

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1882.

NUMBER 25.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Terms—\$2.00 per year in advance, a deduction of fifty cents being made if paid within six months, and a deduction of twenty-five cents will be made if paid at the end of the year. If not paid at the end of the year, the subscription will be considered as renewed for the next year at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents.

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MANHOOD  
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

## SOPHRONIA.

Stephen Billings had finished his dinner—a meal eaten at noon by the inhabitants of the thinly settled farming town of Hillsdale—and was shoving back his chair, when he heard a rap at the front door. It stood open—for it was a warm day in May—and framed a delightful view across slope and valley, a view at this moment eclipsed by the figure of a tall and handsome girl, who stood at the threshold.

"Eh, Miss Sophronia?" said Mr. Billings bowing his head to peer at her between the shaggy gray tufts of his knitted brows and the upper rim of his silver-bowed spectacles. "Won't you walk in? How's Miss Newcomb?"

"Mother is very well, thank you," said Sophronia, hurriedly. "Can I see you a few moments alone, Mr. Billings?"

"Sartin ye can—what's to hinder?" said the old bachelor bluntly. "There's the gal in the kitchen, busy mostly breakin' dishes, an' she won't hear, so speak right out, Miss Sophronia, an' git rid on't for I own I'm powerful curius to know what's brought ye?"

The girl blushed; it was, in fact, the first time she had ever been under Stephen Billings' roof. "I've come to see about the mortgage on father's farm."

The old man straightened up stiffly. "Ye just go right back home, and tell yer father not to send none o' his petticoats to me. I don't do business with gals."

"Oh, Mr. Billings, father doesn't know that I came!" cried the girl quickly. "It's my own doing; no one knows a word about it, and you mustn't tell."

"Mustn't hey?"

"No, you will not tell; you have no right to I came to you in confidence, and you are a gentleman and cannot betray me." She was pale, and trembled very much, but there was no mistaking the resolution in her voice and glance.

"I ain't no gentleman," Stephen Billings answered, after a pause, "but if ye really cum by yerself, I ain't called upon fur I know, to be a giving on ye away by blowing. What is it ye want?"

"I'll tell you the truth Mr. Billings, and I'll speak as if you were my father, instead of my father's enemy."

The old man's face changed suddenly and he pressed his hand hard upon the arm of the hair cloth sofa where he sat; but the girl went on without pause, or hesitation, as if life and death were in the balance. "I don't understand business very well, but I do know that father cannot pay up the mortgage, and that you have said that he must pay or you must have the farm. I want you to grant him one year and at the end of it if he cannot pay you, Mr. Billings, I will have come to ask you to do this great kindness to me, Mr. Billings—not to my father or my mother, but to me. And I ask you to deal with me as you would wish to have a man deal by your daughter, if she was in such trouble as I am."

The Newcomb farm was small and the mortgage but a trifling sum, if only Daniel Newcomb had not been poor, physically disabled, and through the misdeeds of others in debt. On the other hand, Stephen Billings was rich at least for a Hillsider; but he was known to be a grasping, as well as a thrifty man, and few people who knew him would have dreamed of such an attempt as Sophronia Newcomb had made. Yet courage and devotion sometimes answers better than the subtlest worldly wisdom. It was a long time since anyone had spoken to Stephen Billings with this tone of complete confidence in his doing what was right, whether pleasant or not, just because it was right; and it was a very long time since a warm young hand had touched him kindly like this girlish hand he felt on his arm. When after a pause he raised his eyes to hers, his features were working with unaccustomed and strongly repressed emotion.

"Well, I've heard ye," he said, and ef I had a darter, an' she wuz ter cum ter a man as ye've cum ter me—in trouble, ye said—I'd want him ter say, jest ye be easy, I'll give Dan'l—I'll give yer father a year."

Sophronia had risen when he did. Her heart was full and her tongue was no longer fluent.

"I don't mind tellin' on ye," he said, a little huskily, "for ye ain't the girl to go repeatin' on't; yer mother was the only girl I ever asked to marry me, an' I was a soft hearted lad in them days. She said no and it spiled things for me a good deal ever sence."

He walked away again, and stood some moments in the front doorway. When he returned, it was with his old manner. He too in his way was proud, for he had refrained from telling Sophronia that it was chiefly due to an ungenerous action on her father's part that her mother when she was pretty Anna Green, had refused him and steeled his heart once and for all.

"It's a bargain," said he, an' I'll stick to't jest as if ye were my own darter an' not an enemy's darter."

Stephen Billings had not been the only direction in which Sophronia had sought relief. She had an aunt living in New York, the wife of one of the wealthiest Mrs. Bird was very fond of her niece and having no children of her own, would long ago have adopted Sophronia, if the latter could have been induced to leave her parents. As it was Mrs. Bird had insisted on securing to the bright and pretty girl the advantages of a full course at the Wilbraham academy. To Mrs. Bird, Sophronia had written, revealing the home situation under pledge of secrecy, and begging her aunt to secure for her some young pupils for a forenoon class. Mrs. Bird in reply warmly expostulated with Sophronia, offering her a permanent home, and proposing an immediate loan. But Sophronia was firm, declined all these kind overtures, and pleaded for the forenoon class; and the very next day after her interview with Stephen Billings she received a letter from Mrs. Bird announcing, still with much tender protest, that the class was arranged, and she could assume its direction at any moment.

Sophronia persisted in carrying out her plan. On arriving in New York, Sophronia amazed her aunt—who received her warmly, and made her at once the mistress of a lovely room—by going out on the third day, and returning with the news that she had found and taken cheap but reputable lodgings in another part of the city with kitchen privileges.

"Kitchen privileges!" cried Mrs. Bird looking at her niece in real dismay. "My dear Sophronia, what on earth can you want of kitchen privileges?"

"Why to board myself, of course. I must earn and save every cent I can," said Sophronia, earnestly. "I have given my word, and I will keep it. And can't you see, dear aunt, there is but one way."

"No, I can't," and Mrs. Bird folded and unfolded her hands in sincere vexation. "You do not need to be so proud. If this is what is meant by New England pride, I'm sure it's a very ugly virtue. It was all very well for those delicate women who had to come over in the Mayflower, and be dumped on Plymouth Rock with nothing to eat or wear, poor things for they couldn't help themselves. I've never believed—for there's no sense in it—that they came of their own free will, and chose hard times and everything dirty and disagreeable."

But with you Sophronia, it's very different, and you might please me if you would."

Sophronia gently shook her head. "Do let me do as I feel I ought, without having to feel that I vex you," she pleaded; and then she kissed her aunt with so sweet a look of tenderness and inflexibility that Mrs. Bird yielded.

The arrangement in no way interfered with Sophronia's management of her class, which she met daily in the vestry of a chapel which had been fitted and assigned to this purpose through Mrs. Bird's representation, and at her expense. Sophronia enjoyed her work.

One evening when Sophronia had been some four months in the city, Mrs. Bird gave a reception to the lovely and popular tragedienne Mlle. Bland. At supper the guests who had been several contributors little anecdotes and recollections for the general amusement, called on Mlle. Bland for the most curious incident which she could recall in connection with her profession.

"The thing you ask for occurred this very week. Last Wednesday, near the close of the matinee. I met a young lady in the passages who begged me to direct her to Mlle. Bland. Of course I took her to my dressing-room. She was plainly dressed, but in good taste, and was not only beautiful, with charming manners, but so earnest and so frank I was captivated by her. She made a strange request. She said, without any prelude, that she was in great need of money, and to obtain it wished to procure the disguise of a poor old woman, and to learn how to assume it readily. She caught every suggestion of mine with the quickness of an artist; and at the last, imagine my perplexity when she attempted to pay me, not for my kindness, she said but for the costume, and the little parcel of cosmetics. I had really to quarrel with her."

A few days later Sophronia called on her aunt to say good-by; her class was disbanded, at least for the present, and she was going home. In vain did Mrs. Bird urge her to take a little rest, and consent to be her guest for at least a week or two before returning. Sophronia was firm, and at last confessed with a sudden burst of tears that she had been very homesick. "Go home, then, darling," said Mrs. Bird, tenderly. "But really, Sophronia, you are so very flinching and obstinate I don't understand why I can

not be angry with you. I never knew anything like your obstinacy except Mlle. Bland's mysterious old lady."

"Who is Mlle. Bland's mysterious old lady?" asked Sophronia, with some interest.

Then her aunt gave a spirited account of the affair. "And the worst of it is," she added, "Mr. Arthur Lynn has completely lost his heart to this provoking incognita, and I wanted him to lend it to you."

One day, about a month later, Arthur Lynn received a letter, which he read with apparent annoyance. "Just like my crabbed old uncle," he muttered. "As he particularly wishes it, I suppose I ought to go to him; but I shan't stay long unless he has some reason."

"The crabbed old uncle," did have some reason, which he made known very bluntly on the morning after his nephew's arrival.

