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ES, SEALS, KEYS, PICTURES & FRAMES.
Also on hand and for sale a lot of TIN-WARE
and other things.
ag-Clocks, &c. REPAIRED. May 13

Poetry.

[For the Oxford Democrat.]
No Cross, No Crown.

The twilight lengthening shadows
Fall darkly across the floor,
And autumn's withering leaflets
Creep through the open door;
And I clasp my hands while the dying sun
Sinks, and the bright day is ended and gone,
Troubled and weary.

Not that my life is barren,
Not that my lot is low—
God has given me blessings
That many never know;
But over them all a shadow clingeth,
While in my heart a voice e'er ringeth
Mournful and dreary.

Oh! I have tried to conquer
The tempter of my life;
But I'm weary of this toiling—
I'm weary of this strife;
And my soul leaps forth to the hills of gold,
With a yearning anguish, never told—
Hushing its moan.

Oh! for Thy help, my Father,
To labor firm and true—
To learn this precious lesson—
There's work for me to do;
Then shall I never again sink down,
But cheered by the thought, "No cross,
Bless every day."

Again the autumn shadows
Gleam brightly across the floor,
And lightly the crimson leaflets
Dance through the open door,
But I sit no more, with my mournful dream—
I have found my work, and the struggle stream
Over all my way.

[For the Oxford Democrat.]
LINES

On the Death of Mrs. Anna Harlow, who
Died in Paris, Maine, April 10th, 1871.

Sing, birds of spring, a mournful song—
A loved one from our midst has gone,
Gone from her earthly home of love
To her sweet home of rest above—
Over the silent way.

Tenderly o'er the pulseless breast,
The snowy hands are gently laid;
The lashes lie on her cheek so thin—
No light from her eyes within,
Over the silent way.

Sing, birds of spring, a glad song;
Right merrily your notes prolong;
I weaned you from your nest to rest,
To dwell for aye among the blessed,
Over the silent way.

Sing, birds of spring, a song most sweet;
Ye cannot wake her blest sleep,
But in the unseen, happy land,
She waits for us with the angel band,
Over the silent way.

Though man must die, sing, birds of spring—
A "small voice" whispers from within,
Beyond the ken of mortal eye,
Man lives again, no more to die,
Over the silent way.

Mrs. L. M. GREEN,
Manchester, Virginia, — 1872.

Select Story.

**LOTTIE'S APRIL FOOL
BUNDLE.**

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

It was the first day of April, clear,
bright, and windy. The first of April,
be it known, was observed with due
pomp and ceremony in Hanover, the
scene of our story. That is to say, boys
chucked each other's jackets, left "bogus"
packages of goods on doorsteps, mailed
absurd letters, and played all sorts of
honored tricks upon each other and the
community around them. Doubtless
there was "fun" for the perpetrators of
the jests, or they would have been allowed
to die a natural death, but whether
the fun was entirely appreciated by the
victims may be reasonably questioned.

On the first of April, 1867, (I like to be
particular about dates), Miss Lottie Wil-
kinson was demurely walking up the
main street of Hanover, with a little par-
cel in her hands containing buttons for a
new dress. Dress and buttons were of
great importance to my little heroine, for
money was by no means bountifully sup-
plied in her well worn portmanteau, and a
new dress was rather an event in her
daily life. She was walking quietly
along thinking that if her dress was
chosen of a sober mouse color for econo-
my's sake, at least the buttons and braid
were blue as her own eyes, and would
match the blue ribbons of her hat very
nicely. Then she wondered if Bert Gil-
more would see her on Sunday in the
new suit, and if he admired the combina-
tion of mouse color and blue in a walk-
ing dress. With such absorbing topics
for meditation, it was not wonderful that
Lottie had forgotten entirely the day of
the month, and stopped with surprise
and the pleasure of a discoverer, be-
fore a bundle lying across the side-
walk, evidently dropped by some one in
advance of her. She looked up the
street and down, but no one was near
enough to be questioned, so she stopped
and lifted the package, adding it to her
own bundle, and continuing on her way,
homeward, hurrying a little that she
might examine her acquisition.

"See, mamma, what I have found in
the street!"

It was not a very tempting looking
bundle that she held up; not a neatly tied
good package, or a white paper
covered confectioner's store of sweets.
It was a carelessly wrapped newspaper
covered package, rather long and narrow,
and not very large. Still, there was
rather an exulting ring in Lottie's tone,
as she cried; "See, mamma, what I
found in the street!"

