

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1882.

NUMBER 11.

The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

BY
GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—\$2.00 per Year.
Single Copies Five Cents.
Advertisements, by the week, at the rate of \$1.00 per line. If paid for in advance, a deduction of fifty per cent. will be made. If not paid for in advance, the full rate will be charged. Single Copies Five Cents.

Rates of Advertising.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
One square of space one week, \$1.00.
One square of space two weeks, \$1.50.
One square of space one month, \$2.00.
One square of space three months, \$5.00.
One square of space six months, \$8.00.
One square of space one year, \$12.00.
Longer notices, by agreement.

PROBATE NOTICES.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.
Notices of Sale of Real Estate, \$2.00.
Notices of Sale of Personal Property, \$1.50.

SKINNY MEN.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER.

CONSTABLE STEVE AND THE COON.

A Milford, Penn., correspondent of the New York Sun, gives that paper the following:

"I suppose the most surprised man that ever was in Pike county, except Bob Smith, when he shot at a mark on Mose Westbrook's farm and killed a calf in the next lot, was Steve Bennett the time he killed the tame coon over on Paupack," said the Sheriff.

The County Clerk had bought the cigars for himself and the Sheriff, laid down a quarter on the bar, and taken up his fifteen cents change. The old settler was boiling in his chair, with his eyes closed, and the knob of his cane in his mouth, listening to Uncle Ira, who was giving him an infallible recipe for knocking the asthma higher than a kite. Some of the boys were seated around the base-burner. There was a lack of cheerfulness which might have been distinctly connected with the presence in the Criesman House of unpretending but positive placards conveying the intelligence that henceforth the foreign and domestic policy of the hostelry would be cash on delivery.

"I don't care what you youngsters, as don't know the difference 'twixt a five prong buck an' a suckin' groun' hog, wants to hear," shouted the old settler, bringing his cane down with a thump, "but as for me, I don't want to hear nothing 'bout no coon! For bein' the doctored, mischievous, wuthless varmint of all the varmints as gits their livin' by stealin', you kin give the coon nine pints of 'em, an' the chances 'll be even that it'll git 'tother pint. Any one as 'll hunt coons an' call it sport 'll snare pheasants, an' 'long side o' snarin' pheasants, pickin' the lock on a blind nigger's chicken coop an' clearin' the roost is spreadin' the Gospel!"

The old settler touched the Sheriff on a tender spot.

"That's all right," said the Sheriff, "but chasing the ring-tailed denizen of the hollow on a frosty night, by the light of the hunter's moon, with a dog that knows just the hole to get when the coon drops, lays over all the earthly ploughing through swamps and skinning over ridges after greasy old tramps of bears that has ever been done since Adam was a yearling. Get their living by stealin', eh? Coons? All right. But did you ever hear of a coon snatching a two hundred pound pig out of a pen and walking off with it? You never knew a coon to get away with a calf, did you, and then come back after the cow? Coons may be doctored mean, but they suit me. When a fellow's out after coons he does all the hunting himself. If a he ever bears the chances are that a good share of the hunting will be done by the bear."

"But that's not neither here nor there," continued the Sheriff, cutting off the reply of the old settler, with his cane raised in the air, was preparing to make.

"What I started out to tell was about the way Steve Bennett got surprised by a tame coon up along the Paupack. Steve had lately been elected constable of the township. There was a dance down to the narrow of the Lackawack one Thanksgiving night. A big bush-whacker from the ridge dropped in during the evening, and by the time supper was ready he had managed to get enough Lackawack invigorator under his flannel to convince him that he was just the man to run the dance for the rest of the night. So he walked into the ballroom and ordered the orchestra to strike up Old Zip Coon, and to strike it up lively, or he'd make things so warm around that shebang that they'd think it was a Fourth of July celebration at high noon. The orchestra refused to play and the bushwhacker slapped its face and threw its accordion out of the window."

"Next day some of the boys got out a warrant for the fellow, and gave it to Steve Bennett to serve. Steve went to his house, but he wasn't at home. His wife was on the place, and Steve told her that he had to satisfy the law, and must take something, so he'd levy on the cow. They didn't have any cow."

"Then I'll have to take a bar'l o' cider or a saddle o' venzin," said Steve. "A fellow can't bust up no dance in my ballroom without settlin'."

"Well, they didn't have any cider nor any venison, and Steve was thinking of taking the bushwhacker's wife on the warrant, when she said:

"We hadn't got a darn thing that'd kinder square things 'cept a half bar'l o' pork in the cellar, and a tame coon in the woodshed. Now, if you can't wait for the ole man, you can make yer chile o' them ingredients, an' save yer paper onto whichever one you jest durn please."

"Steve concluded to arrest the coon. He left word that if the old man showed up at the Squire's in three days and settled the case, as bail in the case, would be forfeited to the township. Steve led the coon home and chained it up in the smoke house. The next night he went out to take a look at his prisoner, but his prisoner was gone!"

"Well, said Steve, 'this is a fine go! S'pose I can't get that coon back? Here's a galoot goes an' busts up a dance. I hold his law to make things square with the coon. Now the coon skips, and the township 'll come back on me as axes 'ry after the fact, an' the chances is they 'll bind me over to court an' make me sweat. I got to git that coon!"

"Steve took his dog and hunted all that night. No coon. Next night the dog barked up a big chestnut tree on the top of a steep ridge that run down to the edge of the creek. 'There's that cussed coon,' thought Steve, 'an' I'll have him, dead or alive.' So he snaked up to the tree. It was bright starlight, and Steve could see the coon crouching on a limb near the top of the tree. He gave it a

barrel o' duck shot, and down it came to the ground. Steve dropped the gun and pounced on the coon. The dog took a hand in, and down the hill went all three kicking and biting, and howling and yelping, kersouse into the creek. They tumbled and floundered around in the creek for fifteen minutes, and then Steve got the coon under the water and drowned it."

"There," said Steve, dragging himself and the coon out of the creek, and flopping down on the ground. "I ain't got much clothes left an' I think they's a yard or so o' hide off o' different parts o' me, but when I go out to serve a warrant it's got to be served, if I have to kill every coon in the country!"

"Then Steve shouldered the coon and went home. He threw the coon in the smoke house."

When he went into the house his mother wanted to know where in the world he'd been. His clothes were tattered, and he was covered with blood from head to foot.

"I've been after that infernal coon," said Steve. "I got him, but I never see one fight like he did."

"Get him!" said his mother; "why, that coon's out in the smoke house, and has been there all the time. He's been a layin' up on one o' the rafters, and when I see him there to-day he looked just as if he was laughing himself to death."

"Steve took a light and went out. Sure enough, there was the tame coon, huddled up on a rafter, looking as innocent as a day-old rabbit. Steve took one look at the animal he had tussled with and killed. It wasn't a coon, but a bigger wildcat was never seen along the Paupack."

"Mother," said Steve, going back in the house, "it's a big honor to be constable of this neck o' timber, but I'm afraid it's a keele too wearin' on the constitution, an' I think I'll resign."

DIVORCE IN NEW YORK.

The New York Court of Appeals has made a sweeping change in the divorce law of that state by deciding that where a divorce has been granted by a New York court with a prohibition against future marriage, the decree can be evaded and a marriage contract entered into binding under the New York law, by leaving the State and marrying outside of its boundaries. The point has been long at issue in New York State, one lower court having held that while a marriage in the face of judicial prohibition was contempt of court and might be voidable, it was still a good marriage, whose issue were heirs at law. Another court, at an interval of some years, held the reverse, deciding such a marriage null and the children illegitimate. As scores of such marriages have been made, one of them by a prominent New York City judge, the last decision led to a test case being made up and carried to the court of appeals. As in this case no intent to change a domicile appeared, the decision stands on the simple ground that the law of the place decides the validity of the contract; but it also points out that in the largest States of the Union the attempt to prohibit future marriage in granting divorce is practically nugatory.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE LAW EXPLAINED BY A VICTIM.

