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AMONG THE FARMERS.

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

FEEDING APPLES.

With great quantities of perishable apples on hand without a market, their feeding value is a matter of some importance. It is quite a common thing to run across queries in the papers in regard to their value as food for stock. Almost invariably these questions are answered—by those who really know nothing about it—by recommending their use in that way and claiming marked results.

We have to confess that we are forced to a large increase of scepticism over any considerable value to apples for stock food. We know there are *statements* enough going the rounds in regard to their value for cows. But we can never accept a mere statement as reliable unless corroborated by experience. We have always lived on a farm where large quantities of apples have been grown, and occasionally there have been years all the way along when there have been more or less that have had no other use than to be fed out. With the claim of their value for feeding all the time before us, we have tried to note carefully the effects from their use for this purpose. The past fall, with the unprecedented yield without a market, we have fed large quantities, and with the same observing care as many times heretofore. After all this experience we are obliged to say that we have never been able to realize from their use fed to cows in milk any results that could be measured. Cows eat them ravenously, but they contain so little of nutriment that their effect on the milk flow has in all cases been insignificant and disappointing. We know they contain some nutrition, but it is so small a measure that in the quantity of apples that may properly be fed, there is so little that the results with our feeding have been too small to have any marked effect.

It is claimed they are a good appetizer and also have a favorable effect on the digestive processes. While this is all guess work, we do not question it in case an appetizer and digestion promoter is needed at that season of the year, and with the variety of food the cows receive at the time when the apples are fed. But in this use, again, that factor is a hard thing to measure, and generally is found more or less obscure in results. Still, we feed apples to cows. They get what little nutrition there is in them and it disposes of the fruit. But we never have been able to make visible the results that are so generally claimed for their use in that way.

The most satisfactory results from feeding apples with us have been in giving them to fattening hogs as a bulky, appetizing food going with liberal meal feeding. They seem to just meet the demands of the case. Of course it is only a limited quantity that can be utilized in this way.

Shoats can be carried along and be made to "hold their own" on apples alone, but they will make insignificant growth unless some food material be added out of which to make that growth. We have disposed of many apples from time to time in this way, and with satisfactory results when an undue share of reliance was not made on the apples.

We are aware that our estimate of apples for stock food has not been drawn from what could be set down as accurate experiment. So far as we know there are no authentic experiments of the kind on record. But a close observation continued through years of experience, coupled with good judgment, has proved a safe reliance, and is the basis from which successful farming has been chiefly built up, and on which it must ever continue to largely rest.—Maine Farmer.

BUYING BRAN INSTEAD OF CORN.

Although corn is now very cheap, it does not follow that it is the best grain feed to purchase by farmers who find their own grain supplies insufficient. Cheap corn means always cheap oats, bran and mill feed, and any of these make a much richer manure pile than does corn. In fact, where the grain is to be fed on the farm, bran, wheat middlings, and either linseed or cottonseed meal are either of them better feed for the manure made from them than is corn. They are often sold at very little higher price than their value as manure if the same plant food has to be bought in commercial form. Besides, on most eastern farms, the corn can be grown quite as cheaply as it can be bought. This cannot usually be done with flaxseed, and cannot be done at all in the north with cottonseed. By growing the corn he requires, the eastern farmer will have a large amount of coarse fodder and carbonaceous grain. This will make it to his advantage.—American Cultivator.

APPLES FOR EUROPE.

The shipment of American apples to Europe has reached such large proportions as to distance all export records for many years. Already this season more than 600,000 barrels of our own and Canadian fruit have been sent abroad, while in a corresponding period last year only 35,000 barrels were disposed of to our foreign friends. The influences that have contributed to this condition are the poor crop abroad, the plentiful supply here and the excellence of the fruit. Liverpool, London and Glasgow are the largest distributing ports. Only the best varieties are called for abroad, and some growers have adopted the plan of wrapping the fruit in tissue paper, after the fashion of oranges. Snow apples, which here bring $1.50 a barrel, are netting a larger profit abroad, while Pound Sweet and Holland Pippin are popular, as well as the Gravenstein, Northern Spy, Baldwin, Greening and King.

Farms ought not to depreciate in value, whatever they do in price. The good farmer sees to it that his farm becomes more valuable every year. One way in which he does this, is by seeing that he always has young fruit trees coming on, to take the place of the old ones that die out. Good trees can now be purchased very cheaply, and with good care they grow into money every year.

Pay debts first and let improvements wait.

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Blood is absolutely essential to health. It is secured easily and naturally by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, but is impossible to get it from so-called "nerve tonics," and opiate compounds, absurdly advertised as "blood purifiers." They have temporary, sleeping effect, but do not CURE. To have pure
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GROW AND SELL.

To every man owning or growing a colt there comes a day, if it be in proper condition, when somebody wants to purchase. Then is the time to sell. The curse has followed breeders who have declined because they expected to grow a world-beater, or were afraid some one else would realize a dollar on the purchase. This grasping spirit, this desire to get the last farthing, has left in the stables many a colt which never after was wanted. Men seem to forget that it costs money to keep horses, and that if the labor item be wiped out there is still the hay and grain bill to be provided for. A small per cent are adapted to the work of improving through education, but the majority will do a good business by selling in the undeveloped state, and saving the dollars it would necessarily cost to feed. There are hundreds in Maine to-day which will not sell for enough in May to pay for the hay and grain they will eat during the next six months. No matter if one out of a hundred will trot or pace in 2:30, the other ninety-nine will not, and the measure of speed will depend not on the breeding, but the skill of the man who develops.

Sell them at the first good offer, and give the other fellow a chance. The faster or better the horse, the greater your reputation as a breeder. If there is no offer, the colt has no value, then why continue to pour dollars down a bottomless pit? Men are supposed to breed horses as a business, and this rests upon certain well established principles, the chief being the demand of the market, and following this the selling of the goods when the buyers are at the counter. The trouble is we cling to old-time standards and methods. Horse business, like every other business, has been changing rapidly during the past ten years, and what sufficed then will not now. Then scrubs and culls, if related to some great performers, would sell on chance speculation. To-day it is the individual alone which is wanted, and its individuality is studied first, last, and all the time. If there are scrubs or culls on the farm, treat them as the merchants or manufacturers do their damaged or shop-worn goods, put them on the bargain counter and sell them for what they will bring. Clean out the dead wood, empty the stalls of what will not pay, and start fresh on a new road to prosperity.

The horse business invites the attention of every observing, intelligent farmer to-day, for in the certainty of a shortage in the immediate future prices must improve. At the same time it is well to remember that this shortage will come chiefly in the better class, not the fastest. Speed is not now the chief consideration. Before it must be placed size, style and road action, action at the walk and jog. Cut down expenses by disposing of what cannot be kept at a profit, and breed the mares worth breeding to a horse worth reproducing, and grow the colts for the road horse market.—Maine Farmer.

WINTER FEEDING.

An inter-exchange of practical experience is one of the best methods of improvement. The agricultural board of the state of Maine is doing good work in sending prominent farmers over the state a list of questions on farm topics, and publishing their answers. From replies to a list of questions in regard to stock feeding we select the following:

We dry our corn fodder and cut it, and feed once a day, and in this way they eat it all clean. Our method of feeding formerly was to feed all the coarse fodder in the first part of the winter, but since we have changed our method our stock does a great deal better.—I. B. Weeks.

I have fed oats and corn ground together, five parts of oats to one of corn, mixed with cotton seed; two quarts of oats and corn meal, and one quart of cotton seed, twice a day. It has given the best results of any grain that I ever fed.—Charles Hemmenway, Dayton.

Have fed straw and turnips with good results, generally to dry cows and young cattle. I also feed fish pomace to sheep and young cattle with the best results. I have never fed pumpkins, but consider straw (threshed) and a liberal feed of turnips about equal to English hay, especially with a feed of pomace (fish) daily. Feed our dairy cows with good hay and a balanced feed of grain. Fall feed is excellent.—A. R. Lincoln, Dennysville.

The most good we ever got out of pumpkins was to take a dry cow we wanted to fat, tie her in the barn and give her all she could eat, and she would seem to fat very fast. Then sell her to the meat man, don't kill her yourself. Our method of feeding western feeds is to purchase that kind that will, with the kind we have, bring the ration up to one of protein to four of carbohydrates, and that is generally largely cotton seed with some shorts.—R. W. Ellis.

Regular feed and regular time to feed, will keep stock in the best condition, and with the least expense. I have made a practice of feeding my cows in the fall with corn fodder, ears and all. I raise sweet corn on purpose to feed, and it saves the time of husking and grinding. Corn fodder will keep well if mixed with dry straw.—Frank Hart, Willimantic.

When we think of the many animals that will have to stand tied up by the head in ill-contrived tie-ups, half frozen, with a half bushel of filth on each animal, we are led to the conclusion that there is still need of improvement along the line of caring for stock. I have never had any experience in feeding unthreshed grain, but think threshed straw of some value, especially when fed in connection with ensilage, supplemented with grain. We feed largely of shorts, some cotton seed meal, gluten meal, oats, etc. Grain is the cheapest ever known and should be fed liberally the coming winter, and the manure therefrom carefully preserved, thereby transferring some of the fertility of the western prairies to our worn-out fields, making two spires of grass where none grows now, and causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose. I have grown and fed root crops in years past, and thought them very valuable. In short, let us raise more of all these crops, buy less and produce more in order to make our farms self-sustaining; then shall the poor be set on high from affliction, and given families like a flock, the righteous shall see it and rejoice, and all iniquity shall shut its mouth.—A. K. P. Googins, Hiram.

I propose to feed some unthreshed grain and some straw and turnips. I have fed cows on straw and turnips all winter, and think they did better than they would on good hay without any provender. I have four acres of beans and the vines make good sheep fodder, and cows like them very much. Some in town are going to feed their horses on straw and oats. When I feed different kinds of coarse fodder, I feed some of each kind every day. Stock will do better than to feed one kind at a time.—S. W. Taber, Washburn.

I shall feed a smaller quantity of hay to each animal than usual and make up the deficiency with purchased grain. Thus I shall increase the number of animals kept, and have more manure for next spring's use. I find that oats cut when pretty well matured can be largely substituted for hay for horses. In asking them, they are liable to get dusty, and should be sprinkled with water before feeding. Suppose one has a rather rough, rocky pasture, largely covered with short bushes that have many roots, is there any better way to get it broken up than by stocking it with pigs? Last spring I enclosed a small part of such a pasture and put four pigs in, and they have done good business, and it seems to me that it must get well fertilized.—E. T. Perkins, Kennebunkport.

THE SUNSET OF THE YEAR.

There's an undertone of sighing,
There's a hush in all the air;
And the face of nature dying
Wears a glow divinely fair.
If you listen—listen,
In the quiet woodland ways,
You will hear the forest singing,
You will catch the breath of praise.

O the glory and the gladness
Of a life without a fear;
Of a death like nature dying
In the failing of the year!
For "She is not dead, but sleepeth,"
Till the early robins sing,
And the bells of Easter wake her
For the coming of the spring.

O for such a blessed falling
Into quiet sleep at last,
When the ripened grain is garnered,
And the toil and trial past.
When the red and gold of sunset
Slowly changes into gray—
O for such a quiet passing
Through the night into the day.

Praise the Lord, O field and forest,
For his glory draweth near;
He is in his holy temple
In the sunset of the year.

Manassas, Va. Sept. 8, 1896.

FROM PARIS, MAINE, TO PARIS, FRANCE.

No. 1.

(From our Special Foreign Correspondent.)

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP "PAVONIA," CUNARD LINE, BOSTON HARBOR, MASS., Oct. 31, 1896.

"She starts—she moves—
She seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel"

You who live within the "shadow and shine" of the hills and valleys of that historic and grand old town of Paris, will not require any description from my feeble pen to tell you of the beauties of its most magnificent and inspiring natural scenery, and especially at this time of the year when the autumn hangs red banners out among the harvest sheaves, and all around the feet of the great hills lie the garlands of ripened October—the yellow glory of the maples, which, when touched by the setting sun, kindles a flame of celestial fire within our souls—the carbuncle splendor of the oaks—the flash of scarlet sumachs, and of every kind of tiny leaf upon which the frost touch has come down from the distant tremendous heights, that stand majestic in each rising and setting sun, putting on white hoods whose alabaster folds they soon will pull down over their shoulders, to stand and wait, silent, solemn and alone, through the "long winter of their discontent," speaking to each other silently, through the falling and dying leaves that whisper of coming dissolution, and preaching to us a sermon of the life that lasts not, and of another life towards which our hearts, our hopes, our aspirations reach, where beauty decayeth not, and youth is young forever! All this makes of the rural landscape a scene of surpassing loveliness impossible to describe in words, or conceive of in imagination, except with the "windows of the soul"; for only the high places of spirit can answer to these high places of the Creator in His creation.

No work of art, however marvelous, can compare with these noble statues, sculptured from the foundations of the earth. No temples of centuries gone can rival these cathedrals whose walls are the giant monarchs of the forest, and whose paint is mixed by the Master Artist Divine!

We doubt that even in our wanderings in lands far-famed in ancient song and story we shall ever look upon anything more sublimely beautiful than the last sunset our eyes beheld from the glorious old hills of Oxford.

"My lips are tired with praising
Landscapes far less fair,
My very feet are weary
With not walking there."

But mayhap there are others who will be interested enough to read these modest sketches penned on the journey from Paris, Maine, to Paris, France, even though they have not the proud distinction of claiming for their home the grand old Pine Tree State, the birthplace of poet and statesman!

You are all more or less familiar with the journey to Boston, so I'll not weary with monotonous detail, but not so many have had the good fortune to watch one of these magnificent great ocean steamships move out into the sea. It is a most impressive sight to watch from the shore one of these moving palaces, as with slow and stately movement she cuts loose from her fetters and sails out into—space we might almost say, for it really seems, when out of sight of all but the sky and sea, that we are actually suspended in mid-air with nothing above or below, or around about us!

Of all the ships that might sail this day out of harbor, we recked nothing but of this that was to bear us far from our own dear native land; and as the mighty craft broke from her moorings, who shall describe the sensations of a pilgrim going far from home and kindred alone, to a distant foreign land where at best all is uncertainty and unknown?

For the benefit of those who may be contemplating a sea voyage, let me endeavor to describe the sensations which the anticipation and realization of such a trip occasions. We may not all feel the same way, but so far as observation can judge, every one who makes the initial trip has much the same experience.

When the first thoughts and preparation for the journey are in progress the heart beats high at the prospect that the long-sought-for, long-dreamed-for goal is at hand, and all through the packing season visions of pleasure and delight pass before us, but when the week,—the day,—the hour actually draws near, oh! what a wretched sinking of the heart comes over us, and the one thought uppermost in our minds is that we are leaving all that care for us here, and that there is no one there who really cares whether we ever get there or not!

When asked who were to be the companions of this pilgrimage the answer was, "me and myself." "You might have worse company, but I doubt it," was the response, but when we consider that "a man's worst enemy is himself," which applies to women also in more or less degree, no doubt, it is hardly possible that we could have chosen a poorer shipmate. So, as there are to be three in this party of *one*, we can borrow your editorial "we."

Now that the good-byes are all said and the crowd on shore has waved a last adieu, with flags, handkerchiefs, shoulder capes and all available articles of headgear, how natural to weave romances and tragedies about our fellow travelers. There is a sad side as well as a bright, to all the journeyings of life, and the sad and heart-breaking scenes witnessed here, tell us that sorrow we have always with us, far more than joy, for where there is one who smiles there are ten who weep.

Here are two beautiful young girls, gentle, loving and trusting, leaving their father and mother and home for the first time, to sail out into the sea of life—for study in a foreign land. Their clinging arms can scarcely be loosed from the embrace of those who must go back home to the lonely, dark and gloomy house, before filled with laughter, sunshine and song. The younger tries to keep up a brave heart, but the older and taller weeps silent tears. We would fain whisper to her, with Whitcomb Riley, "There, little girl, don't cry," but we realize that perhaps before her return, she will have reason to cry because "They have broken your heart, I know."

And here is another—a middle-aged man, who swallows a sob as he grasps the hand of his friend with a "Goodbye, and God bless you, Joe; you have been a good friend to me." And the friend tries to comfort by saying, "Cheer up, old man, it will be all right when you get over there."

"If I thought it would not, this ship would never bring me to land, God help me," was the answer.