"I've found a wife for yer, Arty," said he crossing his knife and fork on his plate, and pushing himself away from the breakfast table.

"I'm in no hurry," said the young man, exerting some self-control.

"But I be," exclaimed his uncle. "Ef ye don't step lively, ye won't stan' no chance at all. She's bright as a star, as poaty as a posy, an' good as the angels."

The old man's emotion was inexplicable to his nephew, but it prevented his making a light rejoinder, and piqued his curiosity. They walked out together, and the old man returned to the subject.

"Ye hadn't ben here this dozen year, an' ef ye ever seed her, she wuz a chit ye wouldn't remember. D'ye see that little brown house yender jest by the turn o' the road? What's she lives there, Lemme tell you what that girl done. Ye see, her folks got into trouble, an' I wuzn't good frens with 'em; but she cum over ter me as white as a lamb, an' she axed me to lift the mortgage an' make it easy for her father for a year, an' ef he didn't pay it up by then, she would, an' by gracious, my boy, the gal done it! She made me say I would, an' then she never cum near me as ef she wuz afeerd I'd need a little reminding—not she; but she jest posted off to New York city, an' took a school."

At this point Arthur stopped walking, and turned toward his uncle, who stopped walking also, but hurried on speaking.

"An' she said the bill thing, cleared off every cent o' debt from the farm! An' when she cum back I see her one day, an' I sez to her, sudden, 'Ye didn't do all that teachin', ye o'ter seen the look she gin me. An' then I made her tell me how 'twas, arther she'd made me promise—an' she's a master hand to get her parents out. What'd how do you think she done it? She went to an actress, a theatre woman, and got a disguise that made her look like an old woman, an' she larnt how to make all sorts of candies, an' went out the streets at night and sold it like hot cakes—why, what ails you? Are ye crazy?"

Arthur Lynn had seized the old man's hand brown hand in his supple white one, and 'an' gin me the toughest squeeze I ever had in my life," as the old man said afterward.

"What's her name?" cried Arthur.

"She's nice to that city woman, Miss Bird. She's Dan'l Newcomb's darter, an' blest if she ain't no smart an' good an' harnum to stay a Newcomb while there's any o' Stephen Billings's blood—"

Arthur Lynn was yards off, on his way to Newcomb farm.

Stephen Billings crossed the Newcomb threshold for the first time in twenty years on the day of Sophronia's marriage to his nephew, which happy event came off in the autumn of that year. He announced then and there that the bride, to whom he had given a handsome marriage portion would be his sole heir on one condition, which would be found mentioned in his will. And that same night he wrote, in his cramped but plain and sturdy hand, at the end of his will: "The above is to be carried out exactly as it is herein set down, as bein' my last will and testament, on the sole condition that Sophronia's fust darter shall be named Anna Green Lynn—sorry it can't be Billings."

"STEPHEN BILLINGS"

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12.

The dreary cold and wet weather of April and May is gradually giving way to warmer and more desirable weather, and there is some prospect that we shall have a summer. But, as yet, that promise is to be at some future time.

The weather is no evidence that all is cold and dreary, at the National Capitol. One has had only to visit the House of Representatives at any time during the past month to find a place indicating a near approach to the regions of Pandemonia itself. The excitement there has been at a very high pitch on several occasions, while the contested election cases have been under consideration. Four have been decided, and it is expected that others will be reached in a few days. The Committee on Elections have been very diligent and given patient hearing to all parties interested in these cases, having nearly completed all of them and at a much earlier date than has been

done by any preceding Congress. When they came up in the House on report of this Committee, the minority attempted at first to bulldoze, and when that failed resorted to dilatory motions, keeping up a dead-lock for a long time, but the majority finally found a way to assert itself, and under the leadership of Mr. Reed so amended the rules as to enable the majority to proceed with the business before the House.

The trial of General Curtis of New York for receiving money for political purposes while he was in Government employ, and his conviction by a New York jury, is an illustration of the folly of the timid policy adopted and pursued by many Republicans. To allow such a law to pass the Senate, when attached to an appropriation, simply to hamper the party, should make the names of those who claiming to be Republicans will render aid to those engaged in such a nefarious trick for the avowed purpose of defeating the party, a hissing and a by-word, and the woes of the unfaithful servant should be pronounced against them. Now that the campaign committees are again organized, the subject of political contributions is attracting much attention. The Republican Congressional Committee has issued a request to all Federal office-holders and many others to assist in the campaign by liberal contributions, and a howl goes up from the Democratic camp,—also from their allies the assistant Democrats, otherwise called "Civil Service Reformers." Of the office-holders they ask two per cent. of the salaries. Was this to be enforced as an assessment, it would create many vacancies in the departments in this city, and be a source of a vast revenue to the Committee. When it is remembered that a very large number of ladies, many boys and girls, and more Democrats and rebels, are holding these positions, and to such an extent that together they constitute a majority of all office-holders in this city and through the South. It will readily be seen that the Committee cannot realize even one per cent. Add to these considerations the fact that very many who claim to be Republicans, will not contribute anything, and there will not be a very large amount realized from it. The plan in good old Democratic times was to notify the clerks and others here, that the Committee had assessed them a certain amount and that they would be waited upon at the close of the quarter, and when paid they would receive their pay less the amount of the assessment. Sometimes I think this the better and more equitable plan, as all contributed alike. Every intelligent person knows full well that there are legitimate expenses attending every campaign that have to be met. The Committee cannot be expected to meet all these out of their own pockets. Money collected thus openly will very likely be judiciously expended. I only regret that those who receive these requests are not more unanimously Republican in sentiment.

A failure to support and maintain the will of the majority of the party as expressed through its properly-constituted convention or caucus, it at all times a misfortune, but when at the behest of the then incoming administration the nominee of the party legislative caucus in Pennsylvania a year ago last January, Henry W. Oliver, jr., was defeated and John I. Mitchell, the weak and puny half-breed Republican, was elected, I felt that it would have been better that the State should be without a Senator or that a Democrat should be elected than he, and the sequel proves that I was correct. Had he been left to the obscurity that was his by inheritance, he could not have disturbed the party organization in that State, but having been lifted into a position he could under no circumstance honor, he is able to disturb the harmony of the party and by joining McVeigh & Co. endanger the success of the party in that State this fall. He may be able in his treachery to place the Democracy in the possession of the State Government, to hold it over the next Presidential election, all to prove to the world that he does not like Senator Cameron.

The Star Route trials are now progressing. It is said there are four hundred witnesses in the city to be examined for the prosecution. If this is true, they may be able to continue through hot weather and until the campaign is well under way, and the hopes of the Democracy of keeping them before the country for use in the campaign be fully realized. A jury was very readily secured and it is probable that with the able array of counsel on both sides, the whole ground will be contested inch by inch, and the best that can now be hoped by either side is a "hung" jury, which we trust will not be the case,—but is very likely. If a conviction is secured, a new trial will be granted, and in that case the country will be treated to Star Routes for the next two or three years. OXFORD.

THINK OF IT. Is life and health not worth preserving? The best preventive and restorer, is "Wells' Health Renewer," sold by all Druggists.

Now steal fans.

PERUVIAN SYRUP cures Dyspepsia, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Humors, Bolls, Chronic Diarrhoea, Nervous Affections, Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood. Jersey is fighting skeets, as usual.

A VIGOROUS GROWTH OF the hair is often promoted by using Parker's Hair Balsam. It always restores the youthful color and lustre to gray hair, gives it new life and removes all irritation and dandruff.

Down-in-la-harbor-season's begun.

We call the attention of our lady readers to the advertisement in our columns of JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE, for laundry and kitchen purposes. An article so popular and widely circulated, must possess merits that commend it to the favor of housekeepers.

London doesn't like Sarah's young man.

18 NEGROES! Who left the United States for Liberia last year, have lately returned, being unable to stand the climate. Everybody going to a new climate should have a bottle of Sulphur Bitters with them as a safeguard against disease.—Hartford Courant.

Does a clergyman fall when he makes a European trip?

Rheumatism, Spasms, Enlargement, Palpitation, Water about the Heart, and Bony Formation of the Heart, all yield to the use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. You cannot try it too soon if you are at all afflicted. Pamphlet free of F. E. Loggins, Concord, N. H. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Druggists.

The first corner in corn was when Joseph stored all the grain in Egypt.

IF NEARLY DEAD After taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or Liver complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

The very best place to go to when you are short of money is to go to work.

EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS LOST. You do not tell me that your husband is up and entirely cured by so simple a medicine as Parker's Ginger Tonic. "Yes indeed, I do," said Mrs. Benjamin, to her neighbor, "and after we had lost eighty-five dollars in doctor's bills and prescriptions. Now my husband feels as well as ever."

The doctor paid for curing a consumptive—can his fee be called his cough-fee?

JUDGE MEN BY THEIR WORKS. A man is judged in this life by his works, and in this connection it may not be inopportune to add, that Dr. Swayne has accomplished more good through the medium of his Ointment for skin diseases, than has the entire school of physicians combined. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." What the physicians have lost Dr. Swayne has gained.

