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Buckfield, ME.

nov 5-69

Poetry.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may go through the world, but 'twill be very
slow
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried, and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something
to do—

For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, 'twill then be presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're
a fool;

But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—

For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their
opinion,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish
and mean;

If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, sneaking way—

For people will talk.

If the barehead your coat, or old-fashioned your
dress,
Some person of course will take notice of this,
And hint rather else that you can't pay your
way,

But don't get excited, whatever they say,

For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticize then in a far different shape,
You're a real of your means or your bills are un-
paid.

But mind your own business, and keep straight
ahead—

For people will talk.

They'll talk fine before you, but then at your
back,
Of venom and spite there is never a lack:
How kind and polite is all that they say;
But bitter as gall when you're out of the way—

For people will talk.

Good friend, my advice is to do as you please,
For your mind (if you have one) will then be at
ease.

Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, 'twill be of no use—

For people will talk.

Select Story.

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

Mr. John Somers was a merchant, doing
business in a thriving country village.
He had two clerks in his employ, but
with some difference in minor points of
character. Peter White was twenty-one
years of age, the child of a now widowed
mother, and in his choice of a profession
he had been governed by the desire to
yield to his mother and self the surest
means of honest support.

Walter Sturgis was of the same age,
and equally honest, but he made more
attention to outward appearance of things,
than did his companion. For instance,
it galled him to put on his frock and coat
and overalls, help pack up pork, potatoes,
and so on; while Peter cared not what
he did, so long as it was honest.

One day Mr. Somers called the two
young men into his counting room and
closed the door after them. His counte-
nance was troubled, and it was some
moments before he spoke.

"Boys," he said at length; "I have
been doing a very foolish thing. I have
lent my name to those I thought my
friends, and they have ruined me. I
gave them accommodation notes, and
they promised solemnly that those notes
would not pass their hands save to such
men as I might accept. Of course I took
their notes in exchange. They have now
failed and cleared out, and have left my
paper in the market to the amount of seven
or eight thousand dollars. I may rise
again, but I must give up my business.
Everything in the store is attached, and
I am left utterly powerless to do busi-
ness now. I have looked over my ac-
counts and I find that I owe you about a
hundred dollars each. Now, I have just
a hundred dollars in money, and the small
piece of land on the side of the hill just
back of the town house. There are four
acres of land, and I have been offered a
hundred dollars for it, by those who have
lands adjoining. I feared this blow
which has come upon me, and conveyed
this land to my brother; so that he can
convey it to whom he pleases. Now I
wish you to make your choice. If I could
pay you both money I would; but as I
cannot, one of you must take this land.
What say you? You, Walter, have been
with me the longest and shall have your
say first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some mo-
ments, and he said:
"I am sure I don't want the land, un-
less I could sell right off."

"Ah, but that won't do," returned Mr.
Somers. "If you take the land you must
keep it. Were you to sell it, my credi-
tors would say at once that you did it for
me, and that I pocketed the money."

"Then I am willing to divide the money,
for I can easily raise the hundred dollars
on the land, for I know the soil is
good though quite rocky. However,
what says Peter?"

"Why I will take the land," returned
Peter, "for I will divide equally with
Walter—each of us to take half the land."
"But what should I want of the land?"
said Walter. "I could not work it. I
should hardly like to descend from clerk-
ship to digging and delving in blue frock
and cowhide boots."

"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Pe-
ter, "for I should prefer the land."

Walter was pleased with this, and be-
fore night he had the hundred dollar bill
in his pocket, and Peter had the warranty
deed of the four acres of land upon the
hill-side. Both of the young men belong-
ed to the village, and had always lived
there. It was only five miles from the

city, and of course many city fashions
were prevalent there. It was under the
influence of this fashion that Walter Stur-
gis refused to have anything to do with the
land.

Times were dull, and business poor,
even though it was early spring. Peter
White's first object after having got the
deed of the land, was to hunt up some
kind of work. If he had been a mechanic
he might have found some place, but
he knew no trade but that of salesman and
book-keeping. A whole week he search-
ed in vain for employment, but at the end
of that time he found an old farmer who
wanted a hand though he could not af-
ford to pay much. But Peter, finally, and
with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an
arrangement of this kind: He would
work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens)
steadily until the ground was open, and
he should have half the time to devote to
his own land, and in part payment for
services, Stevens was to help about the
ox work that the youth might need.

Next Peter went to the hotel, where there
was quite a stable, and engaged a hun-
dred loads of manure, the landlord prom-
ising to take his pay in produce when
harvest time came. So Peter White put
on a blue frock and cowhide boots and
went to work for farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Sturgis had
been to the city to find a situation in some
store, but he came back bootless. He
was surprised when he met Peter driving
an ox team through the village. At first
he could hardly believe his own eyes.
Could it be possible that was Peter White,
that blue frock and those coarse boots?

On the next day a relative from the
city came to visit Walter. The two
walked out, and during the day Walter
saw Peter coming towards them with his
team. He was hauling lumber which Mr.
Stevens had been getting out during the
winter. Walter saw how coarse and
humble his quondam clerkmate looked,
and he knew that Peter would hail him
if they met; so he caught his companion
by the arm and dodged into a by-lane.
Peter saw the movement, and understood it,
but he only smiled.

By-and-by the snow was all gone from
the hill-side. The wintry garb was re-
moved from the spot before it left other
places, for Peter's lot lay on the southern
side of the hill, and thus had the advan-
tage of the warm sun all day, without
any of the cold north and east winds.
The youth found his land very rocky, but
none of them were permanent; and his
first move was to remove some of these
obstructions; and as Mr. Stevens' land
was not yet clear from snow, he was able
to give his young workman considerable
assistance. They took two yoke of oxen
and two drags and went at it, and in just
five days every rock was at the foot of the
slope, and made into a good stone wall.
Peter then hauled his hundred loads of
manure which he bought for seventy-five
dollars and part of it he plowed in, and
part he saved for top dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and
much of the time he had help.
Mr. Stevens was surprised at the rich-
ness of the soil, but there was reason for it.
At the top of the hill there was a huge
ledge; the rocks which had encumbered
the hill-side must at some former period
have come tumbling down from the
ledge; and the rocks, lying there forages,
perhaps, and covering nearly half of the
surface of the ground, had served to keep
the soil moist and mellow.

The first thing Peter planted was about a
quarter of an acre of water-melons. He
then got in some early garden sauce, such
as potatoes, sweet corn, peas, beans,
radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, and so on.
And he got his whole piece worked up
and planted before Stevens' land was free
from snow.

People stopped in the road and gazed
upon the hill-side in wonder. Why had
that spot never been used before? For
forty years it had been used as a sheep
pasture, the rocks having forbidden all
thought of cultivating it. But how
admirably it was situated for tilling; and
how rich the soil must have been, with
sheep running over it so long! An adjoining
hill shut off the east winds, and the
hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an
acre of potatoes, and the rest he had
divided among all sorts of produce. Then
he went to work for Stevens again, and
in a few weeks he had more than paid
for the labor he had been obliged to hire
on his own land.

In the meantime again, Walter Sturgis
had been looking after employment. His
hundred dollars had been used up to the
last penny, and just then he accepted a
place in one of the stores in the village,
at a salary of three hundred dollars a
year. He still wondered how Peter White
could content himself in such
business. Peter used to be invited to all
the little parties when he was a clerk, but
he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis
went to these parties and was highly ed-
ified by them. Also, when Peter was a
clerk there were several young and hand-
some damsels who loved to bask in the
sunlight of his smiles, and one of them he
fancied that he loved.

After he had got his hill side planted,
he went to see Cordelia Henderson, and
he asked her if she would become his wife
at some future period, when he was
prepared to take such an article to his
home. She told him she would think of
it and let him know by letter.