It is easy to read the tragedy of life in this man's face. A few years ago he had married a young and talented girl. Hlavished everything on her that wealth and devotion could command. All went well till six months ago when he gave a reluctant consent to her going abroad to study her cherished art, with the promise that he would join her in a year. At first her letters came almost daily, full of eagerness for him to come, but of late they had grown less and less frequent and more and more cold, and it had come to his ears more or less directly that influences were at work on her against him, and this, together with the glamour of the fascinating life in the gay capital to which she was unusally susceptible, had made him feel that she was slipping from his grasp, and with her, the world—life, and all!

Unlike all the rest of us his thoughts were not with the ones left behind, but with the one to whom he was hastening, and each moment seemed an eternity to wait.

But the most interesting figure of all is this tall, stately woman, standing apart, silent and alone. No hand has touched hers with a parting grasp, no lips have uttered one solitary good-bye! We seem to hear her saying to herself—"Roaming alone through this world's wilderness Shall I find forgetfulness? Shall I find rest? Never, till the soul is loosed from its moorings and sails into eternity. Even then I know not but it will drift helpless, rudderless, as this poor heart has drifted and tossed on the billows of emotion—that far more tempestuous and relentless sea than the mighty deep we traverse."

Now our attention is turned to our passengers below in the steerage, and if there are those who turn away and say there is no romance in life among the lowly, let him read the "Madonna of the Tubs," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and look down here and see this young lover with the languishing though fervent eyes and sun-browned cheek that Italian skies alone can bestow, as he rushes once more up the narrow gang-plank to say one more good-bye to his sweetheart, and implores her in an agony of entreaty in the soft musical language of Italy to "Come back—come back—do not go away and leave me!" She whispers that she will be true. Will she keep her word? Ah, who can tell? Words mean so little and human hearts so much!

Then look at this poor, forlorn Arabian mother, sitting on the quay, nursing on her lap an infant, as she stretches out her arms to the departing ship, bearing away to their distant native land, her husband and her little Cecilia. A few years ago they had come to this country like thousands of others, with the thought that work was plenty, and all they touched would turn to gold; but "alas, that bread should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap." They had struggled along bravely for a time, but the rigorous New England climate had begun to make inroads on his health, and at last, after months of the most extreme poverty and privation, some charitable people found them, and raised money enough to send the father and eldest child back to Arabian warmth and skies—but the mother must remain, to travel all day long, up and down the street, carrying her babe on one arm and a heavy basket containing her little stock in trade of pins, needles and trinkets, on the other, which she sells from house to house, or *tries* to, for no one will buy, and the doors of the rich are more often shut in her face than is the door of the humbler cot, "for such is the rarity of Christian charity." But not for long, we trust, will her longing eyes look in vain, for the same tender hands that reach out from an humble fireside we wot of, and to which her weary feet often turn for rest and comfort and cheer, will not fail to speed her footsteps at last from the "Wanderer's Home" across the seas to those who watch and wait.

Then here comes our companion of the East Boston ferry boat, "a gentleman of the auld sod", who with his two sons and their wives and children, is going back to Erin's green isle! The elasticity of youth is in his aged limbs, and he picks up his feet like a high stepper of the turf. The "auld woman" years before fore has crossed over the other side—not the side towards which their footsteps are tending, but to "the other side of Jordan."

But no more of romancing, for the receding spires of the "city of churches" are fading fast from view—whether with distance or other dimness of vision, it is not necessary to say, and so, dear friends, adieu.

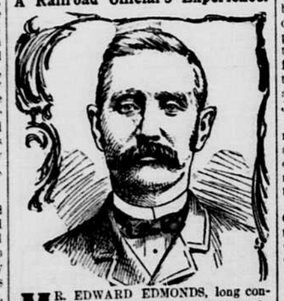
Our first stop will be at Queenstown, Cork harbor, and if all goes well during this voyage of ten days, the next letter will be sent from the shores of the land where the shamrock waves.

The suit of an employe against the Bates Mill Co. in Lewiston last week, involved the construction of the regulations of the company, which provide for the forfeiture of one week's wages in case any operative quits the employ of the company without giving and working one week's notice. The case arose at the time of the cutdown in wages in May last, at which time a large number of operatives struck and left the mill. Most of these soon returned, but some ten or a dozen remained out, and the suit was brought to test the right of the company to claim a forfeiture of their wages under the regulation in question. In substance the plaintiff claimed that the company gave no sufficient notice of the cutdown and that the cutdown was a justification for her leaving without giving and working the notice. Many other questions of law were involved in the case. The finding of the court sustains the position taken by the company on all the points involved.

The young man who is anxious to lay the world at the feet of the girl he adores, three months after he marries her isn't willing even to lay the carpet.

Full Details Gladly Given.

A Railroad Official's Experience.



MR. EDWARD EDMONDS, long connected with railroad construction in Nebraska, writes: "My heart troubled and pained me for 19 years. Shortness of breath was the constant and most common symptom. Intense, excruciating pain, generally followed any severe exertion. Faintness, hunger without any appetite; fluttering that made me clutch my breast, and palpitation that often staggered me as if I would fall, were frequent attacks. Again, everything would turn black if I arose from a stooping posture quickly. Sleepless nights with their prostrating unrest were numerous and I could get no rest day or night. I consulted leading physicians and tried advertised remedies. They gave me no relief. One of Dr. Miles' circulars described my case so exactly that I took Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and I am now a well man. I hope every one troubled with heart disease will try Dr. Miles' remedies. If they will write me personally, I will gladly give them full details of my experience." EDW. EDMONDS.

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VENETIAN GLASS.

AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY REVIVED IN THE ISLAND OF MURANO.

There Works of Art, Not Monstrosities, Are Produced—How the Descendants of the Old Venetian Glassworkers Make Beautiful Articles of Use and Ornament.

Among the lagoons, nearly due north of Venice, in the island of Murano there lives a race of men who seem to have a great future. They are the descendants of the old Venetian glassworkers, and of late years they have been reviving the ancient art, which made Murano famous in the past, of glassblowing.

The old Venetian glass was what is commonly called blown, but the name gives a very small idea of the manufacture. Glass has certain characteristics which give it its true beauty and value for art purposes, and though you may neglect these and force it to make forms utterly foreign to its nature you are producing not works of art, but monstrosities. Whatever glass may be, it is in its natural state not crystalline, so that nature is outraged when we grind it into sharp angular forms that belong rather to other materials. The old Venetian glass was light, bright, vitreous in appearance and stained with the richest possible colors, and all these qualities are retained in the newly revived manufacture at Murano.

There is one more strong point in favor of glass blown and worked over than molded—namely, that every individual piece is an original art, and as it is almost impossible that any two should be exactly alike, unless their form is very simple indeed, the buyer chooses according to his fancy and is sure that no one else possesses a piece exactly the same size and shape. In the manufacture of the ordinary cut glass minium (red lead) is frequently added to increase its brightness, but this destroys at once the characteristic lightness, and, causing it to cool more rapidly, quite prevents the possibility of working it in the proper ductile and malleable condition.

The Murano material is worked as the ancient Venetian glass made on the same island used to be, and all the old methods have been discovered, or at least the same effects have been produced. The flamma, perhaps more strange than beautiful, the millefiore, the smelze, including perfect imitations of agates, chalcedons, lapis lazuli, etc., for mosaic, the aqua marina, rich ruby colors, the brilliant avventurino, all are here, and many other kinds of work, some of which are imitations of the old glass and some new inventions.

The tools used are a hollow reed of iron, a few instruments like shears, of different sizes, and a stamp with a strawberry shaped die. The end of the rod is dipped into molten glass of, say, ruby color, and a portion accumulated on its end. If too much or too little is taken, the working glass will not be of the right size, and if the metal, as it is called, is not of the right temperature, the color will be too dark or too light. The lump is rolled on a table into symmetry and heated again. A few turns of the rod and a breath or two through it, and a hollow ball appears at the end. One extra puff of the breath and the bowl would be too large and too thin. A boy brings up a small portion of white glass, which he has picked out of another reservoir and blown hollow. This must be so hot as almost to drop off the rod, and must be ready at the exact moment. He touches the bowl with it, and the two adhere like sealing wax. A pull asunder and one dextrous twist form the delicate stem of the wineglass upon which three little lumps of glass are then stuck and stamped as strawberries and the whole is again introduced into the furnace, where it would instantly droop out of shape but for the deft manipulation which it undergoes.

By the time it is heated the boy is ready with another globe of glass, perhaps of a different color, which he causes to adhere to the bottom of the stem. The man spins it around between his shears, nipping part of it almost off, and thus gaining the right quantity of metal for the foot, no less and no more. One tap on an iron ledge breaks the superfluous piece, and leaves a small hole at the point of the fracture. Once more the action of the fire is called in to soften the brittle material, and when the pear shaped ends come out the points of the closed shears are introduced to widen the opening into a cuplike form.

A small lump of avventurino is by this time on the end of the boy's rod, melted and only saved from dropping by his dexterity. One touch and it adheres to the end of the cup just formed. He puts it out and winds it around, adhering as it goes to the edge. Again the fire does its duty, and then the artist finishes the form of the foot, detaching immediately the bulb at the top from his hollow rod. Another rod, with a molten piece of glass, is prepared for him by the boy's ready co-operation, and is pressed against the center of the foot, to which it adheres. Into the fire goes the whole piece, and, when withdrawn the bowl of the glass is partly shaped by the shears, avventurino wound around the edge as before with the foot. A last heat, and with artistic care the delicate, crocuslike bowl, which is some day to contain the sparkling wine, is completed.—London Globe.

A Four Legged Bird.

The crested hoazin of British Guiana, the only survivor of a race of birds which are known as fossils, is described in The Popular Science News. The hoazin inhabits the most secluded forests of South America, and its survival beyond its congeners is doubtless owing to its retiring habits and the fact that it feeds on wild arum leaves, which gives its flesh a most offensive flavor, rendering it unfit for food.

The chief peculiarity of the hoazin consists in the fact that when it is hatched it possesses four well developed legs. The young birds leave the nest and climb about like monkeys over the adjoining limbs and look more like tree toads than birds.

The modification of the fore limbs begins at once after hatching; the claws of the digits fall off; the whole clawlike hand begins to flatten and becomes wing shape. Feathers soon appear, and before full growth is reached not a vestige remains of its original character.

Professor F. A. Lucas says of the hoazin, "The adult birds not only have no claws upon their wings, but their thumbs even are so poorly developed that one would hardly suspect that in the nestlings we have the nearest approach to a quadruped found among existing birds."

One curious feature noticed with a nestling which had been upset in the river was its power of rapid swimming and diving when pursued. Owing to this power the little creature managed to evade all efforts to secure it. The prolonged immersion which a nestling will undergo, instinctively and voluntarily, or which an adult bird will endure in an attempt to drown it seems quite remarkable.

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

It Was Terminated by a Bullet In a Frontier Town.

It was in the early days of a town in southwestern Kansas. The deadly "45" was the most respected law of the place, and daily and nightly, in the half dozen saloons which the embryo city supported, were congregated as rough a set of men as could be found in any town of the size west of the Mississippi, spending their time in gambling and carousing.

Monarch of all the roughs was Ed Prather. He had eight notches in the handle of his trusty 45, signifying that by his hand eight human beings had been sent to their long home. Prather's bosom friend was Billy Wells. He, too, was a "bad man" in the western acceptance of the term. Damon and Pythias were not more fraternal than these two desperadoes. When one was seen, the other was always near. If one got into trouble, the other was always on hand to assist him.

The tragic end of this friendship came one summer morning. Prather had just successfully "stood off" a sheriff and his posse, and the crowd of roughs was congregated in his saloon, congratulating him, drinking to his health and celebrating the occasion by filling themselves up with what is known in western vernacular as "40 rod," preparatory to terrorizing the town. Suddenly Prather drew his revolver from the scabbard, and saying, "Boys, watch me put a hole through Billy's hat," fired.

There was a yell of agony, and Wells fell to the floor wounded to the death.

"My God, have I killed him?" were Prather's first words. Then, throwing down his revolver, he sprang to the side of the wounded man, just as the last quiver came over the prostrate form and the soul went to render its account.

For the first time in years a solitary tear coursed down over the hardened features of the man whose hands were newly stained with the blood of a fellow creature, but, ashamed of this momentary evidence of emotion, he hastily brushed away the tear, and turning to the bar called, "Drinks for the crowd." And the carousal went on.

Thus was one more chapter added to the history of frontier life.—Detroit Free Press.

AN INDIGNANT FISH.

One Burgall Deprived of Its Prey by the Reckless Interference of Another.

While the burgall, known also as the cunner, is not altogether a bottom feeding fish, still it feeds mostly on the bottom, taking whatever it can find there, nipping the head off a clam when it gets a chance, and not neglecting the worms of many kinds which find a home there.

There were two burgalls in a tank at the aquarium. One day a nereis showed its head above the sand and gravel on the bottom of the tank alongside a little pebble. The nereis is a marine worm that lives at the bottom. This particular nereis might have been three inches in length by an eighth of an inch in diameter. One of the burgalls saw it as soon as it lifted its head above the bottom, and he began to make for it at once, but not precipitately. In fact, he did not seem to notice the nereis at all. He just loafed about in the water, and it just happened apparently that his general movement carried him in that direction.

The nereis was probably looking for food. Gradually it raised its head until it was half an inch above the sand. The burgall, which had started a foot or more away, was then within six inches of it. Then the other burgall saw the nereis, and this burgall made a rush for it. There was nothing for the first one to do now but to make a rush for it too. The two burgalls met head on with their noses right over the pebble alongside which the nereis had raised its head, but the nereis had disappeared.

The force of the collision threw the first burgall off his balance. For a moment he lay in the water at an angle of 45 degrees, but he righted himself quickly and instantly started for burgall No. 2, and chased him round and round the tank and finally up into a corner, where he held him for a minute, and then he swam solemnly away, indignant no doubt that the reckless interference of the other had cost him the prey he had so carefully planned to take.—New York Sun.

French Bookbinders.

French craftsmen of today, as far as binding is concerned, fall naturally into two classes, those who still repeat and adopt old models, and those who are bent upon seeking some new thing. The first consider that the right traditions of ornament have been given once and for all and need only be followed with ever increasing skill and technical perfection. The second feel that new departures are necessary if the art is to respond to modern needs. The conservatives restrict their ornaments to the strictly traditional. Admitting no further novelty than that which consists in fresh adaptations of the same "tools," the reformers will sooner get out of the lines hitherto recognized as legitimate than continue to work in the well worn grooves. It is the old opposition between "les classiques" and "les jeunes," often recurrent in the literary history of France, and permeating, as it would seem, the whole artistic life of the country in a way that has no parallel here. Such a cleavage, well defined among poets and painters of the moment, is thus repeated in miniature in the humbler arts, greatly to their benefit and to that of the public as well.—Scribner's.

Developing a Cathodograph.

In developing a cathodograph picture it is noticeable that the development goes on all through the film, back as well as front. This is not the case with ordinary camera exposures, which develop from the front toward the back of the plate. The behavior noted is with the cathodograph an indication of the fact that the sensitive film itself is largely transparent to the cathode rays, and therefore lets them through without fully utilizing them. If they could all be absorbed and made to do chemical work, our time for making an impression would be much abbreviated.—Elihu Thompson in Century.

What to Do Before Bicycling.

First get a vial of arnica, some court plaster, two bits' worth of oil of sassafras and a pound of raw beef. Then prepare your soul for affliction, and as a matter of precaution see that your accident insurance is paid up and your peace made with heaven. This all done, and you are prepared to take your first lesson on a bicycle.—Galveston News.

The czar of Russia is said to have among his household an understudy, singularly like him in appearance, who showshimself at the windows of railway carriages and the like when his majesty does not wish to be disturbed.

The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs it too, for he does all his feeding on the wing, and a big mouth is a great convenience.

EASY SONG WRITING.

ANY ONE CAN BE A COMPOSER WITHOUT KNOWING A NOTE.

You Suggest the Idea, and the Song Is Written While You Wait—Salaried Poets Are In Attendance to Furnish the Words. Your Name Goes on the Sheet.

Do you want to be known as a composer of music? It is the easiest thing in the world.

You may not know one note from another, but that doesn't matter. A few days ago a representative of The Examiner went to visit a local musician of repute. Before the musician stood a superb young woman. She was whistling. Her ripe, red lips had on them a most tempting pucker. She whistled a few notes and stopped. Then the musician, who was armed with a sheet of music score paper and a lead pencil, made hieroglyphics on the lines and spaces on the sheet. This was repeated several times.