If anyone in this world has a tip-top time he is the man at the mast-head of a ship.

DELICATE FEMALES. The exactions of society, added to the cares of maternity and the household, have tested beyond endurance the frail constitutions which have been granted the majority of women. To combat this tendency to premature decline, no remedy in the world possesses the nourishing and strengthening properties of MALT BITTERS. They enrich the blood, perfect the digestion, stimulate the liver and kidneys, arrest ulcerative weaknesses, and purify and vitalize every function of the female system.

The strongest man is rarely strong enough to hold his tongue at the right time.

WORTH HAVING. The importance of using good, pure soap for the toilet, nursery, and bath-room cannot be over-rated, inasmuch as the skin is particularly sensitive to the action of the deleterious ingredients. Particularly is this the case with infants; let your child be washed with the best soap you can procure; you will be amply repaid by seeing the skin healthy and clear. Procure from your druggist, Hox's Toilet Soap. Use it once and you will use it always.

Like Crockett's coat, butter has at last "come down"; beef, however, still soars.

VACANT PLACES. In the dental ranks, where so many occur if you are particular with your teeth, and cleanse them every day with that famous tooth-wash, SOZODONT. From youth to old age it will keep the enamel spotless and unimpaired. The teeth of persons who use SOZODONT have a pearl-like whiteness, and the gums a rosy hue, while the breath is purified, and rendered sweet and fragrant. It is composed of rare antiseptic herbs, and is entirely free from the objectionable and injurious ingredients of Tooth Pastes, etc., etc.

## DIPHTHERIA.

THE PROSTRATION which follows Diphtheria, and the persistence with which it clings to the patient, are well known to all who have had any experience with this terrible disease.

The following letter shows how the restoring and invigorating properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla bring the blood to normal, and how by vitalizing and enriching the blood it neutralizes and eradicates the poisoned matter from it, bringing to the convalescent the color, life and vigor of robust health.

LOWELL, MASS. My little girl had the diphtheria last April. The disease left her very weak, blood poor, with no appetite, and she could not seem to rally from its effects. Her mother, Mrs. S. S. Sarsaparilla was recommended by a neighbor. After she had been taking it a few days we noticed a change for the better—she began to eat with a relish. It seemed to take out the poison the disease had left in her blood, the change being very noticeable in her face. She took it two months and fully regained her health, much to our delight. We now recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with a great deal of pleasure. Truly yours, J. R. SMITH, 31 Butterfield Street.

"That Extreme Tired Feeling." The first thing I have done my daughter a great deal of good; her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that extreme tired feeling which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1 a bottle or six bottles for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Tooth-Powder, Only 25 Cents.







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VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1882.

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**STAYNES**  
AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES  
ITCHING SORES, PIMPLES, ERYSIPELAS, RING WORM, &c.  
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Is prepared to receive orders for Christmas PHOTOGRAPHS.  
The styles of frames this year, are varied and very beautiful. Now if you wish to make a present of this kind, and what more acceptable than your portrait beautifully framed, please call at my rooms, and give me an order.  
The days are so short now please come early. If you have a picture to be engraved and finished plain, we in color please come early. Remember we have a month more only to work up pictures signed for Christmas.

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**Steamers Eleanora and Franconia**  
Will sail for New York every Monday and Thursday at 10 A. M. and leave New York every Monday and Thursday at 10 P. M.  
During the summer months these steamers will touch at Vineyard Haven on their passage to and from New York. Price, including Stateroom, \$10.00.  
These steamers are fitted up with fine accommodations for passengers, making this a very desirable route for the summer. Goods destined for Portland or New York forwarded to destination at once. From Dec. 1st, if you wish to see the steamers, call at my office.  
HENRY FOX, General Agent, Portland.  
J. F. AMES, Agent, Paris, N. B., New York.  
Tickets and State Rooms can be obtained at 74 Exchange Street.

**1882.**  
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Also dealer in Steam Boilers of every description. New and second hand; AT BOSTON PRICES. Boiler Pumps, Feed Water Heaters, Insulators, Steam Traps, Steam Gages, Water's and other Governors, Valves, Steam Pipe, and all kinds of Steam Fittings.  
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For the Democrat.  
**LONGFELLOW.**

Sweet singer and bard of the people, from the infinite realms above  
Thy soul must have borrowed its beauty, thy heart, its deep fountains of love.  
With skill hast thou swept the harpstrings, and thy muse to each note breathed a song.  
Whose melodious, rhythmic measure, life's current bears gladly along.  
Every heart holds tenderly precious, those chaste white soul-thoughts of thine,  
As of greater worth than vast treasure, wrought and delivered from earth's richest mine.  
Divinely pure the inspirations and as heavily freighted with love  
As the blossoming flowers with odors, sent by God's hand from above;  
Like stars in the far liquid azure, that gleam freighted where night-shadows fall,  
Tender words to the heart are more precious, when pain holds its deepest thrall.  
Humanity's needs and its motives, the joys that so oft end in tears,  
All its depths and its high aspirations, its weakness and frail human fears;  
The world's wants, vain, and each purpose, have a sacredness, near, in thine eyes.  
Thy great heart devoted over, as the green earth is by the skies.

Arcadian homes, humble, peaceful, devastated by tyrannous blast,  
The love that through long years of waiting, was united by death at last;  
The shores where our forefathers landed, is the same washed by the spray,  
But the foot print of pilgrim and red man like dry leaves have all passed away;  
The bondman that writhed in his fetters, or toiled 'neath the fierce burning sun,  
With the fear of the driver's task o'er him from morn till set of the sun;

All, all from our land have departed, and O! grand, that the laws now made  
Will outlast the strongest corner stone, that ever a people laid.  
Foreign powers unto paying homage to the man whose memory leaves  
Incentives to garner life's blessings, storing the heart with full golden sheaves.  
Yet not for wealth's fast-fleeting honors, palm-branches or bay-leaves of fame,  
Hast thou wrought with such grace a life-work, solid, grand, as thine own hills of Maine.

Opoet, with face half-lighted, keeping unchangeably thy watch above,  
O'er the children that to thee so closely were bound by fetters of love.  
'Neath the cool green shades of Mount Auburn, with hands folded still on thy breast,  
We leave thee, O bard of the people, to thy silent long dreamless rest.  
Chant, chant, ye winds, a low requiem! O sea, breathe a song on each wave!  
Sweet flower-cups, scatter your petals, fitted for a true poet's grave.  
Ivoryton, May 22, 1882.

**TOTAL ANNIHILATION.**  
MARY D. BRINE.

Oh, he was a bowery boot-black bold,  
And his years they numbered nine;  
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit  
He constantly aimed to shine.  
As proud as a king on his box he sat,  
Munching an apple red,  
While the boots of his set looked wistfully on,  
And "give us a bite!" they said.  
But the boot-black smiled a kindly smile;  
"No free bites here!" he cried.  
Then the boys they sadly walked away,  
Save one who stood at his side.  
"If I give you the core," he whispered low,  
That boot-black smiled once more,  
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—  
"There ain't no core to be no core!"  
—Editor's Drawer, Harper's for July.

**GETTYSBURG'S CLIMAX.**  
A CANNONADE WHICH WAS HEARD FORTY MILES.

THE MOST TERRIFIC FIGHTING IN OUR WAR HISTORY.

EVERY BULLET FINDS A LIVING TARGET—VIRGINIA'S GRAND CHARGE.

(Detroit Free Press.)

At the close of the second day's fight Ewell had secured a position on the Federal right, from which Meade determined to drive him at any cost. While he had a lodgment among the Federal breastworks and rifle-pits he had a base from which to drive a further wedge. He knew what would come with daylight, and he had reformed his lines and made all preparations. Daybreak was stealing softly over the hills and valleys, and it was not yet light in the woods when Ewell pushed forward to assault the Federals. He found them forming in line to assault him, and the blaze of the first musket was followed by a rush from either direction.

Neither Hill nor Longstreet were advancing, but Ewell had not been engaged five minutes before the crash of musketry and the roar of cannon sounded all along the line, and the awful work of the third day had begun. But the real fight was between Slocum and Ewell. The one was determined to crush the other, and the bravery exhibited by the blue and gray on that flank that morning was never excelled in war's history. Lines of gray rushed forward through the smoke to find lines of blue standing as firm as the hills under them, and whole companies fired into each other at such close range that the flames burned the clothing of the dead and wounded. When the gray lines rolled back the blue lines followed, and there would be another shock and another hand to hand struggle. Ewell's first advance drove the Federal lines.

IN THE REBOUND HE LOST MORE THAN HE HAD WON.