Three days afterwards he received a
letter from her, in which she stated that
she could not think of uniting her desti-
ny with his.

with a man who could only delve in the
earth for a livelihood. Peter shed a few
tears over the unexpected note, and then
he reasoned on the subject, and finally
blessed his fate, for he was sure that such
a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

When the first day of July came Peter
reckoned up his accounts, and he found
that Mr. Stevens was owing him just two
dollars, and all he owed in the world was
seventy-five dollars for the manure.

On the third day of July he carried to
the hotel ten dollars worth of green peas,
beans and radishes; and in three days
afterwards he carried to the city twenty-
eight dollars worth. Towards the end of
the month he had sold one hundred and
thirty dollars worth of potatoes, peas,
beans, etc., etc. Then he had early corn,
enough to bring him fifteen dollars more.
Ere long his melons were ripe, and a
dealer in the city had engaged them all.
He had six hundred fair melons, for which
he received fourteen cents apiece by the
lot, making eighty-four dollars for the
lot.

During the whole summer Peter was
kept busy in attending to the gathering
and selling of the products of his hill-side.
He helped Mr. Stevens in haying, and
about some other matters—enough so that
he could have some help when he wanted it.

When the last harvesting came, he
gathered in seventy-eight bushels of corn,
and four hundred bushels of potatoes,
besides turnips, squashes, pumpkins, etc.,
and eighteen bushels of white beans.

On the first day of November Peter
White sat down and reckoned up the
products of his land, and he found that
the piece had yielded him just five hun-
dred and five dollars, besides the five hun-
dred dollars he had received for the corn,
potatoes, beans and vegetables
enough for his own consumption. That
winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at
getting out lumber, for twenty-five dollars
per month; and when spring came he
was ready to go to his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had
worked a year at a fashionable calling for
three hundred dollars, and at the end of
the term he was the absolute owner of
just two dollars.

"Say, Peter, you ain't going to work
on that land of yours another season, are
you?" asked Walter, as the two met in the
street one evening.

"To be sure I am," was the response.
"But here Simon wants a clerk, and I
told him I guessed you'd be glad to
come."

"What will he pay?"

"Three hundred."

"Ah, Walter, I can make more than
that from my land."

Sturgis opened his eyes in astonish-
ment.

"You're joking," he said.

"No sir. I received five hundred and
fifty dollars in money last season. Seventy-
five of that went for manure; but some of
that manure is now on hand, and I found
the land so rich last year as not to need
much more than half of it. This season
I shall have two hundred dollars worth
of strawberries, if nothing happens un-
usual."

"And you don't have to work any
winters to do this?"

"No; four months labor is about all I
can lay out to advantage on it."

Walter went to his store, and during
the rest of the evening he wondered how
some folks had so much luck.

During the second season Peter had ex-
perience for a guide, and he filled up many
gaps that he left open the year before.
His strawberries turned out better than
he anticipated, and he made a better ar-
rangement for his melons. And then
from all that land whereon he planted his
early peas, etc., he obtained a crop of
much value. It was but one hour's drive
into the city, and he always obtained the
highest prices, for he brought the earliest
vegetables for the market.

On the first of next November he had
cleared seven hundred dollars for the sea-
son, over and above all expenses.

One morning after the crops were in,
Peter found a man walking about over
the land, and as the young man came up
the stranger asked him who owned the
hill-side.

"It is mine, sir," replied Peter.

The man looked about, and then went
away, and on the next day he came
again with two others. They looked over
the place, and they seemed to be dividing
it off into small lots. They remained
about an hour and then went away. Pe-
ter suspected the land was wanted for
something. That evening he stepped in
to the Post Office, and there he heard that
a railroad was to be put through the vil-
lage as soon as the workmen could be set
at it.

On the next morning Peter went out on
his land, and as he reached the upper
boundary and turned and looked down,
the truth flashed upon him. His hill-side
had a gentle, easy slope, and the view
from any part of it was delightful. A
brook ran down through it, from an ex-
haustless spring up in the ledge and the
locality would be cool and agreeable in
summer and warm in winter. At the foot
of the hill, on the left, lay a small lake,
while the river ran in sight for several
miles.

"Of course," soliloquized Peter, "they
think this would make beautiful building
lots. And wouldn't it? Curious I never
thought of it before. And then when the
railroad comes here, people from the city
will want their dwellings here. But this
land is valuable. It is worth—let me see
—say six hundred dollars a year. I can

easily get eight or nine hundred dollars
for what I can raise here, and I know
that two hundred will pay me a good
round price for the labor I perform on it.
And then when my peach trees grow up,
and my strawberry beds increase—flor-
id's more valuable to me than it could be
to any one else.

When Peter went home he could not
resist the temptation to sit down and cal-
culate how many house-lots his land
would make and he found that the hill-
side would afford fifty building lots with
a garden to each one. But he didn't think
of selling.

Two days afterwards, six men came to
look at the land, and after travelling over
it, and sticking up some stakes, they
went away. That evening Peter went to
the hotel, and the first thing he heard
was:

"Ah, Peter, you've missed it."

"How so?" asked Peter.

"Why, how much did you get for your
hill-side?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you sold it?"

"No sir."

"Why, there was a man here looking
at it a week or so ago, and today he came
and bought five city merchants with him,
and I can take my oath that each of them
engaged a building lot of him. One of
them spoke to me about what a lovely spot
it was; and I told him nobody would
think of building there till you got the
rocks off. But haven't you sold it though?"

"No, not an inch of it."

"Why, that man told me he had engaged
to pay four hundred dollars for a choice
lot of twelve square rods."

"Then he will find his lot somewhere
else, I guess, till I sell out."

Some more conversation was held, and
then Peter went home. On the following
forenoon, the very man who had been the
first to come and look at the hill-side, called
to see Peter, introducing himself as
Mr. Anderson.

"Let's see—I believe you own some two
or three acres of land up here on the hill-
side," he said, very earnestly.

"I own four acres there," replied Peter
very exactly.

"Ah, yes—well; it doesn't make much
difference. I didn't notice how much there
was! I thought I should like to

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 20, 1899.

State Election, Monday, Sept. 13.

FOR GOVERNOR,
J. L. Chamberlain.

Republican County Convention.

The citizens of Oxford County who endorse the principles set forth in the resolutions adopted by the Republican State Convention at Bangor, June 24th, are requested to send delegates to a convention to be held in the

Court House, Paris Hill, on Wednesday,

August 25th, at 11 A. M.,

for the purpose of nominating candidates, as follows:—Two Senators, County Treasurer, Clerk of the Courts, County Commissioner, and to transact such business as may properly come before the Convention.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each Town and Plantation will be entitled to one Delegate, and one additional Delegate for every five votes cast for Joshua L. Chamberlain at the gubernatorial election in 1898. A fraction of forty votes will be entitled to an additional Delegate.

The County Committee will meet at the Court House, Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, to attend to such business as may properly come before them.

E. C. FARRINGTON, Chairman.

JOHN P. SWASEY, S. B. TWITCHELL, HENRY M. BEAULI, ISAAC CUSHMAN, Republican County Committee.

Republican Caucus.

The Republican voters of the Town of Paris, are requested to meet at the TOWN HOUSE, at 8 o'clock P. M., for the following purposes:—

To choose seven Delegates to attend the County Convention to be held at Paris, Aug. 25th.

To nominate a candidate to be supported at the September Election for Representative to the next Legislature.

To choose a Republican Town Committee for the year ensuing.

Per order Town Committee.

Aug. 12th, 1899.

The County Convention.

Under the call, towns will be entitled to representation, as follows:—

Albany 2; Andover 3; Bethel 5; Brownfield 3; Buckfield 4; Byron 1; Canton 3; Denmark 2; Dixfield 2; Fryeburg 4; Gilead 1; Grafton 1; Greenwood 2; Hanover 1; Hartford 2; Hebron 3; Hiram 3; Lovell 3; Mason 1; Mexico 1; Newry 1; Norway 5; Oxford 4; Paris 7; Peru 3; Porter 3; Roxbury 1; Rumford 2; Stow 1; Stoneham 1; Sumner 3; Sweden 2; Upton 1; Waterford 3; Woodstock 4; Hamlin's Grant 1; Franklin Pl. 1; Milton Pl. 1; Lincoln Pl. 1; Fryeburg Academy Grant 1. Total 96.