"There," said the girl, "that is all."

A sardonic smile glittered for an instant on the musician's face and was gone. He stepped to a piano and played the melody as it had been whistled to him, at the same time improvising an accompaniment.

"Well?" said the girl interrogatively.

She had not the faintest idea of harmony or counterpoint. She could not sing.

"I must change it some," said the musician.

"Oh, yes, I expected that," said she. "I furnish the musical idea and you do the back work."

Once more there was a glimmer of fun in the musician's eyes. He requested the girl to call again in a few days. "I will have one of our poets write words for it," said he, "and when you come again you can see how you like it. You will see how they go together."

"Of course my name will go on the sheet when it is published?"

"Certainly. Do you want to be known as the author of the words?"

The girl blushed rather painfully. The heightened color made her look rather more superb. She was a tall, willowy brunette, with glowing black eyes and a rich olive complexion, on which her blush played

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, NOV. 17, 1896.

ATWOOD & FORBES,
Editors and Proprietors.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. K. 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.
Buckfield,	Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Fryeburg,	A. F. Lewis, Insurance Office.
Paris Hill,	M. I. Mellen, Post Office.

COMING EVENTS.

Nov. 18.—Oxford County Sunday School Convention, South Paris.
Dec. 1.—East Oxford Local Union, Y. P. S. C. E., Bethel.
Dec. 8.—Oxford Pomona Grange, annual meeting, South Paris.
Dec. 28.—Oxford County Medical Association, Bethel.
Feb. 3.—District Lodge, I. O. G. T., South Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Let us Help You.
Prospectus of Country Gentleman.
Notice of Foreclosure.
For Sale.
Disposition of Liquor Cases.
Do You Use?
For Sale.

THANKSGIVING.

THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

It has ever been the custom of our Christian Commonwealth, at the close of the harvest season, to call upon her people to render thanks and praise to God, for His many mercies to His dependent children.

We continue to enjoy the priceless blessings of free government. The principles of civil and religious liberty, and respect for law, National and State authority, still prevail throughout our favored land.

Providence has dealt kindly with our beloved State, her people and her institutions, and there is abundant reason for offering thanks. I therefore, with the advice of the Executive Council, designate

THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, INSTANT, AS A DAY OF THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Refraining on that day from all unnecessary labor and business, let us, in the temples of worship, and at the family fireside, offer grateful tributes of praise and song, for God's gracious favors.

And in the reunions of families, kindred and friends, may the love of home and the affection for our Commonwealth be strengthened, and may the sincerity of our thankfulness and gratitude find expression in deeds of charity and kindness, towards the poor and unfortunate.

Given at Augusta, this fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty first.

HENRY B. CLEAVES.

By the Governor.
NICHOLAS FESSENDEN,
Secretary of State.

WHY BRYANISM WAS BEATEN.

It was beaten, in the first place, because it would swindle 950,000 pensioners, 1,800,000 holders of building and loan association stock, 3,500,000 members of mutual assessment and co-operative societies, 5,000,000 of savings bank depositors, and 7,000,000 holders of life insurance policies of various sorts out of half of their holdings. This swindle would involve several billions of dollars, and would be brought about through the coinage of 50c. dollars. This coinage would benefit nobody except the silver mine owners for a short time by the slight temporary advance in silver prices which the opening of the mints would make, the speculators who would gamble in gold, and the dishonest debtors who would hand their creditors clipped dollars in place of the full dollars which they borrowed.

It was beaten because it threatened either the existence or the independence of the Supreme Court, thus destroying the balance between the different branches of the government, the legislative, the executive and the judiciary, which has been an important source of strength to our political system, and the admiration of students of politics throughout the world. It was beaten because in its platform condemnation of "arbitrary interference by federal authorities in local affairs," it attacked President Cleveland for protecting United States property in Chicago, preventing the obstruction of the mails and suppressing the Debs rebellion. It thus justified lawlessness, resistance to all authority, anarchism.

Here is a combination of follies and villainies which would send down to destruction a stronger coalition than that which supported the Popocratic ticket. Then, too, the candidate, in his own personality, was fatally weak. After he had made a few speeches the country quickly gauged him, and then the only doubt about the result of the election was as to the extent of the majority which would be rolled up against him. He was found to be a vain, narrow and shallow man, who had only a smattering knowledge of history and politics, and who was totally and incurably wrong-headed on the great questions of the day and of the relations which each element of the community bore to the rest. Moreover, he was seen to be the tool of stronger and abler minds than himself—of men like Altgeld and the heads of the Silver Miners' Trust. These made him believe that the employers, the capitalists, the professional men of all sorts, the heads of newspapers and of institutions of learning, and all other kinds of men who were good clothes and had any standing or influence in the community, were somehow "oppressing" all the rest of the people. He was made to think that these men were conspiring to bring the United States into financial and perhaps political subserviency to England. This hallucination became the master passion of a mind not essentially vicious—of a mind, indeed, naturally kindly and sympathetic, but never acute and discriminating. Thus his fancy became filled with bogies and chimeras, and in a sort of delirium he went up and down the highways and byways raving about "tools of Lombard Street," and "enemies of the human race." It did not take long for the people to see that this man was ludicrously unfit to be president of the United States, and they registered that opinion at the ballot-box.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PERSONAL.

Hazen S. Pingree, now mayor of Detroit and governor-elect of Michigan, is an Oxford Bear. He was the son of Jasper and Adeline Pingree, and was born Aug. 30, 1840, in Denmark, where he resided until 14 years of age. He then worked in a cotton factory for a while, and later in a shoe factory. In 1862 he enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment and served until the close of the war, spending about five months of the time in southern prisons. After he was mustered out he went to Detroit. A few years later he and a partner started a small shoe manufacturing business, which has grown until it is now the largest establishment of the kind in the West. Mr. Pingree was chosen mayor of Detroit in 1889 and is now serving his fourth term in that office.

JOHN F. TALBOT.

John Foster Talbot, recently chosen Member of the Board of Agriculture for Oxford County, is a resident of Andover, in which town he was born 46 years ago. He was educated in the public schools of Andover and at Washington Academy, East Machias. He is a farmer by occupation, a Democrat in politics, and a Congregationalist. He has served on the board of selectmen of Andover for a number of years, is justice of the peace, member of the State Grange, and has been secretary of the Oxford North Agricultural Society for the past ten years.

Calais people think that one mail a day isn't quite up to the standard for a city of 7000 inhabitants.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

PARIS HILL.

First Baptist Church, Rev. H. A. Roberts, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday Evening at 7:00 P. M.

Universalist Church: Rev. E. W. Pierce, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

The fall term of Paris Hill Academy will close to-night (Monday). An effort is being made by the students to raise funds for the purchase of library books. An entertainment consisting of speaking and singing will be given, to which an admission of 15 cents will be charged; scholars from the grammar and primary schools, 10 cents. Refreshments and a social gathering at the close of the entertainment. Let every one come and help the library cause. The entire proceeds will be used for the purchase of books. The following is the program:

Prayer.
Singing—Greeting Glee.
The Hero of the Tower, Amy Wardwell.
Jenk's Infernal Machine, Horace Roberts.
Guilty or Not Guilty, Helen Hammond.
Duet, Misses Royal and Thurlow.
The Wreck of Rivermouth, Persis Sibley.
The American Flag, Harry Pierce.
Singing—Never Forget.
The Strange Request, Lizzie Ryerson.
Little Blossom, Katy Royal.
Marco's Death, Perley Ryerson.
Singing—Home, Sweet Home.
Tableaux.
Faith, Hope, Charity.
The Wreck of the Hesperus.
The Wedding of Lady Wentworth.

Prof. James M. Pike has proved himself a most competent instructor, and has been ably assisted by Miss Persis N. Andrews, whose work in the school has been of the highest order, and the management and students receive her resignation with regret. Mrs. Mabelle C. Pike, wife of the principal, has been engaged as her successor. Mrs. Pike is an experienced and successful teacher.

Miss Persis N. Andrews was called to Freedom, Maine, Monday, by the death of her uncle, the late William George Sibley, a brother of the late Mrs. Persis Sibley Black.

The result of the election was celebrated at Hooper's Ledge last Tuesday evening. A big bonfire blazed up on the top of the ledge between 8 and 9 o'clock, and the Paris Hill band, which was present, furnished music that was heard over all the surrounding country. Walter E. Twitchell and O. E. Curtis did most of the work of preparing the bonfire.

The Academy Zephyr, published by the Academy students, has just been issued from the Democrat press and copies will be on sale at the entertainment this Monday evening. It is one of the best numbers yet issued, and a credit to the school. You can encourage the students and get full value for your money by purchasing a copy for yourself, and one or more to send to friends of Paris Hill who reside elsewhere.

The Universalist Circle will meet at Academy Hall next Friday evening. Supper at 6 o'clock. Promenade as usual. Admission 10 cents. For entertainment Mother Goose will appear on the stage and exhibit her large and attractive family. As this is her first appearance in town since her return to earth, she is hoping to meet many of her former geese and goslings.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hammond were married fifty years ago the 15th of November, but do not celebrate the anniversary. They had decided some time since that they would not observe the occasion with a regular golden wedding, but instead would take a wedding tour; but Mr. Hammond says it is such a busy fall that he can't possibly get time. He further remarks that it is very few couples who arrive at the fiftieth anniversary in as good health and capable of doing as much work as they are. Probably all who know Mr. and Mrs. Hammond will agree with him in that statement. Certainly a large number of friends will join with the Democrat in wishing the happy couple many more years of wedded life.

The Baptist Circle which was due Wednesday evening will be postponed until Wednesday evening of next week.

Rev. Mr. Roberts is making arrangements for a union service at the Baptist church on the morning of Thanksgiving day, in which all the clergymen in town will be invited to participate.

GREENWOOD.

Another line storm last Thursday, or at least, that was what some called it, being the heaviest for the season, and damaging the roads in places so they had to be repaired.

The pig epidemic is here again, first attacking the throat as usual, and always fatal.

And now that the night of the year is near at hand, people are banking up their houses to keep Jack Frost out, since he's sure to be here and try to get inside before morning.

We became somewhat acquainted with Dea. Lovejoy and wife several years ago by calling on them while visiting in Albany, and the last call was just one week before the deacon died. He then appeared in his usual health, and conversed freely on passing events, and particularly in regard to being ready for death. Again in October, as before mentioned, we called there to see his widow, which was about three weeks before she died. It was a singular coincidence. They belonged to the Congregational church, and two better people never lived in town. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

John Tibbetts and wife of Norridgewock have come to spend the remainder of their days with their daughter, Mrs. A. S. Brooks. He has several children by a former marriage, and his wife also a son and daughter, her first husband being the late Frank Bennett. They have, besides, one daughter, Ella, by the last marriage, who is the wife of Lamont Cole, and lives in Washington, D. C. Mr. Tibbetts says it was no easy matter to leave the old home where he had lived for fifty years, and nothing but old age and inability to carry on the farm any longer induced him to move away.

Not long since mention was made of a nice rocking chair presented to Annie Bryant by a New York company, for selling fancy soaps. The other day she received another present for the same kind of work, consisting of a silver service set of four pieces, gold plated inside, and pretty as a picture. Annie knows her business to perfection; and the young man who—etc.

WILSON'S MILLS.

The winter bridge by John Olson's was put in Monday under the direction of H. G. Bennett.

J. C. and R. S. Bean have been threshing for N. K. Bennett and R. A. Storey.

There was a rehearsal at the school house Friday evening of an entertainment to be given by Mt. Dustin Grange next Friday evening. The proceeds will be devoted to the improvement of the grange hall.

N. K. Bennett has gone to Bethel to meet Mrs. Bennett, who is returning from Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taylor and Mrs. John Olson went to Colebrook Friday.

Mrs. W. I. Fickett started for Kennebago Lake Friday morning, accompanied by John Olson.

We have had a heavy rain.

RUMFORD.

Four large flocks of sheep and lambs have been drive through this place this fall.

The people at Hanover had a very brilliant bonfire on the mountain last Saturday night. It looked from the Corner like a star in the West.

Mr. Henry is circulating a petition for Asa Martin for postmaster.

Mr. Geo. Tuttle from Byron was in town last week.

NORTHWEST BETHEL.

Seth Mason, Charles Verrill, Herman Bennett, Ed and George Mason, are all working at the Corner.

Aunt Betsey Scribner is very feeble.

Mrs. Lydia Morrill of Yarmouth is here for a while.

Miss Louise Dow made a brief visit with her sister, Mrs. C. Verrill, the 11th.

Arthur Hailey from Gorham, N. H., visited at his friend's, Seth Mason's, last week.

Lots from here went to the celebration. Most of them are jubilant over the election.

BETHEL.

Mr. J. C. Billings went to Augusta Saturday to take Mr. Ethan Etheridge to the insane asylum for treatment.

There was no preaching service at the Universalist church last Sunday, Nov. 8, as the pastor, Rev. F. E. Barton, was called to Gorham, N. H., to attend the funeral of Rev. Mr. Russ.

Tuesday evening the Republicans of Bethel celebrated McKinley's election. At 7 o'clock ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, and firing of guns announced the opening of the celebration. In front of the Republican headquarters a parade was formed, headed by the Bryant Pond band; a long line was in the march carrying torches and transparencies. They marched through all the principal streets of the village. Red lights were burned along the line of march by the residents. The village was most elaborately decorated. The pictures of McKinley and Hobart were displayed from many a brilliantly illuminated residence. The stores, too, were beautifully decorated, especially those of Miss E. E. Burnham and Miss Laura Hall in Cole Block. The windows were draped with the national colors, and Miss Hall displayed a large picture of McKinley, and in Miss Burnham's window sat little Gladys Buck dressed to represent the goddess of liberty. At the residence of Mrs. O. C. Young Miss Marguerite Finney, surrounded by the national colors sat representing the goddess of liberty, and Miss Maud Davis also represented the patriotic spirit of our youths. The little 4-year-old daughter of Mr. A. D. Ellingwood stood upon the lawn of his residence on Broad Street beating a drum. It was one of the finest celebrations Bethel has ever witnessed. A fine lunch was served the band by the ladies of the Universalist society.

There have been special meetings held at the M. E. church since Tuesday.

Mr. M. C. Kimball, a former resident of Bethel, has been in Bethel on business.

WELCHVILLE.

Mr. William Ford, night editor of the Boston Transcript, called on friends in this place last week.

Mr. George Bryant has severed his connection with the Grand Trunk Railway as baggage master.

Mrs. D. P. Shanahan and daughter were in Lewiston Monday of last week.

The M. E. church will be opened for service Sunday, Nov. 15.

Mr. Seth Ames is working on the Richmond Bros.' stable at Oxford.

Mr. J. F. Fuller is getting out the stone for the underpinning of the new chapel to be built at Oxford.

SOUTH HIRAM.

Mrs. Cora Weeks and daughter of Quincy, Mass., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Stanley, of this place.

Died, Wednesday, Nov. 4, Mrs. Sarah Spring, wife of Jonas Spring. She leaves a husband and five children.

The Republicans of this place and Kezar Falls celebrated the election of McKinley by an illumination and torch light procession, headed by Cornish cornet band. After the parade refreshments were served consisting of coffee and crackers.

NEWRY.

The Republicans had a big parade at Bethel Tuesday night. Everybody was happy, even the Democrats could not forbear a smile.

It rains every other day pretty regularly. One thing is in our favor, it clears off warm.

Our winter school is to begin next Monday, Miss Bertha Wiley of Bethel, teacher. Miss Wiley taught the fall term with very good success.

Mrs. Will Rice of Waterford and her sister were in town Wednesday and staid over night at N. S. Baker's.

EAST WATERFORD.

Perley Hodgdon was at home a few days recently. He is working on a farm in Buxton.

We visited Miss Helen Brown's school at the close and were much pleased with the way it was conducted. There were twenty-six scholars present, most of them small. This is one of the largest schools in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Field have returned to their farm. They have been in Lewiston the past two years keeping a boarding house.

Abraham Norwood has moved the furniture saved from the fire, to Westbrook, where they have taken a rent.

Harry L. Hutchins of North Fryeburg spent Sunday at C. H. Pride's, where his wife and child are now visiting.

An electric railroad through Waterford is being talked of again. A. F. Gerald of Fairfield and E. W. Eastman of Auburn examined the proposed route recently.

BROWNFIELD.

A big bonfire on Burt Meadow Mountain Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Boynton entertained the whist club Tuesday evening.

The G. A. R. are to give a dinner and entertainment the 18th, so they say.

