small boy must be sure to be there when the "committee man" comes in.

Mr. Charles W. Coffin of Lawrence has been in town looking after the cutting of his pine timber. We hear that the pine wood business isn't flourishing now so much, but shingle timber is looking up a bit.

Blanche Russell has returned from a visit to Norway.

The officers of Keazar Valley Lodge, No. 66, I. O. O. F., were installed Saturday evening as follows:

Noble Grand, O. E. Andrews.
Vice Grand, J. W. Howe.
Rec. Sec., C. K. Chapman.
Per. Sec., D. W. Russell.
Treas., John Farrington.

W. H. Kenison and wife have returned to their home at No. 4, from their work at Conway.

Edwin Lord and wife of Kezar Falls are visiting in town.

DENMARK.

Mrs. Elmore Swan, who has been quite sick for a few weeks, is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Bartlett of the Bartlett House is visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. Pollard of Biddeford made an official visit to the Good Templars Lodge of this place Saturday evening, and also addressed the Christian Endeavor Society on Sunday. She seems to be very much interested in her work.

Mr. L. A. Ingalls is again able to be about the store.

A large delegation from here went to Hiram Thursday evening, the 7th, to attend the drama given by the K. of P.'s. There was a large crowd present, and a great number could not gain admittance. It is hoped that they will repeat the entertainment and give those that could not get in a chance to witness the same. Mr. H. W. Merrill took one of the leading parts.

WEST BETHEL.

The past week has been the hardest time for business of any one for the season. Either wind or storm, or both, have been the order continually, and most of the time accompanied with intense cold.

Rather cool weather for lambs, but E. G. Wheeler had one come Wednesday afternoon while the thermometer indicated 12° below zero, which is now, forty-eight hours afterward, doing nicely; although having no warmth but that it receives from its mother's woolly sides, and no food except that rich lacteal food provided by nature.

Mrs. Wilber is again down with the grippe.

Mr. Prescott Bennett, who has resided at West Bethel for the last few years, has moved to Mexico; the nearness to the embryo city of Rumford Falls being the probable attraction.

Mr. W. F. Brown and wife have been calling on friends in this place, though they did not seem to find them at home.

We learn that the Chapel Aid is doing a good work in its line.

Pleasant Valley Grange will confer the third and fourth degree at their next meeting.

Elmer Briggs builds the fire at the school house.

OXFORD.

There will be a prize contest for best declamation and recitation at the close of the high school at this place, at which all in the first class can take part. In the two next classes the following scholars have been chosen: Mabel French, Nellie Hayes, Grace Warren, John Farris, Wm. Dow; Jessie Hazen, Bertha Kavanaugh, Leon Walker, Andrew Hayes.

Miss Jennie Hayes is giving lessons in elocution.

The Y. P. S. C. E. held a sociable at Miss Kate Houghton's Monday evening.

Christian Endeavor Day was observed with exercises, "The good of it."

The entertainment at the M. E. church has been postponed.

SOUTH HIRAM.

Preston Fox goes to Paris Monday.

Willie Gould of Boston is visiting his father, I. S. Gould, of this place.

Dr. S. A. McDaniel, of Freedom, N. H., was in the place Saturday and Sunday of last week.

The Ossipee Valley Teachers' Institute met at Kezar Falls Saturday, Jan. 26.

Joseph Gentleman is sick with the grippe.

HEBRON.

The old folks' concert and antiquarian supper Friday evening of last week was a success. The entertainment was very good and about $30 were cleared.

Prof. J. F. Moody spent Sunday with his mother.

The sick ones remain about the same as at last report.

The weather this week has been too cold for news gathering.

Wednesday morning 14 degrees below zero. The coldest we have had or want to have.

This morning (Friday) a snow storm is raging with a high wind.

NORWAY LAKE.

Mrs. S. A. Stevens is very sick with a bad cold.

Dr. Hazelton is better and able to be out again.

Mrs. W. S. Knight of Monson is visiting at her father's, Samuel Partridge's.

School closes to-day, Friday.

There was no school Wednesday because Miss Faunce could not get from the village on account of the drifts.

Miss Emma Stevens is at home from Lewiston for a short vacation.

SWEDEN.

No discount on this weather. 16 degrees below quite generally and much lower in many places.

Winfield Stevens has returned home from Haverhill, Mass. His hand is somewhat improved but the thumb is entirely useless.

Quite a number are and have been sick of late.

Mrs. J. W. Chute has been quite sick but is improving.

Mrs. Alvin Pike has had an attack of heart trouble.

Miss Etta Brown has been confined to the house for some time.

Mrs. Daniel Adams has gone to Bolster's Mills for medical treatment.

BETHEL.

The weather being so unpropitious the dollar party was not given until Thursday evening. The following program was listened to with great interest:

Flute Solo with Piano Accompaniment, Clinton Lovejoy and Miss Lillian True.
Song, Mrs. F. B. Tuell.
History, Miss Annie Frye.
Poem, (Skillings, W. E.) Mrs. O. M. Mason.
Piano Solo, Miss Alice Chamberlin.
Librarian's Story, Mrs. L. T. Barker.
Poem, Mrs. G. R. Wiley.
Song, Miss Jennie Gibson.
Poem, Mrs. A. E. Herrick.

The music was very fine and added much to the interest of the program. Miss Frye gave a very interesting sketch of the "life of the library" from the days of its infancy when it was so carefully cared for and tended by the few public spirited citizens to whom the thought of a public library seemed a necessity. Chief among these was the late Dr. N. T. True who was ever the warm and devoted friend of all that should help to advance and uplift the social and educational life of our village. While the library has not reached its perfect stature, year by year it is growing and we have just reason to be proud of its size and quality. Its friends see dimly but surely a building worthy such a library, outlined upon the horizon of the future. Steady persistent effort in a good cause always brings its reward.

Mrs. Wiley's poem was very pleasingly written and called forth a good deal of praise. The fabrication was so cunningly concealed that one hardly knew whether to laugh at a fact, so amusingly told, or, to regard the whole matter as a joke. Mrs. Wiley kindly left her audience in no query at last, honestly admitting the whole thing to be a product of her imagination.