Change of Base.

As we intimated last week, the democracy were about to make a change of base, to acquire political power, and true enough the *proposition* has gone forth from its leading organ in Maine—the old August. Its programme, as announced in its last Saturday's issue, is for their party to vote straight this year for their candidate for Governor, Mr. Smith, in order to prevent *straggling*, at next year to unite with conservative republicans and organize a conservative party such as they have in Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and other Southern States. It intimates that this new party should support Senator Fessenden for re-election—but in the same paper Geo. Grant is attacked as a *radical*. It is necessary, of course, to dispose of him, to have a ghost of a chance for success as a national party, and since he cannot be bought he must be broken down.

The mistake of the Argus and its friends is, in calculating that there are such discordant elements in the State of Maine as exist in the unconstructed Southern States, or that there are any antagonistic views in the Republican party which threaten its peace and perpetuity. There is nothing but the temperance question to make trouble out of. Undoubtedly there may be found a diversity of opinion upon this question, within the party—a diversity as to the character of the run-trail—a diversity as to the mode of legislating upon it—a diversity as to the way of enforcing laws in relation to it. There may be those in favor of extreme views, who are called *radicals* on the question, and those differing from them, who are properly termed conservatives—but what is found, in all this, to base a reconstruction of parties upon, where other party questions exist which are considered of greater importance, and which have been insuperable barriers between the parties, especially within the past few years.

We would not under-value the importance of the temperance question, in any of its aspects—we are thoroughly committed to the reform, practically and theoretically—so is the mass of the republican party, and no sound republican can be so conservative as to go over to the democracy on this question. So long as the present stringent and effective liquor law remains on the statute book, and the republican party continues committed and pledged to it, as it is, we contend that there is no occasion for any temperance man to desert the party. The conservatives do not propose to desert—the radicals to do so unwise a thing as to throw away their present power, and leave their present vantage ground, for the purpose of acting only with their friends, in a new party organization? We have no denunciations for such—for we do not believe in that mode of argument, but we would appeal to their better judgment and urge them to their better consideration, not to waste their ammunition in a fruitless course. Strike, you may, but do it to some purpose, within the organization where you may effect something, and not outside of it.

The corner stone of the new conservative party will be *reputation*—everything points to it—tho' it will be concealed from the northern eye as much as possible. Republicans of Oxford County, be careful how you encourage a change of base that would encourage such a party, for it would be a base operation, in every sense of the word.

Stand firm on the party ground, at least, till the bottom of republicanism fall through if it must. Don't be in haste. The work of the Republican party is not yet finished.

The Election.

In about three weeks our State Election will occur. By this time, last year, an animated canvass was going on. It is not to be expected, this year, that much interest will exist—but the County and town Committees must not be blind to the fact that there is to be an election, and that they have certain duties to discharge. Though the democracy may be willing to be defeated, now or next year, republicans must not give up their hold, or relax their efforts. The era of good feeling about to dawn upon the political world, through the instrumentality of the democratic party, is all on one side. "Abide in the ship."

The County Convention.

Most of the delegates to the County Convention, which is to convene here next Wednesday, will be chosen on Saturday of this week. Let the primary meetings be well attended, and the best men selected for delegates, and let them be sure to attend the Convention, as it bids fair to be a body of uncommon interest. A Senator is to be taken from the western portion of the County, and the next U. S. Senator question will enter into the canvass. We have heard of three candidates only, to wit: E. C. Farrington, member of the House last year, from Fryeburg—T. Cleaves of Brownfield, Secretary of the last Senate, and J. T. Kimball, of Bethel, formerly of the House of Representatives. We cannot speak adversely of their position on the above question, but it will be distinctly defined, no doubt, (or should be) in season to enable every delegate to act understandingly.

We hear of no opposition to the present acceptable incumbent of the office of Clerk of Courts.

Silas P. Maxim, Esq., for several years Chairman of the board of Selectmen of our town, and Mr. William Chase of Buckfield are the only candidates for County Commissioner, that we hear of.

Mr. Editor: Many of the Oxford bears, who take the *Lewiston Journal*, desire to know if it has not hoisted the Chamberlain flag, and whether or not it intends to support the nomination. Some of its friends say it is for Hiehorn. Can you give us any information? OXFORD.

[In answer to our correspondent we would say that the Journal has taken decided ground for the republican nominee. We presume it is a mere matter of taste on their part, as to placing the nomination at the head of their columns.] Ed.

—The State Temperance Committee have issued a lengthy address to the voters of Maine, which, instead of adducing cogent reasons for supporting the third party candidate for Governor, rather labors to apologize for their action in the premises. It is a candid, well written document, but falls short of convincing the reason that their course is best calculated to promote the noble reform which they undoubtedly desire to promote.

Outs.

Why shouldn't our Norway become famous for its oats? Mr. Solomon R. Edwards has tried the cultivation of the variety known as the Norway oats, getting twenty pounds, or two thirds of a bushel of seed in Bangor, and sowing them on three quarters of an acre of land. They are thriving beautifully. Judging by the specimen he shows us, sixteen stalks, four feet in height, from a single oat, being the product now. He counted fifteen hundred oats from one seed. It looks as if there would be a hundred bushels to the acre, which is quite different from thirty to forty bushels to the acre, from three bushels of seed as we get from the native oat.

And still we have another variety promising better things, from Oxford. Mr. S. S. Smith planted three quarts of seed, called the excelsior, obtained from the Patent Office, Washington, which, it is said, was imported from England. They have done remarkably well, being ready to cut, and Mr. Smith says are the heaviest oats he has ever seen. They are five and a half feet in height, and very stalky, ahead of the Norway species, in every particular.

He will have a specimen of them at the fair of the Oxford Agricultural Society.

Anything to reduce the price of such desirable food for cattle as oats, will be hailed with gratification by all. Let our farmers sow the best varieties, by all means.

We would take this occasion to invite our farmers to send in any thing worthy of notice, and we shall be happy to give publicity to it.

—Mr. O. G. Bartlett has made a contract with Mr. Bowker, the owner of the famous mineral deposit in Paris, known as Mt. Mica, to mine for mica this season. This locality has been known for many years, having first been brought to public notice by Hon. E. L. Hamlin and Dr. Holmes, both then residents of this town. It has yielded many very rare minerals, some of which have found their way to the principal cabinets of the world. Prof. Verrill a few years since, found one specimen of tin ore, nearly pure, that weighed five pounds, and several smaller pieces have since been discovered. Nothing of commercial value has been secured, heretofore, though some of the specimens have been sold for high prices. Mr. Bartlett has in his shop a bushel or two of specimens, which he is confident can be made available in the manufacture of his conical stove covers. This cover is proving a decided success, and he is manufacturing a large quantity to meet the advance orders already received.

THE WEATHER. The drought broke on Saturday night last, and some rain fell on Sunday, tho' not enough to do much good, but the weather has been too cold since to benefit vegetation much. We have seen some nice corn from Arta Thayer's garden, South Paris; sweet corn looks rather uncertain. It is too near September to look for much corn weather but we hope for the best. A failure of this crop would be severely felt in Maine.

The Camping Out Excursion.

On Thursday last, some fifty of the denizens of our quiet burgh, with invited guests, betook themselves to the heights of Franklin Plantation, for a camping out excursion, ostensibly for blueberries, but really for a grand good time, which was fully realized. The day was delightfully cool, and some twenty-two teams got away in good season, freighted down with camp equipage and rations. The objective point was Speckled Mountain, in Franklin Plantation, a bold and nearly bare promontory, as you approach it from the south, and being about two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The ride, of about three hours, was through a delightful section of the country, among hills and through shady woods, to the foot of the mountain. The mountain road of about a mile was slightly out of repair, as we thought, though we got over it in our carriages, when we reached a lovely spot which had been selected for the camp.

