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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Written for the Democrat.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AT THE CLUB.

A friend wrote to me recently: "I have just been to Portland to attend the Federation of Women's Clubs. How I wish you could have gone. You would have enjoyed it so much. Do join some club if you can. Women (farmers' wives especially) are so apt to get into ruts." Well—I was "in a rut", and I knew it.

So, when one of the members of the village literary club invited me to attend one of their meetings, I decided to go. The appointed hour was 2 P. M. As I lived so far from the village I had to neglect a part of my morning's work in order not to get too tired and have time to dress before dinner. Baby usually has had her nap before dinner, but she had to be kept awake till after dinner, so that the girl would get a chance to do up the work while baby slept.

As soon as I ate my dinner, I ordered my team and departed, among the older children's teasings to go too.

I called for my friend, and away we started for the club. As I had to put up my team after reaching the village, we were the last to arrive. Now, don't think I went to criticise or that I was disappointed.

From the moment the pretty young hostess grasped my hand, till I left, it was a feast to my hungry soul. It was not only the programme, which was entertaining, instructive and well carried out, but it was the *social atmosphere*. Something new; a lifting out of the rut; an awakened interest in forgotten studies; a desire for new studies and associations; a beginning of many trains of thought. But the sweet toned clock on the mantel ticked away the moments all too fast. The setting sun gave us a parting benediction through the dainty curtains of the western windows, and twilight was upon us ere we were ready to disband. By the time we had called at the store and post office, and were ready to start for home, the lights were shining throughout the village.

Will you blame me for the thoughts that swelled in chaotic confusion as I left the pretty homes, the light and warmth and nearness of neighbors, and the horse splashed out of the village into the mud and slosh and darkness and *farness* of the country—that a little dissatisfied feeling crept over me with the thought, we farmers are on the outside of things?

Ah, but I wouldn't tell you that, if I couldn't tell you the rest of it.

When I came in sight of home, there were lights shining so brightly to welcome me, and there was John waiting anxiously on the piazza, fearing something had happened to wife, but so glad she had had a good time.

Indoors all was light and warmth and gladness because "Mother has come." Baby held up her arms to be taken, while the older children danced about with joy. And supper was waiting on the table.

Later in the evening when the children were all in bed, and the mail had been looked over, while John buried himself in his armchair and read the Democrat, I had leisure to sit down and analyze my afternoon and decide whether I had been paid for my trouble. I felt just a wee bit ashamed when I recalled the little dissatisfied feeling and compared my many blessings with those I had nearly envied, and remembered how many times I had said I was thankful I could bring up my children on a farm.

But as regards women's clubs, I think they are a blessing for those who can attend without neglecting home interests. The monotony and isolation of country life make them particularly beneficial to the farmers' wives. But I believe it would be far better for a few farmerers' wives of a neighborhood to form a club of their own, than to try to go a long distance to the village.

Nevertheless, it would be a blessing to both town and country women could they look into each other's lives a little more. Methinks there would then be more contentment on both sides. It is rejuvenating to older women, thus enabling them to take up studies in a pleasant manner. It will advance the cause of woman's suffrage by awakening their patriotism, temperance principles and interest in politics, current events and leading questions of the day.

FARM FAGOTS.

The sheep is an everyday animal and dislikes changes and excitement.

We may lower the cost of production, but we may not have the power to raise the selling price.

The best paying crops are grown, not by the farmer with the richest soil, but by the one with the longest head.

I would as soon think of putting a cow on half rations of feed as to deprive her of a sufficient amount of water.

The number of sheep in the country has decreased in the last two years from 55,000,000 to less than 43,000,000 head.

The right products for the location, and taken in the right way to the right customers—that is the keynote to success.

Potatoes are a great thing to keep a horse in good condition. They stimulate the digestion and free them from worms.

The dairyman who keeps a cow simply because she gives a large quantity of milk, regardless of quality, may be engaged in a very unprofitable business.

It is questionable whether there is any room on a sheep farm for a dog. On some farms there are too many dogs for the good of the sheep, while on other farms there are too many dogs to permit any room for sheep at all.

A bulletin of the Ohio station tells how seed oats were successfully treated by the hot water method in 1895 and 1896, to prevent smut. It is estimated that Ohio farmers lost not less than half a million dollars this year on account of smut in oats. The crop from untreated seed at the station showed 40 smutted heads out of every 100, while the treated seed yielded a much larger crop entirely free of smut.

Great Sales proved by the statements of leading druggists everywhere, show that the people have an abiding confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Great Cures proved by the voluntary statements of thousands of men and women show that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does possess Power over disease by purifying, enriching and invigorating the blood, upon which not only health but life itself depends. The great Success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing others warrants you in believing that a faithful use of Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you if you suffer from any trouble caused by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

THE FARMER'S FARE.

It is within the memory of most of us that the farmer's table was mainly supplied from the farm, at least to the extent of the meat, fruit and vegetables, and it would have been considered reckless extravagance to buy any of these articles for use in the farmer's family. When a sheep, calf or pig was killed the meat was distributed throughout the neighborhood to be replaced when another farmer of this co-operative association performed a similar act. In the fall a beef animal and one or more fat hogs were butchered and the various parts were salted, pickled, smoked, ground into sausage or frozen, and the farmer's family had a variety of meat, for four months at least, without patronizing the butcher's cart, and of far better quality than they would have had if they did. The same general plan in regard to other table supplies was adopted and they had the best of these things without noticing the cost as is the case when purchased in the market.

All this is changed and the farmer depends upon the middle man for nearly all such supplies. Peddlers find their way daily into nearly every farming community with a supply of edibles for the table in almost as great variety as are to be found in the market, and the farmer has come to be about as dependent upon them as are the people without farms. This is all very convenient, but it takes the farmer's hard-earned cash to pay for things that should have been produced upon the farm or at least something to take their place should have been produced.

It is all very well for the farmer who has a special crop or special line of production to which he is giving special attention, and thereby making it profitable to such an extent that these supplies can be more economically purchased, but this is not generally the case. The person who is following the diversified farming, or who is doing no farming except to harvest what grows upon an impoverished and weed-grown farm cannot afford to purchase all his table supplies from the peddler's wagon.

The farmer who sells his lambs for $3 a head, and pays the butcher $2.25 for a hind quarter of the same, isn't doing a paying business. A farmer can't afford to sell his pork for four cents a pound and pay 16 cents a pound for a ham from the same hog a few weeks later, because it should be a part of his business to know how to prepare and cure the ham as well as other cured meats. We cannot afford to raise milk and sell it at two cents a quart, and pay the money for strawberries at twice the cost of their production. We cannot afford to sit around the corner grocery grumbling about the unprofitableness of farming when we should be growing some of the very things that we are depending upon the market man for. Doubtless someone will suggest that the person who makes a specialty of growing these things can grow them cheaper than the farmer who does not, all of which is true, and is a convincing argument, providing the farmer will produce something to sell that is more profitable, and get the money with which to purchase these supplies.

Although the profits of farming have been small in late years, a farmer who has the taxes and insurance to pay must do something. He should not reason as the man did, who, when asked if he raised corn, replied that he did not for it was more profitable to raise oats, and when the query was put about oats was forced to admit that he didn't raise them; but he should either grow and prepare for use some of these food supplies to which we have referred, or produce something that pays better.

In addition to the economic reasons for supplying the farmer's table from his farm and garden, there is the sentimental side, which is of no little importance. No person in the world ever sat down to a dinner, however expensive, with such feelings of supreme satisfaction as does the tiller of the soil to a well-cooked meal from the products of his skill and industry, and he can, if he will, enjoy it every day in the year. When under these circumstances the farmer can sit down to the table with his family three times a day, he needs to worry but little about those matters which bring so many business men to a premature old age, but who can take with them at the final call no more of the wealth they have got than the sturdy old farmer who has found so much enjoyment in the cultivation of his farm, and in his table supplied in so bountiful and healthful a manner.—Mirror and Farmer.

THE POULTRY YARD.

If farmers and poultry men could get no grain to use for poultry they would be surprised at the results when compelled to feed other foods. But grain is apparently the cheapest of all foods, and it cannot be driven from its place. There can be changes made in the modes of feeding grain, however, and that is something that is being strongly urged. It is not because grain is used that the farmers have not always been so unfortunate as to find their hens unproductive in winter, but because it is believed to be cheaper than anything else, and is used exclusively. But is it cheaper? Foods are cheap only in proportion as they reduce the cost and increase the profits.

If the hens do not lay no kind of food used can be considered cheap, but if they produce eggs then the food is cheap no matter what its cost may be, as the capacity of consumption on the part of a flock is limited. If a hen lays two eggs per week the first egg will pay for the grain food if the prices are high. If a hen can be made to lay three eggs a week the profit will be doubled, though the hen performs only one-half the work additional.

Now, every poultryman and farmer should aim to get that one extra egg per week, as it will make a great difference in the profit for a large flock. If a quart of grain is reduced to one pint, and half a pound of ground meat substituted for the pint of grain removed, the cost of the food will be slightly increased, but the effect on the fowls may be an increase of eggs, because they require a substance not supplied by the grain, but which is found in the meat. The same rule applies to clover hay. It contains a large proportion of lime for the shells, and also promotes digestion. It is cheap and wholesome, and will cost even less than grain. The majority of farmers content themselves with throwing out a meal of grain in winter and look for good results because they do not neglect their fowls, but while the grain assists in keeping them warm, yet the successful farmers will be those who use grain and give also a variety of other foods to poultry.

CLIPPINGS.

We have an idea that we make butter when we churn, but this is an error. The butter is being made from the time the milk is drawn from the cow until it is churned, and the flavor the butter has at the time it is churned is due to the condition in which it has been kept while it was yet milk or cream. We are apt to take pains while churning, but pains at this time will be of no avail to make up for past errors.

As the weather grows cooler there is greater necessity for setting milk for cream as soon as possible after it is taken from the cow. Cooling it rapidly, as the air is sure to do when a frosty temperature prevails, rapidly brings whatever cream the milk has to the surface. If this is again mixed with the milk some of this cream will not rise again. The milking should be done in wooden pails rather than those of metal. There is no difficulty in keeping wooden milk pails sweet and fit for milk if they are thoroughly washed and scalded every time milk has been emptied from them. The same washing and scalding is required for metal pails.

BUTTERFLIES.

Out in the churchyard the grass grew deep,
Where the peaceful dead were lying;
Over their quiet and holy sleep
The butterflies white were flying.
And one little child was playing there
In the churchyard, sunny and still;
He'd wandered away, in his innocent play,
From the little white house on the hill.
"Butterflies, butterflies!" cried the child,
As he played on the grassy sod,
"You're the souls of the little dead children here
Fluttering up to God!"

Out in the churchyard a place new-made,
Waits for the innocent dead;
Still, for the dear little sleeper, there
Waited his quiet bed.
And a long farewell they say over him,
With kisses on lip and brow;
And, with flowers sweet at head and feet,
He goes from his mother now.
Butterflies flutter above her head,
As she kneels on the grassy sod,
And the little white soul of her precious one
Flutters away to God.
—[Ladies' Home Journal.

FROM PARIS, MAINE, TO PARIS, FRANCE.

No. 3.

A STORMY PASSAGE.

(From our Special Foreign Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, Nov. 11, 1896.

Our misgivings proved to be correct, for when but two days out the storm which threatened gradually gathered, and though tossed and prostrated by the horrors of approaching sea-sickness, we tried to keep up courage with the hope that it would soon be over, but illness increased with the violence of the storm, and at last we sent for the ship's doctor—partly to hear some word of hope that the elements might be soothed, rather than for any soothing of bodily ills, and perhaps to hear once more the sound of our own voice, for it had been long weary hours that no human face had come to cheer our solitude, except that of the attendant whose multitudinous duties to others kept her on her rounds of duty almost constantly.

Imagine yourself if you can, my friend, far out on the desolate raging sea of waters, a thousand miles from the nearest land, tossed and racked by the pains and agonies of fever and thirst and sickness, as well as by the angry ferocity of the rolling waves, with no friendly hand to soothe the aching head, or bring a cup of cold water to cool the parched and burning lips; too weak to raise the head and touch the bell to call assistance. How often did the inarticulate exclamation recur: "Oh, for a drink of water from Cooper's spring!" You can guess how the four walls almost became a prison, and we called it in imagination the padded cell.

As the doctor enters enveloped in storm-proof garments, we ask, trying to keep up a semblance of unfailing spirits, if he has been walking on the water that he is thus clad in "the trappings and suits of woe." He says, "Not exactly on it, but in it," for the steerage decks below are flooded, and he has been down there to care for the sick. He then asks if we wish anything in his line, and we say, No, unless he is a mind cure or other science cure, and can make us believe the sea is smooth as glass and we are not terrified out of our senses. He next asks if we have eaten anything, and when the answer is that we have had nothing we could eat, he seems surprised that we could choose nothing from their great variety. We answer that their food is so much more highly seasoned than ours in America that it does not tempt a sick stomach, so he promises to order some gruel.

Then we beg for something to induce sleep, for thus far Morpheus has wooed in vain, even when Neptune was most gentle in his caresses. "Anything," we say, to bring oblivion and rest, from the continued thumping, pulsing and throbbing of the ship's machinery, whose every stroke hits our spinal column like a blow of the blacksmith at his anvil. He administers a few drops, which as soon as his back is turned are resurrected, and when the gruel comes, the stomach again mutinies, for it is exactly what we in America call paste, the same as that used by paper-hangers, and we cannot conceive why mortal man should wish to eat such stuff, unless to paper the walls of his stomach.

The glories and joy of a sea voyage, and the comradeships thus formed, had often been painted to us in glowing colors by friends who had crossed but as yet we had failed to encounter any experience we would wish to repeat, or companionship that could not be dispensed with. The two beautiful girls before alluded to had disappeared, also the stately woman and dignified man, and we will venture to say that their heart sorrows had paled into insignificance beside the sorrows of their stomachs. It's unromantic, but 'tis true. We know by experience.

But at last the ministering angel appeared. This time not in the guise of a woman, but a man, and the only passenger aboard—having crossed twenty times before—who was not vanquished by the demon of the sea. Hearing of our severe and weakened condition he had many times come to our door, but finding it closed had turned away, not having the courage to shock the proprieties by coming in; but this time, the door being open, and the pitiable condition of the occupant being apparent, proprieties were flung to the winds, and he walked in, and after that, hands as soft and tender as a woman's bathed the throbbing temples, and administered cooling drinks to the parched lips, and every delicacy to tempt the appetite found its way to our side. When asked afterwards what made him so good he answered that he thought of his own wife and daughters. Blessed wife and daughters to inspire such noble charity! We never expect to see him again, but till the day we die we shall never forget that good Samaritan.