Mr. Ed Jewett has sold his new building (used as a store by him) to Frank Johnson.

Mr. Charles Fogg, formerly of Brownfield, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity, has returned to his home in Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Reuben Linscott, who had his arm dislocated a few weeks ago, has gone to the hospital in Boston to be treated.

ROXBURY.

Mr. Locke closed the bear hunting for this season by capturing a fat bear the 6th inst. It is very seldom that bears are caught so late in the fall. After the leaves fall they retreat to the spruce mountains to be under cover.

E. E. Caldwell of Andover has moved to Mr. Chapman's to run his boarding house for a year.

Mr. Aldrich, who has run the boarding house the past summer, has moved into the Porter school house and will make it into a dwelling house, as the town has no use for it for school purposes.

Swain & Reed have a new cook at their boarding house, a stranger.

The men are done with the job of sending off the wood from L. H. Reed's mill. Mr. Reed is repairing the sluice at his mill.

NORWAY LAKE.

Mr. Duran and Mr. Solomon Partridge of Westbrook are visiting at Samuel Partridge's.

Mrs. Winnie Hall and little Elden have been visiting Miss Lucy Hall on Frost Hill.

The Norway Lake Woman's Club will meet with Mrs. F. T. Greene Nov. 25. Program: Quotations. Each member present read or tell something about Thanksgiving. An exetcise from Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law. Reading, a Thanksgiving story. Business. Adjournment.

Mrs. O. M. Cummings of Norway visited at W. S. Partridge's Thursday.

SUMNER.

School commenced at the Morrill school house last Monday, H. C. Thomas teacher.

Miss Alice Newell has gone to West Peru to work for Mr. Austin.

Mrs. Allen Abbott, who has been very sick, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abbott of Whitman, Mass., are visiting friends and relatives in town.

George Dyer and wife visited at South Paris last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. H. A. Sturtevant is suffering with a severe attack of rheumatism.

School commenced in District No. 5, Nov. 9 under the instruction of Humbert Thomas.

Mrs. Althea Holt has returned to her home in Haverhill, Mass., after making her mother, Mrs. E. P. Sturtevant, a short visit.

Moses Merrill, who is in poor health, is not so well.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Mrs. Susan Libby has gone to Portland to stop a while with her daughter.

Charles Stowell has treated his house to a new coat of paint.

Lafe Lapham and wife have returned home from Lewiston, where they have been during the summer.

The school here is in progress under the instruction of Miss Powers of Rumford Falls.

Joseph Barnett set a trap for something that had been killing his chickens and caught a blue hawk, that measured three feet ten inches from tip to top of wings.

CANTON.

L. W. Smith went to Boston the 12th on business.

Hon. Otis Hayford, wife and daughter, went to Augusta the 9th to spend the winter.

Holt has put in a stock of crockery and glassware.

The tannery is doing a rushing business, running at its full capacity.

Work is being pushed on the branch railroad as fast as possible, two trains hauling gravel.

Part of the bridge to be built across the river at Gilbertville has arrived.

Since it was in the papers that your correspondent had the rheumatism, he has had letters and circulars from all parts of the country, wanting to cure him. See what a little advertising will do.

Applicants for the post office are thick.

Business is booming now McKinley is elected.

Buy your flour before the rise.

Water is still low in the lake.

Ground froze quite hard the 10th.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Married, at the residence of Mr. John Houghton in Byron, Nov. 10th, by Rev. G. B. Hannaford, Mr. Robert B. Stratton of Rumford Falls and Miss Emma S. Abbott of Byron. Mr. Stratton is the youngest son of Judge Stratton of Fredericton, N. B. He is chief engineer of the Portland and Rumford Falls and the Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lakes railroads; he is also a partner in the firm of C. H. McKenzie & Co. He has resided at Rumford Falls five years, and is one of our nice young men. Mrs. Stratton is the youngest daughter of the late Dexter and Mrs. Katherine Abbott (now Mrs. Houghton.) She was born in Rumford and lived in town until a few years ago she moved with her mother to Byron. She is a very active and enterprising young lady. They received from their many friends several valuable presents. After the wedding ceremony was performed they started on their wedding tour. They will spend a week in Montreal, then return to Rumford Falls, where they will make their home. We are very glad to welcome them here.

Evangelists Marston and Haskell are holding revival meetings in the M. E. church at Rumford Falls. A good interest is manifested.

John Wheeler is building a nice house on the corner of Franklin Street and Maine Avenue.

Dr. J. F. DeCosta is afflicted with rheumatism. We are sorry for him.

SWEDEN.

Our little town wanted to shout with the rest of Uncle Sam's victorious children over the election of McKinley, on the evening of the 7th, so they loaned the Nevers cannon, and with a good supply of powder they went up on Powder House Hill and had a fine illumination and made lots of noise.

A delegation of our young people attend dancing school at Waterford, which is taught by Mrs. Scribner of Bridgton.

The next circle will be at Town Hall Nov. 18th. Quite an extended program is in preparation, and a good time is expected. It is to be entertained by six young people, reinforced by Mrs. Nevers and Mrs. Maxfield of Waterford. All are invited.

Miss Lottie Bennett has taken her turn at having a vacation, and has gone to Boston for a few weeks.

MEXICO.

The fight for the post office is on. At Ridlonville the fight waxes warm. Wallace Stevens, trader, and E. E. Hayes, toll gatherer, are in it. Stevens struck out some time before election day. Hayes was in Massachusetts a few days, on his return he found that Stevens had secured the names on a petition of many, he (Hayes) had confidently counted as his special friends. Since the first mail was brought to Mexico, it has been distributed from an office at the Corner. When George Stevens, appointed in '93 by President Cleveland, moved from here to Gilbertville, no Democrat could be found at the Corner who would take the office. John Howard was appointed and removed the office to his store nearly down to the toll bridge. A majority of the patrons of the office when it was at the Corner, now desire to have the office brought back, and are working and will continue making efforts to obtain a compliances with their desires. Henry W. Park, who has always heretofore refused to take the office, has consented to accept the appointment if it can be obtained for him. Failing to get the office at the Corner we shall try to get *an* office there to be Mexico office, and have another at Ridlonville.

Calvin S. Bucknam and Scott O. Dorr have each bought a house lot of Mrs. Etta P. Richards on McLean Street and are at work putting in foundations for cottages already.

Ed Fuller and Bert E. Small have opened a meat shop in the Reed store.

Bird hunt here Wednesday with a ball in the town hall in the evening. Mrs. Millie provided the supper.

Monday evening Hotel Ridlon was illuminated and the election result was noticed with bonfires, booming of cannon and smaller firearms.

School closed Friday.

No doubt but Rev. C. C. Keene will remain with us another year. There has already been quite a large part of the funds required to keep him subscribed.

NORTH PARIS.

Mrs. George Adams has a young son.

M. E. Curtis and wife visited at David Bemis' Nov. 6th.

J. G. Crawford has gone away to canvass for nursery stock.

Ora Field found two full blown dandelions last week.

John Butterfield has been at work for W. W. Dunham.

Mrs. Lizzie Gowell wishes to sell her stand at North Paris.

Fine evenings but muddy roads.

Oscar Kimball is at work on Elder Wheeler's house at West Paris.

Mrs. Losina Fuller, who has had her eyes operated on, can now see quite well. She arrived home Nov. 12.

Aren't Republicans happy? and with good reason.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

Mr. L. A. Bradbury has quite a force of men at work for him, engaged in building a stone dam.

Miss Mamie Griggs, who has been at home on a short vacation, returned to Westbrook last week.

Miss Villa Fessenden, who has been teaching in Fryeburg, is at home for a few weeks.

EAST HEBRON.

Rev. D. A. Gammon, formerly our local minister, is in the parish preparing to leave for southern California, hoping his health will improve in that sunny climate. He has many warm-hearted friends here who deeply regret the necessity of his leaving his home and friends. Mrs. G. will soon follow him if all proves favorable to his health. She is still canvassing and has already sold 18,000 copies of the atlas she has worked so energetically for.

F. E. Whiting has moved from his home on French Hill to the home of his late parents.

Charles Record and Mrs. Henry Record have sold their cows, hay, etc., and will soon go to Biddeford, taking her children with her. She will work for Mr. Record's daughter in her boarding house.

Mrs. Howard Merrill is very feeble and confined in bed. Her health has been very poor the past year.

HEBRON.

Dr. Donham came home Saturday for a few days.

Mrs. Martha LeBaron, who has been visiting her brother in Norway and friends in South Paris, came home last week.

Mrs. Dexter of Mattapoisett, Mass., is visiting at Mr. Joseph Hibbs'.

Wm. A. Ford of the Boston Transcript has been spending a few days at C. E. Tripp's.

We understand the academy will close the day before Thanksgiving.

OXFORD.

A. L. Richmond, of Boston, was in town a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Jones sailed for Florida on Thursday.

Frank Farris has bought the house formerly occupied by L. B. Jones and will move in soon.

Rev. I. A. Bean of Paris will preach in the M. E. church on Sunday.

BUCKFIELD.

Saturday evening, Nov. 7th, there was a grand illumination with fireworks in the evening. High Street was particularly prominent with Bank Examiner Hatch's residence easily in the lead in point of variety and design. Red fire and rockets, the small boy and tin horns all contributed to swell the joy of the occasion—the victory of the ides of Nov. 3. F. P. Withington, the Buckfield talking-machine and a gold Democrat, joined in the general display of illumination.

Geo. M. Atwood and wife were in town Tuesday, the 10th.

Hon. O. H. Hersey visited New York on business the past week.

Charles Gautier has moved to his house on Station Street.

The Buckfield village Baptist church at a special meeting Thursday evening, in concurrence with the recommendation of the executive committee of the society, voted to give Mr. Sumner Bangs of Norway, a recent graduate of Newton Theological Institution, a call to become its pastor.

Herbert Hall has moved to the stand recently vacated by J. F. Packard.

Geo. H. Hersey, proprietor of the Casco steam and water heater works, will start up his furnace the coming week.

The fall term of the village schools closed Friday.

Friday evening a prize declamation by the first class in the high school department, took place at Nezinscot Hall with a full house. The program is omitted for lack of space. The awarding committee, Miss Carrie M. Douglass, elocutionist of Hebron Academy, Rev. A. G. Murray, Sumner, A. A. Knowlton, Bates College, awarded the prizes as follows:

GIRLS.

1st prize, Helen S. Childs, $3.
2d prize, Lizzie H. Withington, $2.
3d prize, Lila S. Spaulding, $1.

BOYS.

1st prize, Warren S. Shaw, $3.
2d prize, Chester C. Tuttle, $2.
3d prize, Howard P. Shaw, $1.

All of the declamations were good, exceptionally so. Principal Landman is proud of his school and has been engaged for the winter term.

ANDOVER.

The King's Daughters give an entertainment in the hall to-night.

The boys engaged in a shooting match for chickens yesterday; considerable sport was the result.

Mr. Chas. A. Proctor met with a painful accident recently, by a circular saw cutting his hand badly. I have not learned the full extent of the injury.

Mr. Chas. P. Kimball has a petition in circulation for the appointment as postmaster. It is a strong petition indorsed by about every Republican and lots of Democrats in town.

Mr. Bartlett has finished the stone work for H. V. Poor.

T. M. Thomas has engaged to fix the dangerous place on the east branch of the railroad above Houghton's.

The largest drove of sheep ever seen on our road passed through here last week, 1400 in all, which reached fully 1500 when they got to Hanover.

L. W. Marston has contracted to put in a million of spruce in Sawyer's Notch for pulp.

Horace Cutting, formerly of Andover, died suddenly at his work in Plainfield, Conn.

FRYEBURG.

The Post family left for New York last week.

Mr. G. L. Sturdivant is in Boston.

The football game Saturday, Nov. 7, with the North Bridgtons, resulted in victory for the Fryeburgs, 10 to 4.

The reception at the vestry Friday evening, Nov. 6, for Mrs. Lyman Abbott, was a very pleasant occasion. About 250 of the village people were present. The vestry was very prettily decorated with house plants, ferns, etc. All were cordially received and entertained.

The drama at the New Church hall Monday evening, "Michael Earle, or the Maniac Lover," was enjoyed by all. Fryeburg's best talent was displayed. Music by Fryeburg Orchestra.

Mrs. M. B. Barker is recovering from her severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Osgood have returned from Bartlett. We are glad to welcome them home.

Mr. Lemuel Bean and Miss Grace Haley were united in marriage by Rev. B. N. Stone, Sunday, Nov. 8.

The W. C. L. met at the club room Nov. 14, Friday afternoon. The subject of the afternoon, "Music and Drama," was in charge of the committee, Mrs. Alberta Abbott and Mrs. Z. O. Wentworth. Papers were given on Nordica and Paderewski, with music and readings by members of the club.

DICKVALE.

Gordon and Rowe will finish yarding this week.

O. O. Tracy has a crew yarding birch in Franklin.

A. B. Noyes and E. B. Philbrick each shot a deer recently.

Mrs. J. C. Wyman is now able to be about the house.

Mrs. O. O. Tracy is canvassing for silverware.

Mrs. Roberts of Waterville is visiting her brother, Geo. O. Hussey.

Business will be quite good here this winter.

WEST SUMNER.

Luther Maxim recently lost in one night 56 chickens, supposed by foxes.

Hacker Davis has moved into the Colerent at Sumner.

F. W. Ford is closing out his stock at cost.

Miss Annie Keene has gone to work for Austin P. Stearns, at Paris Hill.

Mellen Bates is in poor health.

It is understood that John Ford and son Frank have leased the hotel at West Paris of Rutelius Tucker.

Geo. E. Pulsifer is at home from Massachusetts.

Arthur Pulsifer is teaching school at North Sumner; James Chandler at this village.

Charles Crockett is sick.

Tom Hollis and wife had a wooden wedding Thursday night. Quite an attendance and a good time.

Henry Proctor is at West Paris painting, has been there most of the fall.

Lennie Merrill is buying apples for R. L. Cummings.

William Thorne is quite sick.

LOVELL.

A large company gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Russell on the evening of the 10th instant, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Also at the same time occurred the marriage of Benjamin Russell, Jr., and Miss Blanche Pearl Quint, thus forming a double wedding. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Baker and the wedding march played by Miss Louise Hamblen of Conway. An elegant collation was served. The presents were many and beautiful, consisting of the following: Oak sideboard and dining chairs, banquet lamp, silver service and tray, silver berry dish, silver spoon tray, 2 pickle jars, 3 salters, glass water set, glass table set, cake stand, silver orange spoon, tray cloths and napkins, silver soup ladle, 1 dozen solid silver spoons, 1 dozen solid silver spoons, 1-2 dozen spoons, 1 dozen fruit knives, 1 silver berry spoon, 1 solid silver berry spoon, 1 silver call bell, 1 cheese scoop, silver, 1 set, sugar shell and butter knife, 1 strawberry fork, 1 orange spoon, gold bowl, 1 solid silver sugar shell, 1 solid silver salad fork, 1 solid silver orange spoon, 1 olive fork, 1 dozen towels, pillow cases, 1-2 dozen doilies, 1 vase, pincushion, handholder, fascinator, photograph of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Card, bamboo bric-a-brac stand, sofa pillow, pictures, 23 dollars cash, and some other articles. It is needless to speak of the beautiful dress and modest beauty of the young bride, or to say that the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the guests were smoothly carried out. Mr. A. C. Russell of South Manchester, R. I., Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Russell of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Price of Haverhill, and Mrs. Elizabeth Hamblen, and Miss Louise Hamblen of Conway were present, besides friends from neighboring towns.

Mr. Earle Boynton Wood of Bangor has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational church of Lovell and will begin his work Sunday, the 22d inst.

Mr. Otis Andrews is visiting in town.

Town schools close this week.

O. E. Andrews has bought what interest Mr. Hadley Keniston owned in the "trout pond lot," and will draw the timber in connection with Henry W. and Porter Keniston.

EAST SUMNER.

Rev. P. E. Miller exchanged pulpits on Sunday with Rev. Mr. Bole of Turner.

What a change in sentiment regarding what a minister should be in society within half a century. Years ago they were obliged to appear very sober, even stern in demeanor, and talk continually of death and hell-fire. Now, we find them to be jolly, lively and very genial company. Some of the young ministers of the present day mingle freely in sports with our young people, and we believe exert a good influence in that way. Don't be afraid of our ministers. They are really good fellows and will do you good. Go, also, and hear them.

LYNCHVILLE.