"I hate to live in a new country," said Jones, "where there is no law."

"Yer bet'er," chimed in Thompson. "Law is the only thing that keeps us out of everlasting chaos."

"Yes indeed," said a legal gentleman present. "It is the bulwark of the poor man's liberty, the shield which the strong arms of justice throws over the weak, the solace and balsam of the unfortunate and wronged the—"

"Oh stop, er," remarked a man with one eye. "I won't have it that way. Law is the boss invention for rascals of all grades. Give me a country where there is no law, and I can take care of myself every time."

LAW IN THE EAST.

"Now for instance when I lived in Ohio I got a dose of law that I will never forget. I was in partnership with a man named Butler, and one morning we found our cashier missing with \$3,000. He had dragged the safe and put out. Well I started after him and caught him in Chicago, where he was spurling around on the money. I got him arrested and there was an examination. Well, all the facts were brought out and the defense moved that the case be dismissed, as the prosecution did not make out a case in the name of the firm, and that if there was a firm the co-partnership had not been shown by any evidence before court. To my astonishment the court said the plea was all O. K., and dismissed the case. Before I could realize what was up, the thief had walked off. Well I followed him to St. Louis, and there I tackled him again. I sent for my partner and we made a complete case, going for him in the name of the commonwealth and Smith, Butler & Co. Well, the lawyer for the defense claimed that the money taken from a private drawer in the safe was my money exclusively, and that my partner had nothing to do with it; that the case should be prosecuted by me individually, and not by the firm. The old 'bloke' who sat on the bench wiped his spectacles, grunted round a while and then dismissed the case. Away goes the man again. Then got another hitch on him and tried to convict him of theft, but the court held that he should have been charged with embezzlement. Some years after I tackled him again and they let him go. Statute of limitation, you see. Well, I concluded to give it up and I did."

WESTERN LAW.

"But about four years afterwards I was down in Colorado, and a man pointed to another and said: 'That fellow has just made a hundred thousand in a

mining swindle.' I looked and it was my old cashier. I followed him to the hotel and hailed him in his room with the money. Now, I says, 'Billy, do you recognize your old boss?' and of course he did. Says I, 'Bill, I want that three thousand you stole from me, with the interest, and all my traveling expenses.' 'Ah, you do,' says he, 'didn't the courts decide that—' 'D—n the courts says I, putting a six shooter a foot long under his nose. This is the sort of legal document that I'm travelin' on now. This is the complaint, warrant, indictment, judge, jury, verdict, and sentence, all combined and the firm of Colt & Co., New Haven, are my attorneys in this case. When they speak they talk straight to the point of your mug, you bloody larceny thief. This jury of six of which I am the foreman, is liable to be discharged at any moment. Notch-nality or statutes of limitation here, and a stay of proceeding went last over four seconds. I want \$10,000 to square my bill, or I'll blow your blasted brains out! Well he passed over the money right away, and said he hoped there'd be no hard feelings. Now, there's some Colorado law for you, and it's the kind for me! Eh, boys?" and the crowd with one accord concurred in the cheapness and efficacy of the plan by which a man could carry his heart on his hip instead of appealing to the blind goddess in Chicago and St. Louis.—Salt Lake Tribune.

WAS'N'T AFRAID.—An old farmer near Coxeville, who was annoyed by tramps, put the sign "Small-pox here, on his gate." He chuckled with self-satisfaction when he saw tramps after tramps pass by the sign and pass by on the other side. But one day a particularly forlorn looking specimen of humanity boldly opened the gate, entered the yard and knocked at the front door. The farmer answered the summons, and when he saw the tramp he asked: "Can't you read?" The vagrant looked at the legend and replied: "O yes, but I'm not afraid, guv'n'r I'm just getting over the small pox—left the hospital only this morning." Then the farmer didn't chuckle, but the door flew shut with so much suddenness that the tramp thought it had been struck by a western tornado.

PORTLAND PRESS.

THE ATTEMPTED REMOVAL OF MAJOR GALLAGHER.

There appears to be some misapprehension about the facts in regard to the attempted removal of Major Samuel Gallagher, acting pension agent for the State at Augusta, and the appointment of Mrs. Sampson by Gov. Plaisted. There is no such office as Pension Agent recognized by the constitution or laws of the State, but the pension business has been so large and important that there has been a necessity for the Governor and Council to employ a clerk in order that the business should be promptly and well done. The Legislature, moreover, has made a yearly appropriation for this work. When Gov. Davis assumed the duties of Governor, he found Benjamin Bunker of Fairfield filling the position, and with the consent of the Council his services were dispensed with, and Major Samuel Gallagher was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The present incumbent has filled his position and attended to the duties of the office acceptably to the public. He was a brave soldier of the war of the rebellion. In his office he has endeavored to protect the interests of the State with scrupulous regard, and has also exercised a becoming devotion to the demands of the indigent soldier and his family. The place is one of great responsibility, and requires more than the ordinary qualifications for clerical services. The clerk or agent should be peculiarly fitted for the duties of the office, and experience and length of service give him peculiar advantages. The State Pension laws demand certain conditions and requirements to be stated and established by reliable evidence before any applicants can be entitled to a pension. There are frequent attempts made to evade the laws, and it oftentimes requires a careful investigation before a correct judgement or result is secured. Mr. Gallagher is very methodical in his manner of conducting the business of the office. The papers and books of the office show him to be a man fitted for the place.

While the responsibility of determining the result in each pension case comes within the province and immediate jurisdiction of the Governor and Council, the preparation and arrangement of the evidence is part of the duty of the clerk of the pension department. It would be impossible for the Governor and a committee of the Council to be at Augusta so much of the time as to render the services of a clerk in a responsible way unnecessary. The State appropriates for pensions twenty-three thousand dollars yearly, and there are more than seven hundred pensioners. The status and legal condition of each and every one of these cases has to be examined into each year, and there is an average annual application or consideration of more than a hundred new cases. The amount of money that each successful applicant should receive must be determined upon and fixed for a reasonable time. It certainly requires the best and most careful judgment. Hon. Samuel N. Campbell of Cherryfield has been chairman on the part of the Council, of the pension committee, and has given the subject great care and attention, and he speaks highly of Maj. Gallagher's attainments and labors in the pension department. The only criticism that we have heard in regard to the management of the pension department has been that Maj. Gallagher has been too exacting and particular in his demands for evidence for proof, in order to establish the validity of a claim. He has certainly not squandered, or improperly given to pensioners the money of the State. If there are worthy cases for pension, we hope they will be brought to the

front. We understand that all of the members of the Council have a high opinion of the character and services of the lady who was appointed to displace Mr. Gallagher. She has great claims for what she has done for the soldier and his family, and it would only be necessary that there should be a vacancy in and an appointment to any office that she can fill, to secure for her a unanimous confirmation.

—It is much to be regretted that Governor Plaisted could not be induced to nominate Mrs. Sampson for the Registry of deeds of Sagadahoc County. It was the place which she desired, and which she ought to have, for she deserves well of her countrymen for the sake of the good things she has done herself and for the memory of her soldier husband. The Council expressed their willingness, and even eagerness, to confirm her for the Registry, but Gov. Plaisted saw fit to refuse this and to name her for a place to which the Council could not consent without abandoning the principle for which they had been contending for more than a year, and to which the Supreme Court had given judicial sanction. We hope that the Governor will appoint her to the Registry or to some other good post which it will be possible for the Council to sanction.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"I see you beat the record this morning," said the horse reporter to the law editor, as these two powerful minds were being conveyed to the fourth floor of the Tribune building yesterday morning.