Then Ewell was pushed a quarter of a mile, when he rallied and crushed Slocum back. So it was for hours—a wave

of war rolling back and forth in its efforts to beat down the living walls which imprisoned it. At 9 in the morning Ewell put forward fresh troops, and then the climax came. Above the steady crash of musketry and the roar of artillery the shouts of the advancing Confederates could plainly be heard as they advanced to the last grapple. On came the gray lines, massed for assault, some singing, some cheering—all ready to die. The blue answered cheer for cheer, and then came the shock. Slocum said it was the coolest, fiercest fighting he ever saw. Birney said he never saw such reckless fear of death. Geary said the Confederates charged into his lines again and again, and no fire could push them back. Ewell said, as his men closed in for the climax: "Such fighting must soon decide the day or leave no one alive to fight." Slocum stood firm for half an hour. Then, as the fire of several regiments began to slacken for want of ammunition, the Confederates began to push him. Reinforcements were sent from the sixth Corps, artillery advanced and then Ewell had to give way in turn. He had done his best. Slowly the gray lines were pushed back over the windows of dead and wounded—fighting grimly—lying sullenly, and an hour before noon Slocum had recovered all the ground lost the day before, and Lee had played another card and lost. He had only one more left.

From 11 until 2 o'clock there was a treacherous armistice, broken now on the right by a boom of a cannon—in the center by the fire of sharpshooters—on the left by a ripple of musketry. Ewell had lost, Lee had in turn attacked both wings, and both attacks had been repulsed. He was now to attack the center. EVERY MAN IN BOTH ARMIES KNEW WHERE THE BLOW WAS TO FALL.

and one had but to cast his eyes over that center to realize at what cost Lee would attack. Every exposed situation had been fortified, hundreds of rifle-pits excavated, and every ravine would be packed with Federal infantry. There were stone walls, hills and ridges as natural covers for the defenders, and no field of war offered better positions for artillery. The Federal artillery on Cemetery Ridge could pour in its fire over the heads of the infantry on the slopes, and the grim cannon in position on Cemetery Hill would enfilade all the front at grape and canister range. Meade was ready at noon—Lee not until 2 o'clock. One by one his guns were massed in the center, his choicest troops put forward as a wedge, and when he took a last survey of his lines he knew that the climax of three days of terrific fighting was at hand. Every order had been carried out, every suggestion considered. If he could penetrate the Federal center Meade was beaten; if he failed to do it he must fall back to the Potomac. At 2 o'clock, while there was almost perfect silence over that great battlefield, the sudden boom of a gun was heard from Lee's center. Its echoes were yet rolling back and forth from hill to hill when there came a crash as if the heavens and the earth had met. Lee had opened with nearly 150 pieces of artillery. Meade had massed eighty or more guns in the center to reply, and now 300 cannon began their awful din. An officer standing within thirty feet of three six-pounders which are being rapidly fired must shoot his orders. One standing as near as that to full battery could not hear a thunder-clap in the sky above. The roar of TWENTY PIECES OF ARTILLERY WILL BROWN ORDINARY VOICES HALF A MILE AWAY.

McClellan had sixty or seventy guns massed at Malvern Hill, and dishes were shaken down in houses six miles away. The cannonade at the first Bull Run was nothing compared to subsequent battles, and yet the reverberations were distinctly heard in Washington, twenty miles away. The cannonade at Fredericksburg toppled down farm-house chimneys eight miles distant and was heard twenty-five miles. Think, then, of 230 pieces of artillery, many of them Parrot guns, massed on the crest of hills and all firing as fast as men could serve them! An earthquake could not thus have shaken the earth. Men became giddy and staggered, and houses seemed to lift off their foundations. In ten minutes after the first gun was fired one could no longer distinguish single reports. All reports were consolidated into one terrible roar, which alarmed cattle in the fields fifteen miles away. Regiments on the flanks of that awful cannonade could not believe that anyone would live through it.

In talking with Confederates who were in the center that day I have many times asked for the particulars of the damage done by the Federal fire. All answered alike. Its effect was terribly demoralizing, but not so destructive as one would imagine. Hundreds of shot

and shell flew over their heads and hurt no one. Others struck into bodies of men getting into position for assault, and opened lanes through whole brigades. Here and there a shell mutilated a dozen men, killed three or four horses, or dismounted a cannon; but Lee's entire loss by the whole cannonade did not amount to 500 men. On the Federal side the loss was no greater—the demoralization about the same. THE BEST TROOPS IN THE WORLD WILL NOT STAND IN LINE UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE.

If they are moving it is different, and the whirl of shot and scream of shell are part of the programme. The Confederates planted almost every shot into the Federal position, and for a time every living thing sought cover. Showers of dirt, flung high in air by the shells, descended upon men lying in the ravines, and it is a singular fact that two of the artillerymen in Thomas' battery were killed by stones flung out by shot or shell. A Confederate shot which struck a breastwork flung a jagged splinter more than 200 feet at right angles, and killed one man and broke the arm of a second. The Federal guns were short of ammunition on the start, and throughout the cannonade the fire was slower and more regular than the Confederates. Thomas alone had four caissons hit and blown up, and some of our batteries lost half their horses and a fourth of their men. As if by mutual consent the firing on both sides began to slacken, and in ten minutes more every gun was silent. Then Federal regiments sprang from cover, and in a moment Cemetery Ridge was again dotted with blue. Lee was going to assault.

It is close upon four o'clock, when a long line of Confederate skirmishers moves out of the woods beyond the Emmetsburg road. Not far in rear is Pickett's division of Virginians in double-line of battle, flags rippling and bayonets gleaming. Kemper, Garnett, Armistead, Wilcox and Pettigrew are there, and Heth's division protects the left flank. Look carefully now, for never again on this continent will such an advance be seen. IT IS

THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIERCEST BATTLE IN OUR HISTORY.

Lee has assaulted the right, the left, and the center. The mettle of every man has been tried, and there is not a coward among them. This is the last assault, and it will be made on the Federal left center, where Hancock is watching. Here comes the skirmish line, creeping nearer and nearer and unrelenting like a serpent. Behind them are the solid columns of Virginians—swinging out of the woods are the best brigades in Lee's army—a column of assault 18,000 strong. There is deep silence as 100,000 pairs of eyes look at the picture. Every line in that column is perfectly dressed—every officer at his post. They do not come with the rush of Hood or the frenzy of Ewell. It is march! march! march! with a steady step and a front of gleaming steel. Even an enemy waiting with loaded musket can cheer such bravery—such firm discipline. It has been officially asserted that many of the men in Pettigrew's command had never before seen a battle, but had they been veterans of a hundred fights they must have been broken by their terrible reception at the hands of the federals. Their assault was aimed at Hays. He had 4000 men down behind the stone walls in his front and on his right a battery fully provided with grape-shot and canister. "Steady, men—steady!" was the command all along Hays' front and scarcely a musket was fired until the Confederates were within pistol-shot. Then the battery opened with canister and the infantry poured in their volleys, and in ten minutes hardly a confederate was left on his feet. At such close range the canister wiped out men by the dozens, and it seemed as if

ALMOST EVERY BULLET FOUND A LIVING TARGET.

When the smoke lifts Pettigrew has fallen, and with him three-fifths of his commissioned officers. Companies are wiped out, regiments reduced one-half, and those not in retreat are lying flat down to escape the bullets. But Woodruff, whose battery has rendered victory so decisive, is mortally wounded, and the dusty road and trodden fields are drinking the blood of many a Federal hero.

The advance of Armistead first struck against the First Corps, but obliqued to escape the fire and struck Gibbons' division. Here was also a stone-wall, and here Gibbons had thrown two regiments out in advance of his main line. The rush of the Confederates met with a feeble fire, and they surged over the defenses and sent the Federals flying up the hill. For a moment it seemed as if the main line would be swept back, but the firmness of two or three regiments allayed the panic and prevented disaster. Armistead pressed on, encouraged by what he had accom-

plished, and although the fire of musketry was terribly hot, his rush was not checked until blue and gray were fighting breast to breast with the bayonet. For a quarter of an hour he clung there, unable to advance and determined not to retreat, but reinforcements came to the Federals, and the assaulting column was broken and pushed back.

It is the same with Kemper—with Garnett—with every column of assault. In their first rush they swarm over Federal breastworks, capture rifle-pits and leap through the flames to bayonet gunners, but when the rebound comes they are swept away. Six, eight and ten men return to Seminary Ridge to represent a company.

A HUNDRED RETURN TO REPRESENT A REGIMENT.

Out of brigades scarcely a full regiment can be found. Pettigrew, Armistead, Kemper and Garnett are dead or wounded—field officers are among every heap of dead—regiments with scarcely a captain left. The picture of 18,000 men marching forward with waving flags and steady step had been framed in blood and veiled with death.

Lee had played his last card and lost.