By this time the elements that every moment had gained in ferocity burst upon us, in all their fury, and we have passed through that most thrilling experience, a storm at sea! It had always been a hope that we might see one at a *safe distance!* but to be in it and of it is something we never wish to repeat. No tongue of flame and pen of fire can do justice to the reality, and any feeble attempts to portray the fury, the vengeance, the majesty, the power, the ferocity and the awfulness of an angry sea, can give no idea of the mighty waves as they leap up into the air mountains high and lash the sides of our good ship till she seems almost torn in shreds, and writhing and shrieking in the agonies of death as anon she climbs to the top of one gigantic wave, only to be dashed down again by another, this time it seems to the bottom of the sea, but again and again she struggles up, and again is hurled downward, then turned on one side and then the other, her very portholes dragging fathoms, it seems, under water, and as she lurches from side to side, crash after crash of falling timbers and masts on deck is heard, and every available thing inside as well, that can be wrenched from its before secure fastenings.

The noble craft that before seemed so staunch, now seems but an eggshell. For two days and nights she made no headway at all, but stood in the same place, literally engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the mighty waters. And now comes the most tremendous sea of all, which seems to completely envelope and engulf her from stern to stern, and the water pours down the stairways, through the passageways and into our very bed-rooms. We surely think our hour has come, but they come to re-assure us and tell us there is no danger; but when with pale faces the attendants get down all the life preservers, and show us how to put them on, we refuse to think longer that there is no danger, and illness is forgotten in the terror of the situation.

For five days and nights this furious tempest raged, and not a soul on board, except those who manned the ship, could stand on his feet an instant without danger to life and limb, by being hurled to the floor or against the sides of the boat; and none of the passengers attempted to leave their beds, where all available articles were utilized to pad the sides, to prevent the bruising of the head and limbs. Not an eye was closed in sleep all those long-to-be-remembered days and nights.

The ship had been turned into a hospital and a morgue, for two were dead, one committed to the deep, and one carried in the lifeboat in the rigging, changing it into a deathboat. Two more had been at death's door, and all were exhausted and prostrated with the effects of this fearful experience.

After this long week of battling of the ship with the elements of destruction, and of human souls with the great destroyer, there are no words to describe the sensation when at last one night at midnight the raging of the tempest was stilled, and peace came over the face of the waters! And, though with it came that dense, impenetrable fog, which the mariner fears far more than storm or tempest—for even though they carry lights and throw up rockets for signals, and keep the fog-horn sounding continually, it is impossible to see a yard before the ship to avoid collision with other vessels—still we cared not then for anything but the relief that stillness gave to the body worn with tossing and tumult.

The next morning was the Sabbath, beautiful and calm, and the bell sounded to summon all to divine worship. Here all differences are forgotten, for at the throne of grace one man is as good as another. All the sailors that were not on duty came in with their faces cleanly shaven, and neatly attired in their sailor costumes; all the second and third class passengers that wished to, and other attendants on the ship that could be spared. If you can have any idea of heavenly music, then be sure that the voices of those sailors, lifted up in hymns of praise, as we lay on our couch, yet unable to leave it, made the most angelic music that ever fell on our ears. The captain read the service, and in a few fitting words offered up thanks for the safe deliverance from the peril of the waters, and you may be sure that all hearts responded "Amen."

When we at last emerged from our room, more dead than alive, with an attendant at each side, we were almost struck dumb by the attentions and solicitude shown us on every side. Hands were outstretched to clasp ours, and every one, whom we had no idea ever knew such a person existed, called us by name; and ever after that, we never ventured from the cabin, but arms were stretched out to hold up and guide the tottering footsteps.

We have now to record that most impressive and awe-inspiring event, a burial at sea. The fellow passenger whose room opened from ours, had been waiting many days for the final dissolution, and it was our privilege to hold her hand, and whisper in her ear the words of that sweet old hymn,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

at the last moment, when a radiant smile o'er-spread her face. We know now for what purpose we were sent on this voyage across the deep. All the tumult, all the danger, all the regret was forgotten in the blessed mission of being permitted to sooth the dying pillow of one of the suffering ones of earth. A service was held on board ship and then the mortal who had taken on immortality, robed not in the sable vestments of the grave, but in the white sheet and canvas of the ship, was carried with reverent hands to the deck, and as the captain solemnly repeated the words, "We commit this body to the deep", it was lowered from the rail, where the little knot of mourners—those who had been permitted to perform the last services—the one distant relative, the stewardess, the doctor, the captain and the one who received the last pressure of the hand, stood hand in hand, and saw the waters close and fasten down with a silver clasp of ripple; and we turned away with feelings too unutterable for words or thought. Verily, oh pilgrim, if thou art denied thy promised repose on the lap of Mother Earth, how blessed to be lulled to everlasting sleep on the tenderly throbbing bosom of the Father of Oceans!

At last came the glad cry of "Land ahead!" and no shipwrecked mariner could be more glad to reach his native land than are we to see the land of the stranger. We could almost kneel down and kiss the soil, as did our friend of the steerage, with tears streaming from his eyes that had not beheld for forty years his mother country.

MARTHA MAXIM.

HAS HEART DISEASE, ANYWAY.

A group of children were going home to luncheon from the Thomas Hoyne school on Friday. They were little girls between the ages of 7 and 10 years, and following the example of their older sisters, were discussing their clothes.

"I have a lovely new dress that I am going to wear to church next Sunday," said one of them.

"Pooh," said a little one with brown eyes, "I have a new hat and I'm going to wear it every day."

This was too much for the little girl, who was clothed the most shabbily in the party, and she said:

"I don't care. I have got heart disease anyway."

And the others looked enviously at her.—Chicago Chronicle.

"If you would refuse occasionally when those hateful men ask you to drink," said Mrs. Booce, "you would not be coming home in this condition. You lack firmness of character."

"Don't you b'lieve nossin' of the sort," said Mr. Booce, with much dignity. "The fellers tried to start me home more'n two hours ago."

"DR. MILES,
Through His Nervine Is a Benefactor to Thousands."

A WIDELY known Wisconsin publisher, who resides at Green Bay, writes March 6th, 1895, as follows:

"Five years ago I became so nervous that mental work was a burden. I could not rest at night on account of sleeplessness. My attention was called to Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, and I commenced to use it with the very best effect. Since then I have kept a bottle in my house and use it whenever my nerves become unstrung, with always the same good results. My son also takes it for nervousness with like never failing success. I have recommended it to many and it cures them. All who suffer from nerve troubles should try it. It is free from narcotics, perfectly harmless, and yet soothes and strengthens. Dr. Miles, through his Nervine is a benefactor to thousands." A. C. LEHMAN,
Editor and proprietor of DER LAERDSMAN.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health.....

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on guarantee first bottle will benefit or money refunded.

A CATECHISM.

What bends men's figures to an S?
The bicycle.
While ladies ride with gracefulness?
The bicycle.
And what makes Daphne with alarm,
From sudden spill foreboding harm,
Yield her slim waist to a man's arm?
The bicycle.

What makes Amanda save and scrape?
The bicycle.
Till she can buy the latest shape?
The bicycle.
What makes a joint last days on days,
Turned and returned in sundry ways
Of hash, rissoles and rechauffes?
The bicycle.

What plays the deuce with Yankee trade?
The bicycle.
What's now the only "notion" made?
The bicycle.
What makes the carriage builder slack?
What cheapens cab and nag and hack,
While the financiers boom and crack?
The bicycle.

What turns the scholar to a dunce?
The bicycle.
He rides (he used to study once)
The bicycle.
Why are neurotic novels shut,
And minor poets all uncut,
And everything neglected but
The bicycle?
—St. James Gazette.

A QUEER ELOPEMENT.

"Well, yes, that's about all it amounts to—a peon's hut. However, Augustinita will always give you a cup of excellent coffee. And when the trains are late in either direction, you have no alternative but to accept the hospitality of 'old mamma,' as the railroad men call her." And my pleasant acquaintance of an hour or so led me to the small entrance of a hut thatched with tules. The little mud structure was built against the face of a hill. There were birdcages filled with a variety of beautiful birds and such other evidences of civilization as a goat, a turkey and jardinieres of flowers, yet the habitation belonged to the age of the cave dwellers, I decided, as I groped my way apparently into the bowels of the earth.

After a few moments my eyes grew accustomed to the half light, and I could see quite well.

"Wow-wow-wow!" growled a heavy bass voice from the inner room. The words were indistinguishable.

"What a deep voice that man has!" I said innocently. "Mexican men, as a rule, have such light voices!"

"That's not a man; it's Augustinita," replied my friend.

I am acquainted with that pleasant little custom of Mexico which holds to childhood's tender diminutives long after old age has fallen on one. Still, I confess, Augustinita—which would be "dear little Gussie" in English—was a slight shock. She was of huge bulk, and her old face was like a withered, brown apple for wrinkles; but her eyes were as bright as stars in a tropic sky and she had on that old countenance a most shrewd expression.

Augustinita delivered our orders to some one in the farther cave—I cannot call it a room—in her rumbling bass, put her long, brown cheroot back in her mouth and waddled behind a mat made from reeds hung from the ceiling. She brought out a clean, white cloth, which she spread with care, and on that put some American plates and cups and a Guadalajara water bottle. I sat on a long bench drawn close to the table, watching the old woman.

"I want you to take a good look at Manuela when she comes in. She is quite a belle with the men who eat here," said my friend, who had told me his name was Stacey.

Manuela came in and went out again that moment. I was almost startled by her face. "Why, she's a beauty," I said.

"She has a good figure," said my companion, with assumed indifference, "but you get a straight look at her, and you won't think her such a beauty."

If long, red braids, soft, brown skin and limpid, gray eyes can make beauty, then was Manuela beautiful. On closer examination, however, her face lost much of its beauty, so coarse was her red mouth and so hard and bold her expression.

She switched her skirts and put her hands on her hips and her head to one side, after a fashion I had known but not loved well in time gone by.

"I could weep for very home sickness, she is so like the waiter girls in the frontier towns, if she had more bang and bustle," I said.

Mr. Stacey smiled.

"I mean more slap and dash. She is so quiet," I exclaimed hurriedly, seeing the construction he was putting on "bang and bustle."

After looking at his watch my companion said: "We have yet an hour to wait. I'll tell you about Manuela's elopement."

So, while eating calabassas, chile con carne and frijoles fritos with "old mamma" sitting in the corner, her glittering eyes the only live thing about her, with Manuela flirting in and out, bringing the highly seasoned Mexican dishes and bestowing soft, furtive smiles on my comrade, I heard of the elopement of Manuela.

"Branscombe, one of the men who used to eat here, fell in love with Manuela's red braids and buxom figure. It was reciprocated by her, but 'old mamma' hated him and never winked her little rattlesnake eyes when he was round. He was a rough sort of fellow, and, it was said, had a wife or so and a lot of children up in the States, but as that cuts no ice here in Mexico he kept right on making love to Manuela. He was greatly annoyed by Augustinita, who was ever to the fore and would not efface herself. So one night he got the girl to run away with him on a south bound freight—queer vehicle for an elopement, a freight train!

"Augustinita reached the station just as the train pulled out. She was almost frothing with rage and went stamping round the platform, calling on all the Aztec gods for assistance.

"She calmed down after a time and asked the night operator's advice, and he told her that the only way to catch her daughter was to hire an engine and follow on that.

"'Old mamma' took fire at once and sent a message to the superintendent asking for an engine. They wired back, 'Yes,' if she would pay $100 for the first hour and $50 for each succeeding hour. Pretty steep, but, you see, they cinched her because she was a pilao. Pilao is derived from pilado—peeled, without clothes or anything else. They knew Augustinita had quite a bit of money put away, and it is the proper thing to keep the pilaos true to their name and caste—peeled.

"Augustinita was blooded. She bit her teeth down on her cheroot and said, 'Send for it.'

"In about two hours the engine came thundering in from Aguas Calientes. Tom Haskins was the pilot, and the engineer was one of the best on the extra list.

"The road was clear for a half dozen stations, and they went whizzing along, 80 kilometers an hour.

"'Old mamma' sat stolidly looking out of the cab window, apparently unmoved by the tremendous speed and the lurching of the engine as they tore round the short curves, but Haskins thought she must have been greatly excited, because she was unable to keep her cheroot lighted. Finally she tired of trying to smoke and simply clamped her jaws on her puro and sat immovable, with her beady eyes fastened on the rails ahead.

"They met the passenger train in the early morning, and, as word had gone from one end of the line to the other, of course the trainmen had informed the passengers, and, with heads out of windows and the platforms crowded, they cheered and laughed as the engine ran by. One wag shouted: 'Hurry, and you'll catch them. They're just round the bend!'

"Not 20 minutes later, at the next station, was the freight train, humbly side tracked, waiting the enemy.

"They had had a terrible time assisting Augustinita in the cab. You can see for yourself she weighs about 275, and clumsy at that. Haskins and the engineer pulled, and the fireman, who was a Mexican, pushed, and Augustinita struggled and grunted and finally was landed. But when she saw the yellow caboose she frisked out like a kitten. The engineer, who is a spiritualist, said that the spirits helped her. Haskins said he would have been much more grateful to them if they had helped her in, but he thought they showed good sense in taking the easy end of the job.

"Haskins was afraid Branscombe would shoot or abuse the old woman in some way, so he went with her to the caboose. The two were sitting on a sort of locker. He had his arm about the girl, and, beyond rising, they made no change in their position. Haskins, on the platform, hovered near the open door.

"Augustinita walked up to them and asked Manuela in her politest basso to come home. The girl gave an impudent answer, and poor 'old mamma' turned to Branscombe, who laughed in her face and gave Manuela a fervent kiss. Later in the day the thought of that kiss and others made Branscombe's blood turn to ice.

"Now, Augustinita had followed her daughter because she loved her and wished to save her from the fate Branscombe had in store for her. Besides she is a thrifty old body, and Manuela's beauty brings a great many centavos to the house. Many of the men eat here merely to get a look in her big gray eyes.

"At Branscombe's laugh Augustinita burst out: 'Caramba! No more will you laugh this day! Look!'

"With a surprisingly quick movement she pulled off Manuela's chal and tore open her high necked camisa. Branscombe gave one glance and staggered heavily against the wall.

"'Keep away!' he screamed, with outstretched hands. 'For God's sake, keep away! Don't let her come near me! I'll hit you if you touch me!' as the girl endeavored to catch at him, pleading with him in her soft tongue.

"Branscombe, mad with fear, was deaf. Although he had threatened to strike her he did not do it, for it would bring his flesh in contact with hers. The terror stricken man, shaking her off, ran out of the car and down the track.

"Manuela covered her breast and walked sulkily back with her mother to the engine.

"Hawkins said it was an awful sight—those shining, livid, white blotches on the brown skin, a sight he could not forget for many a day."

I rose, sick and trembling. That was one of the loathsome sights of Mexico to which I could never accustom myself, and the thrill of horror I had felt on seeing the first white patched, frosty headed leper returned.

"Don't get frightened, madam," said my friend, eating his salsa with gusto. "'Old mamma' had just painted Manuela up in her sleep. If she had been a leper, Branscombe would have been welcome to her. Do you think that old lady would spend $300 recovering damaged goods?"

