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The Oxford Democrat

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GEO. H. WATKINS,

Editor and Proprietor.

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For each square one year.

For each square two years.

For each square three years.

For each square four years.

For each square five years.

For each square six years.

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For each square seventy years.

For each square seventy-one years.

For each square seventy-two years.

For each square seventy-three years.

For the Oxford Democrat.

ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER.

Androscoggin River! thou child of the moun-

tain,

Whose waters, now shoal and now deep,

Flow softly and smoothly, through forest and

meadow,

Or high o'er its rocky barriers leap.

From the ice-crystalline dome of the lofty white

mountains

Thy waters have borrowed their hue,

White shadows dance light on thy surface at

random,

Reflected from "Heaven's own blue."

Fleeting sped the glad days, when on thy clear

current,

I floated my mimic canoe;

Or, perched on a tree-trunk overhanging the

water,

Tripled some shy speckled beauty to woo.

In green sedge grasses, a cove under thy wil-

lows,

The anemones lift their fair heads;

While tall tasseled birches and choicest cherry

blossoms

Looked down on the lily-pads' beds.

Yet oft hast thy voice sounded louder and

deeper,

As you wailed the old noisy mill,

Or, when swollen by tempests, all angry and

turbid,

Heed't not thought but thy own wayward will.

But rivers! glad rivers! flow on and forever—

My heart's fondest memories cling

Round thy banks, where we twined the sweet

honeysuckle

That over thy waves loved to swing.

Or, when the ice king, with his cold frosty fla-

gers,

Wrapped a feathery mantle of snow

Over thy surface, encased in its steely blue

armor—

Yet thy voice murmured happy below.

Thy pine trees and cedars, white-shrouded and

regal,

In the sunbeams sparkle and glow,

While tall tasseled birches and choicest cherry

blossoms

Like banners swayed soft to and fro.

Silver, resplendent in song or in story,

Can boast of such grandeur as thine—

Thy bill torrents babbled in the glories of morn-

ing,

Outrivals the fair cascades of Rhine.

O river, my river, flow on through the valley;

Roll, roll to the great boundless sea.

Like life, that never ceaseth its tireless journey

Till it reacheth eternity. ZILFA.

Ivoryton, Conn., Jan. 6, 1882.

THE LANDSMERE HOUSE.

The Landsmere House is ablaze with

light and stir with life. The great

square hall alone seems shrouded in semi-

darkness. Three huge logs burned in the

immense old-fashioned fire-place,

flashing flickering radiant meters across

the oak-wood floor; high-backed chairs

and remarkably stiff settees recall the

days of great-grandparents, while

staid grim familiar walls on the old fam-

iliar scene with a bland unseeing stare

that seems to say, "Life is but a short-

lived dream at best."

Clifford Landsmere, the owner of this

splendid that has descended in direct line

from ancestor to ancestor, stands lean-

ing against the mantel watching the

dancers flit past the doorways with a

smile of exceeding bitterness, for his heart

is heavy, as men's hearts are apt to be

when their sweethearts flirt with other

maidenhood.

He has loved May Goodwin since the

days of boyhood, this curious man who

has never loved but once; and his isolat-

ed life makes his love the one all absorb-

ing passion of his life; yet the very in-

Landmere is medium-sized, with

slightly stooping shoulders and preternat-

urally bright eyes, but on every line of

face and figure are plainly visible the

germs of that dread disease consumption,

the disease that makes the Landmeres a

short-lived people.

Miss Goodwin enjoys society; so for

her sake Landsmere frequently entertains;

for her sake he gives a ball to-night,

though to him all gaiety is intolerable.

He watches her walking with Monroe,

clinging to his arm, looking up into his

face with sparkling coquettish eyes, list-

ening to his words with that flattering

attention suggestive of interest in the

"speaker. Still she cares nothing for

Monroe, absolutely nothing. It is only

her way.

Miss Goodwin is pretty, not so much

so through positive prettiness as from

lack of positive plainness. She has a

bright intelligent face, that sometimes

lights into actual beauty, and again sinks

into utter common plainness. At pres-

ent she is looking her best.

"You, who have so devoted an admir-

er, Miss Goodwin," says Monroe, stud-

iedly, "must find the rest of our sex

dull."