As the grand assault was beaten back every soldier realized that the battle of Gettysburg had ended. Lee had done his best, and many looked for a speedy retreat. At sundown word was passed along the lines that his retreat had begun, and certainly but few expected to see more than his rear-guard when the morning came. But Lee was there in position. He had not sent off a man or wagon, and he was defiantly waiting for Meade to attack him in turn. It was only when night came and he found that he was not to be attacked that he gave the orders for a leisurely retreat. In leaving Virginia to invade the North the Confederate Commander could not burden the march with too many wagon trains. The great point was to carry a supply of ammunition, and this point was carefully seen to. There was more or less fighting from the Potomac to Gettysburg, and something of an inroad had been made on the supplies before the first day's fight. Considerable ammunition was lost on the road, more captured by Federal cavalry, and at the end of the third day's fight there was not enough ammunition in the Confederate army to take it through six hours of fighting.

IN THE RETREAT TO THE POTOMAC many caissons contained only two or three round shot, and thousands of the infantry had no more than from five to eight cartridges left. To this must be added the want of rations. The Federal cavalry had sadly demoralized the wagon trains, and made many captures, and when night fell on the fourth day of Gettysburg not one confederate in ten had even a cracker in his haversack. Lee could wait no longer. He must fall back for food and ammunition.

Lee had counted on a great battle, and it had come to pass, but it was a battle in the North instead of the South. He had lost no more than he might have lost by waiting for Hooker to attack him in Virginia. Instead of standing on the defensive behind Southern breastworks, he had proven to the world that the Confederates had strength to become the aggressor, and that they could fight as well in Pennsylvania as in Virginia. The effect upon the South was to increase confidence in the government and in the army. While the North shouted its hosannas, it did not forget that another invasion was a possibility. The English and French summed up the campaign to the general advantage of the Confederates.

Those who argued that the Confederate army could never stand before Meade again had only to wait until the first frosts of autumn to see that same army, again numbering hardly more than half his strength, pressing him back upon Manassas from the Rapidan.

NEATLY DONE.—Harper's Drawer has introduced an innovation that promises much. Instead of stealing its jokes, or doctoring up indigent and antique humorous monstrosities, the Drawer is contributed to by the humorists who have won distinction for their funny work in the newspaper press of the country. The aged subscriber will miss those jokes which he had learned to love so well and whose familiar outlines he gazed upon so fondly from year to year, but the contemporaneous public will appreciate the change.—*Courier-Gazette.*

—We de undersigned bein' a Coroner's jury to set de body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore, hab been sittin' on de said nigger afore said, and find dat de same did on de 14 day of Jinerwary come to death by fallin' from de bridge ober de river and broken his neck what we find he was subsequently drowned and afterwards washed to de river side war we supposed he was froze to death.

For the Democrat.  
**WESTERN LETTER.**

SIDNEY, NEB., June 16, 1882.

To the Editor of the Oxford Democrat: I left home, Greeley, Colorado, five days since to make a little round trip of 817 miles extending down the South Platte River into Nebraska—thence east as far as Kearney, thence west to Laramie City, Wyoming, and home again. Business being done, and the train not due, I will while away a few leisure moments trying to make you see with my eyes, and hear with my ears.

Two nights since this town was visited by the hardest hail-storm known for years. All the north windows were broken. Not a house escaped. The passenger train had 125 panes broken, including two heavy door-lights. Gardens, never abundant in this locality, were entirely destroyed. Lumps of solid blue ice as big as a man's fist were picked up. The lightning glared continuously, and the rain fell in torrents. The adjacent hills poured the water down into the town suddenly filling that portion north of the track, and deluging the lower stories until they ceased to be habitable, when the inmates were removed on horseback.

Some two companies of soldiers are stationed at this post. It has been said that garrison towns are immoral. This is no exception. Saloons, low houses, and gambling devices are said to be numerous. In fact the town has a reputation worse than the facts would warrant; but I think that no man who lives in a cozy, Sunday-keeping, non-saloon town in New England can realize the effects of continual temptation. He may theorize upon the subject but not get very near the truth. Take a town where prohibition holds sway. Numbers of well-meaning men will tell you that the town is about as bad as any in the county; that just as much liquor is drunk as formerly, but it is done secretly; that prohibition is not, and never can be a success. I wish to say for the encouragement of men who would like to see the world purer, that no man can tell how much sin is prevented, or how many men are saved from ignoble lives, by even our imperfect efforts. I am led to see, this morning, that the difference between towns that strive mightily for purity and temperance and good order, and those that license and excuse and permit various vices, is as wide as anything that can be mentioned. I will not use the old figures of light and darkness, mountain and valley, life and death, because these contrasts cannot measure the difference between hellish degradation and lofty virtue. If sons and daughters, and even fathers and mothers meet men and women every day, who are known to be drunkards, gamblers, prostitutes or worse, and, knowing their villainies, still see them accorded the outward tokens of respect, how can any distinction between virtue and vice be inculcated or enlarged?

Since my last visit here a few months ago, the principal teacher—the Professor, the people called him, is gone. He would doubtless have lived a reputable life in many towns. But his thousand dollars per annum was not enough to nearly pay his expenditures.—unpaid bills everywhere—his school a failure, his nights having been given to gambling and wine, until he had no ambition to teach well. It is absolutely startling to see how men make light of these temptations and what manner of men go down before them. The handsomest, honestest and best, as the world accounts men are often the ones to go down to ruin. Then when a man tries business and becomes a sot, it sounds oddly enough to hear his old friends say, "There goes A. to the devil; if I couldn't govern myself better than that, I'd hang myself," and those very men couldn't let rum alone if they should try.

Under the Slocum law saloons in large towns pay \$1,000, and in the smaller towns \$500 license. Kearney, population 2,500 has no saloons. N. Platte valley, the same population, has eight, and it is claimed that money is made notwithstanding the high license. The first town is in a farming region but the other has many railroad men. The first are regular in their habits while the second are by reason of their avocation very irregular. Then too they have more ready money and being single men, and given to treating, the demand for liquor is large and fashionable. One lusty young railroad rider remarked, "I mean to drink as long as I can get it. When a man's been out all night nothing does him so much good as a drink of whiskey unless it is two or three drinks." No doubt lives of exposure and hardship, give men the excuse for drinking. I judge that the whiskey habit leads to more whiskey, wasting his money, poisoning his blood, making him a slave, and still not stimulating as at first. Many of the railroads

demand that men shall not touch strong drink. The U. P. demands that men shall not be the worse for drink while on duty, but I am sure that many a man braces himself with an occasional drink, and carries his terrible responsibilities under a certain excitement that in case of sudden danger would not be conducive to calm and beneficent action. We don't want men under excitement, to get the very best results from their labor.

Next fall Nebraska will vote on the constitutional amendment striking out the word male. I cannot learn how the matter is likely to go. I think that the saloon men will oppose the measure. Women are not generally over friendly to saloon interests. I expect that women's suffrage will obtain sooner or later. Many men say it is only a question of time. I expect the power of men, also to be greatly curtailed in time. We meet great numbers of strong temperance and suffrage men everywhere and they are such men as help greatly in making public opinion.

I ride on all kinds of trains, and one day I encountered a car load of Chinese, about forty. Some of them had pig-tails that reached to the knee. They are persistent shavers, not neglecting the fore part of the scalp, the ear, the eyebrows, or the nose. They kept the stove boiling all the time, and cooked rice. All dressed in blue, and many were good sized men. I don't think they have much ambition to learn "Melican man's talk."

Yours, O. H.

MAINE MINES.—Those of our citizens who have been fondly looking for the report of the Directors of the United States Mint for an official confirmation of their beliefs in the productiveness of our gold and silver mines will be greatly surprised to find in the place of expected statistics the following brief but exceedingly comprehensive paragraph appears, only this and nothing more:

"A number of mines have been opened and mining companies organized in Maine. Circulars addressed have been forwarded, requesting from officers, agents and owners of these mines a report of their production, but although replies have been received from several, no report has been made of any of the shipment of the ore or bullion from the State; and as none has been reported, and as the mints and assay officers have reported no deposit from that State of bullion produced in Maine cannot be reckoned as one of the gold and silver producing States of the Union. All information thus far received relates to the sinking of shafts and to the assays of ores, which, thus far have been promising rather than productive.—*E. L.*

NORMAL SCHOOL.—The annual catalogue of Gorham Normal School has been received. From it we learn 25 pupils have been admitted since the school was established, and the number of graduates is 146. In the number of graduates the following counties are represented as follows: Cumberland, eighty; York, thirty-three; Oxford, nine; Somerset, seven; Kennebec, six; Arrostook, five; Androscoggin, Washington, Lincoln, Penobscot, one each; Piscataquis two. The present corps of teachers is as follows: Hon. J. W. Corthell, Principal; N. K. Kimball, Charles W. Fenn, Harrie J. Deering; teachers of model schools, Grace J. Haynes, Bessie A. Read.