The librarian's story was very fine. The story was told mostly by the use of the different authors and their works. It was very interestingly and ingeniously told and showed that our librarian not only knows her authors and their works but can use them to show the different fields of thought and travel represented by them.

Mr. W. E. Skillings of Boston sent a poem with his contributions. It pleasingly told the difference between a dollar *earned* and a dollar *acquired*.

Mrs. Herrick's poem was written in her own inimitable style. It just sparkled with happy hits from beginning to end. If the way the dollar was earned seemed rather prosaic to the worker, dressed in poetry by Mrs. Herrick it was transformed into a thing of beauty. Some of the pen pictures were so realistic that it seemed like a moving panorama, in which you saw the faces of your friends and neighbors portrayed.

After the programme refreshments were served and an hour spent socially, and when it was announced that $64 50 had been added to the library fund we all pronounced it a success.

A very exciting runaway took place a few days ago. Norman Gehring and Miss Lillian True were driving down the steam mill road and were met by a runaway team. The horse had broken his bit and a collision was inevitable. The occupants of the two sleighs were thrown out, but the eight months old baby looked up and laughed when the snow had been brushed from its face. They took the children to their destination and started for home with no serious injury only a bad fright. Before reaching home Mr. Gehring and Miss True were run into by another team and their sleigh again overturned. Thinking this enough adventure for one afternoon they returned to their home.

Thursday afternoon and evening the Epworth League entertained the M. E. Circle at the relief corps rooms. A good supper and a pleasing entertainment is reported.

Despite the snow and blow a party from the Epworth League called upon Mr. Frank Abbott Wednesday evening and presented him with a chair.

Until further notice the reading room will be open from 3 to 5:30 and from 6:30 to 9 o'clock P. M.

Monday Miss Annie Cross, Miss Elberta Burnham, Mrs. Cyrene Littlehale, Mrs. M. C. Bean, Mr. S. Frost and Abiel Chandler will go to Skowhegan to attend the meeting of the Grand Army.

On account of the severe storm the athletic exhibition was postponed for a few days. Due notice of the time will be given.

HIRAM.

On February 6th the heat subsided to 26 below zero.

On Thursday evening, the 7th, The Knights of Pythias produced at their hall the drama "Forced to the War." The receipts were $97. The hall was crowded and very many were turned away, hence it is produced again on Friday evening.

On Saturday, the 2d, the Local Union of Christian Endeavor held an interesting meeting at the Congregational church.

Llewellyn A. Wadsworth went to Brownfield Monday and qualified Hon. Eli B. Bean as Notary Public.

Friday has been one of the roughest days of the winter.

John L. Dike was in town this week.

Isaac E. Osgood, commander of Thompson Post, G. A. R., at Cornish, is called to the funeral of Roscoe Jewell of Cornish on the 10th.

BROWNFIELD.

Wednesday was the coldest day of the season.

Mr. E. B. Bean is quite sick.

Mr. Morton has a very fine select school of forty-two scholars.

Mrs. Frank Ham has been quite sick with croup.

Mrs. Alfred Eaton of Conway is stopping with her daughter, Mrs. Georgie Boynton.

MASON.

Died, in Mason, Feb. 3, George H. Brown, aged 71 years, 8 months, 29 days. By the death of Mr. Brown another of the old landmarks has been removed. Our town and community lose a faithful friend and citizen, one who was always ready to lend a helping hand, and who never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the needy; a kind father and loving husband. He was a man respected by all, was well-known throughout the county, had held many offices of trust in town and had represented his district in the legislature of the state. A soldier of the late war and a respected member of Brown Post, G. A. R., of Bethel. Any words that I can say seem inadequate, but without fear of contradiction I can say, another good man has gone.

On account of the bad weather the funeral services of Mr. Brown were held at his house instead of the church as was intended.

Arthur Morrill has had the misfortune to break one of his oxen's legs so the ox had to be killed.

Mrs. H. Hutchinson has gone to Norway to visit friends.

SNOW'S FALLS.

Last issue was not furnished with items from this centre on account of a general stagnation of our energies owing probably to the cold weather which we felt approaching. But we will do better hereafter, if we have to engage burglars to burgle to make a sensation.

There was an unfortunate conflict of dates last Thursday evening of parties given by James L. Suckles and Ethel Robinson respectively. Mr. Suckles gave a dance which we understand was highly successful and enjoyed by many from Greenwood in common with our own "Four Hundred." The reportorial attention however was given to Miss Robinson as her invitation came first and there we enjoyed ourself hugely. Stearns Hill, Hungry Hollow, Biscoe Falls, all were represented by social lions who enjoyed the usual privileges of the games.

John C. Curtis is unfortunate in having sickness in his family, little Herbert being ill with lung fever. The other two children were troubled with lesser disorders but are now out of doors again. We congratulate him for that much and hope for more.

Burt Cordwell is also on the sick list and the school house fire is being built by his father who tramps up there every morning before going to his work.

George A. Abbott and wife have returned from Berlin Falls where they have been at work for several months.

The first shipment of "fibre wheels" from the mill went off last Friday. We are glad to see this evidence of progress and hope for a large increase. We understand they have large orders for their goods but are delayed and prevented from filling them by almost constant trouble with their steam pipes which need repairs nearly every day.

BUCKFIELD.

Wednesday, Feb. 6th, goes into the annals of 1895 as one of the cold days; below zero all day, with a stiff nor'wester.

The orchestra and several courageous couples went to North Turner to a drama and dance Thursday night and returned in the blizzard of Friday morning, exhibiting a zeal worth of a good cause.

DICKVALE.

Most of the teams staid in camp during the recent blizzard.

C. N. Child has sold his horse Eclair to his brother Arthur.

R. S. Tracy has just closed a term of nine weeks' school in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith have gone to keeping house.

Bad colds are prevalent.

Miss Mary Dorr, who has been at work for Mrs. Viola Child, is now going to Lewiston to work for her sister.

NORTH PARIS.

Evening meetings were held a part of last week in the church conducted by Elders Wedge and Ramsdell. Owing to the severe storm they were omitted a part of the time.