Her face fell as a shout came from her
brother Tom, a lad of ten, who looked
up, and, before her mother could answer,
shouted: "April Fool! O Lottie what a
goose! I'll bet there's nothing in it but
straw, or rags, or old newspapers. Open

it, Lottie. There!" he cried, again, as
his sister opened the parcel. "I told you
so, nothing but a parcel of old papers."
Mrs. Wilkinson smiled at Lottie's dis-
appointed face, as she hastily wrapped
the papers up again, and thrust them on
a lower shelf of the sitting room closet,
a sort of general receptacle for odds and
ends of all kinds, and especially for
waste paper.

The buttons were displayed next, and
by the time Lottie had put away her hat
and shawl and was seated putting the
last stitches in the pretty walking suit,
Tom had gone off to a game of foot-
ball and the April Fool parcel was for-
gotten.

Mrs. Wilkinson had been a widow
since Tom had first opened his great
saucey blue eyes upon the world, and
Lottie then but eight years old, had but
little recollection of a father who had
spent most of his time away from home.
He had held the situation of travelling
clerk in a commercial house in New York
city, and during his lifetime his family
lived handsomely in that city. Upon his
death, his widow had found that her
means were sufficient to support her in
comfort if used frugally, but were far too
small for the style of living warranted
by his salary. A country house was at
once decided upon, a cottage purchased
in Hanover, and furniture selected from
the city mansion and sent there. Her in-
come was sufficient for every comfort,
but there was no margin for luxuries,
and many an article of dress was left
unpurchased that the sum laid aside for
Tom's education might grow in bulk.

Lottie's education was her mother's
own charge, and few boarding-school
alumni were more thoroughly taught, or
could boast of more graceful accomplish-
ments, than the little home-bred maiden.
In addition, Miss Lottie was a most ex-
pert housekeeper; could make great vari-
eties of bread, biscuit, pies and cake;
could prepare dainty dinners and savory
suppers; was proficient in needle work
of all kinds, and was quite dressmaker
and milliner enough for all home de-
mands.

Mr. Herbert Gilmore was quite well
aware of these varied excellencies of
Miss Lottie, and was also able to de-
scribe most accurately the glossy brown
hair, soft blue eyes, creamy complexion,
and graceful figure of the young lady.
He knew what were her favorite songs,
and could bring a clear, powerful tenor,
to aid her sweet soprano. He knew that
the pretty ornaments in the parlor were
the work of Lottie's little white hands,
that the flowers on the stand were tended
by her, and the light tea biscuit were of
her making.

You guess they were lovers. Well, so
they were; but, as "the course of true
love never runs smooth," so there was a
great rock ahead in the channel of their
love, and the rock was named Martin
Gilmore. Martin Gilmore was as tough
an old bachelor, as rich and kind hearted
as ever figured in a romance, and, more-
over, uncle to the handsome young Her-
bert, who had so long studied Lottie Wil-
kinson's blue eyes and busy fingers.

Mrs. Wilkinson had been a kind friend
to the young man, whose only home was
his uncle's gloomy house, and when the
love story was confided to her, gave a
willing consent to her daughter's betroth-
al with one whom she believed to be
honorable and true, a sincere Christian
and worthy of her confidence. The question
of money never occurred to her, and
her amaze when she found Martin Gilmore
entirely opposed to the match on the ground of
the little elect's want of fortune.

Herbert at once asserted his right to
choose for himself. He was a young
lawyer, with a fair practice, without
sufficient means to warrant matrimony at
present, but hopeful and industrious,
willing to wait for his home until he
earned it, and by no means waiting for
his uncle Martin's fortune to fall to him.
In the spring time of which I am writ-
ing, Herbert was a partner in a lawsuit
of which I must soon write more, and
there was some hope that the little home
over which Lottie was to preside, might
be nearer than was at first anticipated.

April was a week old when, one even-
ing Herbert came to Mrs. Wilkinson's
pleasant parlor evidently in a state of
great excitement. Lottie was alone,
sewing (oh, ye romantics!) a patch on
the elbow of Tom's jacket.

"Lottie, put down that sewing, do, and
hear my news."

Such sympathizing blue eyes were not
always raised for news.