The horses were taken out, the carriages brought into line, and all hands put to work, pitching tents, making fires, and preparing to appease our well sharpened appetites. Two large bell tents, accommodating thirteen each, were put up for the ladies, and eight or ten A tents for general and promiscuous use, which means, to stew away "fixins" and men. A good repast was soon devoured, when the ladies, rather more zealous than discreet, started for the tip top, hoping to draw the gentlemen after them—but ere they reached the top they had to *drawn* themselves. A goodly number reached the top and were repaid for their labor by the splendid prospect which opened to their view. Many of the men, cautious how they exerted themselves after a full meal, at high noon, amused themselves with quips and other games. Provision was made for the horses, by the Commissary, who had hauled to them.

The supper was served with general hilarity, and as the shades of evening came on, and the wind whistled through the trees, the new moon giving a cool light to the mountain scene, a big fire was built up, around which we all gathered and spent the time till about eleven o'clock in singing, with the accompaniment of flute, &c., till one by one, most of the company stole silently away to test the novelty of sleeping under tents, with mother earth for a couch and boots under the head, or a brick in the hat for a pillow.

Many retired innocently, as we did, to our places of repose, just weary enough to slumber well, and anticipating a quiet, refreshing sleep, but alas! for human calculations. We had no sooner settled ourselves for a good snooze, when a young lady, whom we concluded to be a *dam-sel* before morning, began rattling the dishes just outside the tent, in close proximity to our heads. We only relate our experience, but we understand it was that of all, except that the most unwearied attention on the part of the young men was bestowed upon the ladies' tents in the way of driving down the stakes for fear the tents would blow over, &c., the ground being an excellent conductor of sound to the heads of those within, and calling forth from them sundry remarks more explosive than complimentary.

It was noticed that there were many early risers, the camp being astir by four o'clock, many of the young ladies not knowing what to make of it, that the sun was not up, so unusual was the phenomenon in their daily experience. The next interesting thing for novices, was, to repair to the brook and see the ladies wash their faces and arrange their toilets at dame nature's glass. Soon breakfast was announced and eaten with a gusto, for there were dainties in profusion, with baked beans, fried trout, potatoes, &c., for some of the favored ones, while all had the invigorating appetizer of mountain air.

The forenoon was spent in ramblings to and fro, fishing, berrying, quits and other games, and after another meal, at noon, the tents were struck, the dishes &c., packed, and the teams resorted to again, and welcomed by all, as weariness reigned supreme. An equally pleasant ride home restored all to their normal vigor—the universal testimony being that it was one of the most enjoyable occasions that could possibly be afforded to pleasure seekers.

DEATH OF E. O. HALE.—The news of the death of E. O. Hale at Austin, Texas, has been received. Mr. Hale was a native of Waterford, and a schoolmate and life-long friend of "Artemus Ward." Like Artemus he served an apprenticeship at the printing business, but after he arrived at his majority he forsook it for mercantile pursuits, and gave them up for journalism. He was, in the early part of the war, connected with the *Advertiser* and *Argus*, and afterwards joined the army as a correspondent. He entered Mobile with the army of occupation under Gen. Grainger, and re-established the Mobile Times, which he conducted for a time with ability and profit. Afterwards he attached himself with a New Orleans journal, and we think, connected with it when his disease obliged him to throw down the pen and seek for health, which never came, in a change of climate.

Mr. Hale was known in the North as a humorous writer under the nom de plume of A. Head. He was a genial, whole-souled, generous man, and active and industrious in his profession.

—Under sec. 17, ch. 4, revised statutes, the authority of a married woman, who is executrix, or administratrix, ceases on her marriage; and the idea has prevailed in the State, that this provision prevented the appointment of women to the trust after they were married. But the Bangor Whigs say that a test case recently argued and decided in Penobscot County sustains the right of a married woman to hold the trust; therefore the law is, that a woman already married, although the trust had been exercised by her and was ended by the marriage, may immediately thereafter be re-appointed to it.

State Sabbath School Convention.

A call has been issued for a State Sabbath School Convention, at Lewiston, on Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.

All Sabbath Schools connected with Evangelical churches in Maine are earnestly invited to send one delegate for every 50 Sabbath School members.

The object of the Convention will be to present definite ways and means for making Sabbath School instruction in Maine the widest possible in its reach, most practical in its modes and effective in its results. With a view to this end, the following among other subjects are recommended for discussion:—

I. The relations of the Pastor to the Sabbath School.

II. Duties of Superintendents.

III. Teachers' Meetings.

IV. Bible Classes.

V. Sabbath School Concert.

VI. Object and Illustrative Teachings.

It is hoped that Ralph Wells, Esq., of New York City will occupy a portion of one session of the Convention, conducting it as a Sabbath School.

Among the distinguished Sabbath School workers expected to be present are Rev. J. H. Vincent of New York City, Rev. E. G. Eggleston, Chicago, and Ralph Wells, Esq., of New York City.

Free entertainment will be provided for all delegates who send their names to the Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment—J. W. Danielson, Esq., Lewiston, on or before September 8th. It is hoped the Committee will be able to secure free return tickets over the leading Railroad and Steamboat lines in the State.

Our Village.

Dr. True, writing to the *Lewiston Journal* from Paris Hill, August 6th, thus alludes to men and things about us:

Taking our guide board with us according to the advice of our sage monitor, we took a ride to Paris Hill over a good road, but not the best part of Oxford County for its agricultural resources. Stopping a few minutes at Lock's Mills we found quite an improvement in the condition of the village. The mills are doing their business in the manufacture of bobbins and spools. Mr. Tibbets is building a fine residence, and the whole aspect of the place seems improving. We are glad of it. We were surprised to see how many raspberries were brought in here to be sent to market. Hundreds of quarts are brought in here every day by one lady who makes the berry business a specialty.

This is the farthest from Portland where berries are sold to supply that market. Strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries are abundant in this vicinity, and occupy the attention of quite a portion of the surrounding population.

As we rode along we stopped at West Paris, and were surprised to find a pretty street almost out of sight of the railroad. A good water-power here, and a good country around us, and an industrious population, will make of this a pretty, thriving, country village. In leaving the village our horse editorial mistook the guide board and ran into a neighbor's hay-field, simply and for no other reason than because the gate was open.

As we approached Snow's Falls, thro' the woods, we suddenly came upon a hop-field, the best we have seen since the season. But oh, for the price this fall! A handsome piece of corn stood by the side of it, and near by was a building with the huge letters upon it, W. L. GOODS. Not a house was in sight, and who could think of going there to buy West India goods? [The store referred to, is G. W. Hammond's, and so small amount of business is done there.] Ed.

This reminds us of another thing. As we rode across a bridge we saw on its walls "True's Pin Worm Powder," and a little farther on, "True's Terrible Tractor Tincture of Pain-Killer." The name startled us, thinking it might be something of our own production. We have been asked many times if we made the famous medicines that are having such a tremendous run over the country under our name. We have no claim to them whatever. Dr. J. F. True of Auburn, a branch from the same honest stock as ourself, is the discoverer and proprietor.

Paris Hill, our county seat, is a pleasant village. The people are in good circumstances. The soil is excellent and everybody has some land. We met Hon. Sidney Perham in the street, who has so long served the public so well. He lives here in quiet retirement till such time as the public may need his services, which may not be long. We also met Hon. Virgil Delphini Parris, who, in spite of his crooked politics, is a most genial man. His large and beautifully arranged collection of coins is worth seeing, and we wish that Lyceums would employ him to lecture on them. It is very interesting and instructive. We met him in the street with a crowbar in his hand, on his way to his farm. He told us that thousands of others will tell us, that he takes vastly more pleasure in improving his land than ever he did in public life. Sweet sleep, a good appetite and freedom from excitement, are vastly preferable to all the honors the world can bestow.