Mr. Hezeltine is at home getting up his wood.

The pond has been scraped and horse trots are now in order with a good deal of fun for the men and but little for the horses.

The north pole moved down this way last week but is receding at this writing and we hope it will keep on going. We prefer to have the torid zone move this way as we think it would be much better for our nose, it will not stand any kind of a pinch now.

Mrs. Ella Andrews is at work at Rev. A. K. Bryant's at Trap Corner.

Fred Dunham and wife have been made happy by the birth of a son recently.

Dan Emery is at work for A. D. Andrews. He gathers the cream.

A. D. Littlehale came home Feb. 7.

Henry Tuell has sold his apples to Wm. Daniels for $2 per barrel.

Leila Chase and Sadie Childs went to Brunswick Feb. 1 to be operated on by the faculty there. They were accompanied by, C. W. Chase, Mrs. Nellie Farnum and Dr. E. H. Andrews.

We have had the coldest weather for the winter this week. Cold enough to suit any one.

Mrs. Marshall, who has been stopping at Eugene Curtis', has gone to Emery Mason's for a short time. Mr. Mason goes on to the town farm this year as overseer.

Mr. Sewall, who has been at work for F. E. Gowell, has got through and gone home.

ALBANY.

We are having the coldest blast of weather that was ever known on Hunt's Hill. Mercury 18 to 22 below and not getting above 10 below at noon.

Wallace B. Cummings lost a good cow last week by breaking her own neck. It is supposed she slipped while licking herself and fell in such a way as to break her neck.

S. W. Libby and W. T. Guptill have had their law suit. It was tried before Judge A. H. Walker of Bridgton. They seem to have trusted all to him as after the trial they rode home together with the same team and appeared like good neighbors again.

Report says George W. Beckler has had a successful operation at the Maine General Hospital and is expected home soon.

Feb. 9th our mail had to return after going about one mile, but we hope it will get through to-day.

Mrs. George Dyer has gone to Berlin, N. H., to help care for her husband's father, Benjamin Dyer, who is very sick.

RESOLUTIONS.

Mildred Bean, the youngest daughter of Brother George R. and Sarah M. Bean, was born in Denmark Feb. 1st, 1870, and died in Hiram, December 11th, 1894.

Cut off in early life in her prime and beauty, while doing bravely and well every conscious duty, she has passed away.

When but a child of three years of age she commenced her attendance at the public schools, and even then gave promise of those bright mental gifts that in her later life were so clearly marked. Her young mind was unusually mature, and she exhibited that quickness of intelligence, that retentiveness of memory, and that readiness of comprehension, that characterized her till the time of her death.

Although her life was short, it was memorable for its industry, and was crowded with successes and good works. It was radiant with earnestness of purpose, purity of motive, exemplariness of conduct, love for humanity, forgetfulness of self, thoughtfulness of others. It may well be taken as a guide. One of the noble lessons taught by it is the lesson of purity and good will.

She was a graduate of Fryeburg Academy, has been a successful teacher, and a supervisor of our schools. The excellence of her social qualities gave her a prominent place among her friends and acquaintances, and the gentleness of her disposition, and the goodness of her heart, endeared her to all. "None knew her but to love her."

The beauty of her character in one of its phases is well illustrated by the few last months of her life prior to her last sickness. These she devoted to constant watchfulness and care in attendance upon her sick sister, to whom she was a tender nurse, cheering her and leading her encouragingly on through many days of languishing illness, a pillar of cloud by day, a flame of fire by night.

In the spring-time of her life, freighted with bright hopes and pleasant anticipations of the future, she has been taken from us. She was a charter member of this chapter, and since its organization has been a prominent actor in its affairs, and has contributed very much towards its prosperity. She never showed reluctance in aiding it with her talents and influence, and was always willing to personally participate in all its transactions that she deemed conducive to its welfare. She has always held office; and the two offices to which she was elected are two very important ones in the chapter. At the time of her decease she was its presiding officer.

In honor of her memory, as a tribute to her worth, and as an expression of respect and affection, the following resolutions are submitted:

Resolved, That Mount Moriah Chapter, No. 6, O. E. S., deeply laments the death of our highly respected and much loved sister, Mildred Bean, realizes its irreparable loss, and mourns over her decease. Death has again entered our circle and snatched from it one of its brightest jewels.

Resolved, That we extend to her father and mother, sisters and brother, our sincere sympathies, while mingling our grief and tears with theirs, as they cherish her memory and sigh

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the chapter, and that the secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of them to our brother and sister, George R. and Sarah M. Bean, and also cause them to be published in the Oxford Democrat.

PARRIE M. DAVIS,
MARY E. TRUMBULL,
A. F. TRUMBULL, } Committee on Resolutions.
Denmark, Jan. 2, 1895.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they wilt like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to purify the blood, overcome that tired feeling and give necessary strength. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength, and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems perfectly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood.

Wouldn't a Salary Come Handy?—See advertisement of a "Chance to earn money," on another page, if you want a position.

"POOR FELLOW."

"Cholly" Writes About the Late Ward McAllister, Who Created "the 400."

I was present at a gay dance on Thursday evening when the news of Ward McAllister's death was brought in.

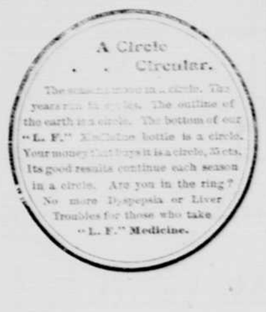
It was entirely unexpected, because nobody knew that he was ill, yet it created no sensation whatever.

Mr. McAllister was a creation of the newspapers. They made him famous, but

W. J. WHEELER,

South Paris.

Pianos and Organs,
Piano Stools,
Covers
—AND—
Instruction Books.
—AT—
Reasonable Prices.



Blood Purifer
Nerve Builder
System Toner
Flesh Producer
Life Giver

The advent of spring brings changes in our system. The furry tongue, the frequent headache, the awakening after a night's sleep unrefreshed, the feeling of lassitude and languor, shooting pains through the body, loss of appetite and depression of spirit, all indicate a condition which should not be neglected.