"My admirers are obliged to be devot-

ed, or they cease to be my admirers," she

answers.

"Devotion to Miss Goodwin must be

a happy slavery," with a look to enforce

his meaning.

"But even slaves require heads," she

answers.

"Very good," laughs Monroe, dully;

though somehow, fully digested, the good-

ness rather decreases.

Thoughts develop slowly in Monroe's

shapely head, but once rooted, bear fruit,

such as it is, ten thousand fold. It

gradually dawns upon him that he has

been the sport of Miss Goodwin's wit.

The idea ripples in his mind. He, the

winner of the Tail-mane walking match,

stroke out in the Talmage rowing crew,

the best wrestler, boxer, and jumper for

miles around! No head, indeed!

Monroe's nature is a peculiarly vindic-

tive one. He never forgets or forgives

an injury, and "an eye for an eye" is

the only text in all the Bible whose

truth comes home to him. He has but

one mode of pointing arguments—great

brute strength. Miss Goodwin is a lady

of high social standing, thence not to

be conquered by superior muscular devel-

opment, therefore beyond his reach.

Clifford Landsmere is rich, and has

won Miss Goodwin. Robert Monroe is

poor, and covets her. Thus runs his

credit-and-debtor account, and Monroe

intends settling it in such a manner as

Landsmere will remember. His love for

Miss Goodwin is the love of a sensualist

and an egotist. He wants her simply

because he can't get her, and to win her

from Clifford Landsmere is his one de-

sire.

A curious place the haunted house,

with a curious history. Judge Hare, the

former owner, had bequeathed the prop-

erty to a distant cousin, with strict injunc-

tions that none but a male descendant

should inhabit the place. His own two

daughters, thus turned adrift, left the

village in which they had been reared,

and in which they had hoped to die, and

journeyed to far off lands. The place

was dear to them, and they could not

sit with folded hands watching it go to

ruin.

The distant cousin, a bachelor in the

sixties, and a resident of India, found the

dearments. He kisses her half fiercely,

then pushes her away and bids her leave

him.

"I have so little self-control, I am

better alone," he explains, sadly; and

Miss Goodwin joins the dancers, uncon-

scious of the wistful, passionate eyes fol-

lowing her every movement. Landsmere's

teeth shut tight together as he watches

Monroe whirl her off in the dance. He

turns his back upon the gaiety, and

loses himself in bitter speculation on the

future.

"I heard a wager concerning you, to-

night," whispers Monroe, as he guides

Miss Goodwin across the ball-room.

"Who dared?" questions the girl,

hotly.

"That I can't tell," with a soft smile;

"but you shall hear the wager," pausing

to look into her face.

"Well," falling into step and moving

slowly onward.

"The haunted house!"

Miss Goodwin understands; frees her-

self with a quick impatient movement,

and answers with some contempt: "Your

friends underrate my power; Mr. Land-

mere would do more than visit haunted

houses at my asking."

"Yes?" incredulously.

"Ay, yes, as I shall prove."

"Will you test your power now?"

Miss Goodwin assents. She is too

proud to ask permission to make the re-

quest unwitnessed, so she places her

hand on that of her escort's and

allows him to lead her to Clifford Land-

mere.

Landsmere starts, flushes hotly, and

looks to Miss Goodwin for explanation,

but the explanation is not forthcoming;

for the first time in her life Miss Good-

win is ashamed to look her lover in the

face.

"Still gazing at the haunted house?"

asks Monroe, flippantly. "Why not

give the inhabitants a call? You might

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With Supplement.

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The Court has decided that it is not the duty of newspapers and periodicals to take notice of the names of persons who are removed or leaving their names uncollected for, or removing and leaving their names uncollected for, or removing and leaving their names uncollected for, or removing and leaving their names uncollected for.

ENFORCING THE LAW IN PORTLAND.