"What did you say sir?" replied the law editor in an interrogative manner, as he gazed fixedly into the surrounding atmosphere.

"My remark," resumed the personal friend of St. Julien, "was intended to convey that when it comes to writing anything about a horse race the average law editor is as certain to fall at the first hurdle as Maud S. is to beat an omnibus with eighteen passengers in it. I'm not an editor myself—nothing but a simple blue-eyed deck hand—but if I ever made such breaks as some people do when they tackle a subject so completely interwoven with our social fabric as is horse racing, I would at once curb my journalistic propensities and start a peanut fake on some prominent street corner."

"I presume you refer," said the law editor, still regarding the atmosphere with great attention, "to an item which I hastily tossed off for to-day's paper about a suit before Judge Blodgett, relative to a race which took place last summer, in which the animals respectively designated as Belle of Nelson and Wolverton were among the contestants?"

"That's the item," said the horse reporter. "You tossed that off, did you?" The law editor nodded.

"Well," remarked the authority on curby hocks, "if you had only tossed it so far that it would have landed somewhere else except in the Tribune, office, the hot blush of shame would not now be mantling the editor's brow. That was a little the sickest item that I ever got my peepers on, and the next time you feel like tossing off another one you will greatly subvert the best interests of journalism by going down to the lake-front and facing east."

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to point out where that item was incorrect? Is it very bad?"

"Well, I should mutter. It reads like you got the word on a break and never struck your gait again until the race was over. In the first place, it calls Wolverton a trotting horse, doesn't it?"

The law editor glanced at a copy of the paper and nodded assent.

"Now, everybody," resumed the compiler of the 2:30 list, "except perhaps a Chinaman or two in Wyoming, knows that Wolverton was a thoroughbred runner and couldn't trot a lick. There's a fine send-off to give an item—and the young man's upper lip curled haughtily."

"Then, after trying to tell what kind of a race it was that the horse was in, and not stating whether it was on the flat, over hurdles, or a steeple chase, you calmly allude to Belle of Nelson as a stallion!"

Now, if I had a seven year-old that didn't know that old yellow mare I would send him to an asylum for incurables. The idea of referring to Belle Nelson as 'him' makes me tired, and causes the dim vista of the future to assume a dull cheerless hue."

"Well," said the law editor, "when I was on the Rockford Gazette—"

"Oh, you came from Rockford, did you? That was all right—Rockford is a good place to leave—but you were headed the wrong way when you started. You should have steered for Kenosha."

By this time the elevator had whizzed through the air in the fourth story and both gifted journalists got out. The horse reporter went straight to the managing editor's room.

"You ought to put a new man on the law reporting," he said.

"Yes," replied the editor, "I know I had. There are a lot of chumps like you around here every day telling me what to do. Probably you are right; anyhow you can try law reporting for a while. The thing would amuse you, and your appearance in any other role than that of doing two hours' work for a day's pay would create a sensation."—Chicago Tribune.

—They had a good deal of trouble in a Montreal court the other day, trying to swear in a Chinaman. He said he "believed" in anything; that he "no swear" at all; and he didn't swear on a saucer. When asked if he was a Buddhist he answered: "Me no know what you say. What you talk about?" In reply to the question, "what religion you belong to?" he said, "State of Ohio," and was finally sworn by crossing his hands on his heart.

"I'll be hanged if I don't" said the convict when asked if he intended to apply for a pardon.

Poor digestion frequently causes trouble which is all impossible when "Wheat Bitters" are used.

Flower fans are a novelty.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE, is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

Dry goods are cheap at the present time.

FADED COLORS RESTORED.—Faded or gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

Rosettes

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1882.

NUMBER 11.

Our School-house by the Way.

Some distance from the roadside way,
Down a pleasant street,
Where summer days, you'd see the print
Of little feet, brown feet,
Over which the grass, cool shadows fell
Through all the gloomy days—
They stood, by the trees a secret kept,
Our school-house by the way.

Outside it had a dress of white—
Had windows half a score—
Had blinds as many, brightly green—
A single western door.
Within, a wall of dainty white,
Of boards a bright array,
With flowers and pictures, all made glad
Our school-house by the way.

Southern, two maples, twins by birth,
And twins to growth and mien,
With branches, twisting overhead,
Their killing leaves were seen,
Good guard, and through the summer-time
The sunbeams kept a screen—
Let it be seen, kindly on
Our school-house by the way.

Not far, an elm of monstrous size,
His branches drooping down,
Through all the day it waving shade
Wrote looking toward the town.
Westward, in front, rose poplars three,
Arose like, as if they
Would call rich dewdrops down upon
Our school-house by the way.

Eastward, so near, the red cedar fruit
Hung on old dead eyes,
An arch stood within the mead,
With trees of great size,
It had an ancient, tree-wood look,
Brought out of some old gray
Tree planted long before they built
Our school-house by the way.

Not far, a kind of old man,
His men and women mild,
He though four-foot, had not forgot
That he was once a child.
And to gather dewdrops or fruit
In autumn or in May,
There went the bright-eyed children of
Our school-house by the way.

Two parents and through the mead
Came beneath the orchard trees
With many a curious look
Through the sunny noontide hour
The children loved to see
And with them she taught within
Our school-house by the way.

But years have passed; another band
See by that dainty wall,
Or wander by that orchard brook
Where early roses call.
And still, above the pleasant street,
Through all the gloomy day,
There stands, by trees a secret kept,
Our school-house by the way.

—The Teacher.

A Touch of Jealousy.

"Dear friend! Thank fortune!" said Kate, with a great sigh of relief, as she threw down a velvet hunting jacket which she had just been mending for her brother-in-law; adding, in the next breath: "If I thought I should ever have a husband to make and mend for all the days of my life, I should get some kind friend to put me in a lunatic asylum to begin with!"

"Then, if you really do intend to remain a maiden, Miss Wise, it is quite time you were beginning to put your eye back," commented a mischievous-looking young man who seemed very much at home in the cozy morning-room; "for you know that some of your ill-natured friends already believe you to be twenty—at least."

"As if I care who knows it!" retorted Kate, with a scornful toss of her dark curly hair. "I am twenty—at least, no doubt, and I hope to be twenty-five before I even begin to think of settling down. Just look at Laurie, there—only two years my senior, and I have actually looked upon him as an old-fashioned young man for the past five years."

"Nevertheless," said Laurie, smiling contentedly over her work, "my weight of years has not utterly crushed me. At least, I believe I am not gray-headed yet."

"Oh, no, not quite so bad as that!" admitted Kate, rather reluctantly. "But you know very well that you spend many an evening in the nursery or the sewing-room, when, if you were not married, you would be enjoying life, dancing and flirting, like the rest of us. Indeed, you no longer have the delightful privilege of choosing your escort from among half-dozen anxious suitors, but have to content yourself with the same one always, whether you like it or not."

"Still, I am always sure of some invitation," retorted Laurie, with a good-natured laugh at her sister, "and that is one advantage to be from my favorite."

"By jove!" said Kate, contemptuously. "You can't make me believe that that married woman lives who has not regretted the freedom she has thrown away!"

"Mark my words, Kate, you will live to take back that assertion, and wonder that you ever made it!" exclaimed Jack Brandon, rising from the sofa and gathering up his hunting-traps, as Laurie's husband entered to don the long shooting jacket which his kind-hearted, but mischievous sister-in-law had mended so carefully.

But Kate's only answer to Jack's taunting remark was a decided shake of the pretty head and a saucy, defiant laugh, as the two gentlemen strode down the walk in the crisp autumn air, whistling to their dogs as they went.