Vi-tal-ized Nerve and Blood Tonic

acts upon every nerve of the body, it creates health, restores the energies, arouses vitality and makes you feel young again.

Physicians are prescribing it. Dr. John Swan, of Westbrook, has had remarkable success with it. The Doctor will gladly reply to inquiries.

With every bottle is a bank check, our guarantee that this remedy will do all we claim for it. Full pints, $1.00. Sold Everywhere.

Scates Medical Co., - Westbrook, Me

This is it.

This is the new shortening or cooking fat which is so fast taking the place of lard. It is an entirely new food product composed of clarified cotton seed oil and refined beef suet. You can see that

Cottolene

Is clean, delicate, wholesome, appetizing, and economical—as far superior to lard as the electric light is to the tallow dip. It asks only a fair trial, and a fair trial will convince you of its value.

Be sure and get the genuine. Sold in three and five pound pails by all grocers. Made by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
CHICAGO.
224 State Street, Boston.
Portland, Me.

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address

MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

Passengers for Boston, New York, and points South and West, will find the WATER ROUTE, via the elegant, new, and palatial steamers

Portland and Tremont

(2500 tons) (1427 tons)

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND BOSTON, leaving Franklin Wharf, Portland, for Boston, daily (excepting Sunday, at 7 P.M., a most enjoyable and comfortable link in their journey.

Elegant staterooms, electric lights and bells, and every modern appliance of comfort and luxury. Through tickets at low rates at and to all principal railway stations.

On and after Monday, Oct 1st, 1894, steamers of this company will leave Boston at six o'clock (instead of seven), every evening, Sundays excepted.

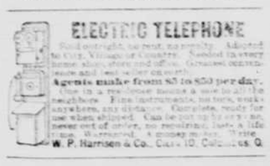
J. F. LISCOMB, Gen. Agent, Portland, Maine.

A superb mammoth tintograph in 12 colors by the distinguished artist, Maud Humphrey. It is 2 feet long and 14 inches wide and will be sent free if you tell your friends. It is called "Over Yonder," and shows a beautiful girl-maiden clad in a warm, rich, fur-lined cloak, basket and umbrella in hand; she pulls the snow covered latch, while her golden hair shimmers in the sunshine, her cheeks blush with health and vigor and her English eyes sparkle merrily. Sure to delight you. A copy will be sent free, postpaid, if you promise to tell your friends and send 14 cents in stamps or silver for a three months' trial subscription to

THE WHOLE FAMILY,

an illustrated monthly magazine with stories, anecdotes, fashions and all articles of interest by best authors and cash question contests monthly.

HOWELL PUB. CO., 196 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



Simple, Durable, Cheap. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and economizer of time.

Agents make from $5 to $20 per day. One in a purchaser found a market in his neighbors. Fine instrument, no toy, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when adjusted. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no recurring bills, a life time investment. A money maker. Write W. P. Harrison & Co., Cars 10, Columbus, O.

For Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, use

Dr. Shempp's Rose Cream

None genuine unless bearing my signature,

N. Shempp.

The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Sole Agents, Waterville, Me., U.S.A.

For sale by all druggists, price, 25c.

For Sale by
F. A. SHURTLEFF,
South Paris, Me.

E. W. CHANDLER,
Builders' Finish !

I will furnish DOORS and WINDOWS of any Size or Style at reasonable prices.

Also Window & Door Frames.

If in want of any kind of Finish for Inside or Outside work, send in your orders. Pine Lumber and Shingles on hand Cheap for Cash.

Planing, Sawing and Job Work.

E. W. CHANDLER,
West Sumner, - - - Maine.

OVERSEER WANTED.

Man and wife to take charge of the Town Farm in Hartford for 1 year from March 1, 1895. The subscribers will meet at the Town Farm on Wednesday, Feb. 20, for the purpose of hiring an overseer for the coming year.

T. R. W. STETSON, F. L. WARREN, C. C. FLETCHER, } Overseers of Poor of Hartford.

WALL STREET

Speculation successfully handled. Send for Prospectus and full information FREE. Increase your income. Investments placed. Address MORTON, WARD & CO., 2 & 4 Wall St., New York.

The EXCELSIOR FRAME CO.

PICTURE FRAMES!

New Patterns, Latest Styles, Low Prices.
Pictures, Easels, Mirrors.

Artist Materials.

Paints, Brushes, Canvas, Stretchers, Plaques.

Call and talk with us and we will try to please in price and quality of goods.

Opposite Depot, - South Paris, Me.
Branch, Stone's Studio, Cottage St., Norway, Me.

I wish to call the attention of horsemen to the fact that I have constantly on hand a choice string of horses suitable for any business from light driving to heavy teaming. I guarantee every horse sold to be just as represented, if not, return him and get your money.

H. C. PHILBROOK, Bethel, Maine.
Stable near Grand Trunk Depot.

The Judgment of Thousands

cannot be gainsaid, especially when it remains unchanged year after year, and when everyone to whom the subject is properly presented joins in upholding it.

4,000 Emerson Pianos

are sold every year. Every one of these would bring a testimonial if it were asked for. Every one of 4,000 people know each year that the Emerson is as near perfection as it is now possible to make a musical instrument. They know about its beautiful lasting tone, its artistic cases, its moderate price. Wouldn't you like to know about them, too?

We Are Always Glad

to rent an Emerson Piano because a sale almost surely follows. When once the charming tone-harmony—the beautiful case and the exquisite, pliant touch of an

Emerson Piano

have been possessed, the user is loath to have it leave the house. It sings its own praises and is its own best advertisement. So far as we know, there is not a single fault in it. We have never seen a better piano at any price.

Emerson Piano Co.,

116 Boylston St., Boston.
218 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO. 92 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.

THE PUZZLER

No. 393.—Transpositions.

All morn she'd stood beside the step,
And, though not ONE, I know
She must have tired waiting there,
Her pretty head drooped so.

And yet, when long hours having TWORD
On wings of love he'd flown
Swiftly to her, as though he knew
Her heart was all his own.