Austin McAllister is building an addition to his house, putting up an ell and shed.

Asa Keniston's family of Stoneham is staying at Silas McKeen's, while Mr. Keniston repairs his house.

Rev. H. H. Tucker from Bridgton has been holding meetings at the church in Stoneham.

L. H. Burnham and wife have been visiting friends and relatives in Hollis.

Jona. McAllister is moving into one of L. H. Burnham's rents.

Clinton Littlefield has moved his family back to Bryant's Pond.

Monday night fire consumed James Brown's mill at Four Corners with all the machinery. Owing to its being damp, and the wind being favorable, all the other buildings were saved.

TALK OF THE STATE.

North Anson is agitating the formation of a village improvement society.

Braxton Reed, a Portland colored man, aged 25 years, committed suicide with a revolver Wednesday.

Portland is said to have more clubs of one kind and another, than any two other cities of the state combined.

One Bath man rejoices in the possession of no less than four new hats which came to him with the election of McKinley.

John Steeves, a blacksmith aged 33 years, at work in Lebanon, was drowned in the Salmon Falls River. It is thought he fell from the railroad bridge. Rum did it.

In one room in the Maine Central general offices among others are employed a son of Joseph H. Manley, a nephew of Arthur Sewall and a nephew of Thomas B. Reed.

A West Farmington lad of 16, Arthur Farmer, has been arrested charged with entering the hardware store of Harley Greenwood. He was caught in the act by officers who were watching.

Joseph Mailley, alias Magee, of Westbrook, is in jail charged with burglary of the store of Rosenburg Bros. in that city. He has confessed the crime. Some $200 worth of goods were found in his possession.

Early Monday afternoon, Alfred Gillis of Bath, aged 16, was found hanging by a clothes line in a planing mill in that city. Life had been extinct for several hours. He had been in poor health many years, which caused the suicide.

In digging in the cellar of an old Portland house on Congress Street, a cutlass was unearthed. It had marks of blood or rust on the blade, but nobody knows how long it has been there. The house is said to have been built previous to 1780.

Hermann Hoops of Brooklyn, N. Y., was accidentally shot by carelessly resting his arm over the muzzle of a shot gun, while riding in a buckboard near Joe Viles' camp, on Dead River. As soon as a surgeon could be procured, the arm was amputated, but on account of the loss of blood and inability to procure medical aid in season, Mr. Hoops died about two hours after the operation. He leaves a wife and two children.

There was a drowning accident at Warren Wednesday forenoon. The victim was a colored man named Peters, who was employed by Gleason Young. He was standing on the flume of the dam near the mill and drawing a boat up by the painter. The force of the water began to hold the boat back and as he continued to hold on to the rope he was finally drawn into the water and drowned before aid could arrive. The body was recovered in the afternoon.

Philip Marquand of Boston, a well-known society man, is wanted in Maine for illegal killing of a moose in close time, and requisition has been made for him and granted by the governor of Massachusetts. It is the first time that a man was ever brought from another state for violation of the game laws. Marquand is not at home, and his friends say he left the matter with a lawyer when he left Maine, with the understanding that it was to be fixed up without his presence being required.

A North Waterboro girl is entitled to a medal for her pluck in teaching a quartette of tramps a lesson. She was in charge of the post office when the tramps came in and asked for something to eat. The young lady gave them some bread and cheese and in answer to their inquiry if she were alone, she replied that she was not. When they inquired who was with her, she pulled a six shooter out of a convenient drawer and hinted that that made a very satisfactory companion in the presence of such scamps as she was facing. The tramps agreed with her and lighted out with all speed.

CELEBRATION AT KEZAR FALLS.

On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 7, Kezar Falls had the most elaborate demonstration ever witnessed in the vicinity, to celebrate the election of McKinley and Hobart. There were bonfires on the hills around the village, great displays of flags, illuminations with 3,000 or more candles and lanterns, the burning of red lights, firing of cannon, etc. The long procession of torch-lights was led by the Cornish band, seconded by the local fife and drum corps. Rev. G. T. Ridlon, a veteran of the civil war, acted as marshal, and at the close of the celebration delivered an excellent address in Meonian Hall, which we are unable to publish for lack of space. Coffee and crackers were served on the green in front of the house of E. F. Gentleman, Esq. All felt that it was a memorable occasion, and went to their homes much gratified.

GAME NOTES.

Where shall we be

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

Office Hours: 6:00 to 7:00 A. M.; 8:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.

Mails close: For Portland, &c., 6:25, 9:15 A. M., 3:30 P. M.; for Gorham, &c., 9:15 A. M., 3:20 P. M.

Mails arrive at post office: From Portland, &c., 9:50 A. M., 3:40, 8:15 P. M.; from Gorham, &c., 9:45, 9:00 A. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after Sept. 21, 1896, trains leave South Paris: Going down: 6:35, 9:40 A. M., 4:15 P. M.; going up: 9:40 A. M., 3:36, 8:00 P. M.

Sunday trains: Going down, 9:40 A. M.; going up, 10 A. M., 7:00 P. M.

Sunday excursion train until Oct. 11, goes up 10:10 A. M., down 5:22 P. M.

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.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening; Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening.

Methodist Church, Rev. T. A. Bean, 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.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening; class meeting, Friday evening.

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

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

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

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 18, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

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

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

I. O. G. T.—South Paris Lodge, No. 311, meets every other Monday evenings of each month in 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.

W. R. C.—W. K. Kimball Relief Corps meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall.

O. of H. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets in G. A. R. Hall first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

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

The several committees deserve praise.

A. W. Walker had nine horses in the parade.

Some repairs are being made on the Wilson store building.

Fred P. Chandler of Bethel is acting as freight agent at present.

Miss Winnie Harden of Hebron is visiting at Mr. Leonard Whitman's.

The grammar school had a sociable in Grand Army Hall Thursday evening.

Mrs. O. G. Curtis, who has been quite ill for some time, is recovering slowly.

Mrs. J. W. Davis and daughter Annie of Charlemont, Mass., are at Dr. C. L. Buck's.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Hollis are keeping house in Mrs. Almeda Newton's rent on Gothic Street.

Judson Fifield and family have moved into the tenement in the second story of the Wilson store building.

One of the most satisfactory parts of the celebration was the fact that the finance committee had money enough to come out square.

Frank L. Mooney, who has for some years been relieving agent on this division of the Grand Trunk, has a position on the Bangor and Aroostook road.

Henry L. Taylor and wife of Portland spent Sunday at E. M. Thayer's. Mr. Taylor is the proprietor of the Oak Street livery stable and a genial gentleman whom it's always a pleasure to meet.

At the annual meeting of the Epworth League of the M. E. church Thursday evening, six new members were received into full membership. The following officers were chosen:

President—C. L. Buck.
First Vice-President—Charles A. Gray.
Second Vice-President—Gertrude McArdle.
Third Vice-President—Iva McArdle.
Fourth Vice-President—Lizzie Winslow.
Secretary—E. L. Jewell.
Treasurer—S. C. Ordway.

The best "hit" of the celebration was not seen by a large portion of the audience. A part of the wreck of the old covered bridge has floated down to Billings' saw mill and is canted over the dam. Frank Starbird suggested that this was the "Chicago Platform" and the Maxim boys had it so labeled in large white letters so that he who runs across the gilt mill bridge may read.

There was a hearing at the court house Wednesday before Hon. A. H. Walker of Bridgton and Hon. A. S. Kimball, appointed by the Probate Court as commissioners on exorbitant claims in the estate of Mrs. Olivia G. Andrews, late of North Paris. The contested claim was that made by Dr. E. H. Andrews of West Sumner. Wright appeared for the legatees; Swasey for Andrews; Benson, executor, pro se.

Myron Maxim, with the help of Detective Bassett, has recovered the wheel which he lost. It was found in a second-hand store in Lewiston, and the proprietor had exchanged a watch and other articles for it, so that he reckoned he lost about $26.00 out on the transaction. The man who hired the wheel has not been found, though another answering to the same name appeared and disclaimed any knowledge of the affair.

Prof. Herbert L. Whitman, principal of Lexington Academy, has been spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Whitman, in this village. Prof. Whitman has recently graduated a class of thirteen from the school of which he is at the head, and the Biddeford Times says: "Mr. Whitman is highly respected and is very popular with the trustees and the people. The officers who were in the graduating class show what his energy has done."

A series of letters will be published in the Democrat at intervals of one or two weeks during the next few months, from a special correspondent who on the 31st of October sailed for the Old World. The first letter, intended for last week's issue but accidentally delayed, appears on the first page of this paper, under the title "From Paris, Maine, to Paris, France." Our readers will not need the suggestion or the promise that the letters will prove very entertaining as well as informative, and we may all consider ourselves fortunate in securing them.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada got in some more of their "work" on us. They sold return tickets "good for this day only" to the members of the Bryant's Pond band and then refused to allow them to return on a freight train that evening, thus putting our committee to the expense of keeping the band over night and making the return tickets "no good" the next day. The band boys determined to use the tickets or be put off the train Saturday and we hope they used them. This conflict of authority on the Grand Trunk may be a source of satisfaction to the persons who indulge in it, but it has no attractions for the patrons of the road.

Following are the names of those not absent from the intermediate school during the last term:

I CLASS.

Albert Monk, Abbie Starbird,
Bertie Chandler, Edie Bolster,
Florence Starbird, Lena Ripley,
Lell Bisbee, Rosa Willard.

II CLASS.

Clara Shurtleff, Ralph Berry,
Gladys Prescott, Ralph Ellis,
Grace Shaw, Sadie Swett,
Harold Fletcher, Wallie Clifford,
Harry Fifield, John DeCoster,
Lora Chase, Lottie Stiles.

III CLASS.

Annie Shurtleff, Howard Maxim,
Bertie Chandler, Leon Ripley,
Bertha Merrill, Lewis Keene,
Frank Libby, Morton Bolster,
Guy Farrar, Sadie DeCoster.

Died, in New York, Nov. 2d, Charles H. Shaw, son of Edwin S. Shaw, of Portland, Maine. He was in the employ of the Old Dominion Steamship Company for 11 years as chief steward of the steamer Jamestown. He has two brothers, Edward M. Shaw living in Portland, Frank W. Shaw, living in Portland, also W. M. Shaw, proprietor of the Andrews House, South Paris. His body was buried in Evergreen Cemetery at Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. W. M. Shaw of this place has returned from New York where he has been to remove the body, which will be buried in Riverside Cemetery. His death was caused by dyspepsia aggravated by heart trouble. He was ill but two hours. Portland papers please copy.

It was a big time.

A delegation from Wm. K. Kimball Post attended a campfire at Buckfield Saturday.

Pres. A. T. Sloan of the State of Maine Wood Rim Co. of West Paris was in town Monday.

The Paris Laundry has been moved into the "C. K. Smith shop" at No. 24 Pleasant Street.

Advertised letters in the South Paris post office Nov. 16:

Mr. R. L. Fortney.
Mr. Ulysses Ellis, 2.

Rev. Insley A. Bean gave an interesting temperance lecture, illustrated by stereoptican, at the Methodist church last Wednesday evening.

Rev. I. A. Bean exchanged with Rev. Mr. Howard of Oxford Sunday. In the afternoon Mr. Bean preached the dedication sermon at the opening of the remodeled church at Welchville.

Rev. G. W. Hinckley of Good Will Farm will deliver an illustrated temperance lecture at New Hall next Thursday evening under the auspices of South Paris Lodge of Good Templars. Admission 15 cents. Children 10 cents.

Shurtleff's drug store, the South Paris savings bank, and the Odd Fellows block have arranged to put in a sewer and connect it with the sewer already built from Billings Block to the river. Work will commence this week. Shurtleff's water motor will discharge through the new sewer system.

The following are the names of those in primary department, B. S. H., not absent one day: Carrie Clifford, Chester Merrill, Herbert Cole, Perley Cole, Albert Morse, Ralph Bennett, Roy Bennett, Timmie Child, Rose Murphy, Lula Merrill, Josie Waldron, Robbie Ham, Lewie Marston, Arthur Marston, Prescott Pratt. Robert Wheeler and Mildred Parlin were absent but one day. Lewie and Arthur Marston have been present every half day for four terms.

The Oxford County Sunday School Convention meets at the Baptist Church in South Paris, on Wednesday of this week. The programme is as follows:

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

10:00. Devotional. Rev. J. A. Harding.
10:20. Address of Welcome, Rev. T. J. Ramsdell.
10:45. What is Essential to a Live Sunday School. Rev. B. S. Rideout.
(Remarks by Superintendents and Teachers not to exceed five minutes.)
Appointment of Committees.

AFTERNOON.

2:00. Devotional. Rev. Z. J. Wheeler.
2:15. Does our Teaching tend to the Conversion of our Scholars? If not, Why? Rev. A. Hamilton.
2:30. Discussion.
2:45. Reports from Local Associations and School Business.
3:15. Three Thoughts on Sunday School Teaching. Rev. J. D. Graham.
4:00. Chalk Talk, The Little Captive Maid. N. S. Greet, Somerville, Mass.

EVENING.

7:00. Praise Service. Rev. H. A. Roberts.
7:20. Address. Rev. T. F. Millett.
8:00. Chalk Talk. Rewards of Obedience, Prov. 3, 1-17, or Marks and Remarks on Blackboard Work in the Sunday School. N. S. Greet, Somerville, Mass.

Collection to defray expenses of the Convention.

Each Sunday School is requested to be represented at the convention. Reduced rates on the railroads have been granted the convention. Entertainment during the day and night will be provided by the local churches. Mr. Greet of Somerville delighted many hearts at the recent State Convention and the committee have secured him in the hope that many others may be stimulated to a more earnest study of the Bible.

GEORGE H. IRISH.

Nearly everyone in St. Paul is acquainted with George H. Irish, the genial and accommodating chief deputy sheriff of Ramsey County. A long and honorable business career has given him exceptional qualification to discharge the onerous duties of the position which he has so acceptably filled for the past few years. Mr. Irish was born at Hartford, Maine, March 7, 1847; he comes from good, old New England stock. His father was a farmer, and from him he inherited the sterling honesty, high integrity and fidelity to business that have made famous many of the sons of New England farmers. Mr. Irish received a common and high school education. On arriving at manhood he entered the retail grocery business, which he followed at Portland, Maine, for fifteen years. On May 13, 1870, he was married to Helen M. Jackson.

From the beginning of his business career Mr. Irish has taken an active interest in business affairs, and has always been affiliated with the Republican party. For three years he served as a member of the city council of Portland, and also was a member of the board of overseers of the poor of that city. Ten years ago Mr. Irish, with his family, removed to this city. He at once opened a retail grocery and commission business, which he conducted until he was appointed deputy sheriff at the commencement of Sheriff Chapel's term of office. On the death of Charles Dana, two and a half years ago, Mr. Irish was promoted to the chief deputyship. While holding that position, he has won the good will of all who transact business in the sheriff's office. Mr. Irish is emphatically in favor of sound money, and believes that the election of Mr. McKinley will restore confidence and result in a long era of prosperity.—St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch.

PARIS SCHOOLS.

Teachers are assigned as follows:

South Paris:
High school, F. T. Wingate, principal.
Lizzie Hutchinson, Assistant.
Grammar, Ivy Richardson.
Intermediate, Maud Carter.
Primary, Emma Shurtleff.
Porter Street, Hattie Leach.
Pleasant Street, Gertrude Jones.

Paris Hill:
Grammar, Mabelle C. Pike.
Primary, Caroline P. Thayer.

West Paris:
Grammar, Alton C. Wheeler.
Primary, Persis Childs.

Kim Hill, Alice M. Wheeler.
Biscoe, Persis Sibley.
Hollow, Ada M. Briggs.
North Paris, Ida Abbott.
Tuell, Lucy Andrews.
Partridge, Blanche Chase.
Whitemore, Lorana Robbins.
Mountain, Annie L. Marshall.
Tubbs, Iva McArdle.
King, Nellie Marshall.
Hall, Blanche Dean.
Forbes, Rose Berry.

Winter terms will commence in all schools not now in session Nov. 30th, except grammar schools at West Paris and Paris Hill, and South Paris high school.

Scholars in Bolster school will be transported to South Paris.

Scholars at Snow's Falls and Stearns Hill will be transported to Hollow school.

There will be no winter term of Porter school.

OXFORD POMONA GRANGE.

The county grange met with West Paris Grange, Nov. 10, in Odd Fellows' Hall. A large company was present, and the following granges were represented: Paris, Norway, Bethel, Union, Franklin, Frederick Robie, Canton, Hebron and West Paris.