—Some time ago a young man was killed by the cars crossing the city of Portland from the Grand Trunk to the Eastern depot, and several other accidents have occurred by persons entering and leaving the trains while in motion. It seemed to be the custom to wait for these passing trains, and take a free ride across the city. In order to avoid future calamities, a law was especially passed prohibiting persons mounting these trains. Last Tuesday we went to Boston, and as the Grand Trunk train was about leaving for the Eastern depot two immense policemen, clad in official garments, rushed out of the waiting room, one carrying a card on which was displayed in large letters, words to the effect that the law against mounting trains while crossing the city, would be strictly enforced. This card he hung conspicuously out of the window, and with his companion entered the car. They seated themselves at the windows, so as to get a good view, of such temerarious spirits as would dare to slight the warning of that ominous sign. The train had not proceeded far, when a young man, evidently a clerk, jumped on the car, entered, and nodding pleasantly to the two officers, seated himself between them. A few blocks farther on, another young man repeated the operation, and avoided arrest by a smile. When nearly across the city, one of these young men arose, deliberately, went to the platform, dismounted while the car was moving, and entered a warehouse on the river front. We have watched the daily Portland papers to learn of the arrest of these two men, but have seen no record of such action. Either they looked upon the officers with the eyes of Medusa, or their lives were not considered worth protecting, or that is away they have of "enforcing" the law in Portland.

—An article appeared in the *Argus* of Saturday, copied from the *Progressive Age*, a greenback paper published at Belfast, stating that Judge Barrows had appointed Mr. Whitman, Clerk of Courts for Oxford County. The probabilities are that when an appointment is made, the people of Oxford County will know of it as soon as those in Belfast. The article is either a fabrication or a blunder, and is apparently the same article that was published relative to the appointment of Judge Derby of York County Attorney, with the names of persons and County changed.

—Dr. Tilton of Norway, whose card appears in another column of this paper, came into Oxford County a few years ago, bringing excellent testimonials of his ability as a physician and surgeon. He went into partnership with Dr. Evans and continued to practice with him until the last of December. With the beginning of the new year, he set up on his own account, and a rapid increase of his business, shows that his popularity has not been a reflection from any brighter sun. His office is at his residence on Cottage Street, where he has one of the largest and best collections of surgical instruments to be found in Maine. In employing Dr. Tilton, a patient may rest assured that he will be treated with skill and be charged but a reasonable price for the service rendered.

—Mr. M. Phinney of Norway changed his Dry Goods advertisement last week, but we failed to call special attention to the fact. Mr. Phinney offers his large stock of fall and winter goods at greatly reduced rates so as to clear it out and make room for spring goods. We shall have two months more of cold weather, and what you buy now will last through another season.

—The County Commissioners held their January session last Tuesday. Mr. Frothingham was qualified and took his place on the board. Hon. H. G. Walker was elected Chairman for 1882. As there was no Clerk, the Commissioners made a report of their doings and adjourned.

—J. B. Moody of Limington, Maine, who purchased large quantities of apples in Oxford County, last fall, is now at Beals Hotel, Norway. He is purchasing apples and potatoes, for which he is paying the highest cash prices. Parties who have such goods to sell, should call on him or address as above.

—J. H. Rawson of Paris whose veterinary medicines have already become famous, has just added another to the list of his valuable remedies. This last preparation is a sure cure for worms in horses and neat stock. It is advertised in another column.

—Senator Garland of Arkansas is confronted by nine competitors for his seat next term.—*Ec.*

—He is sure to be re-elected, then. When the opposition is divided, the man who holds a seat has the inside track.

—The next annual meeting of the Maine State Temperance Society will be held in Augusta, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 25 and 26. Half fare on the railroads.

—Freeland Howe advertises the annual statement of one of the strongest Insurance Companies in the country. He also has for sale and to rent some good real estate in Norway.

—Representative Dingley has too much good sense to follow the customs of congressional life as "new members." He is there a full grown man, and proposes to serve his constituents to the best of his ability. He has already introduced several important measures in the House, and is fully recognized as a working member.

—The attention of farmers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Bangh & Son in another column. The reputation of their Phosphate is world-wide. Send for circular.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1882.