I looked at "old mamma," sitting on the earth floor comfortably smoking, and she looked back with her diamond eyes, and I thought it not likely.—Edith Wagner in Argonaut.

A Fisherman's Story.

"About ten years ago—yes, just ten years—I pulled a bass out of the water that looked to weigh about a pound, and the line broke at a distance of about a foot from the hook," said the fisherman.

"And then, about five years afterward," another hastened to interrupt, "you caught him again, with the hook and line still in his mouth, and the fish had grown to weigh ten pounds."

The fisherman looked pained at this ruthless capture of his best story and answered: "No, sir. He weighed less than two ounces. His vitality had all been consumed by the line, which had grown to 28 feet 2⅜ inches of clothesline."—Indianapolis Journal.

Deplorable Ignorance.

General John McNeil, who was a brother-in-law of President Pierce and major general of the New Hampshire militia at one time, is said to have been considerably incensed when he met any one who appeared to be ignorant of the wounds and honors he had won on the field of battle.

During the war with Great Britain he was shot while mounted on his faithful horse, receiving a severe wound in the knee, which caused him to walk stiffly for the rest of his life.

"How did you hurt your knee, general?" asked a young man whom the old officer characterized as a "whipper snapper" one day from a certain lack of respectfulness in his air and manner. "Did you have a fall?"

"Yes, sir," snorted the general indignantly. "I fell off a horse! You never read the history of your country, did you, sir?"—Youth's Companion.

Constitutionally Disqualified.

First Tramp—It seems funny to me, pard, that with your fondness for debate and your general interest in public events, you never ran for office.

Second Tramp—You're off your reckoning, old man, or you'd never be in doubt on that p'int for a minute.

First Tramp—What do you mean?

Second Tramp—I mean that you ought to know that I wouldn't have anything that I've got to run for.—Washington Star.

Philosophical.

Miss Crummer—Why are you constantly postponing the wedding?

Mrs. Widdoweeds—Ah, my dear, you have no idea how much more interesting a man is as a lover than as a husband.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Its Drawback.

"I never did like that theater," observed Mrs. Gaswell as they drove home after the play. "Its acrostic properties are very defective."—Chicago Tribune.

None Too Cordial.

The Hostess—I suppose there is no use of asking you to stay to dinner?

The Caller—Not in that way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TWO IN A SINK HOLE.

A KENTUCKY PRINTER NARRATES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

While Following the Call of His Faithful Dog He Met With a Mishap—In a Dark Hole With a Fierce Wild Beast—The Escape and Recognition.

Pretty much everybody in the crowd had told a story of the gun or dog or fishpole except a printer who looked about as much like a hunter or fisherman as he did like an angel.

"It's your turn now, Muggins," said the reporter.

"I never hunted anything but boarding houses over in Brooklyn," he said, with a wan and dodging kind of air, as if people threw things at him whenever he tried to tell a story.

"But before you came here is what we want to know about," put in several, "and you've either got to tell a story or pay for the drinks every time anybody else tells one."

He moved about uneasily and pushed his chair back from the table, drawing it close up again immediately and finally resting his hands clasped on the board in front of him.

"Well, gents," he said with the wan and dodging look still in his eyes, "let me think a minute. Before I came here I lived in Chicago, where I was hunted instead of hunting. Before that I was in New Orleans, where I only hunted a job. Before that I was in St. Paul, where I was hunting a warm place all the time. Before that I lived in Boston, where it was too frigid to hunt, and before that, quite a long time before that, I lived in old Kentucky, and, gents, I did hunt there. Nothing but a coon, mebbe, or a fox or a possum or as little as a squirrel or only a dove in the dusty road, but it was finer than anything on earth.

"I was only a boy, and perhaps that had something to do with it, but I didn't know any different then, like I do now, and it was just the finest on earth and no mistake." And his wan face lighted up as if he were looking through

ESTABLISHED 1853.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

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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, Shurtleff's Drug Store, Sturtevant'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.

Dec. 12.—West Oxford Local Union, Y. P. S. C. E., Denmark.
Dec. 28.—Oxford County Medical Association, Bethel.
Feb. 3.—District Lodge, I. O. G. T., South Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Great Cut Price Sale.
All Kinds of Stamped Linen.
To be out of Season.
Harper's Weekly.
Notice.
Appointment of Administratrix &c.
Elocution and Physical Culture.
New Music.
Fur Robes.
Holiday Presents.
Bargain Blanket Sale.
Christmas Goods.
Sportsmen Take Notice.
C. W. Bowker & Co.

HERE AND THERE.

In the last campaign a large number of Democratic papers assisted in the election of McKinley, and of course the vote of the southern states was thrown against their candidate. That is probably the reason why those papers are just discovering that an electoral vote in the South represents only about one-fourth as many voters as in other parts of the Union. Even the New York Sun comments on this fact; and the Sun has further discovered that the electoral votes of Tennessee and Virginia were stolen from McKinley by fraud. All these papers comment on these facts as if they were something new; but the Republican papers and speakers have repeatedly called the attention of the people to the disparity between the representation of the South in the national government and the number of voters that are allowed to cast their votes and have them counted.

Now the question is, what is the Sun, or any other Democratic paper, going to do about it? Whenever the Republicans have made any attempt to remedy this condition of affairs, these same Democratic papers have opposed it fiercely as an infringement of the rights of the states; and all references to the matter have been deprecated as "waving the bloody shirt." Now that the currency issue has put these Democratic papers on the other side from the South for a while at least, the shoe is on the other foot. But what's to be done about it?

Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, has actually fought a prize fight with his fists. The mouth war, however, was resumed as soon as the fistic encounter closed, and the battle is now being fought over with tongues as weapons. The degeneration of the prize fight into a bag of wind is all but complete.

The practical workings of the Raines liquor law of New York, passed as a temperance license measure, are now receiving considerable attention; and we see many such expressions as, "Saloons running under the guise of hotels," "Unlicensed saloons," "The Raines law a good thing when enforced," etc. "When enforced"? Why, we have always been told that license was superior to prohibition as a temperance measure, because it could be enforced, and prohibition could not. Which is worse, regulation that doesn't regulate, or prohibition that doesn't prohibit?

It is said that Altgeld is anxious to submit himself to the people of Illinois, and with that object in view will accept a nomination for mayor of Chicago. That's right. The people of Illinois have buried Altgeld; now let Chicago complete the job by covering his grave so deep that the anarchist's ghost can never get up through to frighten the people of America.

CYRUS H. RIPLEY.

In the death of Mr. Ripley the town of Paris loses one of its most valued citizens, and the state of Maine one who for many years was an active and faithful public servant. Mr. Ripley was born in Paris in September, 1819, and was thus at the time of his death a little over 77 years of age. His father was Uriah Ripley, and his mother was Lucinda, daughter of Jesse Briggs. His early life was spent upon his father's farm. His education was that furnished by the common school system of 60 years ago, but he made good use of his opportunities and acquired a training which enabled him to fill many important positions in his after life. At the age of about 21 he was married, and shortly after took charge of the old poor farm, a position which he held for five years. He afterwards became the landlord of the Union House, and of the Old Stage House on Paris Hill, which positions he held for two or three years. In 1861 he was appointed private messenger to the governor and council, a position which he held for seven years. After this he served for ten years as government storekeeper at Portland, to which position he was appointed under Israel Washburn. In 1868 he bought the farm upon which his family has lived since that time, and for the past 18 years his time has been given to its improvement. He was born and bred a farmer, and a farmer he lived. He had a great interest in everything that tended to the improvement of his land. He worked intelligently, and the place on which he lived showed the result of his labor. He was a good example of the sturdy hard-working New England farmer.

Mr. Ripley married Olive R., the daughter of John Cooper, by whom he had six children: Mary A., who married Benjamin S. Doe, and who died in 1879; Philo Clark, who died in infancy; Ada E., who married John Pierce, and who died in 1878; Sarah Eliza, who married Judge William C. Greene and settled in Sag Harbor, N. Y.; Flora L., who married Mr. W. S. Montgomery of St. Paul, Minn., and Olive A., who married Mr. A. W. Hammond, and settled in Berlin, N. H.

Several years ago Mr. Ripley's health began to show signs of failing, and about 18 months since he had the misfortune to fall and to break his collar bone, since which time he has been confined mostly to the house, and for the past six months he has been a great sufferer from trouble with the heart, which has prevented him almost entirely from lying down. He died early Sunday morning, Nov. 29, and has been buried in the Norway Pine Grove cemetery. The funeral service at his house was simple but impressive, the first part of it being conducted by the Rev. H. A. Roberts and the Rev. E. W. Pierce, and the last part by the fraternity of Odd Fellows, Mr. Ripley having long been a member of that association, as well as of the Free Masons.

In spite of his long continued suffering Mr. Ripley's mind continued wonderfully clear to the last, and his interest in the outside world was unabated; and when he could no longer hold the paper in his own hands it was read to him to his entire satisfaction. He frequently spoke of his near approach to the other world, and expressed himself as ready to go at any moment, and had not the slightest fear of death. He had in a long life of honest toil faithfully performed his duty, and in so doing had prepared himself to commence the new life whenever it should come.

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.

Advertised letters in Paris post office:
Mr. Thomas Cunningham.
Walter L. Tucker.
Fred Walker.
Mrs. Mary C. Weston.

The mid-week prayer meeting at the Baptist vestry has been changed from Thursday to Wednesday evening.

The monthly business meeting of the Young People's Christian Union will be held this Monday evening at O. A. Thayer's.

Professor Maynard Maxim of Montpelier, Vt., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Maxim.

The Baptist Ladies' Circle met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Merrill and chose the following officers for the coming year:

President—Mrs. L. B. Merrill.
Vice-President—Mrs. Lydia S. Hammond.
Treasurer—Miss Fannie A. Hammond.
Secretary—Mrs. A. T. Forbes.

Ira D. Shaw, who is now in a shoe store in Boston, has been spending a two weeks' vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Shaw.

Eva, little daughter of J. Q. Allen, who is with her grandmother at Norway, broke her right arm by falling on it one day last week. This is the third time she has broken an arm, her left arm having been broken twice.

Miss Ione Harlow of Dixfield is visiting relatives at Paris Hill.

Master Seward Stearns, the nine-year-old son of Austin P. Stearns, has driven a yoke of oxen and a pair of horses ahead of them to break up about ten acres of ground this fall. That's what we call a smart boy.

The Baptist Ladies' Circle will meet at Academy Hall Friday evening of this week. Supper will be served at 6 o'clock, and a variety entertainment will be given later. Admission 10 cents. Supper tickets will be issued to those who bring food; those who bring nothing will pay extra for supper.

Rev. G. S. Chase of Mechanic Falls will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday.

The Sunday Schools will unite in a Christmas tree this year at the Universalist church, Christmas eve. The invitation is extended by the Universalist school and accepted by the Baptist, and a joint committee has charge of the arrangements.

A large congregation attended the Baptist church last Sunday.

Charles G. Abbott and wife of Abington, Mass., were guests at Leslie E. Newell's recently.

WILSON'S MILLS.

The deer hunters met with good success as D. C. and E. S. Bennett each got one; also R. S. Bean and R. A. Storey.

Mrs. Gladys Heywood has gone to Colebrook to work.

The fall term of school, taught by Sadie Abbott of Bethel, closed the 23d.

John Olson hauls timber from Aziscoos Mountain for Bearce & Wilson.

The Pennock Bros. have taken some to haul up the river.

Mrs. Tina Bean spent Thanksgiving week with her mother, Mrs. J. W. Clark.

Peter Littlehale, wife and children, are staying at J. C. Bean's.

Snow has all gone again and the fields look bare and desolate, and the roads are very bad.

GREENWOOD.

It has always been said that our climate is one of the most changeable to be found anywhere, and last week was no exception to the rule. One week ago last Saturday the glass was down to 8—and even that much below zero in some places—and during the day seven inches of snow fell, enough for good sleighing, and to all appearance winter had come to stay. Last Saturday the temperature was up to 58 at daylight, and soon the flies were on the wing outdoors, while one man picked stone a part of the day in his shirt sleeves.

It is somewhat amusing to hear what different persons say about what is coming. One of the hardest winters on record, says Mr. A, accompanied with the greatest falls of snow the oldest inhabitant ever saw. We are to have an open winter, says Mr. B, but a small amount of snow during the first half, and only a short run of sledding anyway.

Edgar H. Morgan's mother died the 9th of September; on the 26th of the same month his oldest daughter was married, and on the 25th of November his wife presented him with a boy baby; thus making a death, marriage and birth in the same family in less than three months.

E. E. Wentworth and I. W. Swan were guests at the Bennett place the first of the week. Mr. Wentworth was quite interested in that saltpetre formation on the cellar wall, and says it is something he never saw nor heard of before.

Nora Thomas returned home from Hebron last week, and is now attending school in her own district.

Whoever has business at North Woodstock would do well to call on Merrill Chase, and see his patterns for a new shingle machine. He says it will make twice the number of shingles with the same power in a day of any other machine. He has already been offered $2000 for it. Mr. Chase was born a machinist, and the shingles made at his mill look as though they were run through a planer after being sawed out.

NEWRY.

Geo. Stearns of Rumford was in town a day or two the last of last week. He stopped with J. S. Allen.

Bert Harlow got a fine buck Saturday. The animal had been wounded some time before. It was probably the one J. S. Allen fired at last Monday.

Leslie Littlehale of Rockland spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Newry.

J. S. Allen has packed up his goods and left town. After visiting friends in Stoneham he intends to go to Massachusetts to seek employment.

Mert Holt's machine has been threshing for Orrin Foster and N. S. Baker this week.

We had a few days of good sleighing, but the warm weather soon changed the programme to mud and ice.

WEST BETHEL.

Mrs. Hattie Grover is quite sick with a bad cold.

Mr. Henry Verrill is sick with diphtheria.

Flora Wheeler is at home for a week's vacation.

The village school commenced last Monday. The scholars from the Flat will attend here as there is to be no school at the former place the coming winter.

A petition is in circulation for the establishment of a ferry across the Androscoggin.

A little more than a week since and we were boasting of good sleighing, but it is a thing of the past and the wheels are again heard rumbling over the frozen ground with the thermometer registering as low as 10 degrees below on Wednesday morning.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Mrs. S. S. Felt is quite sick.

Rev. A. K. Bryant made calls here the other day.

Mr. Estes of Paris was in town one day last week.

Mrs. Lydia Herrick is in very poor health.

Mrs. Bean spent Thanksgiving Day with her daughter, Mrs. Ira Jordan of Bethel.

Rev. J. H. Bounds went to Portland Monday of last week.

Archie Green and family have been visiting relatives here.

Sumner Grover and family of Albany were at Joseph Barnett's Thanksgiving.

Nine degrees below zero here last Thursday morning.

Ed Herrick has moved his family into the house where E. L. Tebbets used to live.

On Thanksgiving Day Mrs. Brooks welcomed another little son into her family.

ANDOVER.