It was voted to hold the meeting in December with Paris Grange. Election of officers in the forenoon, and installation in the afternoon.

The sisters discussed the best methods of canning fruit, the question being opened by Sister Mary Wyman of West Paris Grange, and thoroughly discussed by her and other sisters; then came dinner in the lower hall.

The afternoon was devoted to literary exercises as follows:

Music—Marching of the Grange Army, Choir.
Recitation—A Husband's Temper, Mrs. Hattie Mooney, West Paris.
Song—Down in Poverty Row, Will Dunham, West Paris.
Declamation—Setting the Odd Blue Hen, A. E. Morse, South Paris.
Two Pieces of Music, Syren Band.
Question—How can fruit growing be made the most profitable? Opened by Geo. F. Hammond and ably discussed by him and Bros. Wyman, Roberts, Edwards, Perham, Cushman and Swift.
Song—Little Baby Patsy, Mrs. Kate Hammond, Paris Hill.

MAINE MUSIC FESTIVAL.

All the singers in Paris and vicinity are invited to meet with the Norway people, Tuesday evening, November 17, at the Congregational vestry, Norway, to organize a permanent association. It is desired that the two places unite in one chorus. Come out at the first meeting and hear the prospectus read. There are voices enough in the two towns to make this a success. Bring a little enthusiasm with you.

H. L. HORNE.

SOUTH PARIS ABLAZE!

THE TOWN CELEBRATES WITH ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS.

GLUTTED WITH BRASS BAND MUSIC, RACKET, ROCKETS AND RED FIRE.

We had enthusiasm "to burn" last Friday evening. We invited in the neighbors to see us do it. Noise was no object. We were radiant and uproarious. Our streets were thronged with citizens, more than two hundred homes were brilliantly illuminated and beautifully decorated. Rockets, Roman candles and red fire filled the air while cannons roared, bonfires blazed, and bells, horns and cheers proclaimed that the pent up enthusiasm of South Paris' sound money citizens had at last burst its bonds and was on such a rampage as the town had never previously witnessed. It took three bands of music and thousands of yards of bunting to hold us down and all because sound money was triumphant, and "Bryan was buried by the ballots of common sense."

"There don't seem to be any Popocrats in this town" remarked a Norway man; and he was pretty nearly right, for those who "prefer darkness rather than light" in celebrations and lightness rather than value in money were in a hopeless minority.

The weather clerk threatened us all day, but sound money enthusiasts never mind the weather. The flitting flakes of a slight snow-squall toward evening found the town in patriotic attire; and while the clouds shut out the stars above, the brilliancy of the town below was all the brighter as the patriotic procession moved triumphantly along, greeted on every hand by racket, rockets and red fire galore.

THE PARADE.

While the parade was making up in the school house yard and marching through Hill, Oxford and Highland Streets the Bryant's Pond Band entertained the crowd in Market Square.

The parade was excellent though not up in point of extensiveness to the decorations and illuminations. It was headed by a troop of marshals mounted upon gray horses and followed by the Norway Cadet Band. Then came the South Paris Wage Earner's McKinley Club in uniform. They looked well and marched well. A feature that attracted much attention and created much mirth was a calf belonging to John Martin and led in the parade by "Doctor" Charles Cutler. It wore a blanket bearing the inscription "The Other Boy Orator." Appropriate floats and transparencies, trucks from which fireworks were set off, carriages bearing citizens, a hay rack containing the young ladies of the South Paris High School, a carriage bearing the young ladies who compose the "Old Orchard Dove Party," constituted the first division. The second division was headed by the Paris Hill Brass Band and was made up of torch bearers. The third division was headed by the Bryant's Pond Cornet Band, and followed by a number of Woodstock Republicans bearing a transparency with the inscription "Woodstock—McKinley 170, Bryan 17." The line of march included all the principal streets of South Paris as published in the Democrat last week, and a number of large mud holes not then laid down on the programme.

THE TRANSPARENCIES.

The transparencies were painted by W. P. Morton and Ed Greene of the Paris Advertising Company and were of an unusually high artistic order. Here is a list of the legends they bore:

"Lost, strayed or stolen
Bryan, the Boy Orator.
33 cents reward for
His safe return."

"Silver dollar Bryan.
Since he was so soon done for
The only wonder is
What he was begun for."

"Who killed Cock Bryan?
I, said the wage earner!
With my little vote,
I killed Cock Bryan!

"Who dug his grave?
I, said the sound money Democrat!
With my little vote,
I dug his grave!!"

Where, oh where, is my Billy Boy gone?
Where, oh where can he be?
LOST!

A good representation of a dollar bore on one side the legend:

"The Popocrats can't split me;
I'm an honest dollar."

And on the reverse side:

"With McKinley we trust;
If it had been Bryan we should have bust."

DECORATIONS AND ILLUMINATIONS.

The decorations and illuminations were of such uniform excellence that every one of them is deserving a detailed description in the Democrat, and yet they were so numerous and extensive that to give such description would prohibit the publication of much else in the paper, hence we have selected a few of those which seemed to attract most attention and comment.

In individual illuminations W. C. McArdle had one of the finest, and his location upon the hillside above Western Avenue was a great advantage in "showing it off." Mr. McArdle had two lines of Japanese lanterns passing from the gable completely over the tower of his house and candle illuminations in artistic forms in the windows. The effect and arrangement were beautiful and called forth much praise.

The Oxford Democrat office was festooned with bunting and flags and its front presented a very brilliant electrical display, arranged by Supt. W. J. Jones of the Norway Electric Light Company. About fifty electric lights were tastefully arranged upon the outside of the building extending in graceful lines to the extreme top.

A display that attracted a great deal of attention and praise was made at Mrs. J. R. Bennett's millinery store. Mrs. I. L. Bowker dressed to represent the Goddess of Liberty posed in the large plate glass window with appropriate surroundings.

One of the very handsomest displays of the whole occasion was made by Frank A. Thayer and James D. Haynes at Mr. Thayer's residence. It consisted of a wide piece of red, white and blue bunting extending from the ground completely over the front of the house and illuminated by a row of red, white and blue incandescent lights. Large pictures of McKinley and Hobart in front of the house were framed and surrounded by colored electric lights, while a graceful arch of Japanese lanterns extended across the front of the lawn.

At the Sturtevant drug store, three pretty dolls, one dressed in red, a second in white and a third in blue, standing in the show window and each holding a little flag, called fourth a good deal of favorable comment.

J. J. Emeley's residence was one of the specially fine ones. It was decorated with about 150 yards of bunting and flags, large and small, and illuminated with 36 lamps and a locomotive head light.

At the Park Street residence of Mrs. O. V. Whitman and Rev. T. J. Ramsdell, the Goddess of Liberty found representation in the persons of Misses Isabel and Kitty Morton.

At Hon. J. S. Wright's residence a large picture of Maj. McKinley was surrounded by a handsome booth of national colors and the house illuminated.

E. N. Haskell's large house showed off brilliantly with candle illuminations in every window.

Of the many illuminations east of the river that made at the handsome residence of John Whitman was said to be among the most attractive.

Among the many other displays that attracted special attention were those of A. W. Walker, Jailer Chandler Garland, Frank Skillings, C. F. Penley, Geo. B Crockett, Mrs. Horace Edgerley, J. J. Hayden, Rodney N. Hall, C. W. Bowker, W. J. Wheeler, Hon. Geo. A. Wilson, Andrews House, J. F. Plummer, N. D. Bolster, L. S. Billings, Capt. H. N. Bolster, P. E. Wheeler and Mark Richardson, and others are omitted for want of space rather than lack of merit. South Paris did herself proud!

Melville H. Robbins of Boston shot himself at East Orrington Thursday. He came from Boston to Orrington, where he formerly resided, for the express purpose of committing suicide. In a note book which he left he had written, "I am crazy." His father was insane.

A FARMER'S VIEW.

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT SOME MATTERS OF POSSIBLE LEGISLATION.

MASON, Nov. 9, 1896.

Editor Democrat:

I have seen in the columns of several different papers, articles in regard to the changes the next legislature may make in our laws. Now it seems wrong to me that so much valuable time should be spent making and changing laws solely for the benefit of sportsmen and pleasure seekers, instead of for the benefit of the farmer, property owner and taxpayer. I am no lawyer that understands framing laws, but a plain farmer, but I think there are changes that could be made that would be beneficial to the inhabitants of some of the small towns back in the wildwood of Maine.

First, our game laws. As they now are, they work solely to the benefit of sportsmen from away. Now the inhabitants of this town are mostly law-abiding people. During close time they allow the game to increase and molest it not, in hopes that when it is open time, they can have the privilege of getting at least one deer, but do they get them? I should say not. The hunters begin to flock in by the middle of September, and by the first of October it is not only useless but dangerous for a man that does not want to get shot to go in the woods at all.

Now, why should not hunters from away, when they come to stay in the woods a week or a month, be obliged to first obtain a permit from the selectmen of the town, and pay a fair price for it? And every one that builds a hunter's camp in a town should first obtain a permit and pay according to the number of men that occupy it. By that means we might receive a small income from a class of men that otherwise would not be a bit of benefit to the place.

Next, our forest fire law. As I understand it, the town has to fight the fire and pay the bills, while the owners of the land can stand and look on without lifting a hand, or paying a cent more than their tax. Now there is no property in the state of Maine that has increased in value as fast as the wild or timber lands of the state, and no property that is taxed as low according to its value.

Now why should not the owners of the land pay at least half of the expense incurred in protecting their own property, as usually they are men that are well able to pay their own bills, instead of obliging a town that can hardly keep its head above water to pay for them. I believe in the law to protect our forests, but I want the owners of the land to pay their part.

Now I would like to say a word for better roads, but am using too much space, and will simply say that we can never have good roads in these back towns until men that team are obliged to have tires on their wagon wheels wide enough to compare with the load they carry.

I have written this article in hopes that some one better able than I am to express his ideas, will write this matter up in such a manner that some action will be taken as it is right and just that there should be.

CHAS. F. BROWN.

THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

TRIAL JUSTICE HOBBS MAKES A CONTRIBUTION TO THE DISCUSSION OF IT.

LOVELL, Nov. 4, 1896.

Editor Democrat:

A few days ago a tramp—a vagrant, a vagabond, a poor, houseless, homeless "child of ill fortune"—was brought before me in my capacity of trial justice, upon complaint and warrant charging him with "vagrancy", to which charge the young man (he was a young man, and good looking too) pleaded guilty. As he was unable to pay the small fine and costs imposed by the court, there seemed to be no other way but to "mittimus" him to jail.

Now, generally when a person performs some painful public or private duty to the best of his knowledge and ability, he feels some little pride in what he has done. But I feel no pride in this performance. Why? Because it has done no good to any one, but on the other hand has done hurt. It hurts the county which has to pay the bills and board the prisoner. It hurts the young man, for instead of reforming his habits of idleness, he is encouraged and strengthened in them by habit.

Now I can not and do not particularly lay claim to being a philanthropist, but why did not our county commissioners and those who were in favor of new county buildings because our jail on Paris Hill was a "relic of barbarism," build a work shop in connection with the new jail, where criminals could be put to work and made to earn their board, more or less, and at the same time benefit themselves? For "Idleness is the mother of vices" is an adage that applies to me, outside, and I do not know why it would not apply just the same inside of a jail.

And if our new jail is still a "relic of [modern] barbarism", in the name of justice, mercy, humanity and religion, let's build another, in which work for the criminal shall be the "chief corner stone."

J. F. HOBBS.

SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

The Youth's Companion will celebrate its seventy-first birthday in 1897. Among the many attractive announcements of the Companion for the coming year is an article of exceptional value by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, on "The Habit of Thrift." Successful men in other walks of life will second Mr. Carnegie's paper with readable, practical articles based on their own experience, and valuable to the old as well as to the young.

Stories will be given by Ian Maclaren, Rudyard Kipling, Stephen Crane, Harold Frederic and Clark Russell. Speaker Reed, Secretary Herbert, Senator Lodge, Hon. Carl Schurz, Postmaster-General Wilson, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt—these are a few of the two hundred names that figure in the latest list of Companion contributors.

The non-partisan Editorials and the Current Events and Nature and Science Departments are of especial interest to students and to all who wish to keep informed of the doings of the world. As a reference book a file of Companions is well-nigh invaluable, for its reputation is founded on seventy years of tested accuracy.

New subscribers sending $1.75 to the Companion for 1897 will receive the Companion for the remainder of the year free, also the Companion's artistic twelve color calendar, and the paper a full year to January, 1898. Illustrated Prospectus of the next volume will be sent free upon request. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.
205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Simeon Walton was the first jeweler optician and his apprentice, Samuel Richards, the first graduate optician of Oxford County. This is a matter of history and cannot be controverted.

A. P. Bassett of Norway has been recently appointed fish and game warden, he also holds the office of state detective, deputy sheriff, coroner and constable. Any business reported to him in either line will receive prompt attention. All letters are held strictly confidential and promptly answered.

The homes of many persons are made happy and cheerful in consequence of the Maine Keeley Institute, Deering, Maine. Kind reader, is there not some within your midst that would move the clouds of sorrow and despair from their firesides, if you would send them to be cured and become reformed men—loving husbands and kind fathers. In heaven's name, do something for those who are lingering with a disease that cannot be thrown off by the poor unfortunate without physical aid. Thousands have been saved, and millions more are on the road to the Keeley Cure.

A South Brewer young man who worked in Sargents' mill and felt the need of a day off, put scrap iron in the gearing of the lath saw and caused a long shut down. When the needful repairs were made the young man found himself out of a job.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

Universalist Church, Rev. Caroline E. Angell, Pastor. Preaching service on Sunday, at 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 11:45 A. M; Y. P. C. U. meeting, 7:00 P. M.

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

Methodist Church, Rev. F. Grosvenor, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Social Evening Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; prayer meeting, Tuesday evening; class meeting, Friday evening.

Baptist Church, J. L. Harding, Pastor. Preaching service, 3:00 P. M; Sabbath School, 3:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting, Saturday evening.

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. Wildey Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 58, meets on first and third Friday 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 second and fourth Saturdays of each month at Grange Hall.

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

The water in the lake has risen twelve inches.

Water has been put into the new shoe shop for fire protection.

Mrs. David Greene is building a laundry and tenement house on Water Street adjoining her place.

Horace Cleveland is clapboarding his house on Water Street.

Charles S. Cummings is located near San Francisco, Cal. He writes that he is gaining rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. C. B Cummings talk of joining their sons, Charles and Fred, in California, in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cook went to Bridgton Tuesday evening to attend the celebration. The Norway Cadet Band furnished part of the music.

There will be a stated communication of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, Monday evening, Nov. 16th.

Miss Mabel Lane of Deering is stopping with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Ai J. Rowe.

The idea of building an electric road from this village to the village of North Waterford, a distance of about twelve miles, is being agitated. Mr. Gerald of Fairfield was in town recently and looked over the proposed route.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Crooker of Livermore are visiting her brother, Chas. S. Akers, in this place.

The number who desire to fill Postmaster Rowe's official shoes are fast increasing. The fight promises to be most interesting.

County Treasurer Atwood of the Democrat was in town Thursday.

The musical concert at the Congregationalist church Tuesday evening, given by Carl Jean Tolman, assisted by Miss Lulu Cook, Herman L. Horne and others was a most successful affair.

The many friends of Dr. George P Jones are pleased to know that he is much better.

It is reported on the street that the leading Republicans, after several meetings at Engine House Hall, have decided not to celebrate the party's victory this year. It is most earnestly desired by all good Republicans that history will repeat its story in four years so far as the election is concerned. Norway may, probably will, then celebrate.

Miss Fannie Dunham of West Paris is visiting at George L. Jackson's for a few days.

Judge Davis will not move into New Grange Block. The court will be held at the old quarters in the future as in the past.

Stated Convocation of Union Royal Arch Chapter, No. 36, will be held Wednesday evening, Nov. 18th. Installation of officers and work in the P. M. degree.

Thursday evening, Nov. 19th, Pennesseewassee Lodge, K. of P., No. 18, will hold the annual ball at the Opera House. Music by Stearns & Norseworthy.

The ladies' town meeting at the Opera House Thursday evening was the best annual town meeting ever held by the ladies. The business was discharged with great promptness under the guidance of Mrs. W. H. Robinson, the very able moderator. The question of taxing cats and bachelors was very ably argued. The whole meeting was full of fun and wit. Rather good hits on the management of town affairs, etc., were administered.