The distant view of the mountains from Paris Hill is the finest we ever beheld. One quarter of the horizon is one grand wall of undulating mountains, culminating with Mt. Washington. It is worth a ride to Paris to obtain a good view of them. Take a position just out of the village on the road to the cape, and the sight is a glorious one. The profile is a distinct one, while the change in their aspect at different points is very pleasing. The place is attractive to visitors, of whom there are quite a number at the hotels.

—Quite an extensive quarrel has been for some time in progress among some Irish families living in the neighborhood of Mount Zion in Milton Plantation. One suit for slander has been carried into court and a fine of ten cents imposed upon the defendant, who declined to pay, and did not half try. The fishing spot near Mr. David H. Haskell's house, H.

Boston Correspondence.

Boston, Aug. 17th, 1899.

Mr. Editor:—The operations of the Massachusetts Prohibitory Liquor Law, are not pleasing to the early friends of the law; but they contend that with all its imperfections, it is infinitely better than the rule of "free run." It is a question which is to enter largely into our next State election, whether the present law is to remain and be thus partially enforced, or another attempt be made at "tinkering" a license system, and opening the way, as many believe, to the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors. Already, Republicans are organizing to wage war against prohibition. One flag has been thrown to the breeze, bearing the motto, or something to this effect: "Prohibition is Despotism—the self-governed are governed the best." Two of our daily Republican papers are bitter opponents of prohibition. They expect the system will be repudiated at the polls, and still their party friends be elevated to power. The democrats pray for something of the same spirit to prevail, omitting the continuation of Republican principles. Their prospect never looked so bright in Massachusetts as at the present time—viewed through their own glasses. They may as well succeed next fall as at any time. "Hub" has a democrat at the head of its municipal government—and the State might not suffer any more with J. Q. Adams, at the head of its government. Whoever is elected to office must have some distinctive opinions, and plainly express them, upon the troublesome liquor question; and the labor organizations, now becoming a power in the State, demand the fullest expression of opinion, by those whom they may support, upon the issues which will enter into the canvass. Whether they be Democratic or Republican, the people are determined that those who most truly represent them shall be elected to make their laws. If a new party must be formed, combining in itself the prohibition principle and a distinctive regard for and cooperation with all movements for the protection of the laboring classes, let it be formed, sooner the better. One thing is certain, large numbers of independent candidates are to be set up and run than ever before. The result may be, political distaste among a few, and the rights of the masses will be respected; that man's politics will be the best who does the most for the good of his people—call them by any name you please.

But I set out to speak of the prohibitory law as it is working in Massachusetts. It is astonishing how rapidly simple drinking saloons have been converted into refreshment rooms, where the solids are supposed to be dispensed for the "inner man." Many of them are allowed to deal in fluids, only they must be taken in a sitting position, and "perpendicular drinks" are not allowed. Whether a man *cats* anything or not, he can drink all he pleases, only keep his seat. It must be nice to be waited on by attentive waiters, and be allowed to sit down: for one who takes many things has a tired feeling which is only relieved in a recumbent or sitting posture.

Lager beer is prohibited by the law, but it is sold more freely than ever. Large amounts of it have been seized, and one house had its stock returned to it, for the Constable decided that it was better it should be drunk than spoil on his hands. A query arises, and I will drop the subject.

Guide-boards Again.

Mr. Editor: Your correspondent from Paris, in a recent issue, undertook to enlighten the public respecting Guideboards by inserting in your paper among other items a law enacted a long time ago—The law of 1866 reads as follows:—"Towns shall erect and maintain within their respective limits, guide-posts at all crossings of public highways, and where one public highway enters another each way; and for any neglect herein shall be subject to indictment and fine not exceeding fifty dollars."

Your correspondent should be very careful what he writes for the press.

N. T. T.

THE GRAND TRUNK.—We are glad to notice that the prejudices which existed against the Grand Trunk Railway last year as a passenger route, has pretty much died out, and that the road this summer is carrying as large a number of passengers as in any season before, considering the lessened amount of travel in every direction. The express trains from Portland to Gorham which have been an addition to the ordinary facilities for summer travel, have been doing a very fair business, and are a decided relief to the through trains. They are in charge of Messrs. Stowe, Hooper and Pratt, all of whom have been in the employ of the company for years, and are thoroughly versed in railroad matters and are agreeable men to travel with. Much of the increased popularity of the road with the public is owing to the recent action of the management by putting the track in good order. An immense amount of new rail has been laid, old sleepers replaced by new ones, and the work of rebuilding will begin soon, we hear. The trains have run with remarkable regularity and promptness, and for months not a train of any description has been off the track, so far as we can learn. It is evident that the initials G. T. R. do not stand for "Going To Ruin" so much as it did once. [Portland Advertiser.]

Albany.

Some of the streams in this town afford as good trout fishing as can be found anywhere. One day last week, Mr. S. Russell Town, a native of Albany, but now residing in Connecticut, being on a wedding tour to his native place, tried his hand in the old stream which he supposed had been "fished to death" since he left. In one hole he drew out twenty-seven trout, which weighed about twenty pounds, and was only a few hours about it, and did not half try. The fishing spot near Mr. David H. Haskell's house, H.

Kezar Falls.

We are to have a covered bridge across the Kezar, at this place.

Woodman French of Porter, and Daniel Durgin of Hiram, are doing the stone work under contract with Porter and Parsonsfield.

Mr. Bessy of Conway, New Hampshire, is to build the wood work, and is now here with a crew of hands, framing it.

The bridge will be about 175 feet in length. It is to be a substantial structure, and will be completed in the month of October next.

The falls at this place were named Kezar, after an early settler by that name, who has left numerous descendants in this vicinity.

The water power here is a fine one, surpassed by but few in Oxford Co.

The mills here consist of a saw mill, owned by S. Edgecomb, a grist mill, owned by J. Deaveroux, and a steam and shingle mill, owned by Stacy and Stanley.

The school district here—Porter side—is building one of "New England's boasted institutions of learning," a school house. It is 26x36 feet; and when completed will be the best in town.

It has been quite dry here for the last two weeks, but yesterday brought a refreshing rain, and last night a heavy shower.

The hay crop is good and well secured.

Corn is very backward, many pieces so much so that it cannot mature, even with very favorable weather; consequently the corn crop will be very light at best.

Wheat, Oats and potatoes are good.

The apple crop is very light.

Political matters are quiet, but the waters are just beginning to move.

The Republicans held their Caucus for the choice of delegates to the Co. Convention, on Saturday last, and made choice of Thos. Moulton, Moses N. Stanley and L. D. Stacy.

The Republicans of Porter, stand firmly by their party and principles, and will give a good account of themselves on the 13th of September.

Yours very truly, DAN.

Bethel.

Most of our farmers finished haying last week; the crop, though not so heavy as last year, but a good one, has been secured in fine order.

It is worth far more than the dried-up, late-cut, storm-beaten hay of this section, last year.

The corn crop, although backward, is in good color, and grows finely since our beautiful rain of last Sabbath, and with a reasonable prospect of a warm September and late frosts, our farmers are hopeful of an average crop.

The absence of extremely warm weather and excessive rains and long, warm, wet periods, so favorable to potatoes, has had a like beneficial effect on wheat, which now gives abundant promise; the growth of straw being very large and the heads well filled. We noticed last week several fields of wheat being cut.

Cider drinkers, it is to be hoped, will be forced to adopt more temperate habits for a year to come, as apples are nowhere.

Probably not more than half so many sheep will be in town this fall, as in the fall of 1898, for many sheep died during last winter and spring, and a very few lambs will be raised for market this fall. Since shearing, sheep have done exceedingly well; many of them are fat enough for market.