Mr. Editor:

The new year came in clear and cold. Monday, the 2nd, was observed as a holiday, and as the weather was favorable for both those who called, and the ladies who received, this pleasant custom was very generally enjoyed by the residents of this city; and now that the custom of furnishing liquors of all kinds, particularly "egg-nog," has become obsolete, the day is very agreeably spent in calls upon friends. Well do I remember the first time it was my privilege to enter upon this pastime and to enjoy its pleasure, that, with a single exception, egg-nog or claret-punch was offered the guests, and in many places other forms of intoxicating drinks were added to the above. So strong was the custom at that time, that when a company of Sabbath School Teachers were gathered for a teachers' meeting, one of the lady teachers, who was a family lady, asked that all present would pledge themselves not to furnish wine or other liquors to their guests on the approaching "New Year's," several of those present looked upon it as an innovation not to be tolerated, and declined to pledge themselves to that course. Then it was not an uncommon thing to meet young men, and some older ones, as they were in the company of ladies of refinement, in such a state of intoxication that the ladies were very much embarrassed by their presence. All this is now changed, and in making nearly forty calls this year I did not see anything in the line of drinks stronger than tea, coffee, or lemonade, and not a single intoxicated person until late in the evening, and only two during the entire day who gave signs of having been indulging to any extent.

The delay in filling the office of First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury made vacant by the resignation of Upton, is bringing many candidates to the front. At one time Geo. C. Gorham, editor of the *National Republican* of this city, loomed up as certain of the position. His star waned; then ex-Senator Paddock of Nebraska came to be a candidate certain of the position. Following his prominence came the assurance that ex-Congressman Gillfillin of Pennsylvania, was in the ascendency. But since the Chicago Collectorship has been settled, Dan Shepherd of Illinois has been put forward, and his friends now assert that his star is the most brilliant. One thing is quite sure,—he has strong backing for the position, but "you cannot sometimes most always tell."

The question of who will be the public printer, has been so long and so much discussed that it has lost much of the interest it at first excited, and were it not for the improbability of Defrees, would probably have entirely been lost sight of long ago. E. W. Oyster of Pennsylvania, who has for many years been a trusted employee of that establishment, had the audacity to become a candidate for the position, which so exasperated Defrees that he dismissed him. This has brought him into prominence, and he has developed quite a formidable following; but Hon. S. P. Rounds of Chicago, is backed for the position by almost the entire Western delegation in both Houses, and from the present outlook one would judge him to be the coming man. In the case of the appointment of either of them there is the assurance that the office will be in the hands of a good, efficient man, and a staunch Republican. Mr. Oyster was a Union soldier, and followed the fortunes of the army of patriots throughout the war.

The Post, the Bourbon organ of this city, has become wonderfully "sweet" on ex-Secretary Blaine, from some cause or other, and is voting with the New York Tribune in keeping that statesman before the public. This fact is much commented upon, and many are prophesying that the South will "Mahoneize" before the next campaign shall open, and that he will head a ticket with Jos. E. Brown of Georgia as second, and thus capture the Presidency. I do not believe that he will countenance such a move as that, or attempt to sever his fortunes from the party which he has done so much to bring into power, and has given the best years of his life, and from whose hands he has received so many honors.

The trial of Guiteau will probably reach its end before this will be seen by the readers of the DEMOCRAT. The arguments will consume four and possibly five days this week. Messrs. Davidge and Reed have completed their arguments, and Scoville commenced his this morning, and will be followed by Judge Porter for the Government which will close the arguments. Opinions are being freely indulged in, as to what will be the result of the trial, many fearing a hung jury, and among those who are regularly at the trial, Judge Bright, it is thought, will be the one who will stand out, as he exhibits unusual interest whenever the defence makes a point.