Died, in Andover, Nov. 30, Mrs. Annie M. Hewey, aged 20 years. The suddenness with which this young lady and mother was called home was a severe blow to the many relatives and friends. The funeral was attended at the house of her father, Mr. Peter Learned, by Rev. Mr. Barton of Bethel, who spoke words of consolation to the deeply afflicted family. The infant child lay beside its mother in the casket—a bud just sprung into being. Many a sympathetic tear was shed at the sight of the little innocent angel form. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The cold wave has provided excellent skating for the young men and maidens who are taking advantage of it.

Mr. H. W. Poor entertained the Congregational circle last week.

Rev. Mr. Varney is away this week in Portland.

The grand ball given by Mr. Geo. P. Thomas Thanksgiving evening was a good time generally. The supper was fine, consisting of venison and fowl. About forty couples were on the floor. Music by Dixfield Orchestra.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

Mrs. Charles Bickford and her little son, of Biddeford, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bickford.

Miss Edith Clary of Augusta and Miss Theo Morse of Kent's Hill are the guests of Miss Isabel Stickney.

Mrs. Fred Fitch is spending a week with her mother, Mrs. James R. Hill.

Mr. John Wentworth has moved into the house on the Denmark road owned by Charles Hill.

Mrs. Jacob Swan, who has been in failing health for some time, had a shock last week, and at this writing it is thought she can live but a few days.

Mrs. Smith Gray is reported quite ill.

WEST FRYEBURG.

The schools began this week, No. 8 being taught by Miss Hubbard, who has a wide reputation in this place; No. 9 by Miss Towle.

Miss Stickney is at Mrs. Farrington's sewing.

Emma Towle is visiting her sister in North Chatham.

The young people enjoyed the first skating party on Wednesday evening.

Porkers are now being killed.

ROXBURY.

We had good sleighing for Thanksgiving, but now we go jumbling over frozen ground on wheels.

A large number gathered to spend Thanksgiving with Aunt Hannah Reed; her grandchildren were largely in evidence. Their Aunt Sadie made them happy with her good things. Old and young there were twenty-eight persons to be fed. Will they all meet in 1897? It is doubtful.

L. H. Reed is repairing his sluice way and wheel pit to be ready for the winter's sawing. Loring Glover is helping him.

Swain & Reed have sold their four heavy oxen to go to West Paris. They were the only heavy oxen in town on this side the river.

Swain & Reed will not cut as much birch as last year. They have considerable stock on hand.

Deer hunting is declared off until more snow comes.

EAST HEBRON.

Rev. W. L. Bradeen and family have enjoyed a two weeks' vacation with Mrs. Bradeen's parents and sisters in Hallowell.

Hiram Keene has moved to West Auburn. Harry B. Phillips is driving one of his cream teams.

C. Farris, section hand on the Portland and Rumford Falls Railway, will move into the rent vacated by H. Keene.

J. J. Fuller is having the rent newly newly papered and whitewashed for him.

The farmers employ these cold days in slaughtering their winter's meat.

R. P. Fuller is collecting his pay for phosphate sold in spring time.

Beautiful northern lights out.

Hard traveling this way.

Rev. W. L. Bradeen was the recipient of a donation some two weeks since.

Henry Shaw of South Buckfield is in Portland as juror.

Dr. A. E. Robinson is in Pennsylvania this week.

Geo. W. Packard has the water from his well carried into his stable, a distance of 80 rods.

Harnden Allen of Buckfield is working for the comfort of his two sisters for the winter.

A neighbor, whom the agent for the St. Louis Steel Range threatened to take to Paris jail, says said agent is not a man of his word, for he faithfully promised to take him to jail last Monday, and hasn't come yet.

NORTH PARIS.

W. W. Dunham has bought a heavy pair of work horses of Wm. Wheeler.

School commenced here last Monday, Ida Abbott teacher.

Gardner Bartlett has done work for A. J. Abbott, and gone to Bethel to help his father, who is quite sick.

The apple packers here have a vacation of about two weeks now.

Charlie Stevens is still away threshing.

B. K. Dow killed a pig eight months old which dressed 352 pounds.

John Bacon, while visiting in Hanover, had the good luck to shoot a deer.

Caleb Fuller and wife visited at Eugene Curtis' Nov. 29.

G. W. Berry and family spent Thanksgiving at Kingman Churchill's.

There is to be a special meeting of West Paris Grange Dec. 5. District Deputies C. H. George and G. W. Q. Perham are to visit the grange that day.

Dexter Brown has got back and is stopping with John Butterfield.

Rev. A. K. Bryant gave a series of views at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

WEST BUCKFIELD.

Gertie Bonney was at home Thanksgiving from Oxford and returned to her work Sunday.

Flossie Whitman is at home again.

Mrs. Bonney's sister, Ella, and her two children, from Shirley, are making her a visit.

C. H. Flagg and wife were at Celia Dunham's Sunday.

Sam Smith and wife are at work in the corn shop. They hire Mrs. Bradbury to take care of their baby.

Mrs. Kimball of Norway is at John Flagg's.

Ernest Park is at work for John Flagg.

SOUTH RUMFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Putnam entertained a goodly number of their friends and relatives on Saturday evening, Nov. 28th, it being the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. A very pleasant evening was passed with music and conversation. Mrs. A. E. Morrison played the piano. Among the presents was noticed a handsome dining-room set presented by the sons and daughters. There were many other presents from friends.

S. B. Jones has been visiting his family recently.

NORTHWEST BETHEL.

The hand of affliction is laid heavily on this little neighborhood.

Nov. 26th Mrs. Betsey Cross Scribner died after weeks of suffering, at the advanced age of 90 years and 6 months.

The same evening Miss Amy Bean received a dispatch, notifying her of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Sarah P. Bean, 85 years old, who was on a visit to her children in Massachusetts. Miss Bean went to Massachusetts at once.

Nov. 30th Dr. John A. Tyler passed away after an illness of four weeks with typhoid fever at his late residence at Groveton, N. H., where his funeral occurred Wednesday, the 2d of December. Thus has gone out a shining light in the profession he so loved, and in which he was so successful. He was born at this place and was "one of the boys," whom all loved and had a special interest in, and hard is our task to reckon him dead.

EAST BETHEL.

All the farmers are now in the spruce business.

Frank Smith has returned to work for Porter Farwell.

Miss Emma Brown has gone to Boston to work at dressmaking.

J. D. Hastings has had a very handsome tablet erected in memory of his wife, Mrs. Emma B. Hastings.

Mrs. W. H. Tracy visited Lewiston this week, and now has a nice assortment of Christmas goods.

CANTON.

10 below zero Thursday morning.

Good skating on the lake.

The relief corps have their monthly supper at Mrs. J. P. Swasey's the 22d.

L. W. Smith is converting the skating rink into a dry house for drying skins.

Schools closed the fourth.

Cold fingers working on the bridge these mornings.

Mell Packard, wife, son and daughter, spent Thanksgiving with his uncle, W. G. Gammon. He also made a trip to Roxbury and took a job hauling birch.

Mrs. Chas. Oldham is reported on the gain.

Mr. Erastus Holt remains about the same.

Commence making cans the 10th.

This going is hard for old wagons.

Frank took a bath in the outlet of the pond the 3d with his skates on.

Evergreen Chapter, O. E. S., will give a box supper the 22d; it being the annual meeting and election of officers for next year, it is expected that there will be work.

HEBRON.

A Harvest Feast was held in Grange Hall Wednesday with a good attendance notwithstanding the cold weather.

December has started in with weather that bids fair to rival that of last year. To-day, 3d, thermometer at 3° above zero, which is the coldest yet.

Miss Grace Bumpus, who has been having a vacation of two weeks, will begin another ten weeks' term of school on Harris Hill next Monday.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Persian Everett will move into E. S. Donham's house, and take boarders the coming term. It will be a great convenience to the young ladies who room there, as they have had to go out to their meals.

Friday morning 12° above zero.

PORTER.

Angie Collomy of Parsonsfield went to Snowville, N. H., last Monday to finish out a term of school, from which the teacher had been expelled.

The town schools close Dec. 18th.

Loggers are anxiously awaiting snow.

The farmers have sold their apples for 70 cents per barrel.

There is a floating breeze about a Christmas tree.

The roads are in fine condition for snow.

EAST SUMNER.

R. L. Morse, the well-known boot and shoe drummer, was in the place on Thursday and says that his business has been very good for the past few weeks. Dealers are more confident and are not only placing larger orders, but are more prompt in payment, showing that business is steadily improving.

The Minot Packing Company have paid off their help and the patrons for their corn, and are meeting with good success in securing acreage for another season. They aim to deal fairly and honorably with all, and don't kick when paying their bills.

Our first chapter in porkology begins thus: spring pigs: S. Robinson's, 367; G. Maxim's, 290; Lester Robinson's, 315. Now, remember the ministers and editors before stealing time.

KEZAR FALLS.

P. G. Gould came home Tuesday.

Lester Weeks is stopping here on a visit.

Thanksgiving ball at Kickapoo Cottage last Thursday evening. A good time is reported by all present.

John McIntire came home Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving.

Sheriff Shirley of Fryeburg was in town Tuesday on business.

Sherman Gould returned to Portland Monday.

Donation and supper at the the vestry of the Kezar Falls M. E. church Wednesday evening, Dec. 2d.

Dancing school in Garner's Hall commenced Saturday evening with fourteen couple; James Cole instructor.

STOW.

Born, in Stow, Nov. 19, to the wife of Charles Day, a son.

Miss Nellie Walker is taking lessons in painting of Mr. Newman.

Dr. Wm. Haskell was in town doing dentistry work last week.

Irving M. Guptill was at home Thanksgiving, and spent a few days after.

The sudden changes in the weather have caused a great deal of suffering in colds.

N. Flint Allard finished his work with Elden Emerson Nov. 25.

Ralph Emerson is hauling bolts for Elden Emerson.

O. R. Barrows and family spent Thanksgiving with their daughter, Annie Keniston.

WELCHVILLE.

Miss Marjorie Holmes, of the Bellows Training School, Portland, Maine, visited at J. F. Fuller's Thanksgiving week.

Miss Mabel French is visiting her cousin, Grace Warren.

Howard Coy is sick with appendicitis.

Mr. J. F. Fuller and son Edward are cutting the timber on the Cummings lot in East Oxford.

Wendall Lane has resumed his labors in the woolen mill at Oxford, after an illness of a few weeks.

NORWAY LAKE.

Miss Lillian Hazelton is visiting her brother, Dr. Hazelton.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hammond of West Paris were at J. L. Partridge's Monday.

Norway Lake Woman's Club will meet with Mrs. Charles Boober Dec. 9th.

Mrs. F. E. Pottle and children went back to their home in Portland Saturday. Her sister, Maud Partridge, went with her.

Dr. Noyes of Lovell was at J. L. Partridge's Sunday night. Mrs. Noyes and Leola went back to Lovell with him Monday.

LOVELL.

Benjamin Russell, Jr., is in Boston until after the holidays.

On Wednesday morning, C. W. Hazelton, who lives in the house formerly occupied by David Coffin at Alder Brook, went to the barn with a lantern which exploded, setting fire to the hay. The buildings were burned, but assistance arriving from the neighbors the goods and furniture were saved.

A council has been called to meet at the village church the 17th inst. for the ordination of Mr. Earle B. Wood, the pastor of the Congregational church.

Mrs. B. W. Andrews is sick.

Will Vance's family have moved into B. W. Andrews' house.

On Saturday evening the young people of the village gave a reception at Fox's Hall to Mr. E. B. Wood, who has recently become pastor of the Congregationalist church. Although stormy, a good number were present. The hall was decorated with evergreen, and furnished with carpets and furniture by the ladies of the village. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stearns, and presented by Misses M. E. Heald and Charlotte Hobbs. Solos were given by Miss Ida Farrington and Miss Carrie Hubbard, and a duet by Miss Fannie Hubbard and Mrs. Annie Brown. Coffee and cake were served.

DENMARK.

Mr. C. I. Smith has been in Portland for a few days.

Mrs. Sargent, wife of Rev. C. F. Sargent, has been quite ill for a number of days past.

Rev. C. F. Sargent has been engaged as pastor of the Congregational church for the next year.

The Y. P. S. C. E. local union will meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, Dec. 12th.

The cold weather for the past few days has made the young people happy, and skating has been the order of the long evenings.

RUMFORD.

Mrs. Asa Martin entertained the circle last Wednesday afternoon. A jolly time is reported.

After two weeks' vacation Miss Blanche Ripley went to Bethel, where she will take a full course of study at the academy.

Miss Kate Elliott of Ellis River is teaching in Dist. No. 1. The parents are expecting a profitable term of school.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stearns entertained fifteen of their friends and neighbors Thanksgiving Day.

The snow of last week is nearly gone. It is now good wheeling.

Mrs. Wm. Martin visited her daughter at Oxford last week.

BETHEL.

Tuesday, the Y. P. S. C. E. held its local union here. The papers were prepared with much thought and all of the discussions were of deep interest. The singing of Rev. F. M. Lamb added much to the interest of all of the meetings.

Wednesday evening a goodly number attended the chicken-pie supper the Universalists held in their chapel. This was no exception to the good suppers the ladies in that society know how to serve.

Thursday, the Ladies' Club met with Miss Hattie Foster. The subject for the afternoon was "Prison Reform" which called forth a good deal of discussion. But one opinion was expressed in regard to a reformatory for our unfortunate sisters. Extracts were read from Lyman Abbott's "Prison Reforms" and so much interest was manifested the subject was continued for next week.

The Bethel auxiliary to the Maine Musical Association is now well organized with the following officers:

President—Hon. A. E. Herrick.
Vice-President—Rev. F. E. Barton.
Secretary—E. C. Park, Esq.
Treasurer—Dr. F. B. Tuell.
Director—Bennett Carlz Snyder.

Prof. Chapman has met the chorus which numbers about forty active members, and it promises to be a success, and a rare opportunity for our music loving people to study the very best classical music under the most favorable advantage.

Thursday evening the Masons held a public installation of officers, after which a nice supper was served and a social hour enjoyed.

Mrs. Sarah Bean, an aged lady, went to Harvard, Mass., to visit friends, and has had the misfortune to fall and fracture her hip. Her many friends here extend much sympathy to her.

Miss Joan Stearns, from Shaw's Business College, spent part of Thanksgiving week with her sister, Mrs. E. C. Park.

The Bethel News announces that there will be given on Thursday evening, Dec. 17th, by twelve good men and true, a representation of the deliberations of a jury, composed entirely of women. The Ladies' Club with characteristic generosity and broadmindedness will allow the entertainment to be given under its auspices. It promises to furnish a rare treat.

WEST SUMNER.

Ethel Heald and Wilbur Field are at home for a few days from Farmington normal school.

The reading club have purchased nearly fifty new books, which make quite an addition to their library.

Prof. J. H. Bates of Colby College is visiting at home, as is Miss Clara Bates from Rumford, where she is teaching.

Samuel Dolloff killed a hog which tipped the scales at 467 lbs.