Our farmers are not so wide awake in improving their stock as they ought to be, though they are ahead of many localities. Most of the neat stock in this section is a cross between the Devon and the Durham. Dow Scribner, a boy about twelve years of age, was drowned last Wednesday afternoon in the Androscoggin, while bathing. His body was not found until on the following day about three o'clock, P. M.

A barn belonging to Mr. Austin Grover of this town, was consumed by fire last Friday night, with about eight tons of hay and farming tools. Fire supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Mr. Luther Eames, one of our most worthy farmers, met with a sad fate a few days ago by accidentally falling down a flight of stairs. Mr. E. was very much injured in the side of his head by the fall and it is thought to be very doubtful if he recovers.

Sweden Items.

This town and vicinity have met with a great loss in the death of Rev. Stephen Sanderson, who died about the last of June. Of him, it could be said with truth, he had not an enemy in the world. In early life he dedicated himself to God, and through a long life he sustained the character of a perfectly honest and upright man. He was one of the pioneers of Sweden. His occupation was a farmer, in which he was very successful. He very acceptably filled the pulpits of the Congregational Meetinghouse in Sweden and Lovell Center, when not otherwise occupied, for a long series of years. And let the weather be what it would, his venerable form would be seen in his accustomed place, and without hope or expectation of pecuniary reward. His age when he died was 82 years.

Between 30 and 40 persons have been recently baptised by immersion in this town, in connection with the Free Baptist Church.

—John Harper, Esq., proprietor of the Woolen Manufactory at Welchville, is about to put in a new Upham Turbine wheel into his mill. This wheel, with his present head, will have a capacity of fifty horse power. Mr. Harper manufactures fancy cassimere and repellant. He is at present making a double-faced repellant which is a very fine article. The mill contains three sets of machinery, with room for another set, and furnishes employment for forty-five operatives. It has given new life to the village, which, since the lumbering operations ceased, had worn a seedy appearance, says the Journal.

Hartford.

Having instituted a Lodge I. O. of G. T. of 30 members at Center Hartford, in March, I was anxious to meet with them on the eve of the 7th, and witness their doings. I not only found they had more than doubled their numbers, but encircled within their embrace some of the best citizens of the town, including a young man who had long tasted the bitter water of ruin and degradation, who now causes his aged parents and wife to rejoice that he now feels he is a man, not a chattel of the rum-seller. The installation and initiation ceremonies and other exercises of the evening were an honor to the Order. There are now upwards of a hundred members of that Order, in Hartford—which speaks well for an inland town, composed wholly of farmers, where no liquor agent is allowed, and a physician can get a living if he has a good farm and is able to work.

On the following Sabbath I attended church at Canton village, and it is worthy of remark that this small but live village contains three houses of public worship which were all occupied by attentive listeners to living preachers of the Gospel, while other larger and wealthier villages, including the whole town, are preaching only half a day in a week; are the inhabitants of Canton less wealthy, less intelligent and less active, because they support public worship on the Sabbath, thereby enticing the youth to spend that day in a way that shall cause reflection to be sweet to them in after life? They have also a Lodge of I. O. of G. T.; Sons; G. A. R. and are already to receive the B. R.

The sun from Center Hartford, on the 7th, showed his face a few moments, half an hour before he retired for the night, that all might see Cynthia veil his face according to the prophecy of man; who has learned that order is Heaven's law among the planets.

David Bryant, of Hartford, found last week upon ridge in his pasture half a mile south of Bangumuck Pond which had been pastured many years, a piece of slate stone in the shape of drawing No. 20, Quackenbush's United States History, 5 inches in length, 1 inch wide at the handle, (which was only half an inch in length) and 1-2 inch wide at the other end which has the appearance of being broken. On one side is a character cut in the shape of the Roman h.

The long busy time of haying being over, a delegation of the Crystal Wave, East Buckfield, accompanied by many of its past and present officers, visited Strakead mountain on the beautiful morn of the 11th. After enjoying one of the most picturesque scenes in Maine, they returned to their homes highly delighted, having partaken largely of mental and physical food, which was made the richer by that toil which gives renewed vigor to

Agricultural.

Care of Your Team in Summer.

Don't expect a team to thrive and keep well and do heavy work on grass. In fact the less grass horses or cattle get while working, the better it is for them. Occasionally give them a little, merely to keep the stomach and bowels from becoming constipated. Imagine a person doing a man's work and eating nothing but greens and potatoes. That some persons could do it is quite possible. That it is the best diet for hard work no one believes. For hot weather work give your team the most nourishment with the least bulk. Do not let your team carry about a load of hay for a few pounds of nourishment. Groundfeed, or better still, cracked grain, oats, rye, barley, with a little corn, is good food for working animals during the spring and summer work. If the miller insists on grinding feed fine, let farmers insist still stronger that it must be ground coarse. Some people water their teams morning, noon and night, without regard to the difference of the day's temperature, or the demands they make upon it. It is downright cruelty to work a team six hours a day without a drop of water, and after the work of the forenoon is done on the way to the stable, or before feeding, allow it to drink all it will. The better plan is in the middle of the half day's work to give each horse a half pail of water, and another half pail each before feeding, first giving the team a half hour's rest. Feed light at noon, merely enough to refresh the team, and water freely a few moments before resuming work. Repeat the watering in the afternoon. Two or three hours after the day's work is finished, water and give the largest feed of the day, and only a little less than experience shows the animal will eat. If on the road, water as often as the horse will drink, remembering not to let it stand after drinking if it be warm. If the horse is very warm do not give him all that his unnatural thirst will crave; for like many a silly man, he will drink too much.

Again, people will turn their horses out to "loaf" and if they see a shower coming will hurry them under cover. On the contrary, if the horses are in the stable and a shower comes up and it is warm, turn them out and let them have a good shower bath; it will do them good. When the rain is over put them in the barn and rub them until they are dry and warm. These hints are thrown out for the benefit of those who look upon the horse and the ox as some of God's best gifts to man, and feel that He who notes even the fall of one sparrow, will hold us responsible for our treatment of His noble but dumb creatures.

Canning Fruits.

The ladies are now canning fruit quite extensively. Some of them may be glad to read the best way to do it. First mix in the proportion of one pound of crushed sugar to four pounds of fruit; using crushed sugar in preference to granulated or powdered, as it has the least adulteration. Fill the jars within an inch of the top, and place them in cold water, which should then be heated to a boiling point and allowed to boil fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the cold air has been expelled, and the fruit forced up to the top of the jar. Now is the time to cover it, and with a cloth so as to prevent the steam from burning the hand, you adjust the zinc cover and screw it down tightly, while in the boiling water. Now take out the jar and set it in the light to cool; if bubbles appear in it, it was not cooked sufficiently, and the process must be repeated. Fruit can be canned in this manner will keep for years. Strawberries retain their flavor perfectly, and when opened will perfume a room. Raspberries are very delicious, also cherries, peaches, plums, etc.

Nearly all fruits are better steamed than stewed or boiled; the fruit is not so fully broken and mashed; it retains more of its original flavor and no water is required to cook it. In preparing blackberries, etc., no sugar is needed. The jars are filled with the ripe fruit, placed in cold water and steamed half an hour from the time the water boils. When required for pies or the table, sugar can be added when the jars are opened. Most delicious pies can be obtained in this way for Christmas or New Year's days.

Tomatoes can be preserved in stone jars with perfect success. They must be stewed for two hours, and while cooking, the jars must be thoroughly heated, either in the oven or in pans of boiling water. Large casks come with the jars, and pieces of cotton cloth should be placed under them to prevent them from coming in contact with the fruit. Make a strong brine, and when boiling dip the square bits of cotton in it. Make a sealing of wax of one pound of resin two ounces of beeswax, one and a half ounces of mutton tallow, all melted together. Fill the jars nearly to the brim with the boiling tomato, which must be kept boiling all the time. Lay the cloth over the top, put in the cork, and with a brush drop the sealing wax all over it, seeing that every bit of the cork is covered well. Fill and seal all the jars in this manner, and you will certainly succeed in preserving tomatoes for winter use.