Carl Jean Tolman's organ and piano recital, Tuesday evening, at the Congregational church, was an unqualified success. Mr. Tolman played beautifully on both piano and organ, giving selections widely different in character, but showing unvarying ease in playing and skill in interpretation. Lulu Cook's alto solo, He was a Prince, was enthusiastically encored, and she gave "Rock-a-bye, Baby." A. E. Norsworthy is always welcome, and his work with cornet was up to his usual standard. After singing the fine barytone piece, "A Son of the Desert am I," H. L. Horne was recalled and delighted the audience with "The Old Guard," to our mind a much finer song. Franie Paragard's Niobe was a fine piece of impersonation; as was also Zingerella, spoken by Hattie Cragin.

The members of Co. D, 1st Regt., N. G. S. M., enjoyed a most pleasant evening at Bodkin's. Ex-Captain Stearns, Jugde of Probate elect, presided as toastmaster for the evening. Major Bradbury and ex-Captain George R. Howe were present and with others made the evening most pleasant with speeches and stories. Sergeant Nash was presented with a medal for best score in the company contest. A medal was also presented to Capt. Stiles for second best score in company shooting. The company "fell in" and marched to the armory. After the supper speeches, etc. Cheers were given for Capt. Stiles and Lieut. Bartlett and the happy soldier boys dispersed.

John W. Carter of Hallowell is visiting relatives and friends in town. He is enjoying the hunting season as well.

The harvest concert at the Universalist church Sunday evening was well attended. The church was crowded with citizens eager to hear the children and others who took part in the exercises of the evening. The following was the program of the evening:

Singing, School.
Responsive Reading.
Prayer.
Singing, School.
Recitation, Lena Shank.
Recitation, Lottie Young
Singing,
Vivian Akers, Nellie and Arthur Hayden
Declamation, Herbert Libby.
Reading, Mrs. Alma Pendexter Hayden.
Reading, Grace Bicknell.
Duet, Carrie Tucker and Jessie Warren
Recitation, Freda Schnuer
Recitation, Nellie Hayden
Singing, Vivian Akers and Lottie Young
Reading, Miss Hunt
Singing, Young ladies.
Talk, Prof. Wiley.
Singing, School

Frank R. Taylor is visiting his parents in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. E. A. Tarr is the new foreman in the shoe factory to succeed Mr. Goshlaw.

District Deputy Grand Master George W. Holmes attended the convocation for instruction at Portland Wednesday, Nov. 11.

E. C. Tower and wife of Sweden visited at Deputy Sheriff Cross' this week.

Neatly one-half of the citizens of Norway went to South Paris to attend the celebration and take part in the parade Friday evening. Norway may have a celebration some time.

The arrest of H. C. Soule of Waldoboro for manslaughter in the E. E. Moore case of five years ago, has stirred the town to its depths. Mr. Soule was bailed out by several of the leading citizens of the place.

Always in season, Hopkins' Steamed Hominy (Hulled Corn.) Elegant lunch in Milk. Qt can, 10c.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the last will of ASA C. HOWE, late of Lovell, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.
Oct. 20th, 1896. PERMELIA D. HOWE.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

J. HASTINGS BEAN, REGISTER.

ALBANY.
Otis Hayford to Fred M. Skinner et al, $ 500

ANDOVER.
Dorcas Harding to J. A. Harding, 100

BETHEL.
Amos B. Frost to Mary F. Farwell, 1000
M. C. Kimball et als to E. S. Kilborn, 1
M. C. Kimball et als to E. S. Kilborn, 1200
Hannah A. Stearns to C. B. Frost, 1
Angie P. Stearns to Lewis M. Mann, 1
Fannie D. Holt to Lewis M. Mann, 80
J. M. Seavey to A. B. Richardson, 600
Arthur Grover to Annie L. Parker, 100

CANTON.
Horatio Mayo to Marco Lavorigan, 700
L. W. Smith to C. L. Smith, 1200
L. W. Smith to C. L. Smith, 600
Wm. French et al to Wm. Wetmore, 1

FRANKLIN PLANTATION.
O. O. Tracy to Chas. Andrews, 100
G. O. Hussey to Chas. Andrews, 125

GRAFTON.
Sarah E. Pratt to Geo. E. Muse, 300

GREENWOOD.
A. K. Hicks Guard. to So. Paris Savings Bank, 150

MEXICO.
A. O. Conant to George E. Conant, 150

NORWAY.
F. J. Brown to Grace L. Dunn, 400
So. Paris Savings Bank to Bessie E. Herrick, 550
N. M. Small to O. N. Cox, 1

NEWRY.
C. E. Bennett to F. C. Bennett, 500
Roxanna A. Chapman to F. C. Bennett, 50
John Harris to Naama Harris, 1

OXFORD.
J. M. Dudley et als to Nathan Dudley, 110
Nathan Dudley to H. W. Cox, 200
Henry Graffam to H. A. Millett, 1000
Annette M. Brown to W. F. Caldwell, 1
Annette M. Brown to F. W. Farris, 1

PARIS.
Sylvan Shurtleff to Wallace Ryerson, 4400
Jennie Dwinal to P. M. Holden, 35
Silas Lawrence to R. R. Townsend, 450

RUMFORD.
Arthur Gauthier to Joseph Gauthier, 3000
H. R. Swain to J. F. Graham, 200
M. G. Shaw to F. W. Curnell, 1
Edward A. Noyes to George D. Bisbee, 1
Albert Virgin et al to C. L. Davis, 150
Albert Virgin et al to J. D. Thomas, 1
Albert Virgin et al to Rose L. Currier, 150
Joseph Faucher to Alexander Lemieux, 1
Ann M. Newton to J. H. Hutchins, 100
George D. Bisbee to Rufus J. Virgin, 1

WATER

Beautiful Dolls FREE.

The French Doll.

Five beautiful dolls, lithographed on cardboard, eight inches high. Can be cut out and put together by the children—no pasting. Each doll has two complete suits. American, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, German, Swiss, Turkish and Indian costumes. All parts being interchangeable, many combinations can be made, affording endless amusement and instruction. A high-class series of dolls, patented and manufactured for us exclusively and not to be compared with the numerous cheap paper dolls on the market.

How To Get Them.

Cut from five outside wrappers of **None Such Mince Meat** the head of the girl holding pie. Send these with ten cents in silver—wrapped in paper—and your full name and address, and we will send the dolls postpaid. Or we will send them free for twenty heads of the girl. Send only the heads to avoid extra postage.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

W. J. WHEELER,

South Paris.

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

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, ALWAYS reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Phila., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

Dr. Miles' **Pain Pills** are guaranteed to **stop Headache** in 20 minutes. "One cent a dose."

WADLEIGH'S KIDNEY REMEDY

Quickly cures kidney and bladder troubles, gravel, frequent, difficult or involuntary passing of urine and female complaints, as irregularities, whites, bearing-down, etc. $1.00, express paid by F. E. Wadleigh, Alton, N. H., if druggist has it. Book about Kidneys FREE.

PORTLAND STEAMSHIP

BOSTON STEAMERS FARE ONLY $1.00

One of the new and palatial steamers, "Bay State" or "Portland" Will leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, and India Wharf, Boston, at 7 P. M. daily, Sundays Excepted.

Through tickets can be obtained at all principal railroad stations in the State of Maine. Street cars from Union Passenger Station run to Steamer dock.

J. B. COYLE, Manager. J. F. LISCOMB, General Agent.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Oct. 1st, 1896.

NASAL CATARRH is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleans the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane from colds, restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH — ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD — HAY-FEVER — ELY BROS. NEW YORK

A Wonderful Medicine

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are, THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the **Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of** the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.**

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Annual Sales more than 6,000,000 Boxes

25c. at Drug Stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents. B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 Canal St., New York, post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.

A VISIT to the SICK ROOM

TOUCHING THE SPOT with Johnson's Belladonna Plaster

NOTICE.

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

WILLIAM A. FROTHINGHAM, late of Paris,

in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 21, 1896. JAMES S. WRIGHT.

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.

Matched Hard Wood Floor Boards for sale.

E. W. CHANDLER,

West Sumner. Maine.

FLOUR, FLOUR, FLOUR,

— OF —

Choice Family Grades !

For sale by

South Paris Grain Co.

Every Barrel Warranted as represented and will be sold at

LOWEST MARKET PRICE !

Don't fail to call and get prices. It will pay you.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT PURIFIES THE BLOOD

IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN.

CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION DIZZINESS ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.

$1.00 FOR A CASE. IT WILL NOT CURE.

An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

SOLD BY

F. A. SHURTLEFF, South Paris, Me.

WANTED.

— by —

BUDLONG BROS.,

Appanaug R. I., five thousand head live poultry. Will pay 8c. lb. for hens, 10c. for chickens, 10 to 12 for turkey, 8c. for duck, and best market prices for dressed poultry, eggs, butter, and wild game especially. We will buy live wild animals for show purposes, such as Bear, Moose, Deer, Wild Cat, Lynx, Ludivee, Fox, Coon, Squirrel and any others procurable in Maine. Always ship by freight.

All Kinds of Printing at the Democrat Office.

FIXE LAUNDRY.

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of Laundry work, at moderate rates, without the use of washing preparations or acid.

MRS. EUGENE FLETCHER, So. Paris.

Farm for Sale.

The Partridge place, so called, two miles from Paris Hill. 40 to 50 acres of tillage, and good, well-watered pasture sufficient to keep twenty to thirty head of stock. Bountiful supply of nature berries of all kinds. Large buildings, on which $200 has been laid out in repairs during the past year. Will be sold this season, to settle an estate. For futher information apply to

E. F. STONE, Administrator.

South Paris, March 1, 1896.

CLARION RANGES AND STOVES

NOT ONE **CLARION** Range or Stove is sold that is not **WARRANTED.**

Think of the thousands in use and ask your dealer about them. If he does not have them write to the manufacturers.

THE GOLD CLARION.

ESTABLISHED 1839. INCORPORATED 1894.

WOOD & BISHOP CO., Bangor, Maine.

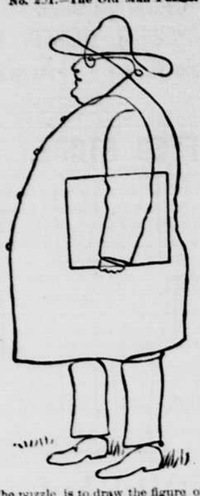
SUIT EVERYBODY

THE PUZZLER

No. 290.—Anagram.

Men play lawn tennis for my sake;
On bicycles some take
A journey round the world for me;
Some go to sea;
Some gather stamps, some climb the Alps,
'Mid Indians risk their scalps,
Play faro, cultivate baseball,
For me they do it all.
But lazy souls, who like the rest,
Declare that "I'M A PEST."

No. 291.—The Old Man Puzzle.



The puzzle is to draw the figure of the man without removing pen or pencil from the paper or going over any part twice.

No. 292.—Geographical Acrostic.

An island in the Mediterranean sea belonging to a country in the south of Europe. It was the birthplace of a very eminent man who at one time ruled the country to which it belongs.

1. A town and county in Ireland in the province of Munster, containing one of the finest harbors in the world.
2. One of the United States of America, a word of four letters.
3. A town in England on the Avon, containing a large public school.
4. The most extensive plain in England.
5. A town in Persia, formerly the capital.
6. A peninsula to the south of Russia, the seat of a great war in the present century.
7. The largest river in the world.

No. 293.—Transposition Puzzle.

Old PRIMAL Smith, industrious,
Respected all his days,
On his deathbed said simply thus:
"My son, shun SECOND ways.

His wayward son took the advice,
And kept it in his heart;
Shunned e'er the THREE, courted the wise
And choose the better part.

Thus did he FOUR in happiness,
And peace, like golden FIVE,
Fell on his soul, him, too, to bless,
And thenceforth did he thrive.

No. 294.—The Gardener's Puzzle.

A gardener having 24 roselushes planted them in two beds, 12 bushes in each, and each bed containing 6 rows with 4 bushes in each row. Being an ingenious fellow, he also planted each bed entirely different from the other in design. How did he lay out these two beds?

No. 295.—Enigma.

We are said to travel afar by night
In chariots with horses swift,
We stealthily creep where there is no light,
All logic we scatter adrift.

We fly in high windows, we rush up stairs;
All sleepers we seek on our way.
In spite of resistance, in spite of all airs,
We never shall yield up our sway.

Ah, don't imagine 'tis only at night
That we use our influence strong;
We reign with power though the sunshine is bright,
Many heed us and so avert wrong.

The weary toiler when seeking his rest
Would gladly drive us from his brain.
Ha, ha, he, we laugh, he may try his best,
His efforts are only in vain.

To babies we tiptoe with silent tread,
Their dear little hearts we delight;
We hover tenderly over each bed
And whisper of angels so bright.

Full many a sad heart we have gladdened,
To our daytime visits we cling.
Ah, we grieve for each soul we have saddened,
But often sweet comfort we bring.

No. 296.—Curious Comparatives.

Example: Positive, a boy; comparative, a builder's device. Answer: Lad, ladder.

1. Positive, an article of jewelry; comparative, an article used in the laundry.
2. Positive, part of a harness; comparative, acrid
3. Positive, to allow; comparative, an epistle.
4. Positive, a very small object; comparative, an ecclesiastical headdress.

An Enigma.

The highest gift of God to man,
When all his wondrous works we scan,
What, when our own we quit with sorrow,
We often are constrained to borrow;
That which a kind asylum gives
To a poor race of fugitives;
The lover's pledge, the poet's song,
What art makes short and nature long?
Hair.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 282.—Enigmas: 1. A river. 2. The vowels A, E, I, O, U. 3. A bed.

No. 283.—Evolutions: 1. Pea, peach. 2 Bee, beet. 3. Crow-foot. 4. Cot-ton.

No. 284.—Arithmetical Puzzles: 1. 40½ miles. 2. 40. 3. 9½. 4. 34 plus 1. 5. 28 pupils.

No. 285—A Hindoo Proverb: A clapping is not made with one hand.

No. 286.—Riddle: Wrong.

No. 287.—Pattern Puzzle: Dryden.

D Y E
R E B A N A
A U R O R
R D N

No. 288.—Pen Name of an Author: Ian Maclaren.

No. 289.—Geographical Beheadings: 1. R-hone. 2. T-rent. 3. N-ore. 4. B-arrow. 5. H-umber. 6. A-den. 7. S-one. 8. P-russia. 9. L-an-ark. 10. A-moor.

The King of Pills is Beecham's—BECHAM'S.

Sure Not to Fit. "I have been reading about the coming styles in sleeves," remarked Mrs. Frankstown. "Are they to be too tight or too loose?" asked Mrs. Point Breeze.

The whole story of the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla is soon told. It makes the blood rich, pure and nourishing. It cures scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism.

"Er little learnin' may be er danj'us t'ing," said Uncle Eben, "but I doan believe dat it's nigh ez danj'us ez no learnin' 'tall."

IT SAVES LIVES EVERY DAY.

Thousands of cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

"While we were in the country we went to the theatre. The play was 'The Robbers,' and it was so naturally given that when we came out my wife missed her bracelet."

THE ILLS OF WOMEN.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for constipation. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

A NATURAL BEAUTIFIER.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

RECIPES.

COLD CORNSTARCH PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one-half of a saltspoonful of salt, three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Scald the milk and stir into it the cornstarch, dissolved in a little cold milk. Cook fifteen minutes, then add the egg yolks and sugar beaten together and the salt. Stir until it thickens again, then add the whites of the eggs which have been beaten to a stiff, dry froth. Mix well together and stir over the fire for one minute, then take off, add the vanilla and turn into wetted molds. Serve cold with cream.

NORMANDY SOUP.—Wipe off a good-sized knuckle of veal, put it in the soup-kettle with three quarts of cold water and place where it will heat slowly. When at the simmering point skim carefully and put where it will cook slowly but steadily for three hours. Add six white onions peeled and thinly sliced and one-half of a small stale loaf of baker's bread and simmer one hour longer. Take out the meat and rub the soup through a puree sieve, pressing through as much of the onion and bread as possible. Put in a double boiler; rub one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste and stir into the hot mixture until it thickens. Season with salt and pepper and a suspicion of nutmeg. Add one pint of milk and one pint of cream, previously scalded, and serve at once.