His yellow velvet doublet seemed
Her fancy not to THREE.
The ardor in his bold, dark eye
She met unmovedly.

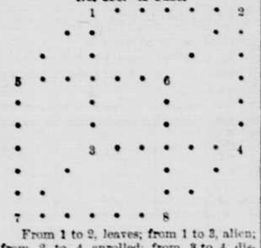
His soft touch on her snowy cheek
Called out no warm glow. "Why?"
Oh, she was just a lily, dear,
And he a butterfly!

No. 394.—Illustrated Rebus.

395.—Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. A small pointed bit of wood. 3. Having a cone. 4. A preparation of mercury used in medicine. 5. Disputative. 6. Named. 7. An American naval commander. (1779-1820.) 8. Doubled (Obs.). 9. Subsequent. 10. Conducted. 11. A letter.

No. 396.—A Cube.



From 1 to 2, leaves; from 1 to 3, alien; from 2 to 4, enrolled; from 3 to 4, disposed; from 5 to 6, incomplete paralysis; from 5 to 7, an apparition; from 6 to 8, worldly; from 7 to 8, one who directs; from 1 to 5, to move as wings do; from 2 to 6, consumes; from 4 to 8, an animal; from 3 to 7, a standard.

No. 397.—Crossword Enigma.

My first is in capture, but not in loose;
My second, in voyage, but not in cruise;
My third is in baggage, but not in trunk;
My fourth is in cabin, but not in bunk;
My fifth is in active, but not in dull;
My sixth is in calico, never in mull;
My seventh, in sloping, but not in slant;
My whole is the name of a famous plant.

No. 398.—A Fishing Excursion.

Fill the blanks with names of postoffices in Pennsylvania.

Tom wore his —— cap and Lucy her —— cape. They were bound for the very best —— in the state. They went through a large meadow where the grass grew tall, then into the ——, crossed a —— swamp and a ——, then down into a ——. Tom cut a —— pole for himself and an ash pole for Lucy. They fished for several hours and caught some nice ——, besides other kinds. They were very lucky and started —— in great ——. A rain came on when they were in —— of ——, but they took shelter on the —— side of an old haystack near the ——. The rain came from the —— They did not get —— till—— Lucy proved to be the better ——, as she caught —— fish altogether, while Tom caught 70.

No. 399.—Anagrams.

Women Writers: 1. Hear, he be reticence. 2. His silent pet zebra. 3. E. can silk then, John. 4. H. Archibald is now well. 5. Poet J. E. R. ran. 6. A rag cigar, Lue. 7. Note meadow thrush, M. 8. Join this claptrap. 9. Hil Sydney Glaour. 10. Let A. carry fancy burnoose. 11. Ahula, Java king. 12. Ferry U. Merman. 13. A savage, unjust.

A Valentine.

Fair maid, thou art the dearest I
In all the land 2 me.
The earth 3sounds thy praise,
All brighter shines 4 thee.

Without thy love I'll ne'er surv8,
In spite of phys6 given;
But, with thy love, I'll stay alive
And think this world is 7.

If in thy heart thou canst cre8
For me a thought be9
One 0 me will tell me straight
Thou art my valentine.

—H. C. Dodge.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 386.—A Dickens Acrostic: Primals—Rogue Riderhood. Crosswords: 1. Roger. 2. Oliver. 3. Glubb. 4. Uncle. 5. Emily. 6. Rudge. 7. Isaac. 8. Drood. 9. Evans. 10. Roker. 11. Hexam. 12. Orange. 13. Orlick. 14. Dumps.

No. 387.—A Diamond:

L
BAR
PACER
PANTHER
BANQUETED
LACTUCARIUM
REHEARING
RETRIES
REINS
DUG
M

No. 388.—Letter Enigma: I could try (Eye sea o-yew ell-Dee tea-are-Y).

No. 389.—Floral Enigmas: Morning glory. Milkweed.

No. 390.—A Line Puzzle: Mysticism

No. 391.—Initial Puzzle:

A L A
EL AU TR
D T P X LIVY
E IE O A A
M S R S N

No. 392.—Anagrammatical Birds: 1 The swallow. 2. Kingfisher. 3. The tit mouse. 4. Grosbeak. 5. Goldfinch. 6 Stormy petrel. 7. Blue jay. 8. Canary 9. Sea mew. 10. Bobolink.

A Great Landowner.

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's bridge, the Devil's caldron, the Devil's glen, etc. Said the traveler:

"The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts."

"Ah, sure, your honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so, but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland."—London Gentlewoman.

Health and Morality.

He who recklessly injures his health does not prove his unselfishness—he simply curtails his powers of doing good. And he who injures his character by welcoming evil influences is thereby inflicting a still greater evil upon the community.—Exchange.

A fortnight after Easter the English formerly observed a festival called Hocktide. It was customary for the women to go out into the streets with cords and bind the men whom they met until the latter purchased their release with small contributions of money.

During the first century after Christ tallow was 6 cents a pound; cheese, 14 cents; butter, 18 cents; honey, 24 cents; peas, 6 cents, and beans, 10 cents.

Cape Conception, California, was called after one of the vessels in the fleet of Cortes.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

HOT PUDDINGS FOR COLD DAYS.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of beef suet, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, six eggs, one pint of milk, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, three-fourths of a pound of citron, two grated nutmegs, one teaspoonful of ground clove, one teaspoonful of ground mace, one tablespoonful of salt, and one-half cupful of brandy. Chop the suet and rub it to a cream. It is needful to have a warm pan or bowl for it. Add the sugar, and mix until creamy, then add the brandy, then the milk alternately with the flour. The spices and salt should be mixed with the flour. Beat the eggs very light, and add to the mixture; lastly, add the fruit. Butter one large or two smaller molds, nearly fill them, cover closely, and steam for eight hours. Serve with hard sauce. The raisins should be stoned and chopped. By doubling this rule, one can prepare several puddings, that will keep well for some months. When needed for use, they should be heated for one hour, in a steamer. For a small family, an excellent way is, to cook the puddings in baking powder boxes, or in any small tin that can be covered, as they require a close cover while cooking.