Items of Agricultural Experience.

1. All soils are benefited by being under drained, but the benefit is most apparent and lasting in the case of a clayey nature or having a subsoil retentive of moisture.
2. After drainage, subsoiling and good cultivation are necessary to ensure good crops on heavy soils.
3. Lime is the best manure to apply to strong clay soils. It renders them more pervious to light and heat, and also corrects their acidity, by combining with some of the chemical salts in the soil, making plant-food of poison.
4. Summer-fallowing is the most efficient and profitable means of preparing strong soils for wheat, and of beginning a rotation, after grass has been grown for a length of time.

5. Green crops plowed under, when in the most succulent state, are powerful auxiliaries in rendering a light soil fertile, but if this is done too often successively, the soil becomes overcharged with carbonaceous matter.

6. Leached ashes applied in large quantities to sandy soils, or those containing too much vegetable humus, will greatly ameliorate their condition and render them more compact.

7. There is no soil so poor or sterile but some mode may be found of ameliorating and enriching it.

8. Blowing sands may be gradually made productive by spreading six inches thick of straw over them, to remain till rotted. Then seed thickly with clover on the surface, without plowing, and when the clover has taken hold and becomes established, pasture sheep upon the land for two or three years preparatory to manuring and cultivating it.

9. Two successive grain crops on the same land leave it very foul.

10. Summer fallowing ameliorates a soil, and if properly done gets rid of most of the weeds and noxious plants infesting it. [Canada Farmer.]

Mulching.

Kills the weeds, makes the soil light and moist, prevents freezing makes yard manure. [Providence.]

We have frequently spoken of mulching as the *non plus ultra*, the nothing better, but have not particularly referred to the manner in which trees are benefited thereby. We will now do it.

Mulching kills the weeds above the tree. No tree can flourish with a hide-bound sward above it. Trees planted in a rich soil may attain a good growth, although surrounded by a gross sward; but in the end will not be productive.

Sward is easily killed by anything that shades the ground. A foot of any kind of litter, or a covering, as of boards, applied in the summer months, will kill the grass in four weeks. I saw this exemplified in the yard of J. W. Humphrey, N. Gray. A pile of shingles in four weeks had completely killed the grass under them. This killing the sward renders the soil light and permeable.

As Mr. Wing of Livermore says, "you can thrust your hand into the soil readily." It is thus prepared to receive the kindly influences of the air, sun, light, rains and dew. Air has much to do with the roots of vegetation. It is said they breathe. If so, how much more readily in a fine, permeable soil than when they are covered with an impermeable sward. Truly it would not be a healthy operation to clog our respiratory organs with a coverlet. No person can enjoy health to breathe through blankets.

It is somewhat thus with vegetation. All obstruction to the action of sun, light, rains, dews and air must be removed to insure the health, the thrift and productivity of the tree. Mulching keeps the soil moist in the summer time, and consequently insures the living of the newly transplanted tree. From this consideration it is more beneficial to dry than to moist soils. It prevents the freezing of the ground in winter. Most people are not aware of the damage to trees by hard freezing. Orchards and parts of orchards, where the ground has been naked in the winter, have been killed. We set a piece of land thus afflicted, with trees three times and not a tree is alive on it. By covering the ground about the tree with a good coat of mulch, this trouble may be avoided.

Lastly, but not least, mulch is a manure, without which no tree can obtain a healthy and sound growth. Vegetable manure is indispensable on our old, worn plow-lands. Time, with a constant stirring of the soil, has left the soil of its original vegetable manure, and no tree can grow without it. How can wood be formed except from woody matter? Would we think to grow a forest tree as readily on an old plow-field, as on forest land covered with a heavy coat of vegetable mould? Most assuredly not. Now the apple-tree requires the same conditions for its success as the forest tree.

Who has not observed that fruit trees that stand beside a wood-yard, or stump or log heap, are always flourishing? One great reason why orchards do not succeed as in olden times is, the soil has been bereft of its vegetable matter. Time was when a tree put the right end under the soil would flourish. Not so now. Our trees must receive mulch in order to succeed.

Animal manure alone will not grow a healthy and productive tree. We find many instances in our gardens and highly manured orchards of trees that are blackwooded and diseased; the pernicious sap oozing from the wounds and cankers, and killing the limbs and trunks below. This might have been remedied by the application of less animal and more vegetable manure. Mulch, through chemical action, has a tendency to enrich the soil. Whenever the soil is covered, as by stones, boards, wood, etc., the soil becomes fertilized. Upon removing them we produce fine crops. As a proof that vegetable mulch is a manure, we refer to the fact, observed by the observing, that the roots of fruit trees seek it. We have seen them come from the trunks of old and thick-barked trees, "as thick as the hair in your head," where much had been heaped two years about the trees. Where mulch has been applied two years you will find the surface soil filled with rootlets which have sprung up from the leading roots beneath.

Nature knows her wants and attends to them. The tree seeks what is beneficial. Not so always man. If rootlets will seek vegetable matter, why, give it them. We might give the reader a very long chapter on benefits of mulching chronicled during our forty years sojourn in the land of orcharddom. We have seen an old orchard on lean, gravelly soil, and never plowed, engrafted, and then covered with mulch so that the grass was completely killed, and bear fruit to the astonishment of the surrounding country. We have seen an orchard set on open, sandy, or

gravelly soil, and well supplied with mulch that in three years would stoutly bear a man in the tops. We have seen an orchard on the down grade of lime mulched with muck, the sward killed and the soil well stirred with the cultivator which was restored to its pristine vigor and bore bountifully.

Farmers, will you mulch? Now is the season for the operation. Your hay is done and well done. We congratulate you on a good crop of well secured hay. Your grain harvest will soon be done. Then comes a leisure time for improvement on your farms. What improvement greater than in orcharding? Well, muster the boys after a day or two's rest and go scythe in hand to the road side, the borders of your fields, your pastures, your swamps and your bushy lands and cut whatever of weeds, brakes, briars, coarse grasses, bushes, not over six feet high, &c., &c., and pile them about your apple trees, no matters how much or how deep. Let nothing go to waste about your premises. "God created nothing in vain." If foul, noxious weeds will grow as grow they will—convert them to some good use.—SEARS, Lewis & Johnson.

LITTLE THINGS. Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest; little charities fly the furthest, and remain the longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little terms the best tilted. Little looks the most read, and little songs the most loved. When nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little diamonds, little pearls, little dew-drops.—B. F. Taylor.

—An Irishman was going along a road when an angry bull rushed down upon him and with his horns tossed him over the fence. The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said, "It was not for your bowing and scraping your apologies, you brute, for I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose."

—A new circus trick just introduced in Paris, is for a man to leap from a height of eighty feet and land back again to the original spot. The performer is fastened to an elastic cord.

—The most noticeable feature this summer is the preponderance of white and black dresses, both for home and street suits.

LARGE STOCK OF
Mouslins, Cambrics, Percales,
Piques, and WHITE GOODS,
at the
Oxford Co. Dry Goods Establishment.

Dr. Wilton's Catarrh Cure,
CURES CATARRH, and all NERVOUS DISORDERS, and is warranted to cure or refund the money. Price 50 cts. to 1.00.

AGENTS—Dr. D. B. Sawyer, South Paris; A. Oscar Noyes, Norway; H. O. Mowbray, Bridgton; W. F. Chase & Co., Dixfield; A. C. Small, West Port.

DINNER NAPKINS.
For 25 cts. per dozen, at the
Oxford County Dry Goods Establishment.