J. A. Tuell of Norway is in town.

The county commissioners met on the road case near Handel McAllister's, and decided not to locate the new road, but to grade down the old one two and one-half feet.

Mrs. William Sewall has gone to Vermont to visit relatives. She has been in poor health, and we hope the visit may do her good.

Mary Esther Howe is visiting Polly Howe.

Gilbert Heath has gone to Massachusetts to see a sick brother.

J. J. Abbott and wife spent Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. C. M. Bisbee, at Rumford Falls.

OXFORD.

Quarterly meeting was held on Sunday at the M. E. church. Rev. Mr. Corey, the presiding elder, preached.

Miss H. E. Hersey spent Thanksgiving at home.

Carl Edwards was at home from Portland a few days last week.

Rev. Mr. Varley and wife and Mrs. Starbird attended the local union of the Y. P. S. C. E. at Bethel.

The work on the chapel is going forward rapidly.

CANTON POINT.

We want some snow.

The new bridge is progressing finely.

The river froze over Dec. 2d. We expect to cross with teams by the 5th.

W. G. Magner is chopping short lumber for Albert Foster.

Chas. Ellis has contracted to have 215 cords of wood cut.

Steve Pergerson has closed his labor with B. C. Waite.

Albert and Arthur Foster are working on the new bridge.

Elva McCollister has closed her school at Gilbertville.

The dam at Canton Falls is slowly progressing.

School closes in this place this week. Skating is the order of the day.

BRYANT POND.

The fall term of the village schools closed Dec. 4th. The winter term will open Dec. 14th, under the instruction of the same teachers, Mr. J. S. Hutchins and Miss Ola Dudley, whose past service we learn has been fully acceptable to all interested.

The Grange Dramatic Club gave their first entertainment of the season Wednesday evening, presenting the "Spy of Gettsburg." They were greeted with a good house. The parts were well rendered and the company was also well entertained by music from the Zeloso Club. This play will be repeated at West Paris Monday evening, Dec. 7. The club proposes to present several more plays during the winter. The next one will be "The Grangers" and will be given to the public in about three weeks.

The organization of a new orchestra is contemplated here with W. F. Bowker bass and prompter, H. P. En Earl 1st violin, G. A. Whitman 2d violin, A. M. Chase cornet.

William Jackson has moved his fish market to the Hathaway store.

One carload of stock and one car of apples were shipped the past week from this station.

Officer Bolieu of Lewiston was in town Tuesday in search of Fred Burt, who broke from Auburn jail Monday night. He struck a fresh track just at the edge of the town and caught his man just at dusk in a Greenwood farm house. Bolieu is a hard man for criminals to keep out of the way of.

HIRAM.

On Thursday afternoon the W. C. T. U. held a very interesting meeting at the residence of John Pierce, Esq. In the evening Mrs. Pierce entertained the Congregational Circle. We hear a very good report of the session.

Judge A. H. Walker of Bridgton, Hon. Edgar F. Gentleman of Porter, and Hon. William T. Haines of Waterville were in town Thursday.

Mr. Webster Fitch has sold the Mt. Cutler Hotel to Harry and Vivian F. Cameron, who will take possession at once. Mr. Fitch and wife will remove to Massachusetts.

Hon. Almon Young was in Portland Thursday on town business.

Mrs. Sarah Smith is very ill.

Mr. George C. Lombard is troubled with a varicose ulcer.

On Tuesday evening, the young folks of the Spring District and the Wakefield District (in Brownfield) held a reunion at D. W. Pierce's on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Allen M. Pierce and family. He has been absent five years in Boston.

Mr. Eli C. Gould of Lawrence has visited his father, Mr. Elias Gould.

EAST WATERFORD.

Mrs. James Chadbourne, while walking with her crutches last week, lost her balance and fell, injuring her somewhat, but we hope not seriously. Her sister, Mrs. Wm. Kilborne of Chelmsford, Mass., is visiting her.

Mrs. Charlotte Pride and daughter, Mrs. Dr. Corliss of Casco, visited at D. G. Pride's recently.

A nice flag was placed on the school house Nov. 27. America was sung and three lusty cheers given for the flag, after which the people went inside and listened to appropriate recitations by the teacher and scholars, and speeches by D. G. Pride and Otis Martin. In addition to the flag enough money has been given to buy a stage curtain. Much interest is taken in the school by the people of the place who have given many days' labor on the house and grounds. The yard has been nicely graded.

There was a very pleasant whist party with six tables at L. M. Sanderson's Thanksgiving evening.

Lucius H. Chase, a boy M. M. Hamlin brought from Massachusetts, has come to Wm. Chadbourne's to live for a time at least.

BUCKFIELD.

Ellis Whitman, J. Wm. Shaw, N. E. Morrill and Henry G. Shaw were drafted as jurors to the United States Court at Portland this week.

Charles Forster, of Portland, proprietor of the most extensive toothpick industry in the country, is stopping at Hotel Long for a while.

George M. Atwood was in town Thursday.

Mr. Sumner Bangs, the new pastor of the Baptist church, preached an excellent Thanksgiving discourse from the text: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

Dastine Spaulding and wife returned to their home in Cape Elizabeth Thursday. Mr. Spaulding is a grandson of the first settler in Buckfield, Benjamin Spaulding, 1776, who made the first clearing and erected a log house in the field now owned by Abel Irish, on the by-road leading to W. H. Atwood's intervale. Mr. Spaulding left Buckfield at out thirty years ago for Cape Elizabeth and has carried on quite a little business in truck farming, etc. He is now 78 years of age and feels like retiring from active pursuits, being in poor health. He was one of Buckfield's sterling citizens, many of whom have gone out into larger centres and become a power for good.

SUMNER HILL.

S. G. Barrett and daughter, Edith, went to Rumford Falls Saturday the 21st. Returned the same day.

Willie Cushman was at South Paris Tuesday.

The sewing circle met with Miss Amelia Bisbee Dec. 2.

Willie Keene has been at Auburn on a visit.

Bernice Record of Buckfield and Ella Ames of Rumford Falls visited their aunt last week.

Mrs. W. R. Sewall has gone to Vermont to visit her relatives.

Miss Adeline Barrett is in very poor health.

V. D. Bicknell of North Buckfield was through the place selling onions one day recently.

Mrs. F. L. Barrett, Mrs. S. G. Barrett and Mrs. Emma Cushman have got them some new washing machines.

Miss Lena Sewall and Miss Amelia Bisbee, who have been attending Normal school at Farmington, are at home on a vacation.

S. G. Barrett and family spent Thanksgiving in Buckfield.

BROWNFIELD.

Mr. James Marston of West Brownfield committed suicide Tuesday morning. After some two hours' search he was found suspended from a high beam in the barn. He leaves a wife and two small children to mourn his loss.

Mr. John McDonald is repairing his buildings.

Rev. Mr. Young has closed his services as pastor of the Congregational church in this village.

Mr. W. Rowe has returned from Boston where he has been visiting friends.

Mrs. David Fogg is going to Kezar Falls to spend the winter. Mr. Fogg has gone into busines in that village.

Mr. John Devereaux and wife are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Fitch.

Mr. Al Bennett commences a dancing school at town hall Saturday evening.

ALBANY.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle met at the vestry Thursday. About forty present. The evening was very pleasantly and profitably spent. Miss Fern Johnson favored us with a song; Miss Nina Bean and Rev. E. J. Converse each favored us with readings. They all joined in games etc.

Preston Flint proves himself the most successful deer hunter of the town. He went out Thursday afternoon in pursuit of foxes, and he soon came in sight of two deer some sixty rods away, and he had only a single barrel shot gun, but get them I must, said he to himself, and he began to creep, and in one hour he had his position and soon had both of them dropped at his feet. He used buckshot.

Rufus Morrill, with six horses, passed through this place for North Albany, to work for A. S. Bean, the lumber king of West Bethel.

James E. Bird and wife leave us. They have made many friends here in Albany since they have been among us. It was one of Dea. Loujoy's good moves when he secured their services. We all feel bad to have them go, but such seems to be their lot in life.

SPORTSMEN TAKE NOTICE!

As it is getting near the close of the hunting season, and we do not want to carry over our Stock

You can save Money

if you want to buy a

GUN or RIFLE

or anything in the line of Sporting goods. Guns to let by the day or week.

E. F. Bicknell

141 Main St., Norway, Me.

Sign HAMLIN & BICKNELL.

We have too many

Nice Fur Capes.

We have Furs that are

WARRANTED.

They are Marked down, call and see them.

C. W. BOWKER & CO.

STATE OF MAINE.

County of Oxford, ss:

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on the Fifth day of January, A. D. 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the Office of George A. Wilson, in Paris, in said County, all the right in equity which Milroy E. Cummings of Portland, in the County of Cumberland, has or had on the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1896, at five o'clock and fifteen minutes in the afternoon, when the same was attached on the original writ, to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, situated in Paris, in said County, to wit, a certain lot or parcel of land situated in Paris, in said County of Oxford, and being the homestead farm and the same premises conveyed to Josiah Stone by Virgil D. Rawson of Paris, by his deed of warranty, dated the twenty-second day of April, A. D. 1872, and recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 163, Page 289, to which deed and the deeds therein referred to reference is had for a more definite description of the aforesaid premises, said premises were formerly the homestead of Emmar Rawson and Horace W. Rawson, now deceased, and were conveyed to said Virgil D. Rawson by Rhoda Rawson and others, March 22, A. D. 1870, and lies westerly of the County road leading from South Paris to West Paris. Said premises being bounded northerly by land now or formerly of E. L. Porter, and land now or formerly of Mary J. Felton; westerly by land now or formerly of J. B. Porter; southerly by land now or formerly of Frank Porter, Charles Felton, and Mary J. Felton, and easterly by the old County road and the new County road.

Dated at Paris this 2nd day of December, A. D. 1896.

CHANDLER GARLAND, Deputy Sheriff.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Why not buy something useful for Xmas presents? What is more acceptable than a pair of

Boots, Slippers,

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

Mails close: For Portland, &c., 6:25, 9:15 A. M., 1:30 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., 3:46, 5:15 P. M.; from Gorham, &c., 6:45, 9:50 A. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after Sept. 21, 1896, trains leave South Paris: Going down: 6:55, 9:40 A. M., 4:13 P. M.; going up: 9:40 A. M., 3:26, 8:03 P. M.

Sunday trains: Going down, 9:40 A. M.; going up, 7:00 A. M., 8:03 P. M.

Sunday excursion train until Oct. 11, goes up 10:10 A. M.; down 3:32 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. I. 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.

Baptist Church, Rev. T. J. Ramsdell, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; 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 meetings Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 35, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in (old) Fellows' Hall.

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

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

I. O. G. T.—South Paris Lodge, No. 311, meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in G. A. R. Hall.

G. A. R.—W. S. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets Saturday on or before full moon, in G. A. R. Hall.

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

N. E. O. 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.

A. W. Walker has a crew of seven cutting hard wood lumber on his Waterford lot.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace F. Atkins spent Thanksgiving with J. M. Poole at Brockton, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Morton entertained a party at progressive whist Thursday evening, with three tables.

Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Haughton, George Clifford, Mrs. T. S. Barnes and Miss Marion Johnson attended the Local Union, Y. P. S. C. E., at Bethel Tuesday.

Miss Minie Anne Plummer sang at the Kotzschmar recital in Portland Thursday evening. This was her second appearance this season in that series of recitals.

There's just a hint of Christmas already in the store windows. Next week Christmas will be marked all over everything, and the next week it will be in all the air.

All members of Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, N. E. O. P., are requested to be present at the next regular meeting, Dec. 9th. Business of importance will be brought before the Lodge, also nomination of officers.

Mrs. O. V. Whitman fell down stairs Monday morning of last week and bruised herself severely. It was at first thought that she was seriously injured, but she is doing well, though not able to leave her bed as yet.

Fred Burt, who was sentenced at the last term of court to six months in Auburn jail, escaped from the workshop of that institution Monday afternoon of last week, and was recaptured at Greenwood two days later.

Sheriff Porter came over Monday of last week to bring two victims to jail. One was Jerry Bonnally, bound over on the charge of adultery; the other was Daniel Barritt, a tramp, who will serve thirty days. This makes eight boarders at the county house.

Advertised letters in the South Paris post office Dec. 7th:

E. H. Brown, 2.
Miss Sadie Bacon.
Minnie Nickerson.
Miss Grace Morgan.
Mr. Fred Lowe.
Mrs. W. Hatch.
Emma S. Billy.
E. L. Forbey.

The Lyceum Club has met with an accident and will be "laid up for repairs" until after the legislature adjourns. The alleged president of the club was doing an extra good one regarding one of his various sets of underclothing when just as he reached the climax, the strain became too great and the chair broke down, letting him on to the floor.

Miss Olive Mae Stuart of this place is prepared to receive pupils in elocution, voice culture, Delsarte system of gesture and physical culture. Miss Stuart is an elocutionist of unquestioned ability and growing popularity, and has devoted much effort to preparing herself for teaching. Students are assured of thorough instruction under her tuition.

Mrs. F. Penley tells us that she is not a Democrat and that her house was illuminated at the McKinley celebration. The credit for this illumination in the published list was given to Mr. Henry Stevens in the same house. Among so many it is hardly strange that some errors should occur, indeed it would be strange if there were not some. The Democrat does not intend to slight anybody and while its sins, both of omission and commission, are too numerous to mention, it is not yet hopelessly beyond pardon.

A most enjoyable occasion was the piano recital given by Carl Jean Tolman at the Baptist church last Wednesday evening, assisted by local talent. Mr. Tolman is a pupil of Carl Stasny and does credit to his teaching. Well may Maine people be proud of talent so developed at such an early time in life. That it is an earnest and persevering student was plainly demonstrated in this recital. Miss Kneeland's selections were well rendered. "My Ship" was especially pleasing. Songs by Miss Jessie Tolman and Mr. H. P. Dennison were well rendered as was also Miss Blake's recitation, "The Last Hymn."

Midnight marauders seem somehow to have an idea that Charles Brett is a capitalist, and that if they can get into his house they will reap a rich harvest. About a year ago, during our burglar season, some one got into Brett's building, but carried off nothing of value; and a few nights since, Brett was awakened in the wee sma' hours by some one moving down stairs. At first he thought it was his mother, but becoming satisfied that it wasn't, he swung out of bed and down stairs with a rush. No one was there, but the outside door was unlocked, and the key had been pushed out of the lock and was on the floor. Charles says he wishes the fellow had stayed till he got there. Now it wouldn't be safe for some of us to say that, but Charles would have enjoyed it—and it would have been a sorry morning for Mr. Burglar.