"I've had a windfall."
"What is it, Bert?"

"I never would tell you about this
lawsuit before, Lottie, because I did not
consider my chance worth a pin; but it
is different, now, and I want to tell you
about it."

"I am listening, Bert."

"My father had two brothers and one
sister, my Uncle Martin, Uncle Godfrey,
and Aunt Elsie. Years ago Uncle God-
frey and Aunt Elsie married a man as
poor as himself, but good and true—
Uncle Godfrey opposed this match bitter-
ly, and when she was left a widow after
six months of married life, he refused
her any assistance. She was then very
ill with what has since developed into
spine disease, and father took her home.
In furious wrath Uncle Godfrey made a

will, leaving his entire fortune to Uncle
Martin. I was but a little child when all
this happened, but I heard of it. Some
five years ago Uncle Godfrey sent for me
to make him a visit, and during that visit
we became attached to each other. No
longer the stern, angry man who disin-
herited his father, he was softened and
penitent, and spoke most kindly of Aunt
Elsie. Before I left him he promised to
revoke his unjust will, giving me my
father's share, and Aunt Elsie hers. Do
I tire you with my long story?"

"No, indeed!"
"Two years ago Uncle Godfrey died.
Uncle Martin, as the oldest brother, took
over letters of administration, and claim-
ed the property of the old will. But be-
hold neither old nor new will could be
found! I was not of age, and my guard-
ians and Aunt Elsie at once claimed the
property of the estate according to law.
So commenced the suit, and to-morrow
the decision will be given in court. But
a few days ago, Uncle Martin, in turning
over some deeds and mortgage papers,
found the will, leaving him the entire
property."

"O, Bert!"
"Wait, Lottie! Off started uncle to
his lawyer's with all the papers bundled
up together, and on his way he lost the
whole out of his overcoat pocket. He
has advertised in vain, offering a
large reward. Small as Hanover is,
Uncle Martin's papers are completely
lost to all appearances. So to-morrow
the suit will probably be decided as
Uncle Godfrey would have wished, and
Bert Gilmore will have fifty thousand
dollars to offer to Miss Lottie Wilkinson."

"But, Bert, if they are found?"
"Then Uncle Martin adds my share
and Aunt Elsie's to his own, and we are
left as before."

"It seems hard?"
"True, but he has the law. Of course,
if the will is found, it would be only
cheating to hold it back; but it seems
utterly lost, or surely such tempting re-
wards as he advertises would produce it."

Then came other topics. Mrs. Wil-
kinson came in, and there was no more
said about the lawsuit until the young man
was leaving, when he said to Lottie:

"To-morrow evening you may see the
heir to a fortune if those papers do not
turn up."

"When were they lost, Bert?"
"One week ago."

Why, that was April Fool's day. If—
Lottie scarcely dared to think in
words as she sped across the entry to the
sitting room. Pulling out the papers in
front, there lay the parcel she had found
in the street. With cold, trembling fin-
gers she opened it again. There they lay,
closely written sheets, folded in legal
shape, and amongst them even her own
inexperienced eyes soon detected the will.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" That was all
she said, as she wrapped up the parcel
and went to her own room with it.

Martin Gilmore was at breakfast, and
to say that he was not in good humor
gives but a mild idea of the energy of
his movements and the scowl upon his
face. Herbert had hastily swallowed his
coffee, but the old gentleman, growing at
everything was still at the table.

"A lady to see you, sir."
"A what?" cried the old gentleman,
glaring at his servant.

"A lady to see you, sir."
"What does she want?"
"Wants to see you, sir."

"Show her in. A beggar for some
charity. She won't get anything here.
If there is anything I do hate it is a
strong minded committee woman!"

The little figure that followed the maid
servant into the room, scarcely answer-
ed one's preconceived ideas of the ener-
getic specimens of the sex hated by Mar-
tin Gilmore. She was petite, fair, and
young, wore a mouse-colored dress,
trimmed with blue, and blue ribbons on
her hat.

"Want to see me?" growled the gen-
tleman.

"You lost a package of papers a week
ago, sir. Here they are."

Eagerly he clutched them, and opened
one after another. "You shall have the
reward," he said. "Yes, yes, they are
all here."

"I did not bring them for a reward! I
thought you were a man of honor, and
they were yours, and it was only honest
to return them."