DARK FRUIT PUDDING.—For this is required one quart of flour, a cup half filled with molasses, and filled up with sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of sour cream, and one large cupful of mixed fruit; raisins, currants and citron. Mix the molasses, sugar and cream in a bowl, add the flour and salt, and beat it well; then the fruit, and lastly add one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling water. Put the mixture in a covered mold, and steam three hours. Serve with creamy sauce. This is very good for a Sunday dinner, as it can be cooked on Saturday, in the steamer with brown bread, and heated for an hour on Sunday.

STEAMED DUTCH PUDDING.—One pint of flour, two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Mix the flour, salt and baking powder, and sift; then rub into it the butter. Beat the eggs light, add the milk, and mix with the flour. Pare four or five apples, remove the cores, and cut into eighths. Mix with the dough. Butter well a pudding mold, and place the mixture in it. Cover closely and steam for one hour. Serve with any sauce.

BAPTIST PUDDING.—For this may be used a quart can of blueberries, or in summer time a quart of blueberries may be cooked with one pint of water, and one cupful of sugar. The fruit should be hot when the pudding is prepared. Cut a five cent loaf of bakers' bread into thin slices, and butter them well; then soak them in the hot fruit. Put this mixture into a buttered mold, and steam it for one hour. Serve with cream, or a hot sauce if preferred.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—One quart of stale bread should be broken up fine, and soaked for two hours in two quarts of cold milk. At the end of that time, beat four eggs with one-half cupful of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of salt, and stir into the bread and milk. Then add one cupful of prepared cocoanut, and one-half cupful of finely cut citron. This may be baked in a pudding dish for three-quarters of an hour, or may be cooked in the steamer one hour. Serve with creamy or hard sauce.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Best two eggs, add one cupful of sugar, and beat it well. Add one cupful of milk, alternating with two cupfuls of flour in which has been mixed two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Pour this mixture into a buttered dish, and cover well with sliced apples. Sprinkle sugar over, and a slight grating of nutmeg. Bake one-half hour in a quick oven. Serve with egg sauce or lemon sauce.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Beat together well, two eggs and one-half cupful of sugar. Add three tablespoonfuls of soft butter, and beat again. Add one cupful of milk, alternating with two cupfuls of flour, into which has been mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a round or square tin pan. Serve with egg sauce or strawberry sauce.

STEAMED INDIAN PUDDING.—One scant cupful of corn meal, one large cupful of sour milk, one cupful of chopped beef suet, one-half cupful of molasses, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix the milk and molasses, add the meal, salt and suet, and lastly add one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one tablespoonful of hot water. Pour this into a buttered mold, cover closely and steam it three hours. Serve with molasses sauce. A cupful of berries, or of apple, is an improvement to this old-time pudding.

STEAMED APPLE DUMPLING.—Make ready one large quart of pared, cored and quartered apples, one pint of boiling water, and one cupful of sugar. To one pint of flour add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of sugar, and sift these together. Rub into this one tablespoonful of butter. Mix it with one cupful of milk. Butter a Washington pie plate, spread this mixture on it, and steam it for half an hour. When you put this into the steamer, put the pint of boiling water and cupful of sugar in a stewpan, and over the fire and when it boils, add the apples. When thoroughly cooked add any seasoning you like; a little nutmeg or lemon extract. Place the hot apple sauce in a pretty pudding dish, and slide the hot dumpling from the plate on to the apple. Serve with creamy sauce.

CHERRY CUPS.—Open a can of cherries and drain the juice from the fruit. Make the dough mixture like the preceding rule, using one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and one cupful of milk. Butter well six or eight cups. Place a spoonful of the dough in each cup, then a few cherries, and cover these with more of the dough, having the cups about two-thirds full. Then place them in a baking pan, and pour into the pan some boiling water, to within one-third of the tops of the cups. Butter a paper and lay it over the cups. Place the pan in a quick oven for half an hour. Serve with creamy sauce.

CREAMY SAUCE.—Beat to a cream one-half cupful of butter, and gradually beat into it one cupful of fine sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of wine or one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract. When this is light and smooth, place the bowl in a basin of hot water, add one-fourth of a cupful of boiling water, and beat until the sauce is smooth and creamy. Then remove it at once from the hot water. For cherry cups, heat some of the cherry juice, and add to the butter and sugar, in place of flavoring and hot water.

HARD SAUCE.—Beat to a cream one cupful of butter, and gradually beat into it two cupfuls of sugar. Add one-fourth of a cupful of wine, or any flavoring preferred. When it is smooth and creamy, pile it roughly on a pretty dish, place it where it will get very cold, and before serving grate some nutmeg over it.

LEMON SAUCE.—Boil together for fifteen minutes, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of water, and the grated rind and juice of two lemons. Then place the basin containing this boiling mixture in another of boiling water, and stir into it the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat it rapidly for three minutes; remove from the hot water and beat three minutes more. It is then ready to serve.

EGG SAUCE.—Separate the whites and yolks of two eggs, (very fresh ones.) Beat the yolks until very light, add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, and beat well. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff dry froth, and then beat it with the yolks and sugar. Add any flavoring desired. This should not stand long before being used.

MOLASSES SAUCE.—Boil together one cupful of molasses and one-fourth of a cupful of butter, for five minutes, and serve it hot.

BEATING THE PIANO RECORDS.

Early in 1887 an English soldier was reported to have played the pianoforte at Calcutta for twenty-three hours consecutively. We do not know the name of that soldier, and we cannot for the life of us conceive what his commanding officer can have been about. But the fact remains that the recital of his pianofortitude so moved Mr. Napoleon Bird while he was in a barber's shop in Stockport, in the spring of 1887, that in reply to a customer who asked him what he thought of it, he then and there declared his readiness to surpass the military man's efforts without ever resting either hand. A bet of £10 was promptly laid against him, but Mr. Bird won it on June 7 and 8, 1887, by playing twenty-five hours with both hands continuously. This, however, by no means satisfied his soaring ambition, and on October 27 and 28, in the same year, he increased his record to thirty-six and a quarter hours, and was presented with a "massive gold watch-chain pendant, bearing the inscription to the effect that the gift came from the public of Stockport," in recognition of his feat. For seven years Mr. Napoleon Bird was allowed to remain in undisputed possession of the long-distance championship of the ivories. But within the last couple of months a determined effort to wrest the supremacy from England was made by a German athlete named Berg, yclept "the iron pianist."