MAINE BOYS AT HARVARD. There are, at present, in the upper classes at Harvard University, twenty-one Maine boys—six in the senior, eight in the junior, and seven in the sophomore class. Of the six seniors, three have Commencement parts; Lucien Moore Robinson, of Hartford; Harold Marsh Sewall, of Bath; and Charles Townsend Copeland, of Calais. Of the six parts to be delivered at Commencement, two are by Maine boys. Thus, Maine bears off the palm, having a larger number of parts in proportion to her students, than any other State. Maine is also well represented in the athletes of the college. The pitcher of the University, nine is Karl Albert Bean, of Thomaston; and one of the best oarsmen in the University crew, is a Cumberland boy, Fred Leland Sawyer. Maine has, also, one boy in this year's Phi Beta Kappa, Lucien M. Robinson.

TUFT'S COLLEGE.—At Tuft's College, Class Day, Monday, George M. Lovejoy of Calais, delivered the oration, and Walter Eveleveth of Auburn, was the poet. An adjournment having been made from the chapel to the lawn, the class tree was planted. Then Arthur W. Pierce of Arlington, Mass., read the history, George R. Howe of Norway, made the prophecy, Henry Wood of North Boston, Mass., proffered the gifts to the undergraduates, Thomas W. Lathrop of Belfast, was the poet, and William Farrell of Stoughton, Mass., addressed the class.



BILL THAT IS A DISGRACE.

When the bills in connection with the funeral of President Garfield were presented to Congress, there was considerable talk about the scandalous character of the wine, whiskey and cigars of the Congressional delegation appointed to attend the funeral in Cleveland, and for a time it was threatened that the whole matter would be laid before the people. But that reflection upon the national Legislature was averted in consideration partly of the sad and memorable occasion. Now there comes to light some of the proceedings that mark the trip of the Congressional delegation to the Yorktown Centennial. There seems no good reason why these facts should be kept secret, and a good many reasons why they should not. The people may be helpless, but it is time they knew what a Congressional trip means, both as to the conduct of the delegates and the effects on the public purse. The people certainly have a right to know how their money is spent.

When the general deficiency bill was under consideration last week, an item relating to the expenses of the Yorktown Commission was called in question. Mr. Holman declared that the debts of the Commission in excess of the \$40,000 appropriation had been contracted without authority, and that the trip was only a junketing excursion. Another member sent to the Clerk's desk one of the bills that had been paid by the Commission, and had it read. To summarize it, the items included 32 gallons and 233 cases of various kinds of wine—allowing twelve quarts to a case—30 gallons of brandy, 69 gallons of whiskey, 5 barrels of beer, 2 barrels of ale, 3 cases of Apollinaris water, 3 cases of Congress, 2 cases of Old Tom gin, and 5 gallons of rum. So much to quench the Congressional thirst. For smoking there were provided 10,300 cigars and two thousand cigarettes. For chewing, seventeen pounds of another kind and a gross of papers of another kind of tobacco. And all this supply of drinkables, smokables and chewables was required on board the Congressional delegation's steamer between Washington and Yorktown and during the three days' stay there. The total bill was about \$7,000.

In half of the bill it was asserted that the foreign guests had to be treated with wines and liquors without stint, and not to have joined with them in drinking would have been an insult such as no American Congressman would for a moment be guilty of. The bill proves that pretty conclusively; for the 73 gallons of whiskey made up a drink distinctly American, to say nothing of the barrels of beer. But when all is said and done, the showing is simply and wholly disgraceful. There ought to be some way to stop such "junketing trips." If that cannot be done, it can be insisted that Congressmen shall pay for their own whiskey and tobacco and wines, just as other citizens do who insist on using these things. If there is any earthly reason why Congress should take the people's money to pay such illegitimate and scandalous expenses, we should like to have it set forth. It ought not to be possible for a member of the House to stand in his place and say he was informed that there was "a free bar and a free drink" on the boat going down the river, and then to have such a bill as this brought in as backing of the statement. If it be true, as stated in denial, that there was no free drink, then the capacity of Congressmen and others to get full but not inebriated would appear to be immeasurable. Let us have no more bills like this.—E.E.

BAND TOURNAMENT.

The arrangements for the monster band tournament at Lake Umbagog Tuesday, June 27th, are about completed. Nearly all the bands in the State have signified their intention of being present, and the management are receiving very flattering letters of encouragement from leaders of band who appreciate the benefit derived from these tournaments. One leader says, "We wish to enter again. My sole object is to advance my band in good playing; not for the amount of money we might possibly receive. I consider that our competing last season was better for us than three months practice."

The programme will be more extensive than last year. In addition to the six cash prizes will be the prize corner, valued at \$175, to be awarded to best cornet soloist, which makes a grand total of \$600. In competing for the prizes each band will play a quickstep and a selection, and the prizes will be awarded by competent judges from outside the State. After the band contest there will be a grand concert by the consolidated bands under the direction of Mr. Frank L. Collins, giving a more extensive programme than last year. Another new feature will be the music for dancing by Collins' full military band of 25 pieces.

In connection with the tournament the managers have secured the services of Mr. J. E. Jenks, who will provide a mammoth clam-bake of sufficient dimensions to supply 20,000 people at an extremely low price. Special excursion trains will be run on the Maine Central, and all connecting roads. On each train cars will be reserved for ladies, in which no smoking will be allowed.

When does a farmer work a miracle? When he turns a horse to grass.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Mr. Longfellow in September, 1880, told James Grant Wilson that of all his poetical writings he preferred "Evangeline."

—A local tragedian in Minneapolis by the name of Barol is so given to gnashing his teeth when he rants that they call him gnash-Barol.

—Professor George W. Greene, of R.I., is to write the biography of Longfellow, having been selected for that office by the poet himself, six years ago.

—Most of the critics who have read Tennyson's latest poem, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," think it has earned for him the title of lower-rate instead of laureate.

—Mr. Barnum now owns Charles Dickens' overcoat—the one which he wore while he was in America the last time. It was presented to Mr. Barnum in Philadelphia the other day by Mr. George W. Childs.

—Mr. Alcott's study at Concord is carpeted with crimson, and the same rich color appears on the wall-hangings and table-cover.

—Dr. O. W. Holmes says that the young scholars who send him their verses have no more right to do so than they have to stop him in the street, show him their tongues and ask what remedies they shall take for their stomach's sake.

—The July Wide Awake will be a brilliant pictorial number, containing no less than eleven full-page illustrations. The "Fairy Flag of Skye," a folk-lore story, is said to be the most beautifully illustrated ballad ever prepared for young readers.

—The temperance people are agitated because Mr. Tennyson in his song asks his friends to drink to freedom. It may be well to comfort these agitated people by supposing that the place at which Mr. T. proposes to drink has taken out a poetical license.

—Dr. Holmes is growing younger with every year. Shrewdness dwells in every wrinkle of his Yankee face, and merriest sparkles in his clear and honest eyes. He is, if possible, wittier than ever, and is lavish in his fun. His daily life is full of hard work carefully performed, but he nevertheless finds time for many dinner-parties.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell is quoted by the Boston Courier as saying in a conversation about Irish poetry: "The greatest of Irish poets, and one of the greatest, and sometimes I think the greatest, of all poets, is Edmund Burke."

—Miss Sallie P. McLean, of Simsbury, Connecticut, author of "Cape Cod Folks," has been considerably annoyed of late by the guesses of literary people that she is the author of "A Reverend Idol," an anonymous novel published by James R. Osgood & Co. Miss McLean is not the author of the work, and knows nothing about its authorship. It is understood, though, that she is writing a new story.

—Messrs. D. Lothrop & Company take pleasure in announcing a bright new biography of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It is elegantly bound in cloth, and has 308 pages, with fourteen illustrations, two of which are fine portraits. The work is from the pen of W. Sloane Kennedy, and is a most fitting tribute to the memory of America's most loved and admired poet. It embraces the genealogy of the Longfellow family, and presents his life-work in a most simple and delightful manner, in a most simple and delightful manner, in a most simple and delightful manner.

—Matthew Hale Smith was writing letters to the Boston Journal over the signature of "Burleigh." Smith wrote a detectable hand, and Charles O. Rogers, who was then making the Journal jump with his activity, enterprise and liberality, was very nearly his match in this particular. One day a compositor came down to Mr. Rogers with some of Burleigh's "copy," saying that if he had got to set that sort of stuff they would have to pay him by the hour, because he could not make his salt setting by the thousand. Rogers immediately wrote Burleigh a note, telling him that if he could not make his salt setting by the hour, he had better either quit writing or get somebody to do his writing for him. In a day or two there arrived an envelope with Rogers's signature cut out from the letter and pasted upon it, and "care of Boston Journal" written beneath. Upon being opened it read as follows: "Dear Sir: I have received a letter which from the printed heading I assume to be from the Boston Journal office. If you will get somebody that can write a legible hand to inform me whom it is from and what it is all about, I shall esteem it a favor. Yours truly, Matthew Hale Smith." The next time Mr. Smith came to Boston, he was handsomely entertained, and Charles Rogers paid the bills.—Christian at Work.