Little could he guess, by the clear,
steady blue eyes, what a wakeful, weep-
ing night her honesty had cost.

"Why did you keep them a week?"
"I did not know what they were until
last evening."

"I did not examine the parcel. I
found it in the street on April Fool's day,
and thought it was a trick parcel."

"Humph! Nice mess! Tomfoolery!"
grumbled the old man. "And pray," he
said, "how came you to ascertain last
evening that it was not a trick parcel?"

Lottie hesitated a moment, then she
said: "Mr. Herbert Gilmore told me you
lost a parcel of valuable papers on the
first of April, and I looked to ascertain if
they were the same ones I found."

"Herbert Gilmore! Then you are—"
"Miss Charlotte Wilkinson. Good
morning, Mr. Gilmore."

"Stay—stay a moment! Did Herbert
tell you what these papers were?"

"Yes, sir."
"And that one," and he held up the
will, "deprives him of fifty thousand
dollars!"

"Yes, sir."

"And so you were willing to deprive
him of his fortune?"

"He would not have a stolen inheri-
tance," said the young girl indignantly.
"He is young, and can make his own
way in the world." "We," (and a bright
little blush followed the pronoun) "do
not need a fortune to be happy."

"Then the finding of the will is a mat-
ter of indifference to you?"

"No, sir. I would like Herbert to
have what his Uncle Godfrey wished him
to inherit, if he could have it honestly;
and I am very, very sorry for his poor
Aunt Elsie."

"What! Do you know my sister?"

"No, sir; but she is old, and poor, and
sick. I wish she could have her share."
"Humph! Ah! Oh!"

My pen can give no idea of the intona-
tion of the series of grunts that followed
this speech of Lottie's.

Suddenly the old man got up, the will
in his hand, and stood before Lottie.
"Miss Charlotte Wilkinson," he said
abruptly. "I like you!"

"Thank you," she said, demurely.
"I like you! I'm an old man, worth a
half million of dollars, and I don't know
that anybody loves me. Do you think
that you could?"

"I don't know," was the frank reply.

"Will you try? You will be my niece,
you know, when Bert marries you, and
you will be a bit of sunshine in the old
house that has not seen for a long time.
Will you allow me to make you a wedding
gift?" and to her uttermost astonish-
ment he walked across the room and de-
liberately placed the will upon a bank of
gloving coats in the open grate.

Both watched the paper crackle, curl,
blaze and finally float up the chimney in
little black flakes. Then Lottie came to
the old man's side. "I have done you
injustice," she said simply. "I have no
father, but if you will let me, I will give
you a daughter's love."

"Thank you, my dear," he said, taking
her hand, and drawing her to him, "I
will come with Herbert this evening to
see your mother. Good bye, now; I
must go to court and deliver up the re-
mainder of Lottie's April Fool Bundle."

Philosophy of Frying.

The Christian Union says that the ob-
ject of all cooking is to bring about those
chemical changes in the articles of food
which nature everywhere produces in
vegetable and animal substances, when
exposed to the influence of heat. Baking,
frying, boiling or roasting, are all
only so many different methods of ap-
plying heat. The commonest, the most
convenient, the cheapest and quickest of
these methods is frying, which can be
applied to almost all articles of food,
which requires the least apparatus and
the smallest fire; yet of all methods it is
one least understood, the one which de-
troys the most food, and is the cause of
more indigestion and dyspepsia than all
the other methods combined. The reason
of this is that in many substances the
admixture of fat prevents the chemical
processes of cooking from having their
proper development. The perfection of
frying would be to have the food fried
without coming into contact with the fat
at all. But as this is, of course, a self-
evident impossibility, the next best thing
is to have the food come into contact
with the fat as little as possible. This is
accomplished simply by having the fat
hot; grease of any description is capab-
le of being heated to a very much higher
temperature than water, in fact, it can
be made almost three times as hot as
boiling water. When fat is at its boiling
point it is so hot that any article of food
brought into contact with it is actually
burnt, and this is precisely the reason
why, for purposes of frying, fat should
always be boiling hot. For any article
of food, a doughnut, for example, dip-
ped into boiling fat, is immediately cov-
ered all over with a thin crust of burnt
doughnut, which prevents the fat from
penetrating further in, and enables the
rest of the doughnut to be exposed to a
greater degree of heat than can be applied
to it by any other process, without com-
ing in contact with the fat, and the nat-
ural chemical process goes on inside with
a greater vivacity and to a greater de-
gree of perfection than can be obtained
by any other method. Perfect frying is
the perfection of cooking, but so soon as
the fat is not sufficiently hot to create the
burnt crust around the article fried, then
the fat penetrates it and absolutely pre-
vents cooking from taking place at all.
If the fat is not boiling, bubbling hot,
the process that takes place is not cook-
ing, but simply drenching the food with
a tepid fat, and rendering it totally indig-
estible. It makes no difference how
hot the fat is made afterwards, the mis-
chief is done the moment the fat pene-
trates inside. All perfectly fried food
has a thin, crisp, brown outside crust,
which has in itself a pleasant, relishing
taste, and is perfectly free from even the
suspicion of fat inside, except what was
intentionally put there by the cook. All
housekeepers know that to fry well their
fat should be hot. But they do not at-
tend to it half as scrupulously as they
would if they understood the true philoso-
phy of it. Boiling, bubbling, hot fat
cannot penetrate anything, and cooks
to perfection; tepid fat penetrates every-
where and does not cook at all, but actu-
ally prevents cooking. Any housekeeper
who reads this, and chooses to profit by
it, need never put any greasy, fried,
half-cooked and indigestible food upon
her table. The whole secret consists