The credit of England was at stake, but Mr. Bird was equal to the occasion, and at the end of November he entered once more the pianistic arena. The scene of this pyramidal achievement was the Stockport Armory, and we are assured by the Manchester Courier that it created interest in musical circles, besides exciting the "close attention of the sporting fraternity." Mr. Bird came, and played and conquered. For forty consecutive hours the dauntless performer kept up an uninterrupted flow of melody with both hands. Herr Berg's repertory, if we mistake not, only comprised 400 pieces; but Mr. Bird played "over 1,000 selections—overtures, operatic pieces, descriptive works, songs and dances." Furthermore, everything was played without notes, not a single sheet of music being allowed in the bond.

But Mr. Bird was happily guarded against the depressing influences of monotony by the organizers of the entertainment. There were concerts every evening "to increase the variety," and, without breaking the continuity of the performance, Mr. Bird acted as accompanist to the singers "right away on being told what the songs were and the keys in which they were to be played." On one night, as he pathetically put it, "we or rather they," had a dance from 11 P. M. to 3 A. M. His repertory of dance music was by no means exhausted by those four hours, but the dancing license came to an end at that time, and Mr. Bird had to continue his task without the accompaniment of "twinkling feet." Still he was never alone. He had two doctors, who exchanged duties while he had a professional nurse, "who never left me." Well may the poet sing:

O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

For the professional nurse was charged with the duty of ministering to the wants of Mr. Bird "according to a diet which had been carefully prescribed," and which included "roast fowl, dry bread, brandy and soda, lemonade and iced water, and, after thirty-two hours' play, a dozen oysters." He was never hidden from the view of the public, who had thus the extra felicity of seeing him take his food while he played, and by means of a mirror placed in front of him he was afforded visible proof of the untiring interest and affectionate solicitude of the public. In particular he tells of one party of ladies whom he saw "sitting there for seven hours at least."—London Musical Times.

FROM THE LIARS' CLUB.

THREE INDIGESTIBLE YARNS TOLD BY ITS MOST VERACIOUS MEMBERS.

In a Virginia forest the other day, says the New York Recorder, a very large tree was cut down, near the heart of which was found a lock of hair, or rather two, intertwined of darker and lighter meshes. By carefully splitting the wood the initials "I. S." and "P. P." were discovered faintly legible, in what must have been the bark several hundred years ago. By carefully counting the rings which covered the initials they were found to support the theory that the mystic letters stand for J-o-h-n, or "John Smith" and "Pocohontas Powhatan," whose locks of hair had been in some romantic mood intrusted to the keeping of the cleft bark.

Not content with slaughtering wild ducks in the usual method, Henry Jones of Currituck, procured a Gatling gun and loaded the cartridges with bird shot. Concealing himself, he waited until a large flock approached him at great speed with a favoring wind. When they had nearly reached him he opened fire. The destruction was terrible, but such was the impetus of the birds and the force of the wind that almost the entire flock which he had slaughtered flopped dying upon his hiding place, and beneath their mangled bodies Jones perished miserably by retributive suffocation.

A lady in Thomaston, Maine, has a cat—Fanny—which had kittens, as cats so named frequently do. Hearing her mistress remark that the kittens must all be drowned Fanny removed them one day to a safe hiding place. After a day or two she brought them back to the mistress with an air of triumph. It was then seen that she had with teeth and claws torn to pieces an old canvas and cork life-preserver and had fastened a piece of cork around each kitten's neck. Moved to pity by the sight, the mistress said: "Fanny, not one of your kittens shall ever be hurt." At this the intelligent mother took off the bits of cork and went to sleep in perfect confidence.

Morrison (confirmed bachelor.) "Don't you sometimes wonder what babies cry about?" Peter (raised six.) "Don't need to; I know. The most of 'em cry about all the time."

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless and reliable.

Alice. "What do you think is the nicest thing to touch your cheeks with and make them glow?" "Charley's mustache."

Rheumatism in the back, shoulders, hips, ankles, elbows, or wrists, is caused by accumulation of acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes the acid and cures rheumatism.

"How did you like the dresses at the ball the other night, Mr. Rusticus?" "Well, the skirts were splendid, but most of the ladies left their waists at home."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Figg. "Hello! dealing out a whist hand to the baby?" Fogg, "She is a little slow about talking, and if this doesn't help her I don't know what will."

IMPORTANT FACTS.

If you have a dull and heavy pain across forehead and about the eyes; if the nostrils are frequently stopped up and followed by a disagreeable discharge; if soreness in the nose and bleeding from the nostrils is often experienced; if you are very sensitive to cold in the head accompanied with headache: then you may be sure you have catarrh; and should (immediately) resort to Ely's Cream Balm for a cure. The remedy will give instant relief.

Once upon a time it chanced that a child accosted a man, saying—"May we play in the street?" The man replied, and spake—"I should say no. To-day is Sunday." And the child came back at the man presently and quoth—"But, papa, we will call it a sacred concert." And the man said nothing since there was nothing to say.

A GHOST OF A PLACE.

THE STORY OF ASHLEY HALL AND HOSPITABLE COLONEL BULL.

How the Planter Kept His Household Goods From the Hands of the "Raiders." Pictures of a Beautiful Suburb That All Visitors to Charleston Admire.

Woodlands thick with undergrowth, tranquil country stillness, the stillness of a bit of country comparatively untilled and unpastured; roadways lined with tall and stately trees—such the scene as the clatter of horses' hoofs echoing on the hard flooring of the river bridge dies away into noiseless footfalls and the wheels turn without sound in the yielding soil of St. Andrew's. The murmured chorus of countless pines charms us into forgetfulness of the city's close proximity across the river. Ahead the way unfolds to us, broad and smooth, winding between long battalions of ancient oaks, muffled up to their chins in gray; on through miles of the century old trees, their massive trunks bound with fibrous scarfs, as if to veil the scars of successive seasons, every twig and branch and spray hung with streaming moss. Grand old oaks! Autumnal storms and April airs in turns have tossed and kissed their rugged boughs, yet the giant trunks stand firm. Scarce a gap in the uniform line shows where a grenadier has fallen out of ranks, and, elbow to elbow, they guard the ancient highway from encroachment of forest or field.