Monday night of last week Sheriff Porter, who had come over with some prisoners, stayed with Jailer Garland. While the family were retiring for the night, some one discovered a man in Cushman's field near the jail. Porter and Garland put out the lights and watched. The man approached the jail and finally stopped under the window of the women's cell. Then the sheriffs popped out through the door, and the man made a hasty departure around the rear of the jail. The sheriffs gave chase, and Porter emptied his revolver in the direction of the fleeing figure. As he got away pretty fast, and as one of the officers was barefoot and the other in his stocking feet, and neither had on clothes enough to say much about, they retired to the house for additional supplies of clothing before making extended chase. After getting dressed, they started on the track. A little snow had fallen, and on this they followed the track down over the terraces and across into the street, where it was lost. They had no idea who it was at the time; but it was afterward learned that the man who was sentenced for the same offence as the woman now in this jail, had escaped from the workshop of Auburn jail that afternoon, and come up to Norway, and there is a suspicion that it was he who made the evening call narrated above.

C. W. Bowker goes to Boston to-day.

S. H. Dawes of Harrison was at South Paris Friday.

Russell Pratt of Buckfield was in town last Thursday.

Miss Alice Wheeler is teaching the Elm Hill school.

Mrs. Asa Dunham has gone to live with Frank L. Starbird.

Mrs. W. O. Frothingham went to Boston Friday for a visit.

Rev. Mr. Bean will speak next Sunday evening on the subject of dancing.

Miss Alice Purington of Bethel is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wright.

Mrs. T. S. Barnes gives a five o'clock tea Monday in honor of Miss Purington of Bethel.

Ernest Crockett returned to Dixfield with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Record, and will attend school there.

Charles H. Flagg of Buckfield has moved to South Paris, and occupies one of the rents over the Howe store.

Some skaters coming up from the river the other day picked up a gold ring near the cemetery and left it at the post office.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac W. Andrews of South Woodstock were at South Paris last week and made the Democrat a pleasant call.

Mr. Granville M. Whitehead has returned home after having a pleasant time at his aunt's, Mrs. C. A. Eddy's, Waltham, Mass.

Miss Nellie L. Whitman, the popular Hebron Academy teacher, is spending the holiday vacation of three weeks at her home in this village.

A party of eighteen from Hebron came up Friday evening to the Bubbleton Spanker entertainment and two carloads came from Norway.

Mrs. William M. Shaw of this place and Miss Annie Shaw of Portland have returned after a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Shaw's mother, Mrs. C. A. Eddy, Waltham, Mass.

George Wise and Wallace F. Atkins of Gothic Street had their residences illuminated at the McKinley celebration. Their names were accidentally omitted from the published list.

Miss Hattie Burnell entertained the Erskin Club (formerly known as the Old Orchard dove party) Wednesday evening. Ice cream, cake and fruit were served for refreshment.

The annual meeting of Paris Grange and election of officers for the ensuing year will be held next Saturday, Dec. 12. The meeting is called for 10:30 in the forenoon. Basket dinner.

The Bates students are at home for a short vacation. In the preliminary sophomore debates Miss Susie Rounds won a position in the champion division to compete in the spring term.

The good skating during the past few days has not been allowed to go unimproved, and the river has been dotted with graceful forms. A number have also come from Norway and from Paris Hill.

Miss Bessie Ripley lost a pair of gold-bowed glasses last week between the corner of Oxford and Highland Streets and Engine House Hall. The case bears the address of a Kansas City optician. The finder may return them to the owner or leave them at the Democrat office.

It was a very successful entertainment given by the Junior Epworth League Thursday evening, according to the programme published last week. The programme was all given by the little folks. The march and pantomime, "The Angels of Buena Vista", was an especially fine feature. The children were drilled for the occasion by Miss Cook, Mrs. Bean and Mrs. Ordway, and the result was a credit to all concerned.

Register Park says he has moved so many times that as soon as he begins taking up carpets the chamber sets commence to shake themselves, and some of them have shaken themselves nearly to pieces. It takes at least three of this kind to constitute elegibility for membership in the club, when the club is in running order, but just now it is in a somewhat demoralized condition owing to the breaking down of the president's chair and the refusal of the member in the light suit to swear to the age of a one-hundred-and-sixteen-year-old negro.

Superintendent Harris of the South Paris match factory entertained callers one day last week. As he was busily engaged in the dipping room, a couple of men walked in and looked things over. One claimed to be a Portland patent lawyer and the other an employe of the Excelsior Match Co. of Deering, in which case both ought to be gentlemen and business men, but their actions were more like those of tramps, safe-crackers or sneak-thieves. Upon being refused admittance to the room containing the forming machine, they charged the superintendent with having machinery that he had no right to, and passed along the outside of the building, peeking in at each window. They claimed that the machinery in use here was an infringement, and that they would go in if they had to get an officer. They did not go in, and if they ever do, they will find in Mr. Hawkins' machine no infringement upon anything now in use.

Next Thursday and Friday, (Dec. 10th and 11th,) a sale of useful and fancy articles will be held at New Hall. There will be various booths in charge of attractive young ladies who will sell aprons, useful articles and fancy candies, jellies, dolls, and things too numerous to mention. The sale will be on Thursday and Friday afternoons from 2 o'clock, and the hall will be open to the public free. On the evening of Thursday an old folks' entertainment will be given called "Those Goode Olde Tymes." It will be full of mirth, and will be given by Parson Goodman, Mistress Goodman, Prudence Bradford, Mercy Jerusha Gallup, Phoebe Pettijohn, Squire Doolittle, Obedish Jones, Didymus Appleblossom, Hieronymus Bigelow, Charity Sophia Bramblebush and many others as Job Adonijah Symes, etc., etc. They will sing "The Yankee Pedlar," "Cousin Jedediah," "If we weren't so pesky slow" etc., etc. On Friday evening "Spring," a floral concert, will be given by about forty children and young people. Weeks of hard work have been put into this, and the public will be given a treat—in fact both evenings. The young people attired in beautiful costumes will represent Crocuses, Dandelions, Wild Flowers, Daises, Garden Flowers, Violets, Poppies, Spring and so forth. The singing will be a special feature, and much time has been expended upon it. Other features will be "The braiding of the May Pole" with music, the "Crowning of the Queen." Mr. George Briggs, whose singing always delights, will take the part of "The Recluse",—having retired from the world to live a hermit life he is found by the flowers, and his songs will be taking. Tickets will be sold at 35 cents to include the two entertainments. Admission for only one night will be 25 cents each. For children both evenings, 25 cents, for only one, 15 cents. Buy your tickets at Shurtleff's *early*, and be sure and get the double ticket for two nights. There will be a crowd, so get tickets early in the week. Tickets at Shurtleff's Monday afternoon.

ELM HILL.

George Titcomb is on the sick list.

Annie Newcomb is working for Mrs. H. P. Ellis.

A winter road has been made around Stevens ledge.

Frank DeLano of Boston was at L. S. Swan's Thanksgiving week.

Roy Curtis has a nice silver watch, which he received as a premium for a tea order.

Edgar Swan, who has been at Bethel for several years, is at L. S. Swan's for a visit.

Henry Burgess and family recently visited their daughter, Mrs. Fred Given, of Portland.

Mrs. H. R. Webber has just returned home from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. D. B. Stevens of Lewiston.

ORATIO INFANTUM.

THE BUBBLETON SPANKER SCHOOL OF ORATORY ENTERTAINS A GREAT AUDIENCE.

"Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all."

The "greatest event of the 19th century" packed the South Paris Congregational vestry Friday evening, and very fortunately packed it so full that there wasn't room for the "busted buttons" to do much damage, otherwise the havoc would have been greater than that of the Cuban war.

The "masculine supper" was all right and did not boom the prescription business much. We have a lingering suspicion that some of the masculine cooking was done by female proxy. It was "too good to be true."

When the curtain went up it displayed an interior of the "little red school house" well furnished with a choice assortment of school desks of the patent adjustable hydrant box variety. The august appearance of the school master was in marked contrast to the December appearance of the hydrant boxes. Judge Wilson, as Master Bubbleton Spanker, maintained the dignity of the old-time school master in all its awe-inspiring detail, and the "infant class" was the jolliest set of little fellows that ever throwed a spit-ball or chewed a cud of gum.

Adelbert E. Witham, the first speaker, was the "good boy" of the school, and was put first because, like George Washington, who was first in war and first in peace, he had been black-balled by the Lyres Club. Dell is a struggling young member of the school, and he struggled hard, and amid many promptings succeeded in disposing of "Three Black Crows."

Harry Clark, the next speaker, appropriately chose "The Giant" as his selection. Barring a very severe case of defective memory, a spavin and two ring-bones, Harry did real well and was awarded the first prize, a monkey climbing a string, which he will cherish as a "momento" to his climbing ambitions.

Little Hermie Horne was timid about coming out into the floor alone and so his little brother, Chessie, was allowed to go out with him. These are the celebrated Horne twins from the far-off shores of Norway, and as they came forward with united hands—dressed in cunning Little Lord Fauntleroy suits—and sang "Little Drops of Water" the dear little fellows looked "just too sweet and cunning for anything"—the ladies said so! They brought down the house and were given an encore, to which they responded with "Larboard Watch" and received rounds of applause.

Horace N. Bolster spoke "The Seminole's Reply." Hoddie was billed as an earnest boy, who was allowed to speak with the proviso that guards should be stationed to "pull him in" should he become too realistic. It had the desired effect. It was plain that the boy had been intimidated—a practice that cannot be too strongly condemned, especially in the case of naturally timid children like this one.

Walter P. Maxim was advertised as great on procrastination, and as his motto was said to be "Never do anything today that can be put off until to-morrow," the audience were surprised to find that, although late in coming to school, he had selected his piece and could speak part of it. The unfinished part he will probably have ready for the next prize speaking.

Chester W. Horne, one of the twins, who is a very exemplary boy, but lives in mortal terror of the girls—a propensity which he hopes in time to overcome—sang a solo that was very fine, and won much applause.

Charles W. Bowker, who had no hopes of getting the prize because he is sickly and could not speak loud enough, did first-rate for so small a boy. His rendering of "The Unfortunate Fly" (to apply a college expression to the infant class) "had no flies on it." What Charlie lacked most was a little more of the "counter" movement in his gestures.

J. Hastings Bean, winner of the second prize, is thus described, "Hastie is no yellow-eyed bean, but the tall cranberry variety, and when well soaked (with water) is rich and luscious." He was so sure of one of the prizes that he brought a bag to carry it home in, and he carried home a prize—a tin horse. It was evident from the cut of his pants that this Bean was pulled too soon; he appeared a little green.

Little Hermie Horne at last overcame his timidity sufficiently to sing an excellent solo—in which the words "shoulder to shoulder" caused Allie Morse to break down and cry violently. When asked the cause of his great grief he responded amid sobs that he was "'fraid 'twould chafe their shoulders!" The school rose up and gave three hearty cheers for Hermie Horne, because he was alone and among strangers and they wanted to encourage him.

Frankie Wingate played the accompaniments very nicely.

Nelson Elder won the sympathy of the audience by trying to speak "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck;" but Nelson is very, very shy, and he became so frightened that his hair stood on end, and he was obliged to flee before the flame lit the battle's wreck!

Frankie Starbird, a visitor to the school, who said he lived in "Bosting", was asked to speak a piece and rendered Peck's Bad Boy's description of administering the "royal bumper degree" to his pa in a very vivid manner. Frankie has had advantages beyond most of the speakers, and was not eligible to compete for the prize.

Thomas S. Barnes was the prettiest boy in the class, except Allie Morse. Tommie was a pert little fellow. Good-looking women in the audience were requested to cover their faces with their hands while Tommie spoke, because he was very susceptible. It was noticed that every woman thought this meant her. Tommie's piece was a medley. He won an encore on this verse:

"Mary had a little lamb;
It followed her each day,
Till Mary wore a bloomer suit,
And then it ran away!"

Joshua A. Lambe delivered "The Indian's Address to the White Man" in a heart-rending manner and got little Allie Morse to crying again. He ought to have been more careful. Joshua was described as very different from Mary's lamb in that "it does not make the children laugh and play to see *this* Lambe at school." Joshua wore a pretty pink tire and for a Lambe of his age he looked almighty sheepish.

No words of ours can do justice to the sweet and sentimental looks of dear little Allie Morse. He must be seen and heard to be appreciated. Allie's folks had got him "all dressed up" for this occasion. He wore his tow-colored curly hair in ringlets way to his shoulders, a pale blue frock and white pants, slightly outgrown, but still respectable, and he rendered "The Patter of the Shingle" in such a feeling manner that there was not a dry eye in that vast assemblage, and every member of the infant class, and some of the audience, mentally resolved to have his pants fitted up with McKinley buttons—for protection.

OXFORD POMONA GRANGE.

The annual meeting of Oxford Pomona Grange was held in Grange Hall, South Paris, December 1st, when the following officers were elected in the forenoon and installed in the afternoon:

Master, J. A. Roberts.
Overseer, H. D. Hammond.
Lecturer, G. W. Q. Perham.
Steward, F. E. Wood.
Asst. Steward, E. G. Green.
Chaplain, A. E. Morse.
Treasurer, Fred Rowe.
Secretary, S. E. Jackson.
Gate Keeper, Alton Rich.
Pomona, Carrie A. Roberts.
Flora, Ella Rowe.
Ceres, Gertrude Hammond.
Lady Asst. Steward, Cora Lurvey.

The installation was followed by remarks for the good of the order. About 200 members were present.

The next Pomona Grange will be held at Norway on the first Tuesday in January. The program, so far as announced, is as follows:

Opening Grange in Fifth Degree.
Routine Business.
Conferring Fifth Degree.
Woman's Half Hour. Topic: Does the welfare of the Grange depend as much upon the welfare and position of woman as upon that of man. Opened by Mrs. Carrie Briggs of South Paris.

Afternoon program will be announced later.

Sale 50 and 60 cent 10-4 size bed blankets this week at C. W. Bowker & Co.'s.

NORWAY.

Cold weather.

There was a break in the water main opposite the corn shop this week.

The boys are enjoying excellent skating on the pond north of the corn factory.

Jas. A. Tuell has moved from the rent over L. I. Gilbert's meat market to Geo. L. Noyes' rent, corner Main and Deering Streets.

Fred Burt, who was sent to Auburn work jail at the last term of the S. J. Court, for a term of six months, made his friends in this place a short visit one day this week. A little later he was captured on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway and taken back to Auburn. His father advised him to go back and serve out his sentence.

Charles Currier, while at work on the moulding machine in the stock room at the shoe factory, Thursday afternoon, lost the forefinger on the right hand. It was crushed so badly that Dr. Bradbury amputated it.

E. E. Andrews was at Rutland, Vt., this week.

The December term of the Norway Municipal Court was held at the Municipal court rooms Tuesday. There were several new entries.

S. S. Stearns, Esq., was confined to his house several days this week with a severe illness.

Horace Dinsmore has his house on the tannery lot nearly completed.

Mell Sampson has bought out J. T. Rowe's barber and confectionery business. He took possession Wednesday morning. Mr. Rowe will build a store and residence on his lot near the school buildings, opposite Geo. Locke's.

Mrs. Harriett M. Frost is entertaining her son, Lawson G. Frost of Boston, this week.

Rev. B. S. Rideout attended the East Oxford Local Union of Christian Endeavor Societies, at Bethel, Tuesday.