Accustomed as he was to hearing it, Kate's latest tirade against matrimony jarred unpleasantly upon Jack Brandon's ears. All day long, amid the most exciting sports of the chase, her taunting words rang through his heart and disturbed the full tide of happiness which the breezy air and his own fine animal spirits sent through every fiber of his young and healthy frame.

"I can't doubt that she thinks she means it all," mused Jack, walking slowly up to the bird which had just dropped, with a last fluttering gasp, to the ground. "Poor thing!" he said, pityingly, as he took it up. "I wonder if Kate would care if she saw me lying wounded and dead like this—killed by her cruelty! Bah! I'm getting sentimental! The truth is, I know she likes

me—and I believe that she would discover that she loves me, too, if she would only take the trouble to look into her own heart a little. But that she will never do while her life glides so smoothly. No wonder single blessedness looks delightful to her—half a dozen devoted slaves always at her command, and myself the greatest booby of the lot! Well, suppose we disturb the evenness of the current a little, and see what will come of it?"

That evening the pleasant parlor of Laurie Morton's hospitable home was brilliant with light and music, and her sister Kate, the willful seamstress of the morning, was entertaining, in a charming fashion, a party of gay young friends, herself the most attractive and admired of the group.

Jack Brandon lingered about her, with his usual half-careless, half-devoted manner, save that to-night there was a preoccupied air about him, so different from his natural sunny gaiety of disposition that Kate soon saw to rally him upon it.

"To tell the truth, Kate," said he, "I have been thinking all day of what you said this morning. If you really mean all you say—"

"Mean it?" she interrupted, indignantly. "Of course I mean it! Have I ever given you, or any one else, any reason to suppose I did not?"

"No, I can't say that you have," admitted Jack, ruefully. "But, as I was saying, if you really never intend to be married, why, there's no use in a fellow making a fool of himself for your sake forever. So I must seek elsewhere for the love which I foolishly believed you would grant me some day. Of course, a girl knows best what will make her happy, and I won't annoy you any more about the subject. But we must always be good friends, Kate, even though you won't marry me."

"With all my heart, Jack," said Kate, a little huskily, giving him her hand. "You are the most sensible man of my acquaintance. No doubt there are plenty of other girls who would be only too glad to resign their freedom and become Mrs. Jack Brandon."

"Oh, I shouldn't," returned Jack, complacently (the hypocrite!). "You see, my preference for yourself made me blind to their charms. However, I must now make up for lost time, since nature never intended me for a bachelor."

And with one of his brightest, friendliest smiles, Jack nodded a pleasant adieu, and sauntered across the room to the vicinity of Rachel Bowen, a young lady who had always ranked next to Kate in Mr. Brandon's warmest regards.

"How cozy he takes it!" thought Kate, her glance following his movements with a little surprise, which she could not quite conceal. "Of course, I never meant to marry him, though he's good enough for any woman living. Still, I must say, I never dreamed of his ever growing tired of the situation!"

So the weeks went by. Jack Brandon called upon Kate frequently, but she was no longer bored by any lover-like demonstrations. On the contrary, he was so entirely and simply the disinterested friend that she often found him longing for some of his old fond friends, some of those countless indications, in tone and manner, that she was more to him than all others.

Never did one of Cupid's shafts shake off his piloted letters so easily, and with such graceful good nature, as did the once-tiresome devoted Jack.

Occasionally he brought Rachel Bowen's name into the conversation, quite casually, but with a certain air which showed that she was fast gaining a deep hold upon his interest. And in these days it was not because of any Kate-wise who received Jack's invitations to party and theater, or who rode behind the unsung jingle of his sleigh bells, tucked up in warm fur robes, as the nation's little enter the town once a week.

So, to it was pretty, winsome, dove-like Rachel Bowen who carried off all the honors, and who evidently enjoyed it to the utmost, too. Kate was rallied unmercifully about the sudden defection of her chief admirer; and the worst of it was that nobody seemed to think of him as her rejected lover. She could not even have that triumph, for she was too proud to intimate such a thing, herself, and Jack's demeanor was such that to one could possibly imagine him to be disappointed, vain, or even deeply chagrined at heart, she bore the situation bravely, and pleasantly joined in the laugh at her own expense.

But a time came when Kate's laughter changed to tears; at least, in the solitude of her own room. Jack Brandon had broken his own, and had been taken at once to Mrs. Bowen's motherly room to be cared for. Day after day Kate pictured her pretty rival bemusingly over the handsome suitors, nothing but pain, rendering herself dearer to his heart each passing hour.

It was now that she most keenly realized what a sweet privilege she had thrown away. To see Jack's handsome, sunny face daily brightening her home had been such a common thing that she had thought nothing of it; but of late she had come to treasure up every word or glance of his as some thing precious, and now it was Rachel who was always to be blessed with those loving looks, those radiant smiles! To be sure, Kate would still have her glorious freedom, but, alas! what was freedom without Jack?

In the midst of her grief she was one day surprised by a summons to Jack's bedside, and it came from Rachel herself.

"Poor Jack seems out of his head," she said, "and as you and he were such good friends, I thought you would mind helping us to watch with him occasionally."

"Wouldn't mind?" Kate's heart was throbbing to suffocation as she stood by the couch and looked down upon the sleeping sufferer, with his poor, bandaged arm and deeply flushed cheeks. She had expected to find him looking pale, but, thinking he had been looking so, she stood watching him in silent pity long after Rachel had pleaded fatigue and left her alone with the handsome patient.

Of course her womanly compassion soon conquered her pride, and a few pitying tears fell upon Jack's hot cheeks

as she smoothed his brow and murmured some low, caressing words. Then Jack suddenly opened his eyes and caught the fond, wistful look and the sweet loving words, after which there was no rathly use in her trying longer to conceal her feelings; and then, somehow, before her considerate rival again entered the room, Kate found herself actually engaged to Jack Brandon, and learned at the same time that his supposed love for Rachel and his broken arm was a sham and a hoax, and that Rachel and Laurie had both been in the plot.

Of course Kate threatened to break the newly-formed engagement straightway, but, having once conquered, Jack was not afraid of that.

"I knew you loved me all the time," said he, composedly, "and I thought a touch of jealousy would show you what a treasure you were in danger of losing."

Let any one ask Mrs. Jack Brandon to-day if she regrets her girlhood's freedom, and she will answer, with the evasive diplomacy of a Philadelphia lawyer: "Not yet."

THE CZAR'S HOME.

The general arrangement of the buildings, besides offering the advantages of accommodation to be found in a large mansion, affords special security for the personal safety of the emperor, whose apartments are completely isolated and unapproachable except by narrow passages that are strictly guarded. The galleries at Gatchina have long been famed as containing magnificent artistic collections. One which leads to the emperor's private rooms is called the Japanese gallery, and here are assembled a number of curiosities of the highest value, which have from time to time been presented to the great white czar by rulers of China and Japan. The Japanese minister, who was lately present at Gatchina, and who is a great collector of both European and Asiatic bric-a-brac, stated that there was nothing in the East to compare with this Russian collection, and that it would be impossible to replace many of the ancient and extremely valuable artistic objects that adorn the imperial gallery.