Here is an old gateway, the entrance to the grounds which once surrounded Ashley Hall, one of the proudest and most spacious of the ancestral homes in this parish. We pass through the useless massive portals into the driveway beyond. In the shaded light the avenue seems dreaming of the past, for these great oaks stand guard over the wreck of all they were intended to adorn. Of the stately home to which their beauty formed a fit approach nothing now remains but the crumbling marble steps and tall, spirelike chimneys. Little pickaninnies play hide and seek where once the flowers in "my lady's garden" grew in trim luxuriance. Only the Ashley is unchanged as it ripples by on its way to the sea, its waves as blue and sparkling as when it bore many a boating party from the mansion house.

Ashley Hall was the scene of a munificent and lavish hospitality in antebellum days. Its owner possessed immense plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana in addition to his Carolina estates, and the great halls and spacious drawing rooms of the St. Andrew's mansion were frequently thronged with a gay company of the most distinguished people of the state. The host was passionately fond of the chase and delighted to assemble about him those who shared in his love of sport. Deer hunts, participated in by famous sportsmen from all over the south, were features of every season. The same open handed generosity that dictated a hospitality so marked obtained between master and slave, and the large retinue of servants at the hall were a happy, care free set. It was traditional that no one was ever sent away empty handed who applied for aid at the doors of this plantation home.

This old hall, in which seven generations of the same family had dwelt, living almost ideal lives, met with a tragic fate. The organized struggle between the north and south was at an end, but the "raiders" were in possession of this country. They had already sacked and destroyed every house in the parish, with a single exception, and that plantation was occupied by an enemy more dreaded even than demoralized soldiers—namely, smallpox. That frightened even rough handed rapacity away, and venerable Drayton Hall, today famous for its wonderful gardens, was preserved inviolate. The knowledge of the fate that had overtaken the homes of his neighbors, and which he felt that a few hours more would precipitate upon his own, determined Colonel Bull. Calling for kindling wood, surrounded by his awestricken servants, he himself applied the pine torch to his household gods. Pictures, plate, antique furniture, valued heirlooms—all were sacrificed save the small number which could be hastily secreted by trusted slaves when they learned of his intention. It is related by an eyewitness that the stalwart planter wept tears of infinite sorrow as the sounds of falling brick and crumbling woodwork smote upon his ears. Just back of the house is an ancient monument erected to commemorate one of Carolina's colonial governors, an ancestor of the doughty colonel. It was on the base of this shaft that the master of the manor sat and watched the destruction of his home.

We retrace our way along the ranks of rare old trees, passing through the ancient gateway, fit subject for poet's theme, into the open road, where we are greeted by a procession of oaks as symmetrical as those we left behind. Miles of moss fringed trees, their somber curtains swaying far above, and again drooping so as almost to touch the earth about their feet, continue even to the cleared strip of land immediately in front of the bridge. Opposite lies the city, her cluster turrets and slender spires outlined against the evening sky.

Asked how we like the oaks, we say that they are "beautiful," but all the while we are conscious that they have a charm of their own not to be interpreted in words.—Cor. New York Post.

Good Horse Sense In Burros.

The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing the surface of the ground. We had found in an arroyo a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee when we observed three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examining the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and commenced to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. After awhile he used his left forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise, it soon commenced to fill with water. Then he advanced and took a drink and stepped aside, inviting, I think, the others to take a drink. At all events they promptly did so and then went away, when we got down and took a drink from their well. The water was cool and refreshing—much better, in fact, than we had found for many a day. There is no witchcraft about the Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Feather Superstition.

We have long been acquainted with the peacock feather superstition, but were not aware until a few days ago that it extended to all feathered creatures. A young girl admired the beautiful pigeons strutting, cooing and sunning themselves in the covert of the house where she was boarding and asked the landlady to sell her a pair to take home with her. "No, indeed, child," was the immediate response. "Not for any money would I sell you those birds. When one person gives or sells an acquaintance a feathered thing, there is sure to be trouble between them, and I do not want to fail out with you."—Philadelphia Times.

London Newsgirls.

The London Weekly Telegraph, a miscellany published in connection with the Sheffield Daily Telegraph, is now being sold in the streets of London by a corps of presentable damsels, becomingly dressed in a uniform of dark gray, with red facings, hood lined with the latter color and forage cap to match.

A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic

PIERCE Guarantees a **CURE.**

can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

B. Grail Matthews

A CHANCE TO EARN MONEY! Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age, H. W. FOSTER & CO., Box D, Geneva, N. Y.

EPILEPSY CURED.

FOR OVER 20 YEARS I have prepared a remedy for Epileptic Fits that has performed remarkable cures—in many cases after other treatments have failed. If you suffer from this disease try my remedy. Medicine for a month, $2.00; two months, $3.50, prepaid to your nearest express office.

L. P. EVANS, Druggist, Dover, Me.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

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

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE

Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Dizziness, Indigestion, Pain. Take it Cure. 50c., and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA.
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

For Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It brings relief with the first dose, soothes irritation, heals the lungs and throat and effects a perfect cure.

Price, 35 and 75 Cents.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

It Won't Pull Teeth Nor Extract Corns, BUT

it WILL cure all Blood Disorder, drive away all traces of cancerous and scrofulous humors (or Consumption, which is a form of Scrofula), Stomach, Liver, and Kidney Diseases. Therefore

Clover Blossom Billers

is the medicine for you to take.

Its ingredients are purely those supplied by Nature for the cure of these diseases, and the knowledge thereof is the result of the accumulated medical knowledge of over twelve centuries. It is medicine, all medicine, and nothing but medicine. We guarantee it to cure, and back of it are

The Emphatic