—In the North American Review for July the leading article is a profound and sympathetic study of "Emerson as a Poet," by Edwin P. Whipple. The author has scarce a word to say to say about forms and mode of expression, and cheerfully concedes that Emerson had command only of two or three metres; but he brings all the resources of his extraordinary critical acumen to prove that as a seer, as one who has intuition of the deeper truths of nature and the moral universe, in short, as a poet in the highest sense of the word, Emerson must rank with the greatest geniuses of all time. In "Hydraulic Pressure in Wall Street," a writer who withholds his name but who manifestly is no novice, expounds many of the tricks and devices by means of which fictitious values are created, and the unwary lured daily to ruin. Desire Charnay contributes the eleventh article in the series on "The Ruins of Central America," and records the crowning triumph of his exploring expeditions, namely the discovery of a great ruined city in the hitherto unexplored country of the Lacandones, Guatemala. There are two papers on the civil service question: one, "The Things Which Remain," by Gail Hamilton, who labors to relieve the civil service from the aspersions cast upon it on account of Guiteau's crime; the other, "The Business of Office-Seeking," by Richard Grant White, who forcibly portrays the moral ills that come from the perennial struggle for place. Finally, Francis Marion Crawford, son of the eminent American sculptor, writes of "False Taste in Art," and indicates certain directions in which art culture might be developed under the conditions of life existing in the United States. The Review is for sale by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

—Senator Frye, in an eloquent address in City Hall, Lewiston, on the evening of Memorial Day, aptly interpreted the objects of the ceremonial. He told the oft-repeated story of the man who lost two sons, one in the rebel and the other in the Union army, and who placed upon their tombstones the inscription: "God knows which was right!" Said Senator Frye, "This is a day set apart that we may recall and emphasize the fact that these boys and that cause were wrong." Every loyal heart will attest to the truth of this sentiment.—E.E.

—That was slightly different from the conclusion of a speaker in that place a few years ago, who, after telling the story, added, "God only knows," and that too after he had fought the rebels for years.

—Among the heaviest operators of lumber in Coos County, New Hampshire, this season, are the Canton Steam Mills, at Randolph and Berlin, 5,000,000 feet; Berlin Mills Company, at Berlin Falls, 25,000,000; E. Clement & Company, Gorham, 6,000,000; Milan Steam Mills, Stark, 4,000,000; R. Scoble & Company, Groveton, 5,000,000; Isaac Emery, Stratford, 2,000,000. All these are Portland parties and the total amount cut by them will be 47,000,000 feet.—City Item.

**STANDARD HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES,**  
PREPARED BY  
**J. H. RAWSON,**  
Paris, Maine.

**Rawson's Condition Powder.**  
Best and cheapest in the market. Sure death to worms. Leave the horse in good condition.

**Rawson's Hoof Powders.**  
Sure cure for Heaves, Coughs, Colds, Lung Fever and all lung affections.

**Rawson's Hoof Salve.**  
Best remedy for all hoof troubles. Great hoof grower.

**Rawson's Ammoniated Liniment.**  
Cures sprains, bruises, cuts, scalds, and all such troubles. It is also good for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, &c., on human flesh.

**Rawson's Scratch Ointment.**  
Gives universal satisfaction in all cases where such a remedy is needed.

**Rawson's Water Regulator.**  
This is a sovereign remedy for those frequent disorders which arise from irregularities of the kidneys and urinary organs. It should be kept constantly on hand and used as soon as any derangement is noted.

Medicines warranted in every case, or money refunded.

Manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, by J. H. RAWSON, as above.

**MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.**  
Grand Offer for the next 60 days only.  
\$850 Square Grand Piano for only \$245.

PIANO STYLE 3-1-2 Magnificent rose wood case, elegantly finished, 3 strings, 7-1/2 Octaves, full patent cantate agraffes, our new patent overstrung, reeds, beautifully carved legs and ivory, heavy serpentine and large fauce moulding, full iron frame French Grand Action, Grand Hammers, in fact, every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the instrument has been added.

Our price for this instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars at New York with one Piano Cover, Stool and Bench, only \$245.00.

Just reduced from our late wholesale, factory price, \$305, for 60 days only. This is now, by far the greatest bargain ever offered in the musical instrument business! Tremendous demand for this style. Send in your order at once. Do not lose this rare opportunity.

This Piano will be sent on 15 days test trial. Please send no money with your order. Cash sent with order will be refunded. Several other special bargains. Pianos \$100 up. Over 15,000 in use, and not one dissatisfied purchaser. Don't fail to write us before buying. Handsome illustrated Piano Catalogue, mailed free, giving the highest testimonials ever awarded any piano manufacturer. Every Piano fully warranted for five years.

Sheet Music at one third price. Catalogue of 3,000 choice pieces of popular music sent for 3c. stamp.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO., P. O. Box 2058, New York City.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**  
**ANDREWS & CURTIS**  
West Paris, Me.

Would very respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general, that they have just received their new

**SPRING STOCK,**  
CONSISTING OF  
**A LARGE ASSORTMENT**  
OF  
**DRESS GOODS,**  
Including the popular shades  
Bronze, Drabs, Greys,  
Garnets, Blues, etc.,  
Also a nice line of Cashmeres which will be sold at bottom prices.

We also have Silks, Satins and Plaids for making up above goods, also shawls, Spring Cloakings and Dolman Cloths.

We have a large stock of  
**FANCY GOODS,**  
Including Hosiery, Buttons, Ribbons, Gimpes, etc., and an immense line of Hamburgs, to which we would call special attention. We would call special attention to our large stock of woollens which we will cut and make up at lowest cash price. We are also agents for Oak Hall Clothing House, Boston.

**DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.**

All full. In all of the following departments we have a larger stock than ever, viz: Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Paints and Oils, Hats & Caps, Hardware, Room Papers and Grass Seeds. We would call the farmers' attention to the fact that we have the soluble Pacific Guano, which is one of the best fertilizers in the market.

Thanking the public for their generous patronage in the past we will endeavor to make it an object to trade with them in the future, by making "Quick Sales and Small Profits," our motto.

Very respectfully,  
**ANDREWS & CURTIS.**

**The Buckeye Mower**  
**GREATLY IMPROVED**  
For 1882.  
**W. A. PROTHINGHAM, Agent,**  
So. Paris, Me.

**Special Announcement**  
TO ALL IN WANT OF FINE  
**Ready Made Clothing,**  
**HATS, CAPS,**  
**Gents' Furnishings, &c.**  
For the Next Sixty Days.  
We have a large stock of  
**Men's, Youths' and Boys' CLOTHING,**  
Bought at the Lowest Cash Prices,  
and will be sold at prices that will be  
sure to please the Closest Buyer.

**ELLIOTT'S**  
**Clothing Emporium,**  
MAIN STREET,  
**Norway, Maine.**

A week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit from Address H. HALL & Co., Portland, Maine.

**THE WHITE**  
**Sewing Machine**  
is the best and simplest in the market.  
**W. A. PROTHINGHAM, Agent,**  
So. Paris, Maine.

Mr. Frothingham is introducing the White Sewing Machine into this section. It is one of the best, simplest and most durable machines in the market. It is made in nine different styles and as many prices. It has all the modern attachments, and will be sent on trial by Mr. Frothingham, who also furnishes circulars. A little child can run it.

**Pictures Copied!**  
**Clear, Bright, Perfect**  
Copies can be made from old, dim, faded, broken or otherwise defective pictures.

**Any changes Made,**  
even to opening the eyes of corpse pictures and giving them a

**Life Like Appearance.**  
We can give you better work and lower prices than you can get elsewhere in America.

**AGENTS WANTED.**  
**CHASE & CO., Artists,**  
Oxford, Maine.

**BUY YOUR**  
**Doors, Windows, Blinds**  
**MOULDINGS,**  
Stair Rail, Balusters, Newels,  
ASH AND PINE SHEATHING,  
**WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,**  
**BRACKETS, PICKETS, &c.**

—OF—  
**S. P. MAXIM & SON.**  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.  
PRICES LOW.

**Northwestern Mutual Life Ins. Co.,**  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Assets Jan 1, 1882 \$18,500,450 00  
Surplus over 1 per cent reserve 3,422,412 00  
Guaranteed dividends paid over 3,300,000 00  
These policies are better than a Government 4 per cent bond. They pay 4 to 5 per cent compound interest on the money invested.

T. T. MERRY, Agent.  
505 Black, Auburn.

**ECLAR!**

This well known stallion will make the season of 1882 at the stable of

**C. W. KIMBALL,**  
Rumford Point, Me.  
Terms: Ten dollars to warrant.  
Reference his stock. Comments unnecessary.  
C. W. KIMBALL.  
Rumford Point, May 14, 1882.