Partnership Notice!
H. N. BOLSTER & E. N. HASKELL,
(of the late firm of True & Haskell.)
HAVE this day formed a partnership under the firm name of

BOLSTER & HASKELL,
for the purpose of carrying on trade at the store at H. N. BOLSTER & E. N. HASKELL, South Paris. We shall keep a good line of goods, such as are usually kept in a Country store, consisting of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glass and Hard Ware, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Flour, Lime, &c.

—ALSO—
FRESH MEATS,
Constantly on hand—all of which we propose to sell at the LOWEST

Popular Country Prices!

ON THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM!
devoting only in this, that in order to encourage Cash Purchases, and the Dry Goods System, we shall make a discount of five per cent. on goods sold for cash, and for goods delivered on credit, we shall make a discount of five per cent. on goods sold for cash. We have taken for our motto, "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and determined to adhere strictly to it, we most cordially invite all farmers and dealers to continue to give us their patronage, and to all others we will simply say, please call and examine our goods and prices, and see if you cannot

Save five per cent. of your money,
by buying your goods at our store. We shall continue to deal in all kinds of

Country Produce,
for which we intend (in the proper season) to pay cash and the highest market prices.
Please call and investigate for yourselves, before buying elsewhere.

—South Paris, June 1, 1889.

Real Thread Lace Collars,

At the
Oxford County Dry Goods Establishment.

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS James T. Bollock of Mecklenburg, in the County of Androscoggin and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated April 22, 1885, conveyed to Adina C. Deussen, of Poland in said County, a certain parcel of real estate situated in the town of Oxford and Norway, in the County of Oxford, being the same premises conveyed to the said James T. Bollock by the said Deussen, by his deed of same date, which deed is made a part of said mortgage, and for a particular description of the premises therein conveyed, which mortgage deed is recorded in Oxford Registry, book 126, page 18; and recorded book 146, page 54; the conditions of said mortgage having been violated, thereby claiming to foreclose the same in accordance with the statutes of the State.

DORCHESTER, Mass., July 31, 1889.

Improved French Forms,

THE BEST, at the
Oxford County Dry Goods Establishment.

Ladies' & Gents' Sleeve Buttons,

at the
Oxford County Dry Goods Establishment.

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DORCHESTER, Mass., July 31, 1889.

Improved French Forms,

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Ladies' & Gents' Sleeve Buttons,

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Oxford County Dry Goods Establishment.

OXFORD COUNTY Insurance Agency!

ESTABLISHED AUGUST, 1865.

CAPITAL REPRESENTED, OVER
\$25,000,000.00.
Twenty-Five Million Dollars.

If you want Insurance of any kind, call upon
HOWE, and he will put you into one of the following Companies, which are the

Best in the Country!

And the best is always the
Cheapest in the end.

Patronize Home Agents,

And not get swindled by these wandering Jests, who represent irresponsible Companies.

Statements of the best Companies may be seen at my Office.

ÆTNA, of Hartford.
HARTFORD, of Hartford.
HOME, of New York.
ROGER WILLIAMS, of Providence.
NEW YORK LIFE, of New York.
TRAVELLERS, of Hartford.
RAILWAY PASSENGER, Hartford.

FREELAND HOWE,
AGENT,
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.
March 3, 1889.

Gloves and Hosiery,
CHEAP, at the
Oxford County Dry Goods Establishment.

Non-Resident Taxes,
In the Town of Albany, County of Oxford, Me., for the year 1888.

The following list of Taxes on the real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Albany for the year 1888, in bills committed to Amos G. Beane, Collector of said Town, on the 10th day of June, A. D. 1888, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 24th day of June, 1889, by his certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, and interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said Town within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of the said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will without further notice, be sold at public Auction at the Treasurer's Office, viz: his dwelling house, in said Albany, on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1890, at one o'clock P. M.

No. In- debt	Age	Sex	Value	Rate
King Lane,	10	11	60	\$60
Thomas Foster,	10	11	20	20
Unknown,	11	1	100	150
Herbert Manning,	2	1	25	1.50
Moses Patten	3	6	80	
	3	6	80	
	4	7	100	
	4	7	100	
	4	9	160	
	5	6	100	
	5	8	100	
	5	9	160	
	6	10	100	
	7	10	100	
	7	3	10	
	3	8	80	
	4	11	40	2000

BEST ENGLISH NEEDLES,
5 cents per Paper, at the
Oxford Co. Dry Goods Establishment.

YOU CAN GET

HARNESSES!
WHOLESALE & RETAIL, AT
SOUTH PARIS.

Manufactured at the best of Oak tanned Stock, and WARRANTED.

AS CHEAP

as at any other place in Oxford County, or any adjoining County, that is, of the same grade and ranging from \$2.00 to \$12.00.

Trunks, Blankets,

WHIPS, &c., &c.

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!
Trimming and Repairing, of all kinds.

Call and examine my work, for I can suit, both as to quality of material, workmanship and price.

J. D. WILLIAMS.

South Paris, April 25, 1889.

SUPERIOR QUALITY

SPOOL COTTON,

warranted reliable in length and strength, at

only 4 cents per Spool, at the

OXFORD COUNTY DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

"THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society,

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 92 Broadway, New York City.

Am't Assured, \$150,000,000.

Cash Assets, \$500,000.

Annual Premium Income, \$500,000.

Policies Issued, 25,000.

New Business during the year ending Sept. 30, '88, \$51,800, \$14.00.

Its Policies average the LARGEST of any American Company. It issues all desirable Non-Forfeiting Policies on a single Life, from \$500 to \$25,000.

All Policy divided among Policy Holders annually from the start.

It is the most successful Company ever organized and, for its years, the LARGEST Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World.

BENJ. COLBY, General Agt.

49-1 Exchange St., Portland, Me.

Jan. 12, 1889.

PINS

At 5 cents per paper, at the Oxford County Dry Goods Establishment, South Paris.

CHEAPEST AND BEST!

LEATHE & GORE'S

Steam-Refined Soaps!

—SOLD BY—

TRADERS IN GENERAL,

At Wholesale or Retail.

may 7, 1889. 5m

4,500

Rolls Room Papers!

NEW PATTERNS.

WITH BORDERS TO MATCH.

—ALSO—

Curtains, Curtain Paper

Which will be

SOLD VERY CHEAP FOR CASH.

A. OSCAR NOYES,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

No Assessments!

Stock Company.

INCORPORATED 1862.

THE

UNION

INSURANCE

COMPANY,

OF

BANGOR, MAINE,

Offer to the public reliable protection against loss and damage by

Fire and Lightning,

At Rates as Low as any

Reliable Company.

All Losses Equitably Adjusted

—AND—

PROMPTLY PAID!

Particular attention given to

FARM PROPERTY INSURANCE,

DETACHED DWELLINGS,

AND THEIR FURNITURE.

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WILLIAM H. SMITH, Lumber Merchant.

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G. E. DUNN, Ashland, Lumber Merchant.

JOHN S. STEWART, Vice Consul of Portugal.

LEONARD BRADFORD, Bradford, Hatten & Co.

FRANKLIN MUZZY, Treasurer Muzzey Iron Works.

ADAM THOMPSON, Director En. & A. R. R. Co.

JOHN S. CHADWICK, Sec'y Bangor M. F. Ins. Co.

ISAIAH STETSON, Stetson & Co., Lumber.

AGUSTUS D. MAYSON, Mayor of Bangor.

FRANCIS M. SARGENT, Pres't Bangor M. F. Ins. Co.

JOHN A. PETERIS, Member of Congress.

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NATHAN C. AYER, N. C. Ayer & Co., Lumber.

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R. B. FULLER, Secretary.

W. A. DOLIVER, Asst. Sec'y.

SAM'L R. CARTER,

AGENT,

PARIS HILL, ME.

April 8, 1889.

AARON R. ALDRICH & CO.

Wholesale and Commission Dealers in

Butter, Cheese, Eggs

LARD, BEANS, &c.