The ordinary sitting-room of the czar is a comfortably but simply furnished apartment, elegant in its arrangement, and noticeable, but a large writing table and other unmistakable signs denote that many of the emperor's hours are here passed in close application to the endless business that devolves on the autocratic head of a system of bureaucratic centralization. The czar is an early riser, and the labors of his day commence at nine in the morning. Till one o'clock he is occupied in his study receiving the ministers who present their daily or weekly reports, and consulting with them over affairs of state. It is especially significant of the policy of the present czar that, while his officials have often a difficulty in obtaining an interview, his majesty is always accessible to provincial deputations, which are sometimes composed of wild Khorizm, sometimes of swarthy Kalmucks or skin-clad Samoyeds, and sometimes of illiterate Russian peasants who desire to present a holy picture to their great father, and to express their loyalty and devotion to his person. The emperor receives two and all with stern dignity, which, though accompanied in most cases by a certain kindness of manner, always leaves the conviction that Alexander III. feels himself an autocrat, and is determined to yield none of his prerogatives, but to impress on all that approach him that they are in the presence of an absolute, kindly master. This species of self-assertion was a trait in the character of the emperor in his very earliest days. He is devoted to study, and when a boy it was suggested that he might derive pleasure from taking a part in the musical performances of the palace orchestra, the theater-apparatus was delighted at the idea, and it remained to be settled on what instrument he should learn to perform. Characteristically this imperious prince selected the trombone as being the instrument with which he could produce the greatest effect, and, lover of music though he was, his performance appeared chiefly to consist in a well sustained and fairly successful effort to drown the remainder of the orchestra.

Although stern and even overbearing to the majority of those who surround him, Alexander III. has always been a sympathetic and affectionate husband and father. At one o'clock daily he lunches with his wife and children, and to this meal none but the closest intimates of his family are ever admitted. After the luncheon, if there are no further deputations to receive, or important business to attend to, the czar goes out walking or driving, in company with the empress or his sons. In the evening there is often a little music, of which the empress is as fond as the emperor, and her majesty is a good pianist. The czar retires to bed early, and by eleven o'clock all is silence in the imperial apartment.

During the daytime the empress occupies a room on the ground floor, exactly below the czar's study, with which it communicates directly by a small private staircase. The czarina's boudoir is elegantly furnished, but in a simple style, and with no appearance of luxury, except such as is given by the presence of certain handsome pieces of furniture and objects d'art, which remain to testify to the more extravagant tastes of former occupants. The empress is an admirable manager, both of her time and of everything that pertains to the household duties. Her great intelligence and sweetness of manner have given her an extraordinary influence over her husband and all other persons who are brought into contact with her. The Antokhina Palace, which she occupied as czarina, was a model of household management, and to her initiative is due the commencement of sweeping reforms in the administration of the other overgrown palaces. She is patroness, and takes as far as possible an active share in the management of half the charitable institutions in Russia, and particularly those that are connected with the protection of women and children. Every morning, while the emperor is busy upstairs with his

ministers, the empress receives the report from Mons. Delaunoy and others, whom she intrusts with the supervision of the various societies in which she is interested. The empress's solicitude for the safety of her husband is well known, and it has been observed that she is never at ease when he is called away from home. The education and care of her children also engross much of her thoughts. The eldest son, the czar

PANICKY TIMES.

In times of severe panic people have been known to refuse Bank of England notes and prefer to stonies. In country districts of Scotland the old one-pound notes were greatly preferred to sovereigns. It is said that when there was a run upon the Bank of England in 1795 the device was resorted to of paying the country people in shillings and sixpences. One acute Manchester firm painted all their premises properly, and many dapper gentlemen were deterred from approaching the counter. A story is told of Cunliffe Brook's bank. When there was an impetuous and unreasoning rush for gold, Mr. Brooks obtained a number of sacks of meal, opened them at the top, put a good thick layer of coin upon the contents, then placed them under where the glittering coins would be manifest to all observers. One bank procured a number of people as confederates, to whom they paid gold and then slipped around again to a back door and refunded it, and thus the effect of a stage alarm was produced. At another bank the chief cashier himself examined every note with the most searching scrutiny, holding it up to the light, testing the signature and making believe that, on account of alarm as to forgery, there was need of the most scrupulous care. When he had completed his pretended examination he handed the note to one of his subordinates very deliberately, with, in slow and measured terms, "You may pay it." Other plans were to pay the money very languidly, counting it twice over so as to be sure the sum was right, and to give a sovereign short, so that the customer should complain, and the counting have to be done over again. At one of the banks peck measures were placed in the windows facing the street, a pile of the fruit exposed to sale at street corners in the summer. At another the coin was heaped in shovels over the fire in the parlor behind and handed out as "new" at a temperature of 300 deg. Fahrenheit. The clock in charge, accommodating his philosophy to the occasion, cried out loudly every half hour, "Now, Jim, do be getting on with their money." "Coming, sir, coming," was the ready reply, and the "clock" though the patient of production looked less. It is always the simple-minded and the uneducated who constitute on such occasions the chief portion of the throng, just as the people who go to extremes are the half-educated ones. The crowd were early persuaded, the proof that all was right was burning their fingers.—London Society.

DECAYING LEAVES.

We very naturally admire growing leaves, and cannot help a feeling of sadness when they wither and fall. A casual look at the fallen leaves gives us the idea that their work is done, and that therefore He who has wonderfully created them permitted them to decay. But those who give more than a passing look find that, though their ornamental life is over, their useful life is but beginning. You pause, perhaps, and for a moment wonder how dead leaves are utilized; but so many varieties are used that it would be impossible to name them all, so we will only refer to the most common. Of these it is only fair to state that many of them we do not allow to wither on the tree, the reason being to preserve a larger amount of the essence of the leaf. For example, the leaves of the tea plant are allowed to grow to a certain stage, and are then gathered and dried, quickly in the sun. Of course, every one knows that the death of a leaf is usually caused by the drying up of the sap, on which it depends for nourishment; so that by forcing the leaves to die more quickly than they naturally would, more of the taste or essence of the leaf is retained. And so dead tea leaves are of use to provide Dr. Johnson's favorite beverage, "tea."

Of course, there are many different kinds of tea, but they are not under our consideration; sufficient is it if you consider that that most common of all commodities is simply dead leaves. Next, let us take tobacco, as being an article in common use. This plant is a native of America, and is supposed to have been first brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who taught his countrymen to smoke it. The leaves only are used, and great care is taken in its cultivation to bring them to perfection, and the drying and preparing for use is a long and difficult process; but no one looking at a cigar or the usual tobacco can for a moment doubt its being anything but dead leaves.

It would be a long and difficult task to name all the dead leaves which are used by herbalists and doctors; but many of the more simple kinds of the class of leaves known as herbs are of great use in cookery, such as thyme, mint, sage, etc.

Having mentioned these individual leaves, you will probably say these are very few; not a hundredth part of the leaves there are, and granting them to be a hundredth part, what becomes of the ninety-nine kinds left? Many leaves are allowed to drop off the trees and decay to a certain extent, and are then used for manure to enrich the ground, which all in their turn will also decay. Then, again, it is an acknowledged fact that the decayed vegetation of centuries—in fact, whole forests which have died and been replaced—go to form a large proportion of our coal.

Miss—Bridget, I really can't allow you to receive your sweetheart in the kitchen any longer. Bridget: "Thank you kindly, mum, but he's too bashful for the parlor."

HYDROPHOBIA.

MANY PERSONS DYING FROM THE BITES OF DOGS.

As not a few cases of real or alleged hydrophobia have been noted recently, and as in the winter season quite as much as during the time of extreme heat, this terrible disease is to be dreaded, it may not be without interest for our readers, says the New York World, to present a brief review of the cases in question and of the recent researches of Pasteur, Gaultier and other experts. Among the fatal cases reported recently were the following: Frederick Kroger, New York, aged eleven, died June 8 from a bite received April 2, James Kavanagh, New York, aged twelve, died August 9 from a bite received April 15, Henry B. Comely, Philadelphia, died December 25 from a bite received in 1878, Frederick Miller, Philadelphia, January 7, 1882,—in this case, and possibly in the preceding one, death was the result of fear more than of anything else. John Baker, New York, January 10, from a bite received in October. At Buffalo, on the 21st of February last, Welcome Arnold died from a bite received in 1873 from a man believed to be suffering from hydrophobia, his death coming four years after the first seizure, from which he had apparently recovered. In August last Mr. E. C. Clarkson, a well-known English queen's counsel, died of a bite received in May, and on the 24th of September a girl of four died in Derbyshire of a bite received July 27, the symptoms in each case being unmistakable.