The closeness of the composition of the House gives much interest to the contested seats in that body, of which there are twenty, as follows, viz.: From Alabama—James Gillett v. Thomas H. Henderson; Wm. M. Lowe v. Joseph Wheeler; A. A. Maherson v. William C. Oats; Paul Strobach v. Hillery A. Herbert; James G. Smith v. Charles M. Shelley. From Florida—Horatio Bisbee v. Jesse J. Finley. From Iowa—J. C. Cook v. M. E. Cutts. From Louisiana—B. H. Lannier v. J. F. King; Alexander Smith v. E. W. Robertson. From Maine—Samuel J. Anderson v. Thomas B. Reed. From Mississippi—George M. Buchanan v. Van H. Manning; John R. Lynch v. J. B. Chalmers. From Missouri—Sessinghouse v. R. G. Frost. From South Carolina—C. J. Stollbrand v. D. Wyatt Aiken; Samuel Lee v. John S. Richardson; E. W. M. Mackey v. M. P. O'Connor; Robert Smalls v. George D. Tillman. From Utah—George Q. Cannon v. Allen G. Campbell. From Virginia—J. T. Stovall v. Geo. C. Cabell; S. P. Bailey v. John F. Barbour. Major Perkins, Chairman of the Committee on Elections, expects to have the committee reports, in a majority if not all the cases, ready by April 1st, though none of the cases have as yet received any further attention than classification and filing. Some of them will excite but little interest; particularly will this be the case in the Alabama cases, and that of Anderson v. Reed of the First District. The great fight will be on the Utah case, where party lines will be strongly drawn. I see in this case one

encouraging sign: J. E. Hooper, who was formerly a Delegate from that Territory, and had four wives at that time, has come to the city to look after Cannon's interests, has, in the interviews that he has accorded to newspaper men, while en route, asserted that polygamy is virtually at an end in Utah. The prospect that the contest in the "shoe-string district" in Mississippi, between Lynch and Chalmers, will speedily disposed of by the seating of the former.

Since my last, new interest in constituting the Committees of the House has been awakened, by the course of Mr. Orth of Indiana, who has made war on the question by proposing a new method of securing them. As at present arranged, the Speaker of the House has more power than any other similar officer in the world, and in the hands of a weak or designing man is very dangerous, and never should rest in any one man, particularly in a government like ours, where we have the professions of democracy. The Democrats are as much aggrieved as are the Republicans, and last week held a caucus on the question. The general opinion, as I hear it expressed, is that the action of Speaker Keifer is justly subject to much adverse criticism, and his position will become very uncomfortable, unless he can so manage now as to secure the united support of the party which put him in power, and this he cannot do except by a miracle. I am told that the Committee on Mines and Mining has upon it but two men who ever saw a mine of any kind, and at this session this Committee assumes unusual importance.

Cabinet gossip is unexpectedly quiet, though early last week the nomination of ex-Senator Sargent of California was looked upon each day as sure to be sent in the next, as Secretary of the Interior, and was generally well received as an appointment eminently fit to be made. He is a New England man of stern integrity, in the prime of life—being in his fifty-fifth year, and of large experience in public affairs, and withal a live and earnest Republican.

The name of Hon. Wm. E. Chandler of New Hampshire, is occasionally mentioned in connection with the Navy portfolio, and it seems that it would be a fitting recognition of his valuable services to the party and the great cause of human freedom. His many friends throughout the country would be pleased to see so live a man in that position.

Something of a sensation was created here by the arrests of some half-dozen citizens in the night of the 6th inst., on warrants sworn out by one Geo. H. Bliss of New York. They were charged with a conspiracy to defraud the Government by signing bonds for bids for carrying the mail. The principals of which complied with the conditions of the bonds by entering into such contracts as were awarded them, and there has not been any failure to comply with the terms of said contracts except in a single instance, and that was speedily settled. It is further charged that they signed for some contractors on a large number of bonds, and are not in possession of sufficient property to warrant their becoming surety for the amount of the bonds thus signed. There has been no effort, so far as has been made known to the public, to indict the Star Route conspirators, so-called. By many this last move is looked upon as a ruse of Bliss, Cook and Gibson to keep themselves under good pay; but we shall see what we shall see, if it only wait patiently.

There has been during the last week some interesting developments in the investigation of expenditures of the Contingent Fund of the Treasury Department, and it is evident that unless the thing is hushed up somebody will get hit, and perhaps hurt.

OLD DOCUMENT.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled, May, 1869:

The subscribers, Inhabitants of Fryeburg and Fryeburg Addition, in the county of Oxford, being of the denomination of Christians called Universalists, humbly represent to the Honorable Court that they labour under many Disadvantages in raising and appropriating monies for the support of a public teacher of piety, morality and religion, and being desirous of associating for the support of a teacher on whose instruction they can conscientiously attend, humbly ask that they with others as may join with them may be incorporated into a religious society by the name of the First Universalist Society in Fryeburg, that they may enjoy all the privileges to such societies belonging and be enabled to raise funds for the maintenance of such teacher and other like purposes, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

Inhabitants of Fryeburg.
(Signed) Solomon Charles, Isaac Charles, Ebenezer Stevens, Samuel Stevens, John Charles, John Charles, Jr., John Walker, Henry D. Hutchins, James A. Walker, Daniel Chandler, John Wiley, Benjamin Wiley, Moses Chandler, Joseph Chandler, John Gordon, Isaac Abbott, Oliver Knight.