in having the fat boiling hot before the
things are put in. There is one other
condition which follows naturally from
this first one, but which is almost invari-
ably lost sight of even by good cooks,
and that is that the fat should entirely
cover the article to be fried. The reason
of this is, that the part not at once cov-
ered by the fat remains cold, cools off the
fat near it, and then absorbs the tepid
fat just the same as it had never been
hot. Frying pans should be deep, well
filled, and heated to the boiling point,
and then it is easy to turn out fried food
crisp, brown, and dry on the outside, and
perfectly soft, moist, and well cooked
within. It is a peculiarity of the cooked
crust of things fried in boiling fat that
the fat itself drips off from it as readily
as water; hence, well fried articles are
neither greasy in appearance, nor very
greasy in reality. Frying ought to be as
easy as boiling.

Ritual of the Cold Water Temple.

OPENING CEREMONY.

C. T.—The officers will take their re-
spective stations, and the members come
to order.

*C. T.—The V. T. will see that our
Sentinels are on duty.

*C. T.—The M. and A. M. will ex-
amine and see that all present are worthy
and well qualified to remain in our Temple.
(They examine in the pass word and report.)

*M.—All are qualified on the right.
*A. M.—All are qualified on the left.

C. T.—Brothers and sisters, we, a youth-
ful band, have met to fight King Alcohol.
Our foe is a strong one, let us fight him
boldly and earnestly, never ceasing until
he is driven from the world.

In order to be successful we must be
watchful, true and faithful, ever mindful
that our Heavenly Father will aid us in
our pleasant work of love and mercy—
Our labor is one of benevolence, we toil
for the suffering and disconsolate all over
our land. To accomplish the work of our
noble Temple, we must obey all our rules
and regulations, and keep perfect order.

V. T.—Yes, my little friends, to suc-
ceed in any noble work, we must observe
the strictest order. Let us then take the
utmost pains to make our Temple a de-
lightful and lovely home to all who may
join our number.

C.—In all our efforts for the right, we
should always look to our Father in Heav-
en for aid and direction. Let us pray:

Our Heavenly Father, we, a little company of
children have come together to work in the blessed
cause of temperance. We ask Thee to aid and di-
rect us in all the labors of this meeting. Let no
unkind word be spoken or anything done that is
wrong. Help us in all our efforts for the drunkard
and his family. Smile upon our little band, make
us abundantly useful, and at last, when our work
is ended, in Heaven save us, for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

C. T.—Please sing our opening ode.
The "Temple" are gathering from near and from
far.
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war.
Intemperance is raging, it is fearful and strong.
But we'll fight on the armor and be marching
along.
Marching along, we are marching along.
Glad on the armor and be marching along.
(Repeat third and fourth lines.)

C. T.—This Temple is now open for
business.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

I.—Opening Ceremonies.

II.—Reading of the minutes of the
previous meeting.

III.—Propositions for membership.

IV.—Report of Committee on Proposi-
tion and Election of Members.

V.—Initiation.