The usual number of species have been named before the public during the last eighteen months or two years. In the early winter of 1879 Dr. John W. Green, of New York city, described his experience with canine and his hopes of attaining a successful result therewith. That agent was employed in young Kavanagh's case at the New York hospital, but without any effect save as an ordinary sedative. As was recited in the World of December 7, 1879, the result obtained had varied, one case being cured at Dusseldorf, while in Russia all four of the patients died, though without the usual preliminary tortures. The European cure still has its advocates, steved in milk or in an apertizing compound with dragon's blood, rock alum and lime made from burned oyster shells, the whole dissolved in wine or beer. About the best that can be said for the last compound, which is much in vogue with the ignorant, is that it could not do much harm and might exercise a good effect by quieting the imagination. A cake of two tablespoonfuls of burned oyster shells, mixed with egg and fried in olive oil or butter, is also recommended, to be eaten in the morning, no other food or drink being taken for six hours afterward. Heavy doses of chloral have been recommended. In the old world garlic eaten in large quantities is claimed to have an excellent effect. Father Lasserre reports from Tonquin that the natives there cure hydrophobia with the hoang-nan, a plant the effect of which resembles poisoning by strychnine, the remedy being well-liked as bad as the disease.

Another practitioner offers to cure hydrophobia by doses of bromine seed tea and the catarrhization of the alleged poison sacs on the surface of the tongue. A German doctor's recipe is to bathe the wound with warm vinegar and water, and pour upon it a few drops of muriatic acid. Another mode of treatment suggested by a New York doctor is to apply a mixture of equal quantities of chloroform and concentrated ammonia with a sponge for from six to ten minutes, and, if there is any pain, to rub a little of ammonia and spirits of turpentine. Turkish baths were once touted as a certain cure, but now they do not even attract as much attention as the perennial "mad stone," or the exploded preventive practice of "worming" dogs. The French physicians generally resort to catarrhization with the red-hot iron or with butter of antimony, and in cases duly operated on report a mortality of 33 1/2 per cent. as against 82 per cent. in the cases of people left to themselves. Officially announced, the Russian treatment is to press the wounded parts so as to make them bleed freely; then to wash them with water or any other liquid, if, possible, a forcible stream, until the catarrhization has been performed. "Don't wait for a doctor," says the French government's circular, "for the efficacy of catarrhization depends on the promptness with which it is resorted to. Ammonia and alcohol are useless agents. Employ castile, butter of antimony, or—better still—red-hot iron. A knife, a key, anything will do, but heat it red and cut rise every portion of the wound." The French circular, however, omits one important notification—to preserve the animal alive if it has not given unquestionable symptoms of rabies. Such a measure will occupy only a few days and may save much worry and danger to the person bitten. Imagination counts for a great deal in this matter, and it is not every one who has the power of Croesus, who cured himself of what was declared an attack of hydrophobia by mere mental effort.

In January last, a boy died in a Paris hospital of hydrophobia, and Pasteur proceeded to experiment with his saliva, taken four hours after death. Two rabbits inoculated with it, diluted, died in thirty-six hours, and death ensued even more rapidly in the case of rabbits inoculated with their blood or saliva. The animals lost appetite in five or six hours, became weak and paralyzed and finally died of asphyxia, the windpipe being congested and showing hemorrhage, with swelling of the ganglions on either side, and of the groin and axilla. M. Pasteur observed in their blood a small organism or microbe which he regarded as the agent of the malady, a discovery hailed as offering hope that science might find a means of attenuating the action of rabies. Dogs inoculated with the boy's saliva died in a few days, but without developing rabid symptoms. Subsequently Pasteur found the virus of rabies in the brain system as well as in the saliva, and reproduced the disease in healthy dogs by direct inoculation, shortening considerably the period of incubation,

HOW STUDENTS SLASH EACH OTHER.

A correspondent of the London Globe writes as follows: It was a clock on a foggy morning as a friend and myself marched along the Mariahilferstrasse, in Vienna. My friend was a strong surgeon of promise.

"It is a 'mensur,'" quoth he; "there will be hot work, for some of them are old hands."

A batch of student's duels was to be fought off, and my friend was doctor for his old corps, the "Silesia."

"You must be a colleague for the nonce," said he, as we turned down a narrow side street "I can hardly introduce you to a 'mensur' unless you pass as a doctor."

So I buttoned high my coat and looked professional. We entered a little restaurant, passed through to the back, and so by a narrow passage to a door with a peep-hole.

"Ah, doctor!" called half a dozen voices, as we entered.

My conductor, turning to me, said: "Gentlemen, here is an English colleague of mine desirous of witnessing our 'mensur,' let me introduce him."

Long lasted the bowing, shaking of hands, and exchanging of names, for punctilious politeness is never more de rigueur than on such occasions. A long room with a table at either end, the walls hung with black red gold flags and shields of the "Silesia"—an arsenal of swords in the racks—gloves, masks and paddings in profusion. A group of red-capped students standing and sitting round one table, a group of green-capped students at the other—the whole in a fine atmosphere of tobacco smoke. Plastered were the faces of many, and almost every left cheek bore prominent traces of doughy blows. One advanced from the other end of the room were "Saxonia."

My friend and his colleague of the other corps now busied themselves in laying out the implements of their art—while the first pair of combatants prepared for action. Coats and waistcoats were removed; the sword arm was swathed in many folds of black silk as was also the neck, while a wadded garment—horribly stiffened and discolored from use—protected the body and the face were guarded by goggles like spectacles. A fellow got up in this guise as a right "uncanny" look about him, especially with the long straight sword with the fearfully sharp blade and a great basket "guard" in his hand.

"We will commence at once, if it is agreeable to you."

"We are entirely at your service."

The presidents of either corps saluted ceremoniously, the crowd of students fell back, the combatants advanced to chalk line. The presidents on either side are in full student gala, boots, capped and ribboned—their naked swords ready to parry an unauthorized blow. The recorder reads the protocol of the fight, the senior calls: "Silentium! Ready! Guard!" There is a second's pause, and then at the word "Los!" (let loose) the hammering begins. It is not at all like broadsword or singlestick—still less like foil, for the student's "paukeri" is quite sui generis—an inelegant hacking at close quarters with nothing but the over guard "terce" and quart.

They are to fight for fifteen minutes—rests not included—unless, of course, before the time the doctor declares it to be dangerous to proceed. "Halt!" is called for a few seconds. First blood. "It is nothing," declares the doctor, and the swordmen advance again, and one of them has a dropping gash in the cheek. "Halt!" is called at least a dozen times, and each time another gash is recorded. One man can hardly see for the blood which trickles down his forehead and gets under his goggles, and so the doctor, with calm readiness, snears the upper rim with the grease from a plate of "gryslach," and thus diverts the gory stream.

"Our man can go on a bit more," from the Saxonia.

"Our man is quite ready," from the Silesia.

"Ready! Los!" once more. Hammer, hammer; clash, clash.

"Halt!" a lock of hair flutters to the ground; Saxonia staggers back; the doctor is at his side.

"We must stop," remarks Menapulus, after a glance; "a deep scalp wound."

The recorder advances, and reads passively from his notes: "Mensur" between X— of Saxonia, and Y— of Silesia. Stopped by Dr. Z—, after fourteen rounds, after twelve and three-quarter minutes actual fighting."