OBITUARY.

E. A. SMALL.

Mr. E. A. Small, a prominent member of the Chicago bar, died at 2 o'clock yesterday morning at his residence, 1910 Indiana Avenue. Mr. Small had been suffering from an affection of the stomach for some time, and went to Europe in the hope of finding alleviation in change of climate, but the cure imposed upon him while there in attending upon the death-bed of a son increased the malignancy of the disease of which he finally died. Mr. Small was born in Ramfurd, Oxford County, Maine, Jan. 29, 1829. He was prepared for college at Saco, Me., whither the family had moved, but owing to the lack of means a collegiate course was abandoned. He was married at Portland in 1852, and moved to Galena, Ill., and engaged in commercial pursuits, which he was subsequently forced to abandon on account of debt accumulations. He then determined to study law, and entering into the office of the Hon. E. W. Welgley, he discovered that he had at last selected the vocation. He removed to Chicago and soon ranked with the most prominent attorneys, and enjoyed a lucrative practice.—*Chicago Herald.*

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ANDOVER, Jan. 20.—Another cold wave. The mercury falling 26° below zero on Wednesday morning.

The M. E. Circle met with Mrs. O. A. Burgess last Thursday evening.

An Andover man, who does not patronize threshing machines, and who thinks flails out of date, has a new way of threshing: It is to tie the grain in bundles and then beat a ladder with it. The method is not patented.

A movement is on foot to procure a new bell for the Cong'l church.

The rice crop is being harvested and wood piles are growing.

Mrs. George Gregg is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Thomas, at Canton.

Even Andoverites get absent-minded. The proof being found in the letters that are sometimes left at the post office minus a stamp or without being directed.

BETHEL.—There was an interesting lyceum in the school house at North Bethel, Friday evening. James Packard presided. Question discussed: "Resolved, That intemperance is a greater evil than war." Henry Hastings, Charlie Hastings, Frank Frost and others participated in the discussion. The question was decided in the affirmative. A very interesting paper was read by Mrs. Carrie Jewett.

The school at North Bethel is making very good progress.

The light snow for the past week has made the sledding very good, and the lumbermen are very energetic in improving it.

The steam mill at North Bethel has got a good supply of birch engaged, and will start up business soon, which will give employment to quite a number of men.

Mr. William Eames, who met with a severe accident in the woods recently, is recovering slowly.

Mr. Timothy Jewett lost a good horse, recently.

Logging teams are passing through North Bethel daily, en route for the lake country.

Mrs. Duane Rose of Bethel, died very suddenly Friday morning. She performed her household duties as usual in the morning, and was stricken with paralysis, and died before noon, aged about 70.

Wm. R. Eames is slowly recovering, and it is hoped that his foot may yet be saved.

Judson S. Stearns is very low with consumption.

Charles L. Kimball had the index finger on his left hand amputated successfully by Dr. Hill. He lost the other fingers on this hand in Colorado last fall by falling upon a circular saw.

The thermometer was twenty degrees below zero at Bethel, Wednesday A. M., and one foot of snow upon the ground brings joy and gladness to the lumbermen. They are rushing the birch and poplar to the spool and bobbin mills, and the long lumber to the river at a fearful rate. Those that have improved the mild weather in cutting and yarding, will soon catch up in their operations with former winters, but those who have been idle and complaining, will, as usual, make a losing operation.

The hardware and grocery stores are now busy putting up supplies for the camps.

The Odd Fellows had a supper and dance at the Bethel House, W. F. Lovejoy, proprietor, Tuesday evening. Fifty couples sat down to the tables, and thirty couples danced until the small hours of the morning.