ICING FOR ANGEL CAKE.—Put one heaping cupful of confectioners' sugar in a bowl, add the unbeaten whites of two eggs and mix with the sugar, a little at a time, until it is a soft, creamy mixture. Add a few drops of vanilla extract and some cold water, a few drops at a time, until soft enough to spread. Do not beat.

CHICKEN A LA MARYLAND.—Select young, tender chickens, clean and disjoint them. Put four tablespoonfuls of lard in a frying-pan, and when it smokes lay in the pieces of chicken and fry until well browned, turning them often. They will take from fifteen to twenty-five minutes to cook, according to size. As each piece is cooked remove to a heated pan or dish and stand where all will keep warm. When all are done pour off the greater part of the fat, return to the fire and dredge in sufficient flour to absorb all that remains. Add one cupful or more of cream, stir until it boils, season and cook five minutes. Have ready some firm, cold cornmeal mush. Cut in thick slices, then into diamond-shaped pieces; dip in beaten egg, roll in flour and fry in butter. Dish the chicken, pour over it the gravy, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and garnish with the fried mush.

PUREE OF OYSTERS.—Put fifty oysters with their liquor over the fire in an agate or porcelain-lined saucepan. Heat to the scalding point, then turn into a strainer, draining off the liquor. Chop the oysters as fine as possible with a silver knife, then pound them to a pulp with a wooden potato beetle. Return the oyster liquor to the fire and skim it when it boils. Add one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, rubbed together to a paste, and stir until thick and smooth. Add the oyster pulp and rub all through a puree sieve. Return to the fire, adding one pint of cream. Season with salt and cayenne; add another half cupful of cream, beat well with an egg beater for a moment and serve with croutons.

LITTLE CARAMEL PUDDINGS.—Into a clean, dry frying-pan put one-half of a cupful of granulated sugar and set on the side of the fire where it will melt slowly. No water is to be added, and by the time the sugar is entirely melted the syrup should be of a clear, golden brown color. If the fire is too hot the syrup will be too dark and the burnt flavor too pronounced. Have ready some small cups or timbale molds. Pour a little of the caramel in each, turning them round and round in order to coat the sides and bottom as evenly as possible. The amount given should be sufficient for five or six small cups. In a bowl break four eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat enough to mix well. Add one pint of milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla and stir occasionally until the sugar is dissolved. Then fill the molds, set them in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven until they are firm in the centre. If baked too fast they will be full of bubbles. When done pass a knife round the sides and turn out on individual plates. The caramel, uniting with a portion of the water in the milk, serves to form the sauce. Serve cold.

CHICKEN TURNOVERS.—Remove all the meat from the carcass of a fowl (one which has been left over from another meal), free it from skin and bone, chop very fine, season highly and add a teaspoonful or two of gravy—just enough to moisten. Sift together one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Rub into it one tablespoonful of butter and add enough milk to make a soft dough. Turn on a floured board and roll out one-half inch thick. Cut in large circles or squares. Lay on each a spoonful of the chopped meat, wet the edges with a little milk and fold over. Lay on a greased pan and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

NUN'S TOAST.—Beat together two eggs until well mixed, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and one pint of milk. Pour this over slices of stale bread which have been laid on a platter. Baste the bread with the custard which is in the dish until it is thoroughly soaked. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan and fry in it the bread, using a cake turner or broad-bladed knife, in order to avoid breaking the pieces. Serve with butter or cinnamon and sugar.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Squeeze sufficient oranges to give two-thirds of a cupful of juice and of lemons one-half that amount. Put the fruit juices with one cupful of water in a saucepan and sweeten to taste. When the mixture boils stir in three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch which has been moistened with a little cold water. Cook ten minutes, then stir in quickly the whites of three eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Stir over the fire for two minutes, then have ready a wetted mold. Put in it a layer of the pudding, then some slices of orange, and fill up the mold in this way. Serve with a custard made of the yolks of the eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk and a little grated orange rind.

WHITE LOAF CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, whites of fourteen eggs, one teaspoonful extract of almond. Cream the butter, add the sugar and cream again. Alternate with the flour and the stiffly beaten whites. Flavor and beat hard for twenty minutes. Line the pans with buttered paper and bake in a slow oven.

WHITE LOAF CAKE (2).—Cream together one-half of a cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Add one-half of a cupful of milk, one scant teaspoonful of almond extract and two cupfuls of sifted flour. Beat well, add the whipped whites of four eggs and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat again and bake in a moderate oven.

WHITE LOAF CAKE (3).—Cream three-quarters of a cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar; add alternately one-half of a cupful of milk and two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour. Flavor with almond or vanilla, add the whites of eight eggs beaten to a very stiff froth and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat again for a moment and bake in a moderate oven.

CUP CAKE.—Cream well together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Stir in alternately three cupfuls of flour and one cupful of milk. Beat well for five minutes, add the whipped whites of the eggs and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat for a moment and bake in a loaf in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes.—Table Talk.

The old-fashioned brick oven had points of grace, perhaps because bakers knew how to manage it.

A PLEA FOR GOOD TIMES.

[Under the above heading the address given below is put out by Barnhart Bros. & Spindler of Chicago, type founders. Notwithstanding its source, it contains no advertising, but it does contain much meat, and is well worth reading for all.]

"Hard Times! Hard Times! Come again no more!"

We all sing it, we all hope it, but do we know what hard times are? We sing it while we eat beef steak at twenty cents a pound, oysters at fifty cents a dozen, and three kinds of bread at the same meal; we shout it while we smoke cigars, two for a quarter; we think it while we stretch our comfortable legs on Brussels carpet, before a blazing grate, with well-groomed boys and expensively clad girls around us; we shout it to our neighbors across our smooth lawns, or through our plate-glass windows; we groan it as we read our morning and evening papers, our plentiful magazines and our costly libraries; we dream of it in our soft and springy beds, while our coal-fed furnace keeps the whole house warm; we maunder about it in our well equipped offices, shout it through our telephones, ring the changes on it as we send telegrams and take expensive summer outings. We meet in our political, social, literary and business conventions, and ring the changes on it while we are spending fortunes with railroads, hotels, restaurants and places of amusement.

And yet, in these days we do not know what hard times are; we think we do, but we *do not*.

The writer knows of a time within his remembrance—and he is no patriarch, when, in one of the richest parts of one of the most favored states in the Union, the whole town of some two thousand inhabitants possessed altogether not over $300 in money, all exchange was by barter; there was no cash payment because there was nothing to pay with. Among the best and richest families (and there were many who thought themselves well-to-do) beef steak was a once-a-week visitor; round beef was a luxury; oysters were an unheard of dainty; corn bread was the usual, wheat the rare food; the cheapest pipe tobacco was a dissipation; cold bed rooms, scanty wood fires, woolsey and calico were in the house; 6x8 window panes helped out by hats, old papers and rags; a weekly paper was an extravagance, and served several families. Ten books made a good, fair library; beds were slatted or corded; rag carpets were occasional, ingrain scarce, and Brussels a tradition; the sole vacation was a ride to the annual picnic in the one-horse shay; nobody had time, money or heart for conventions or amusements. We men worked from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M. (the aristocrats shortened the time by two hours) and the women worked at all hours.

And yet it is doubtful if there was in those times such a universal spirit of unrest and discontent, such a concert of growling, as to-day.

Is it fair? Are we just? Can we afford to waste time in bewailing hard times, when times are easy on us; and treat us far better than we deserve.

A manager once said with a chuckle: "the mails have been good to our house to-day; the first one brought an order in every letter, and the last one brought a remittance in every letter." We all know (mayhap we are) persons who would have said: "Alas, we have fallen on evil times; the first mail brought no money and the last mail brought no trade."

Let us put aside these ugly tempers of ours; look toward the sun; smile at the shadow; all sunshine makes the desert; "it's a pretty world, senor;" enjoy its beauties, let us borrow no trouble, shed light on our neighbors; quit us like men, and times will seem (as they are) good.

JUST LIKE HIS FATHER.

"My old black auntie," said Representative John Allen to a Washington Post man, "the old black shepherdess who raised me, and who still looks on me as a lamb of her rearing, grows at times very congratulatory and proud of me.

"'Deed! I is proud of you, Mars John,' she said, on the occasion of our last meeting. 'I takes de vastest pride in ye, honey, an' de way you does hol' office. You is jes' like yo' ol' father, Mars John, jes' like him fo' de worl'. He was allars hol'in' office same as you, honey; hol' office all de time, yo' paw did, an' he 'minds me of you so much. 'Deed, I'se proud of bof of ye.'

"'Why, what office did my father hold?' I asked. I was a bit astonished, for while I had a dim recollection of the old gentleman running several times, I never knew of any office he held. 'What office did my father hold?'

"'Sho! Mars John; you go an' forget de office yo' father hol', the old aunty replied, reproachfully. 'I'se 'shamed fo' you. He was a candidate, Mars John. De whole neighborhood remember it well. All his life he hol' dat office, yo' paw does; never I knows him when he warn't a candidate. Looks like you an' yo' father jes' same that away; bof allers hol'in' office.'"

HER PRESENCE OF MIND.

"Yes, Harry and I went out riding on a tandem last evening, and he gave me such a fright I have hardly got over it even yet."

"How was that?"

"When we were going through an avenue of trees and there was nobody in sight he leaned forward on his handle bars and reached his head around and kissed me!"

"Why, that was dangerous, wasn't it? If you had swerved ever so little the machine would have upset and thrown you both off."

"Yes, but I didn't swerve."—Chicago Tribune.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

"So you see, Miss Faith, none of the old religions suit me. After examining them all I am driven to agnosticism." "I see. You choose agnosticism simply because you don't know any better."

It is a fearful thing in winter. What is? Shipwreck. So is a racking, tearing cough; in winter or any other time. A good idea to have Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam always in the house.

"Happened to see your wife on a wheel yesterday. If I remember, I heard you declare you would never allow her to ride." "Yes, I know. But she had a chance to trade off her pug dog for a wheel and I thought I would choose the least evil."

THAT CATARRH IS A LOCAL AFFECTION

of the nasal passages, is a fact established by physicians, and this authority should carry more weight than assertions of incompetent parties, that catarrh is a blood affection. Ely's Cream Balm is a local remedy, composed of harmless medicants and free of mercury or any injurious drug. It will cure catarrh. Applied directly to the inflamed membrane, it restores it to its healthy condition.

Clara: "I wonder how Edith came to marry that horrid Mr. Kreesus, after having been waited upon by that charming Charley Dudekins. Charley was so fond of music, and Kreesus don't know enough about it to turn over the leaves of music for one." Aunt Susan: "Perhaps not; but Mr. Kreesus can turn over the leaves of his checkbook beautifully."

CATARRH CURED,

health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT TEA

is a sure cure for Headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

Father: "Wait a year, my son, and you may feel very different." Son, confidently. "I've tested my love for Miss Higgins thoroughly, and I know it cannot change. I've played golf with her, and I still want her for my wife."

ALL RECOMMEND IT.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

FOR DYSPEPSIA

and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

Sunlight Soap

SAVES its cost in LABOR ten times over. Rub it on lightly; let the clothes soak a short time; then rinse. It washes Clothes itself and doesn't hurt the clothes.

Pure Soap No Chemicals. No Adulteration.

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson and Harrison Sts., New York.

Call and see Harry Lane's

New fall and winter Scotch Suitings and English Novelties.

Suits got up in the latest Styles, well made and well trimmed, from 12 to 20 dollars. I also carry a nice line of Pantings, I am making up, from 3 to 5 dollars.

Also an extra nice line of all styles of worsteds, **Home and Foreign makes.**

That I will make for prices that will surprise you, and a nice line of Fall and winter Overcoatings that I can make from 10 to 20 dollars.

Call and see for yourself.

H. LANE.

Cramps, Colic, Colds. Cramp, Coughs, Toothache.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is

Pain Killer.

(PERRY DAVIS'.)

Used Internally and Externally.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

If Your Horse Is Shod with

"NEVERSLIPS"

He Positively Cannot Slip

His feet are always in good condition. The shoes do not have to be removed to be sharpened. The Calks are steel-centered and *sharpen themselves* until entirely worn out. The Calks are *removable* and new ones can be inserted easily and quickly while the horse is in the stable. No time lost waiting at the blacksmith shop. See that your horseshoer orders *at once* a trial set, and convince yourself. Write for our descriptive Circular giving full information. *Mailed free.*

MANUFACTURERS:

The Neverslip Manufacturing Co., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

E. COREY & CO., Portland, Me.

HINDERCORNS The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.

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

If you are **CONSUMPTIVE** or have Indigestion, Painful Hiss or Debility of any kind use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. Many who were hopeless and discouraged have regained health by its use.

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF OXFORD COUNTY. STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—October 21st, A. D. 1896.

This is to give Notice, that on the 21st day of Oct., A. D. 1896, a warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of NEWTON C. MOORE, of Albany, adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said Debtor, which petition was filed on the 14th day of Oct., A. D. 1896, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed; that the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, or to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris in said County, on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1896, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

CHANDLER GARLAND, Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford.

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF OXFORD COUNTY. STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:—October 21st, A. D. 1896.

This is to give notice, that on the 21st day of Oct., A. D. 1896, a warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of WENDELL E. WHEELER, of Oxford, adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 14th day of Oct., A. D. 1896, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed; that the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris in said county, on the 18th day of Nov., A. D. 1896, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

CHANDLER GARLAND, Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises of the late Jacob H. Lovejoy of Albany, on Friday, the 20th day of November, inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. (if the weather is suitable, if not the next secular fair day), all the Household Furniture of the said Jacob H. Lovejoy, consisting of such articles as are in use in a well furnished house; such as Silver, Crockery and Glassware, Chairs, Tables, Bureaus, Bookcases, Chamber Sets, Beds and Bedding, Carpets, Cooking and Parlor Stoves, also Farming Tools, Carriages and Harnesses; one young Horse, 2 Cows, one with calf by her side, now one week old, about 50 Hens, six or eight tons of Hay, Apples and Potatoes, and other things too numerous to mention.

Also at same time and place the farm of the late J. H. Lovejoy, consisting of Tillage and Pasturage, with a fine apple orchard; also a meadow lot of about thirty acres, together with a wood and pasture lot containing fifty acres. The place is situated at Hunt's Corner, within five minutes' walk of the church and school house, and has been occupied by the late Deac. Lovejoy the last fifty-seven years. The buildings are neat and commodious and in good repair, and well supplied with water from a never-failing fountain.

Terms made known at time and place of sale

Bethel, Nov. 6, 1896. C. M. Wormell, auctioneer.

E. W. WOODBURY, Executor.

This cut shows one of the five pianos in Louis XV. Style, finished in gold, made to order for the

BRIDAL CHAMBERS OF THE WALDORF HOTEL BY

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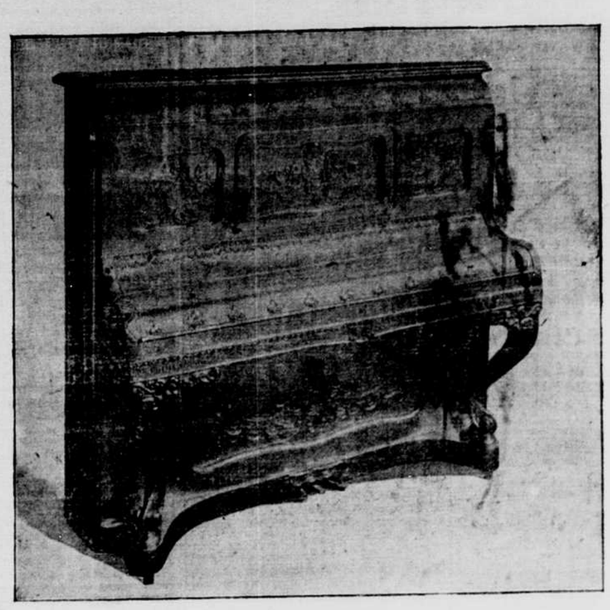

The pianos of a firm, whose instruments have been chosen to grace this Palace Hotel of the world, may beyond all question be relied on to satisfy the critical taste of discriminating purchasers and connoisseurs.

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IN constructing a building you must begin at the foundation. It is so with the "L. F." Atwood's Bitters. They make stomach and digestion right, and thus furnish good material with which to build. You will have a good strong body in which to dwell if you use "L. F."

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Don't buy a Marble or Granite Monument or Cemetery Work of any kind until you INVESTIGATE

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It is much more Artistic and Enduring, and much Less Expensive.

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5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic....
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.....
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache....
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo.
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation
11