The Epworth and Junior Leagues will give a musical entertainment at the M. E. church, Tuesday evening, Dec. 10th, for the benefit of the Junior League. The Norway orchestra will render several selections.

Deputy Sheriff Cross was in Auburn and Lewiston on business Friday.

A. O. Noyes Company, U. R., K. P., will give a drill and ball at Bryant's Pond, Tuesday evening, Dec. 10th, Sir Knight Major Harry F. Ames, floor manager.

Frank Kimball of Woodsville, N. H., made his many Norway friends a short visit this week.

A hand laundry will soon be opened in Hathaway Block by Jackson & Hayes, of Lynn, Mass.

The second of a series of rehearsals by the Norway and South Paris branch of the Maine Music Festival was held at the Congregational church vestry Monday evening. It was a decided success. Prof. Chapman will conduct one of the rehearsals about Christmas.

While the funeral procession of the late Luther F. Pike was returning from Pine Grove Cemetery, Sunday afternoon, one of the horses became frightened. Several carriages were tipped over, and more or less damaged. No one was severely injured however.

F. W. Hunt died of consumption, at A. T. Crooker's, Wednesday. Mr. Hunt was well known here as an agent for the White sewing machine.

Mrs. P. D. Lowell of Yarmouth is visiting her Norway friends.

Gen. Geo. L. Beal and Col. W. W. Whitmarsh attended the quarterly meeting of the Loyal Legion of Maine, at Bangor, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Norway's most highly respected and oldest citizen, Luther Farrar Pike, died at his home on Main Street, in this village, Friday. Mr. Pike until recently has enjoyed the best of health. He was born in this town Nov. 22d, 1804, on Pike Hill, in what was known as the "old Whitney house." When a young man he worked at farming and the ice business in Cambridge, Mass. He returned to his native town after eight years in Cambridge, and purchased the Elhanan B. Tubbs farm on the east side of the lake in 1834. In 1851 he moved to the J. A. and Roscoe Bradbury farm, on the southerly side of Pike Hill, where he lived until 1871 when he moved to the village, and occupied his late residence until his death. In politics he was a Democrat; in religion a Universalist. He was known as a sharp, shrewd, business man and for some time was one of the directors of the Norway National Bank. Mrs. Pike died in 1886, two years after the celebration of their golden wedding. The family consisted of four children, Samuel B., Frank T., Addie A. (now Mrs. W. W. Andrews) and A. L. F. Pike. The funeral services were held at the home of the deceased Sunday afternoon, by Rev. Caroline E. Angell, assisted by Rev. B. S. Rideout. Interment at Pine Grove Cemetery.

Dr. E. J. Noyes of Lovell was in town this week.

A large company from the Congregational church attended the supper and entertainment at the Congregational vestry, South Paris, Friday evening.

Chas. F. Ridlon fell and sprained his wrist badly one day this week.

Robert Young of Auburn was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Cross Friday, on the charge of selling intoxicating liquors. He was lodged in Paris jail Friday night and Saturday morning he pleaded guilty to the allegation, in the Norway Municipal Court, and Judge Davis sentenced him to pay a fine of $50 and costs. On failure to pay he was committed to Paris jail Saturday forenoon.

H. L. Bartlett, M. D., was at Groveton, N. H., one day this week on business.

It is reported that one of Norway's physicians may go to Groveton to practice medicine.

Several pounds of dynamite exploded across the river from Jay Bridge, Wednesday morning, where work is progressing on the extension of the Portland and Rumford Falls Railway. Some Italian laborers were thawing out the dynamite when it exploded, Orlando La Rocca, an Italian, was blown to pieces. Antonio Damore, another Italian, was so badly injured that he will probably not recover. Two Englishmen, Richard Lynch and Patrick Hardry, were so badly hurt that they were sent to the Central Maine General hospital at Lewiston, on the forenoon train. Hardry may lose his eyes, and Lynch is dangerously injured. Thomas Brennan, an Englishman, was severely cut about the face and will probably lose the sight of one eye. Many others received slight injuries.

Wm. S. Silsby of Amherst was drowned in Morrison Pond Monday by breaking through the ice when returning to a lumbering camp. The body was recovered. He came out to purchase supplies. Not returning, search was made and the ice found broken, and grappels were used in search for the body. He was twenty-eight years old and popular.

Henry M. Todd and his grandson, Palmer Todd, were drowned at the mouth of the Kennebec. They were fishing with D. Henry Todd, when the latter fell on the gunwale of the boat, capsizing it. Assistance arrived too late to save two members of the party.

Civil service reform, it is said, may protect the present deputy collector of the port of Bucksport in the continuance of his onerous duties, which chiefly consist in hoisting the flag on pleasant mornings and taking it in at sunset.

The office of Chinese inspector at Lowelltown up on the Canadian Pacific is somewhat removed from public notice, but two aspirants have discovered it and are circulating petitions with a vim.

A Rangeley man demonstrated that a hod carrier can make a record for himself. Though he weighs but 140 pounds he carried up the ladder 240 pounds of brick at a hodful without wincing.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm,) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

I suffered from catarrh for three years; it got so bad I could not work; I used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and am entirely well; I would not be without it.—A. C. Clarke, 341 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

12 1-2 and 15 cent ladies' fleeced-lined hose only 10 cents at C. W. Bowker & Co.'s.

Candy 7 cents a pound or 4 pounds for 25 cents is one of the many attractions at E. F. Bicknell's, Norway.

You can get your watch cleaned and regulated to standard time for 75 cents at Richards' shop. Mainsprings same price, and warranted first-class.

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.

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

BORN.

In Paris, Dec. 1, to the wife of Austin P Stearns, a son.

In Paris, Dec. 4, to the wife of A. D. Wing, a daughter.

In Mexico, Dec. 1, to the wife of Hosea B. Whitman, a daughter.

In Stow, Nov. 19, to the wife of Charles Day, a son.

In Greenwood, Nov. 25, to the wife of Edgar H. Morgan, a son.

In Sweden, Nov. 27, to the wife of Henry Emerson, a son.

In Rumford Falls, Nov. 9, to the wife of Patrick Curran, a son.

In Mexico, Nov. 25, to the wife of Charles A. Bodge, a daughter.

In Locke's Mills, to the wife of C. W. Brooks, a son.

In East Hiram, Nov. 15, to the wife of Howard Dearborn, a son.

MARRIED.

In Fryeburg, Nov. 25, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Mr. Preston Chandler of Chatham N. H., and Miss Lida Flint of Sweden.

In Fryeburg, Nov. 25, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Mr. Eben Flint of Sweden and Miss Jennie Weeks of Conway, N. H.

In Dixfield, Nov. 22, by Rev. E. V. Wheeler, Andrew J. Lang and Mrs. Cynthia S. Moulton, both of Dixfield.

In Gorham, N. H., Nov. 25, by Rev. G. I. Lowe, Fred A. McLeod of Prince Edward Island and Emma L. Mason of Albany.

In Stoneham, Nov. 26, Perley A. Adams of Stoneham and Eva A. McKeen of Albany.

In Norway, Nov. 25, by Rev. Marcus H. Carroll, William H. Smith and Beatrice Snow, both of Norway.

In Norway, Nov. 25, by Rev. A. R. Crane, D. D., Rev. John A. Harding and Mrs. Emma T. Young, both of Norway.

In Cornish, Nov. 25, by Rev. G. F. Milward, Isaac S. Lowell of Hiram and Mrs. Etta Spring of East Hiram.

DIED.

In Rumford Point, Nov. 27, Mrs. Harriet Abbott, aged 62 years.

In Rumford Centre, Nov. 21, Miss Dora Blodgett, aged 18 years, 6 months.

In Andover, Nov. 30, Mrs. Annie M. Hewey, aged 20 years.

In Norway, Nov. 27, Luther F. Pike, aged 92 years, 3 days.

In Bethel, Nov. 26, Betsey Cross Scribner, aged 90 years.

In South Waterford, Nov. 30, Mrs. Elizabeth Longley.

In Brownfield, Nov. 30, James Marston, aged 34 years.

In East Hiram, Nov. 26, Tobias Cole, aged 72 years.

In Groveton, N. H., Dr. John A. Tyler, formerly of Bethel, aged 32 years, 7 months.

In Lovell, Nov. 28, Evelyn Edith, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. McAllister.

ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

MISS OLIVE MAE STUART,
South Paris, Maine,

Is prepared to receive pupils in Elocution, Voice Culture, Delsarte System of Gesture and Physical Culture.

NEW MUSIC,

The Dec. issues are in stock now, including sacred music. Get new songs, organ and piano selections, quartette or college song books. Studies and music for banjo and all instruments. I have a mandolin, guitar and lady's size banjo that you can buy reasonable.

H. W. POWERS.

Music for sale at Shurtleff's, South Paris.

FUR ROBES.

We have a large and well selected stock of Robes and

HORSE BLANKETS,

that were bought low and will be sold same. Also have on hand one new sleigh and one set light

TWO HORSE SLEDS.

W. A. FROTHINGHAM & SONS,
17 Market Sq., So. Paris.

NOTICE.

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

NATHAN D. HARLOW, late of Hebron, 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.

Nov. 17th, 1896. MARY F. HARLOW.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Harper's Weekly
IN 1897

WITH the end of 1896 HARPER'S WEEKLY will have lived forty years. In that time it has participated with all the zeal and power at its command in the great political events of the most interesting and important period in the history of the country, and it has spread before its readers the accomplishments of science, arts, and letters for the instruction of the human mind and the amelioration of human conditions and of manners.

What the WEEKLY has been in its spirit and purpose, as these have been manifested principally in its editorial pages, it will continue to be.

It is impossible to announce with precision all that the WEEKLY will contain during the year 1897. It were as easy to announce what is about to happen in the **World**, what triumphs for **good government** are to be won, what **advances** of the **people** are to be made, what is to be the outcome of the continuous struggle between the spirits of **war** and **peace**, what is to happen in the **far East**, what is to be the **state of Europe** twelve months hence, what **new marvels of science** are to be revealed or what are to be the **achievements of arts and letters**, for the WEEKLY is to be a pictorial record of all this.

Cartoons will continue to be a feature.

Serial Stories. A New England story by MISS MARY E. WILKINS, will begin in January. A tale of a Greek uprising against the Turks, by MR. E. F. BENSON, the author of "Dodo," will follow. A sequel to "The House-Boat on the Styx," by MR. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, illustrated by MR. PETER NEWELL.

More **Short Stories** will appear in the WEEKLY than it has been possible to publish during 1896.

Departments: MR. W. D. HOWELLS'S "Life and Letters" have been among the most charming features of periodical literature; MR. E. S. MARTIN, and others will contribute observations on what is going on in "This Busy World;" "Amateur Sport" will remain the most important department of its kind in the country.

The WEEKLY will continue to present to its readers the world's news **most interesting to Americans**, to make important advances in both the literary and artistic features, and to retain for itself the leading place in the illustrated journalism of the world.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

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GREAT CUT-PRICE SALE!

CLOTHING OFFERED AT RETAIL AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES AT

NORWAY CLOTHING HOUSE,

COMMEMCING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5TH.

We shall sell Overcoats, Ulsters, Suits, Pants, Undershirts and Drawers at a great discount from former prices. We run four stores and are thus enabled to buy large lots for **SPOT CASH** at less than raw cost to manufacture, and many prices made for this sale are less than the wholesale price. READ A LIST OF SOME OF OUR BARGAINS.

1 lot Undershirts and Drawers

At 33c. Sold everywhere for 50.

ONE LOT ALL WOOL FLEECED UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, Only 88c.

We have never sold before less than $1.00 and many dealers ask 1.25 for them.

1 LOT WOOL FLEECED UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWYERS 48c.
Worth 75c. Never offered so low in this county before.

Big Trade in Outside Shirts

ONLY 49c.

A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT

FOR $4.98.

Mothers are invited to call and see our line of

CHILDREN'S SUITS.

1 lot Short Pants, regular 50 and 75c. goods, marked down for this sale to 37c.

Men's Working Pants.

Heavy and good wearers, sold everywhere at $1.25 and 1.50. Our price during this sale, 98c. Less than wholesale Price.

Lots 203 and 205 ALL WOOL PANTS.

Made expressly for us, equal to custom, and never sold less than $2.50. Now only $1.98.

THE BEST SUIT FOR MEN

you ever saw for $5.00. Many ask 7.00 or 8.00 for no better ones.

ONE LOT ULSTERS

Worth $6.50. Only $4.98.

One lot 10.00 Ulsters

Very Heavy, only $7.50.

Lot numbers 907 and 909. This is our big trade. An **ALL WOOL** Ulster, handsome as any sold for $15.00 or 20.00. Considered a great bargain at our regular price, 12.00, but

During this sale they go at $9.98.

Best Ulster in the county for the price.

Headquarters for the Famous North Star Fur Coats

Manufactured for us at St. Paul, Minnesota.

EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

Everything guaranteed exactly as represented or money back. This is the chance of a life-time. Don't miss it.

J. W. Swan & Co.

4 Combination Stores 4

NORWAY, Ellsworth, Madison, Oakland.

LOOK!

TO SEE THE LARGEST AND best assortment of Christmas Goods for Old and Young

at lowest prices

YOU MUST GO TO

Noyes Drug Store,

NORWAY, ME.

BARGAIN BLANKET SALE

FOR 10 DAYS.

A good soft warm Blanket in White, Brown or Gray,	43cts. pr.
One a little heavier and warmer,	69cts. pr.
A nice firm warm 10-4 Blanket,	$1.00 a pr.
A very large Grey Blanket 94-63 in.,	$1.25 a pr.
Other Blankets, at	$2.25, 3.75, 4.50, 6.00.

N. Dayton Bolster & Co.,
SOUTH PARI

Our Kitchen

No kitchen is kept cleaner than the premises devoted to the manufacture of **NONE SUCH Mince Meat.** No housewife can be more fastidious in the matter of preparing food than we are in the selection and preparation of the materials of which it is made. The cleaning of the currants (for one thing) is more thoroughly done by means of perfected appliances, than it would be possible to do it by hand.

Its cleanliness, purity, wholesomeness and deliciousness are good reasons for using **NONE SUCH Mince Meat.** The best reason is its **saving**—of time, of hard work, of money. A ten cent package affords you two large pies, without trouble to you beyond the making of the crust. Makes just as good fruit cake and fruit pudding as it does mince pie. Sold everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine.

Send your name and address, and mention this paper, and we will mail you free a book—"Mrs. Popkins' Thanksgiving"—by one of the most famous humorous authors of the day.

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

Is As Clean As Yours

W. J. WHEELER,

South Paris.

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

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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.

WANTED.

— by —

BUDLONG BROS.,

Appanang 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, Lucivee, Fox, Coon, Squirrel and any others procurable in Maine. Always ship by freight.

FOR SALE.

For sale by E. Stephens, Comical, Talking, Laughing, Crying and Singing Parrots from $10 to $50, also Mocking Birds, Hartz Mountain Canaries, also I have 5 fine bred fox hounds from 8 months to 5 years old, good starters and stayers from $5 to $25 each.