Mrs. J. L. Dilloway died Sabbath morning, after a severe illness of two days, which ended in paralysis of the brain, and death. She was buried from her late residence on Main St., Tuesday.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday: The entire Brooklyn Board of Aldermen were fined and imprisoned by the County Court for contempt.—Mr. Reed occupied the day in addressing the jury in the Guiteau case.—It is now known that eight persons were killed in the Hudson River R. R. accident.

Sunday: Henry Ward Beecher made an apology from his pulpit and retracted some remarks he made two weeks before relative to the public school teachers of Brooklyn.

Monday: The Boston World's Fair project was formally abandoned, the committee having the matter in charge reporting a lack of interest.—An accident on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. killed one and injured over twenty others.—Mr. Scoville commenced his argument for the defence in the Guiteau trial.

Tuesday: The House of Representatives had an animated discussion over Mr. Orth's resolution to change the method of appointing the Committees.—Ex-Gov. A. H. Bullock of Worcester, Mass., dropped dead in the street in that city; he was 66 years of age; he was a Senator for three years, had been Speaker of the Legislative House, Mayor of Worcester, and was widely known and esteemed.—President Arthur decided that Postmasters whose salaries exceeded \$1,200 could not hold other offices.—Flax was cropped at August 13 in 13 inches thick.

Wednesday: Mr. Scoville created no inconsiderable sensation when, during his argument, he charged that Conkling, Grant, Arthur and their political associates were indirectly the cause of the shooting of President Garfield.—The 100th anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster occurred, and was appropriately observed in many places, particularly

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VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1882.

NUMBER 3.

CHRISTMAS IS OVER

OXFORD COUNTY

RANGES

Stoves, Sitting-Room and Parlor Stoves, Box Stoves, Kitchen-Furnishing Goods,

MADE BY STEEL AND IRON, IS AT

HOLIDAYS

OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y. LAMPS, SILVER, PLATE, TABLES, CHAIRS, FURNITURE, PAINTS, OILS, AND KNIVES.

POCKET KNIVES

These knives are suitable for presents at Christmas. They are made of the finest steel and are of various patterns. They are also of various sizes and are very cheap.

MADE BY STEEL AND IRON, IS AT

MASON BROS.,

(MASON'S BLOCK)

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUST OUT!

Morris & Ireland's

NEW IMPROVED

EIGHT-FLANGE

Fire-Proof Safes.

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Sleeping, dreaming, waking,
In and from the world apart,
Other loves forsaking.

Love me morning, noon and night,
Sun or moon above thee;
Whether I do wrong or right,
All I ask is, love me!

Love me with thy rosy youth,
Sweet and pure and tender;
Love me with thy faith and truth,
In a full surrender.

Love me whether sad or gay,
Or in joy or sorrow;
Love me all you can to-day,
Twice as much to-morrow.

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Love me without ceasing;
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"Yes."

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With a love that taught denies,
But keeps on increasing.

Love me all the ways you can,
Every mode and fashion;
As you never loved a man,
With your strength and passion.

Love me with your looks and voice,
With a fond endeavor;
Love me till you have no choice,
But to love forever.

Thus if you will prove to me,
Women love past reason,
I will love you—let me see—
Well, for one whole season.

Mark Shelton's Wife.

"Will you attend Mrs. Austin's party," Alice asked Mark Shelton, interrogatively of his wife.

"Yes."

The uneasy light left Alice's loving eyes, for since he was not angry with her she did not care to pry into his secrets. And yet, if he would only confide in her, she would feel so relieved!

"Will you go, Mark?"

"I think not," Mark said. "A curious smile parted his lips."

"Why?" in a tone of surprise.

"I shall be otherwise engaged."

"Nonsense, Mark. You must not be such a slave to business. Few men are as prosperous in the world."

"I have been prosperous," dreamily, "but—"

He never finished the sentence.

"And the panic never affected you in the least," innocently remarked Alice, who knew as much about the subtle workings of the financial world as she did about the mythical inhabitants of the moon.

Mr. Shelton jumped up, slightly flushed in the face, and was out in the cold, snit street before the little woman had recovered from her astonishment—his white even teeth clinched tightly together, as he hurried down to the dim, dusty office, where so many arduous duties demanded his attention.

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