**Maine Jefferson**

By BRETT HARTE, he by THOS. JEFFERSON will be kept for public service during the season of 1882 in charge of

**L. L. FARRAR, Mechanic Falls, Maine**

This highly bred, fast and elegant stallion, who on every occasion of his exhibition at the Maine State and New England Ag. Societies, has been awarded First Prize. He is a son of the Maine State and New England Ag. Societies, has been awarded First Prize. He is a son of the Maine State and New England Ag. Societies, has been awarded First Prize.

**BONNER SPIRIT OF '76**

This highly bred Messenger and HAMPSHIRE STALLION will make the season ending Aug. 15, 1882, at the stable of the subscriber, at \$15 to insure a live foal.

Bonner was sired by Robert Bonner, Jr., by Robert Bonner, by Ryeducks Hambletonian, dam Old Kate, by Grey Eagle, by Hutton Horse, by Bush Messenger, by Windermere, by Imp. Messenger; grand dam a large bay mare by Jackson; Robert Bonner Jr's dam, a very fast pacer by Hiram Drew; grand-sire said to be thoroughbred; Robert Bonner's dam by L. L. Black Hawk, grand-dam by Abby Bonner.

Bonner was foaled June 5, 1870; stands 15 hands 2 1/2 inches high, weighs about 1,100 lbs.; is a bright chestnut color, with star and narrow strip in face, and white hind ankles, has a fine head and ear, neck of medium length, shoulders well sloped, short back, full over loin, with wide spread and powerful hind quarters, large and muscular limbs, with immense bones and knee, with the color of feet; is upland and has a good way of going, and has been awarded premiums three successive seasons at our County Fairs.

Being so well bred and so level headed it is no wonder he is the fastest untrained stallion in the State, nor that the best judges of horses, in this section, should give him the name of The Perfect Horse.

For further light, come and see the horse or address,

**S. R. HUTCHINS,**  
Rumford, Maine.

The best granite and best work in the County or the country.

**MONUMENTS,**  
**CURBING, TABLETS, &c. &c.**  
All kinds of Cemetery Work done to order.

**W. S. ROBINSON,**  
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

**SPRING STYLES.**

Having greatly increased our facilities for doing business we are prepared to supply all the leading styles in fine ready made clothing for men, youths and boys. Also Hats, Caps, and

**Gent's Furnishings, &c. &c.**

BOUGHT AT  
**BOTTOM PRICES,**  
and will be sold at EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES for cash, our motto, LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS, at

**STOWELL'S**  
**CLOTHING ROOMS,**  
Under Masonic Hall,  
South Paris.

**Norway Cigar Manufacturer,**  
**NORWAY, MAINE.**

VEGETABLE DEALERS IN  
FINE HAVANA AND DOMESTIC Cigars  
Manufacturers of the celebrated brands,  
"Roulet" and "Oxford Bear."

A good stock of  
**Boots, Shoes, and**  
**Rubber Goods for**  
**all Classes and ages.**  
**H. N. BOLSTER, South**  
**Paris.**

**Holden's Drug Store.**  
**SOUTH PARIS, ME.**

I have just received a new stock of goods for the summer trade consisting of Hammocks, Croquet Sets, Baby Carriages, Fishing Tackle, Pipes, New Perfumes, Wallets, Knives, Razors, &c.

**BABY CARRIAGES**  
of every description furnished at short notice.  
Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded.

**TAKE NOTICE.**  
**M. M. PHINNEY,**  
**AT NORWAY VILLAGE**

Has just bought an immense stock of New Goods and will now offer some special bargains in Each and Every Department including a very large stock BLACK CASHMERES, Cordarets, Silks, Brocades and Colored Dress Goods.

**Also a Large Line New Shawls,**

Spring Cloaking, and Dolman Cloths with Spanish Laces, Fringes, and Satin Cord Gimps for trimming same. Also a beautiful line of Lawns, Spot Mulls, Gingham, Cambrics, Summer Skirts, Shirtings, Woollens for men and boys' wear, Summer Flannels, Bleached and Brown Cottons, Table Linens, Quilts, Towels, White Goods, Corsets, Laces, Dress Trimmings, Ribbons, Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Hosiery, and a very large Stock of new

**Sunshades,**

Please remember we make a Specialty of Dry and Fancy Goods, and buy our goods in Boston and New York markets in large quantities for cash, and parties in want of Dry and Fancy Goods can make it pay to look over our immense stock and get our prices.

Remember we sell for cash and have one price for everyone, and guarantee Satisfaction.

Very Respectfully,  
**M. M. PHINNEY,**  
**NORWAY VILLAGE.**

**Flour of best grades, Fall ground, very low, at**  
**H. N. BOLSTER'S**  
**SOUTH PARIS.**  
**LOOK HERE!**

Window Frames at Wholesale Prices.  
Common pine 40c @ 70c  
Hard Pine Sash and Style 1-10  
Spruce and Pine Fence Pickets, 99c @ \$12.00 per 1000  
For Sale by  
**S. P. MAXIM & SON,**  
**SOUTH PARIS.**

**BABY CARRIAGES.**  
The best place to buy a nice  
Whitney Baby Carriage is at  
**NOYE'S DRUG STORE,**  
Norway, Maine.

**All Best Prints**  
are sold for Seven  
Cents per yard at  
**H. N. BOLSTER'S,**  
South Paris.

**Non-resident Taxes.**  
In the Town of Brownfield in the County of Oxford, for the year 1881.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Brownfield, for the year 1881, in bills committed to Brough-Hartlett, collector of taxes of said town on the 20th day of June, 1881, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 20th day of Mar., 1882, by his certificate of that date and now remains unpaid and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town within six months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor including interest and charges, will without further notice be sold at public auction at L. R. Giles' in said town, on the 30th day of December, 1882, at three o'clock, afternoon.

**IRON and STEEL,**  
**Heavy Hardware,**  
**CARRIAGE WOOD WORK**  
125 & 127 COMMERCIAL ST.,  
**PORTLAND,**

**E. COREY & CO.,**

**CARRIAGES!**

We have at our Repository on  
**DEERING STREET,**  
the finest stock of home made and western  
**CARRIAGES,**  
ever offered for sale in Norway, consisting of

Phaetons, Timpkin, Brewster  
and End Spring  
**TOP BUGGIES!**  
—SIDE SPRING—  
**CONCORD AND BEACH WAGONS,**  
Light Box Wagons,  
Hanging on the celebrated Edward Thors and Side Spring. In order to get the best bargains caused by the late fire we must sell this large stock, and will sell at prices which

**Dely Competition!**  
**LIBBY & MIXER.**  
Norway, May 18.

**NEW**  
**SPRING AND SUMMER**  
**GOODS,**  
AT  
**N. D. BOLSTER'S**  
**SACKING,**  
**DOLMAN CLOTHS,**  
**CHEAP DRESS GOODS,**  
**BLACK CASHMERES,**  
**CAMBRIC,**  
**GINGHAMS,**  
**SUMMER UNDERWEAR,**  
Print Remnants, 5c. per yard  
All best Prints, 7c. per yard

**HOSIERY,**  
AT ALL PRICES.  
**Corsets,**  
**Gloves,**  
**Laces,**  
**Buttons**  
**Etc. Etc.**  
So. Paris, May 10, 1882.

**SPRING STYLE**  
Nobby Stiff Hats for old men  
young men and boys. A large  
variety of the new shapes just  
received at  
**H. N. BOLSTER'S,**  
South Paris.

**Mrs. A. B. CHASE**  
OF  
**NORWAY.**  
wishes to announce to her customers that she has just returned from Boston with her usual large stock of Spring and Summer Millinery, together with a great variety of Fancy Goods

**Remember that**  
**Laces of all kinds**  
**Hamburgs and**  
**Embroideries,**  
Are to be found here in large quantities. A full line of

**Corsets and Hosiery**  
**CONSTANTLY ON HAND.**  
Here may be found all the new shades in Silk, Satins and Ribbons.  
Never before was there seen in this vicinity such a splendid selection of goods.  
Don't fail to call and see the new goods to be found at the old place of business.

**O. K.**  
The O. K. turns a fat farm, is a thorough superior quality of fruit and the best balanced place in the market. Try one. Send for circular to

**F. C. MERRILL,**  
**SOUTH PARIS, ME.**  
Manufacturer of agricultural implements.  
Agents Wanted.

**Bradley's X. L. Superphosphate**  
one of the best and most  
reliable in the market. Always  
Good—a fresh supply just received and selling low, at  
**H. N. BOLSTER'S**  
South Paris.

**Spring Styles of woollens,**  
for suits, for gent's  
wear, just received, and  
the same cut and made  
to order.  
**H. N. BOLSTER, South Paris.**

**ITALIAN BEES.**  
For sale in good movable frame hives. Sent for circular to,  
**JAMES B. MASON,**  
Mechanic Falls, Maine.

To one and all we say whenever you are in want of anything in the line of store goods call and try the prices at  
**H. N. BOLSTER'S**  
South Paris.

**Groceries of all kinds**  
best qualities at lowest  
prices.  
**H. N. BOLSTER,**  
South Paris.