E. STEPHENS,
Bryant's Pond, Maine.

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.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

SOLD BY

F. A. SHURTLEFF,
South Paris, Me.

FOR SALE.

At Bryant's Pond, Me., property consisting of house, ell and stable, also 3-4 acre of land with about 40 fruit trees. Buildings in good repair throughout, house has 8 comfortable rooms, fine water on the premises, pleasantly located and convenient to Schools, Churches and Railway Station. It will be sold at a bargain.

Terms, cash or part in good security for a limited time. Inquire of Mrs. L. H. Tabor on the premises, or

ALBERT MOUNTFORT.

FINE 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.

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of Dec., A. D. 1896, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause:

MARY J. WATSON, late of Lovell, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof, presented by Drusilla Sawyer, a daughter and legatee of said Mary J. Watson.

HELEN HAMMOND, of Paris, minor child and heir of Jairus K. Hammond, late of Paris, deceased. Petition for license to sell real estate filed by Lydia S. Hammond, Guardian.

EUGENE and ALICE PENDEXTER, minor children and heirs of Timothy A. Pendexter, late of Parsonsfield, deceased. Petition for license to sell real estate presented by Elexine Pendexter, guardian.

AMOS L. HARLOW, late of Peru, deceased. Petition for distribution of funds in hands of administrator, presented by Dana W. Goding, administrator.

JOSEPH ROBINSON, late of Sumner, deceased. Final account presented for allowance by Solomon F. Stetson, administrator.

LOUISA G. D. THAYER, late of Paris, deceased. Final account presented for allowance by Albro E. Chase, executor.

SOLOMON WINSLOW, late of Buckfield, deceased. Final account presented for allowance by Charles H. Prince, administrator.

FRED TRIBOU, late of Woodstock, deceased. Account presented for allowance by Lorenzo Bailey, administrator.

CHARLES E. MARSTON, late of Andover, deceased. Final account presented for allowance by Elijah E. Bedell, administrator.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—Attest—
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

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

OXFORD, ss.—November 18th, A. D. 1896.

This is to give notice, that on the 18th day of Nov., A. D. 1896, a warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of MANDEVILLE F. CORSON, of Rumford, adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 17th day of Nov., 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 16th day of Dec., A. D. 1896, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

FRED A. PORTER, 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.—November 30th, A. D. 1896.

This is to give Notice, that on the 30th day of Nov., A. D. 1896, a warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of FRED F. CUMMINGS of Norway, adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said Debtor, which petition was filed on the 30th day of Nov., 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 16th day of January, A. D. 1896, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

A. P. BASSETT, Deputy Sheriff,
as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford.

INSOLVENCY NOTICES.

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

At an Insolvency Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the 18th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at an Insolvency Court to be held at said Paris, on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1896, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

CHARLES D. MORSE, insolvent debtor, of Waterford. Files petition for discharge.

NEWELL B. ANNAS, insolvent debtor, of Bethel. First and final account presented for allowance, by Milton Penley, assignee.

CHARLES D. MORSE, insolvent debtor, of Waterford. Files petition for allowance out of said insolvent estate.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge of said Court.
A true copy—attest
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

Notice of Assignee of his Appointment.

At Norway, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, the 18th day of Nov., A. D. 1896.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the insolvent estate of NEWTON C. MOORE, of Albany, in the County of Oxford, Insolvent Debtor, who has been declared insolvent upon his petition by the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford.

EUGENE F. SMITH, Assignee.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby give notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the Estate of SARAH T. GARLAND, late of Porter, 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.

Nov. 27, 1896. CHARLES K. GARLAND, Executor.

Notice of Assignee of his Appointment.

At Paris, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, the 18th day of Nov., 1896.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the insolvent estate of WENDELL E. WHEELER, of Oxford, in the County of Oxford, Insolvent debtor, who has been declared insolvent upon his petition by the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford.

JAMES S. WRIGHT, Assignee.

Now is the time

to get a good trade in a

-- CARPET --

We have got a good line of all Wool and Cotton and Wool and you will find our prices on them low.

Carpet room on second floor.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT has got lots of good things in it and we can please you on prices.

CHAS. F. RIDLON,

98 Main St.,

Norway, Maine.

ASTHMA—DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURES never fails; send us your address, we will prove it at our expense by mailing trial bottle FREE. The DR. TAFT BROS. M. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

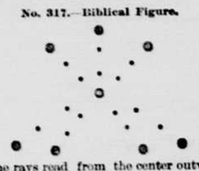
THE PUZZLER

No. 316.—Primal Acrostics.

One of the West India islands belonging to Great Britain.

1. A large country in Asia to the east of the Caspian sea.
2. A town in England from which may be seen some beautiful views of the Thames.
3. A county in Scotland which contains the highest mountain in that country.
4. A town in England famed for the manufacture of lace.
5. A group of islands to the west of Greece, under the protection of Great Britain.
6. A town in Surrey, England, famed for its college and a valuable collection of pictures.
7. A group of islands in the Indian ocean.
8. An English town noted for its straw manufactures.

No. 317.—Biblical Figure.



The rays read from the center outward and are: (1) That which the wicked Hazael would do to the children of Israel; (2) the fruit of a species of palm tree; (3) that for which untempered mortar was used in the reproof of lying prophets; (4) that which a person should be, as well as "a hearer of the word;" (5) found no rest for the sole of her foot; (6) that which Rebekah offered to do for the camels of the eldest servant of Abraham; (7) in which many of the early Christians wandered during their persecutions. The circumference names a peculiar people.

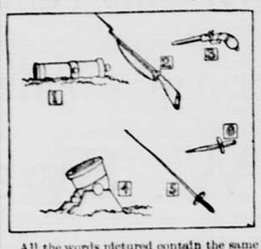
No. 318.—Word Squares.

1. A flower. 2. A pleasant swell. 3. Pertaining to Ionia. 4. A worker in iron. 5. A pleasure boat.

1. A banquet. 2. That on which we live. 3. To discuss. 4. Material. 5. A crime.

1. A violent compression. 2. A boy's name. 3. Bones of the body. 4. A slope. 5. Entertainers.

No. 319.—Illustrated Diagonal.



All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal—from the upper left hand letter to the lower right hand letter—will spell the name of a famous American soldier who was killed in 1876.—St. Nicholas.

No. 320.—Double Acrostics.

Words of five letters: 1. A game at cards. 2. A nymph of the Mohammedan paradise. 3. To accustom. 4. The highest kind of male voice. Primals—a point or jot. Finals—a row, especially where two or more are placed one above another. Combined—an American poet.

Words of five letters: 1. Royal jurisdiction. 2. A city in Nebraska. 3. A pointed weapon. 4. A hard, heavy kind of wood. Initials—a beautiful flower. Finals—a feminine name. Combined—a fragrant evergreen shrub.

No. 321.—Numerical Enigma.

She sits beside the 1-2-3-4 fire bright,
Upon her 1-2-4-2 a bonnet,
Tied with a 4-3-1-2, a perfect fright;
A flower were better on it.
She's in 2-1-2-4 because I smiled—
I cannot 1-2-4-3 silky child.

No. 322.—Charade.

King Solomon, of whom we read,
A lordly ONE did raise,
And sanctified it to its use
With noble songs of praise.

Two after two he brought them home
From many a heathen land,
Although he broke in doing so
A great divine command.

Had he been blest with but one ALL,
And that a helpful mate,
We ne'er had read the story sad
Of his backslidden state.

No. 323.—The New Man.

1. Unite him to "mature years" and have "to control and direct."
2. Unite him to the fruit of a palm and have "a command."
3. Unite him to "a snare" and have a machine for catching trespassers.
4. Unite him to a certain vowel and have "long and heavy hair growing upon some animals."
5. Unite him to a certain consonant and have "a Celtic dialect spoken by the inhabitants of the isle of Man."

Puniana.

In a tight place—A cork.

A coat of mail—A postman's uniform.

Where to recover yourself—At the tailor's.

A fine place—The police court.

Headquarters—The hatter's store.

Best place for reflection—Before a mirror.

The silver question—"Got any change, John?"

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 308. Anagram: Observatories.

No. 309.—Unfinished Quotations:

Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging WRONG?
—Edmund Spenser ("Faerie Queene").

The riches of a commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of HEALTH.
—John Greenleaf Whittier ("Our State").

No. 310.—A Word Puzzle: Madam.

No. 311.—An Hourglass: 1. Tattles. 2. Slang. 3. Ate. 4. T. 5. Ale. 6. Pleat. 7. Dressed.

No. 312.—Queer Addition: Calipers.

No. 313.—Numerical Enigma: Attendant—at, ten, tend, end, ant.

No. 314.—Crossword: Ore.

No. 315.—Transpositions: Trees, steer, egret, greet; eighth, height.

Father—Did you see young DeRiche kiss our Sophie in the conservatory?

Mother—No, indeed. I looked the other way.

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

In Philadelphia. Stranger: "What is that peculiar humming noise?" Old Resident: "That's the grass growing in the streets."

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic.

Leading him on. He: "Would your mother let you go to the theatre without a chaperone?" She: "Not unless I was engaged."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

A GREAT GERMAN'S PRESCRIPTION.

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

First society girl—There's a lovely murderer over in the jail.

Second society girl—Isn't he perfectly killing.

NERVES ON EDGE.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea made me well and happy.—MRS. E. B. WORDEN. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. 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.

HOT PUDDINGS FOR COLD DAYS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A RANGE-FINDER.

It isn't necessary for us to go deep into electrical science to understand how a range-finder does its work. Electricity itself is a great mystery, and a puzzle in many ways to those who understand it best. Most of us have not been able to grasp its simpler puzzles until we studied them in college, and even then it would not be well for us to boast of what we knew. All we need to know, however, to understand the range-finder is a little problem in geometry. Most of you understand that if we have a triangle and know the length of one side and the size of the angles at the ends of that side, we can figure exactly the length of the other two sides and the distance of the point where those two sides meet. Well, that explains just how the range-finder works. The exact distance between two men looking through telescopes is known and fixed. Each man looks at the same point out in the distance on the enemy's ship. That point is where the two unknown sides of the triangle come together. There is no time to figure the distance. A tenth of a second in these days is too much time to be lost. We must use electricity to do our figuring. This is the way it is done: The telescopes are turned about on electric circuits; that is, they are attached to a metal circle charged with electricity. The wires from these circles run to a little dial down in the hold. The Wheatstone bridge or electrical balance system is used. That means that the resistance of a current through a wire through a given distance is measured finally by a dial on a marking-instrument.

Now it is impossible to turn one or both of these telescopes on the range-finders without moving the dial on the marking-instrument. Electricity has progressed so far that to the exact foot the dial will indicate the distance an object is away from the base of the line connecting the range-finding instruments. At any instant that dial will tell how many yards off the enemy is. The men at the telescopes know nothing of what the dial is doing. The dial is down in the central telephone exchange of the ship. One man is stationed there to do nothing else than to watch what it records. He has a little instrument beside him called a range-indicator. The dial of the range-finder says that the enemy is so many yards away. He simply presses a button on the range-indicator, which sends a current to other range-indicators in ten different places on a battle-ship like the Kentucky. The needles of these ten instruments, one at each of the guns of the main battery, and at some of the guns of the secondary battery, tell the gunner how far off the enemy is. The indicators have simply transmitted the news to the gunners which the range-finders have discovered automatically.

A CHICAGO NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER I.

She was a very pretty, quite wide-awake and altogether up-to-date typewriter, but she was a singularly modest and well-behaved young lady for all she knew a thing or two.

Her employer was so proud of her that he frequently introduced her to some of his customers.

One day a man from Boston was presented.

"I want you to write a few letters for my friend, Miss Smith," he remarked, incidentally, when they had chatted a few moments. "He suffers from writer's cramp."

"I have only one letter," explained the customer when the merchant had left the office. "It is to my wife."

CHAPTER II.

"Dear Nellie—I shall not be able, possibly, to reach Boston in time to take you down the bay as promised."

The typewriter paused. A domestic epistle was a relief after so many relating to purely business matters. What a lot this man thought of his wife. When it came her turn to be married would she be lucky enough to find somebody as thoughtful?

"In fact," resumed the gentleman, "I find I shall have to spend that day in Sheboygan on urgent business."

"How shall I spell Sheboygan?" asked the girl.

The customer looked puzzled.

"With an 'S' I suppose. That's the way I have always spelled it."

"It depends upon whether it's in Michigan or Wisconsin," said the typewriter. "One is spelled with a 'C' and the other with an 'S.'"

"Then I guess we had better call it St. Louis."

The girl had added another item to her stock of general information, and she has inwardly vowed she will die an old maid.

LONG LIMBS, LONG LIFE.

It has been found that the more hight a man has the longer he is likely to live, provided he takes care of himself.

Investigation by a statistician of mortuary records has resulted in this knowledge. This same inquiry disclosed the fact that women are more likely to live to be 50 years of age then men, but after that age is reached the man is likely to live longer than the woman.

The number of marriages in civilized countries where records are kept shows the proportion to be 75 weddings to every 1000 individuals.

Persons who are born in the spring are generally of a much more robust constitution than those who come into the world at other times in the year.

Births and deaths are much more frequent by night than by day.

The number of men throughout the civilized world who are capable of bearing arms, according to the physical rules fixed by the different governments for their soldiers, is one-fourth of the total population.—New York Journal.

SHOCKED.—The clergyman—I had no idea profanity was so prevalent till I began to ride a wheel.

His wife—Do you hear much of it on the road?

The clergyman—Why nearly every one I run into swears frightfully!—Puck.

"I hear you had a financial discussion with Deadwood Pete. Did you find him open to conviction?" "No, but when I left him the doctor had to take 14 stitches in him."

"My blood was in poor condition and my appetite was gone. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief, and thoroughly purified my blood."—Mrs. Fairfield Farrar, North Buckfield, Maine.

"Hungry Higgins?" said the kind lady. "Of course that is not your real name." "Nome," answered Mr. Higgins. "It's wot might be called an empty title."

It's all over town now and I'm a victim! What? The grippe! Well who's afraid of the grippe when they have Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam in the house? Take it and help to get the grippe out of town.

Jack—Well, did you propose last night?

Tom—Must have done it. I know I meant to do it, and I know we're engaged; so that whatever I said must have been all right.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great cough cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

PILLS DO NOT CURE.

Pills do not *cure* Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels.—Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

"Paw," said Tommy Tucker, "am I descended from a monkey?" "Not on my side of the house," replied Mr. Tucker, with much positiveness."

A BABY'S LIFE SAVED.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin of Huntsville, Ala. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

CAPTAIN SWEENY, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff, South Paris.

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Call and see for yourself.

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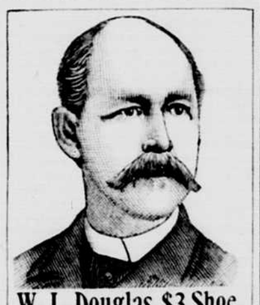

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