And now the doctors fall to work, and a right ghastly sight it is; gory paddings, steaming hot, are loosened, and wine poured down a between pair of lips. Next duel was a between pair, for practice d slashers yield the steel. Everybody took the trouble to look on; even the most crushed of toppers put down his beer and assumed a critical mien. Lightning quick flashed the blades, whizzing ominously; but the touches were less frequent by reason of greater skill in parrying. All at once Silesia dropped his weapon and fainted outright. His whole hand was laid open by a skillful under switch. This concluded the second affair.

ZOOLOGIST.—How do we account for sudden impulses to commit crime? Well, we accounted for our sudden impulse to murder our neighbor's boy on the ground that he put a string across the street to trip us up. Don't think, though, that he succeeded. We merely felt the string with our foot, and got down on the ground to see what it was. —Boston Post.

THE AVERAGE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH GOLD SOVEREIGN.

The average life of an English gold sovereign is about eighteen years—that is, the coin loses three-quarters of its grain in weight in about that length of time. It then ceases to be legal-tender. It is said that of the £100,000,000 of British gold coinage, 40 per cent. is worn down below the legal weight.

It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest.

There is no ivory waste. Even the powder is sold for making jelly. It is said that one leading cutlery firm in Sheffield made a calculation that to supply themselves with the ivory needed for their business they required 1,268 elephants every year, and that, even with this number, the tusks were fast estimated to within one year.

The deepest insult that can be given in Deadwood is to say: "You ain't worth lynching."

that will make him nervous. He must be temperate in eating and everything else."

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ANDOVER.—At the annual town meeting the routine business had been transacted, it was voted to change the time of the meeting from the second to the first of March, and to enlarge the town hall.

The business of the day was greatly retarded by the disorder which prevailed during the meeting. We hope the time is far distant when our citizens will be so far from noise and confusion as unnecessary elements in a town meeting, and that our authorities will not again tolerate such disgraceful disturbances as prevailed on Monday.

Mr. J. Orville Newton is attending school at Kent's Hill this spring.

Mr. Aaron Cutting was severely injured yesterday, 15th, by being stepped upon and dragged by a horse which he was leading.

Will. Taft started for Minnesota last Monday morning.

Rev. Mr. Cummings of the M. E. Church has stopped with threats of violence last Sunday evening by some fast youths, who had been ordered from his church for disorderly conduct; after a short parley, he was permitted to pass on unmolested.

FAIRFAX.—During the past four months the snow has paid the farmers in this vicinity, some over \$20,000 for potatoes. It has become one of the most important distributing centers for farm and orchard produce in the County. The average temperature per day for February was 24.2°, which was 1.24° warmer per day than for February of 1881. Hiram Johnson is having a large amount of poplar hauled to his steam mill to be manufactured into excelsior. One hundred and fifty cords of birch have been hauled to the mill on Fish River to be sawed into shingles.

Hay is plenty at \$15 to \$18 per ton, and for this time of the year is looking well.

The late snow and cold weather has been a blessing to the farmers. On the road the other day your reporter met a team heavily loaded with logs and a cord wood besides several single horse teams.

The ladies M. E. circle, met with Mrs. E. Swan, at Grange Hall last Thursday afternoon and evening. Rev. Mr. Pease, pastor of the M. E. Church is very popular in all classes here and is taking a high rank as an earnest and efficient worker.

He is laboring with this Church of Zion. The late Quarterly Conference the members of the society voted unanimously to return another year.

We were pleased to meet Dr. G. M. Russell of Fairfield, on the street the other day. The Dr. is one of the most successful poultry men in the State and has the Plymouth Rock his favorite.

He is satisfied by experience that they are some of the best breeds of pure bred poultry for all purposes that we have, and those who wish to get them in their city should write to the doctor for his address.

Mr. Casper L. Capen, lost a valuable ox, yesterday. A man came in with his witness, to be naturalized. This man with the witness were all sworn and promptly tested to the applicant's good moral character, and his unswerving obedience to the laws. Judge Bonney thought the man's face familiar, and on looking over his docket found he had been up before him eight times for liquor selling.

He plainly told the applicant his record did not correspond with his oath, and that he could not be naturalized in his Court—Press.

NOT A GOOD CITIZEN.—Quite a little ripple was created in Judge Bonney's court, yesterday. A man came in with his witness, to be naturalized. This man with the witness were all sworn and promptly tested to the applicant's good moral character, and his unswerving obedience to the laws. Judge Bonney thought the man's face familiar, and on looking over his docket found he had been up before him eight times for liquor selling.

He plainly told the applicant his record did not correspond with his oath, and that he could not be naturalized in his Court—Press.

STRAIN MARCH 15.—The weather since the 15th has been quite cold and the snow has been as good as any time this winter, and it is being well improved.

Most of the teams have come out of the snow after a short winter work.

Robert Hastings doubled his contract for the season. Marshall Walker did not fill his contract. Mr. Morrison who is logging near the river, is doing a good business yet.

He has near three hundred thousand yards of lumber, and has a large crew drawing it.

Mr. Wright has about seventy five cords of birch in his yard to be sawed into stock this spring, and Henry Wright has about fifty cords more which he is sawing to the mill, which goes into stock.

The pink eye has made its appearance among the horses here and John W. Benson has lost one by it and has more sick but none but what are getting better.

MR. WELLINGTON DUDLEY informs us there was no truth in the report of the death of his son, in the west. We are glad to ascertain the source from which the rumor started.

Yellow Cummings has commenced spring, and started a new meat cart. He is now three on this route, and Joseph Cummings keeps a stock of meat on the route for those who call.

PORT PARIS.—Our South Paris correspondent sends us an interview with C. M. Merrill of that place, who is slightly embarrassed. A Portland attorney has been suing his accounts.

MERRILL MARCH 15.—A. L. Merrill is a large cannibal on his back and a large number of smaller ones.

H. Eastman's child is worse. H. Merrill of Byron is ill. George Easter, Sr., is ill, rheumatism.

George Easter, Jr., is a lively affair, and three ballots for some of the off-white one majority was the rule.

John Hodson, of Byron, died yesterday.

WOODSTOCK, MARCH 15.—Dr. W. B. Houghton, of the Maine Farmer, was in town yesterday. His history of Woodstock will be published the coming summer.

Woodstock has been quite lively the past winter. A large amount of corn and produce have been marketed.

Geo. S. Whitman has sold his farm near Woodstock for \$15 per acre; Rose pond 50 cents, and beaver \$2.75 per bush.

C. Houghton, esq., has moved into his new house recently occupied by H. F. Houghton.

Some farmers have commenced tapping the maple.

TEMPERATURE LAST WEEK AT 7 A. M.—Monday, 22°; Tuesday, 28°; Wednesday, 28°; Thursday, 14°; Friday, 12°; Saturday, 15°; Sunday, 15°.

FREE LECTURE.—The citizens of Paris Hill, desiring to furnish a pleasant evening's entertainment to strangers visiting the village, have made arrangements with Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., of Portland, to deliver his popular lecture entitled "Rambles in Norway," next Friday evening. No admission fee will be charged, and no collection taken. Mr. Thomas is well known throughout the State as an entertaining lecturer, and his long residence in the Scandinavian peninsula has given him ample material for this lecture, which is reported by the papers to be one of the best delivered in lecture courses in the State. Give him a good house.

—Mason Bros. of Norway, appreciate the benefits to be derived from printer's ink. This week they have a large double column advertisement of phosphates, and a less pretentious, though no less interesting announcement concerning plows. Farmers should carefully read both and profit by them.

—The Selectmen of Buckfield were a little unfortunate in their selection of a printer for their town report. He made them say "Street Com. account" for "Sweet Corn acct.," and credited the town farm with \$15 for "watering" horses, instead of wintering them.

—Another old man gone. They now say that Methuselah was only 124 years instead of 969 years, and the old calendar must be altered.

—Governor Plafied has appointed Thursday, April 13th as Fast Day in Maine.

LAW BRIEFS.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," is a favorite text of Mr. Conkling's.

A deed lately recorded in Pittsfield, Mass., specified that J. R. conveyed to Mary L. R. certain property in consideration of \$1 and Mary's love and affection.

In the course of an address to the United States Jury in Cincinnati recently Judge Baxter remarked: "I think I may say that my observation in Courts for 41 years leads me to believe that in about one half of the litigation that we are troubled with in the Courts arises from the misadvice of counsel."

Mr. Haven Tenney was called as a witness in a Delaware Court, and when the Judge asked him his name and he answered: "Haven Tenney," the Judge remarked that every man has a name, the witness was trying to insult the Court and was therefore fined \$10.

A man named Scott was excused from serving as juror at Washington, Pa., the other day because he belonged to the Covenant Church, which holds the belief that ours is not a Christian Government, and declared that he had conscientious scruples against taking any part in its proceedings.

Mr. Lincoln was asked which of two programmes for his inauguration he preferred. Throwing one leg over the back of the chair, he told "a story." "When I was practicing law in Illinois, a client of mine, a peculiar sort of a fellow, was brought before the Court, and the Judge asked him, 'Do you swear or affirm?' 'Mr. Judge,' my client replied, 'I don't care a curse what I say.'"

NOT A GOOD CITIZEN.—Quite a little ripple was created in Judge Bonney's court, yesterday. A man came in with his witness, to be naturalized. This man with the witness were all sworn and promptly tested to the applicant's good moral character, and his unswerving obedience to the laws. Judge Bonney thought the man's face familiar, and on looking over his docket found he had been up before him eight times for liquor selling.

He plainly told the applicant his record did not correspond with his oath, and that he could not be naturalized in his Court—Press.

STRAIN MARCH 15.—The weather since the 15th has been quite cold and the snow has been as good as any time this winter, and it is being well improved.

Most of the teams have come out of the snow after a short winter work.

Robert Hastings doubled his contract for the season. Marshall Walker did not fill his contract. Mr. Morrison who is logging near the river, is doing a good business yet.

He has near three hundred thousand yards of lumber, and has a large crew drawing it.

Mr. Wright has about seventy five cords of birch in his yard to be sawed into stock this spring, and Henry Wright has about fifty cords more which he is sawing to the mill, which goes into stock.

The pink eye has made its appearance among the horses here and John W. Benson has lost one by it and has more sick but none but what are getting better.

MR. WELLINGTON DUDLEY informs us there was no truth in the report of the death of his son, in the west. We are glad to ascertain the source from which the rumor started.

Yellow Cummings has commenced spring, and started a new meat cart. He is now three on this route, and Joseph Cummings keeps a stock of meat on the route for those who call.

PORT PARIS.—Our South Paris correspondent sends us an interview with C. M. Merrill of that place, who is slightly embarrassed. A Portland attorney has been suing his accounts.

MERRILL MARCH 15.—A. L. Merrill is a large cannibal on his back and a large number of smaller ones.

H. Eastman's child is worse. H. Merrill of Byron is ill. George Easter, Sr., is ill, rheumatism.

George Easter, Jr., is a lively affair, and three ballots for some of the off-white one majority was the rule.

John Hodson, of Byron, died yesterday.

WOODSTOCK, MARCH 15.—Dr. W. B. Houghton, of the Maine Farmer, was in town yesterday. His history of Woodstock will be published the coming summer.

Woodstock has been quite lively the past winter. A large amount of corn and produce have been marketed.

Geo. S. Whitman has sold his farm near Woodstock for \$15 per acre; Rose pond 50 cents, and beaver \$2.75 per bush.

C. Houghton, esq., has moved into his new house recently occupied by H. F. Houghton.

Some farmers have commenced tapping the maple.

TEMPERATURE LAST WEEK AT 7 A. M.—Monday, 22°; Tuesday, 28°; Wednesday, 28°; Thursday, 14°; Friday, 12°; Saturday, 15°; Sunday, 15°.



A STORY OF THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

NED BUNTLINE.

Is ready to-day in No. 17 of

New York Weekly.

MERCILESS BEN.

The Hair-Lifter.

Is a constant succession of wild and strange adventures in the far South-west, descriptive of scenery and character nowhere else to be found, and will be published in No. 17 of the

New York Weekly.

Captain Jack, The Poet Scout.

holds a prominent and well-deserved place in the story.

The Terror of the Apache.

tribe, he yet lives, covered with wounds, a mark of their hate toward the

Conqueror of Victoria.

The story in No. 17 of the

New York Weekly.

is ready TO-DAY, and for sale everywhere.

MERCILESS BEN.

the man who never

Spared a Fox, or Wronged a Friend.

Without exception, it leads the race in the field of fiction.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

Is for sale by every News Agent throughout the WORLD.

3 Months (postage free) 1 year, 2 copies (postage free) \$5.00

4 Months \$1.00 1 year, 4 copies \$10.00

1 year, 1 copy \$3.00 1 year, 5 copies \$20.00

Any person sending \$20 for a club of eight, will be entitled to a Ninth Copy free. Getters up of clubs can afterward add Single Copies at \$2.50 each.

Specimen copies can be seen at every post-office, drug store and news-agency throughout the Union. All letters should be addressed to

STREET & SMITH, Proprietors,

25, 27, 29 & 31 Rose st.

P.O. Box 2734. N. Y.

1882.

NEW ROOM PAPERS

AND BORDERS.

The largest stock ever seen outside the city,

OVER 150

Different Patterns OF NEW STYLES, FROM CHEAP BROWN UPTO THE BEST GILTS.

With

BORDER TO MATCH.

All papers trimmed and delivered free in Norway and South Paris villages.

STANDARD SUPERPHOSPHATE.

GUARANTEED to be the best manufactured in New England at the price per ton. The analysis guaranteed the highest of any brand made in New England, at the same price per ton. GUARANTEED equal to and in many cases superior to any brand manufactured in New England.

GUARANTEED to give satisfaction every time. FARMERS buy only guaranteed goods. "We state what we sell, and sell what we state."

TESTIMONIALS.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—By request I will give you my experience with the Standard Superphosphate that I purchased of you last spring. I drew my green dressing from the large yard, spread upon the greenward, plowed it in, and about the 25th of May, put in a large table-spoonful of Standard Superphosphate in each hill, with no other dressing than the greenward, and then six rows with another well known brand, alternating through the piece. I called the attention of my neighbors and townsmen to the piece of corn, asking them if they could see any difference in the growth; they invariably decided that they could not. The corn was so uniform in growth that any one examining it would conclude at once that the dressing was the same throughout the piece. I have used it nearly all the most noted brands of Superphosphate and can truly say that the standard was equal to the best of them.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I tried the Standard Superphosphate that I bought of you last spring, on corn this season, with two other kinds, viz., Bradley's XL and Bay State, fully equaling in results either of the other kinds, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to my brother farmers. I shall use it again next season. Yours respectfully, J. B. ROWE.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I have used your Standard Superphosphate on my farm crops the past season and it proved very satisfactory. W. D. KENDRICK.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season on general farm crops, and will say it gave me entire satisfaction shall use again another season. DANIEL CLARK.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn, along with three other kinds treating the different strips as near alike as possible, in all respects the standard gave fully as good if not better results than the others, although they were higher priced. S. M. SANDERSON.

NORWAY, MAINE. Messrs. MASON BROS., Agents Standard Fertilizer Co. Dear Sirs:—I used the Standard Superphosphate the past season upon sweet corn

