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WHAT CAME TO DILLY'S HOUSE.

By KATE W. HAMILTON.

Dilly was perched on a fence-post, her hair flying about her face, as usual, and her little red hands clasped behind her back. The three or four small toes that peeped out through her ragged shoes were red also, for the autumn day was cold; but Dilly was used to such trifles. Toddlies, the baby, who could not climb the fence, contented himself with looking through. He was bundled up—in an old fashion, of Dilly's invention—in an old shawl; and, if the round face that peered between the fence rails was roughened by the chill wind, he, like Dilly, and grown accustomed to such discomforts.

It occurred to Freddy Burr, in the next yard, however, that their situation was scarcely agreeable. He looked up from the stick he was trying to split with his new hatchet, and asked: "what makes you sit up there such a day as this? Why don't you go into the house and keep warm?"

"Cause I'd rather stay here and watch you," said Dilly, serenely. "Tain't no fun in the house."

"Well, I wouldn't think it was any fun out here, I can tell you, if I didn't have a warm coat and scarf, and these thick boots," remarked Freddy, displaying the pair of red tops that were his pride.

"Dilly looked at them, and an old, vague wonder awoke as she did so, and grew more and distinct, until, presently it took shape in words:

"Why don't I have such things, too, Freddy Burr—shoes and new clothes, and something to wear on my head?"

"Cause your father drinks 'em up," answered Freddy, promptly, and without the slightest hesitation in disclosing the truth.

Dilly pondered a moment and as promptly denied.

"No he don't, either. Folks can't drink such things. Where do you get yours?"

"My father buys 'em for me; and the reason yours don't get any for you is 'cause they all go into old Barney's rum barrels, down at the corner. That's the way it is, true as you live, Dilly Keene, and it's awful mean, too!" declared Freddy, growing indignant as he explained.

Then a voice from the pretty house beyond called Freddy, and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddlies, with their amusement of watching ended, turned slowly away.

Dilly surveyed the baby and herself thoughtfully, and sat down upon an old log to meditate.

If what Freddy Burr had told her was true, something ought to be done about it.

And the longer she pondered the more fully she became convinced that she had heard the truth.

"Cause other folks has things and we don't, and it must be ours go somewhere else," she reasoned. "They can't be any good there either. I'm just sure they can't. Mebby I've got a hood—mebby it would be a nice red one pretty and warm. Wish I had it now. Wish Toddlies had—"

She stopped, as a brilliant plan dashed suddenly through her brain. Wouldn't her mother be surprised, if she could do that—poor mother, who was out washing and who would be so tired when she came home at night?

"Toddlies, let's do it!" she said, springing up excitedly. "Let's go and see if we can't get some of 'em."

"Yah!" answered Toddlies, contentedly; and taking his hand Dilly opened the creaking gate and led the way down the street.

There were a number of men in the store at the corner—a queer store with a certain air about the lower half of the front window. Dilly saw them when the door opened, but she was a determined little body, when once she had decided upon the proper thing to do. So she only clasped Toddlies hand a little closer and walked in and up to the counter, making an extra effort to speak distinctly, because her heart beat so fast.

"Please, sir, have you got anything of ours—a sock here?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a shout of laughter from the men.

"Well, now, that's a neat way of putting it. Hey, Keene, these youngsters of yours want to know if Barney has you in a sock here?"

An old slouched hat behind the store was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard. Dilly shrunk back abashed.

"Oh! I didn't mean him."

"What did you mean, then?" asked a cease, red-faced man, advancing from behind the bar and speaking in tones not at all gentle and amiable.

"Shoes and coats and such things," faltered Dilly. "Hoods—I'm 'fraid it's

spoiled with the whiskey; but mebby ma could wash it out. Wouldn't you take some of 'em out of your barrel, Mr. Barney? We need 'em awful bad."

"I should think as much," muttered one of the bystanders, surveying the two dilapidated figures; but Mr. Barney's wrath was rising.

"What barrel? Who sent you here?" he demanded, angrily.

"Your rum barrel," answered Dilly, standing her ground desperately, though with a little catch in her breath that was just ready to break into a sob. "Ma works all the time, and she looks sorry; and we don't have any nice dinners at our house, like Freddy Burr's; and no new shoes, nor caps, nor anything. I asked Freddy where our good things went to, 'cause they don't come to our house, and he said you had 'em down here in your barrels. Please do take some of 'em out, Mr. Barney. I'm sure it can't make anybody's drink taste a bit better to have poor little boys' and girls' new shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You're right there, Sissy; it's nigh about spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group at the counter, putting down his glass with a queer perplexed look.

But there was no perplexity in the bar-keeper's look. That was wrathful.

"We've had enough of this nonsense! Now you leave, you young ragamuffins, as fast as your feet will carry you, and never let me catch you inside these doors again!"

He stepped toward them, as if to drive them out, but the man behind the stove suddenly arose.

"Take care, Barney! You'd better not touch them. You've knocked me about often enough, but you'd best let them alone."

There was a fire in the eyes under the old slouched hat, before which Mr. Barney drew back.

Both children were crying by that time, but the father took a hand of each.

"Come, Dilly; come baby," and, without a word or look to his companions, he passed out into the street.

It was a very silent walk.

Toddlies tears were dried as soon as the stranger, whose loud voice had awakened his baby terror, was out of sight.

But poor little Dilly's heart was sore with disappointment and fear. She had failed in the scheme that she had thought promised so fairly. No hood nor shoes had she seen after all her bravery in venturing into that dreadful store; and who could tell how angry her father might be?

She stole shy glances up under the old hat, but she only saw a sober downcast face, and he said nothing, not even when they had reached home.

He hunted up some fuel and made a better fire; and then sat down before it, with his head between his hands, and left the children to their own devices.

But two weeks later Dilly completed the story, confidentially, to Freddy Burr.

"See here!" she said, pushing the toes of a pair of stout new shoes through the fence.

"Where did you get 'em," repeated Freddy.

"My pa worked and bought 'em, and brought 'em home; and they didn't get into nobody's," explained Dilly, with great pride and little regard for grammar. Then she pressed her face against the fence for a prolonged interview.

"You see the billenium has come to our house."

"The what?" questioned bewildered Freddy.

"The billenium. It's a pretty long word," said Dilly complacently; "but it means good times. Anyhow, that's what Ma called it, and I guess she knows. It was this way, Freddy Burr: When you told me Mr. Barney had all our nice shings down to his store in a barrel, I just went right down there and asked him for 'em—me and Toddlies."

"You didn't!" exclaimed horrified Freddy.

"Did, too!" declared Dilly, with an emphatic nod. "Well, he wouldn't give me one of 'em, and he was just as cross as anything. So, then my papa got up from the stove and walked home with us. He didn't scold a bit; but he just sat down before the fire, this way, and thinks and thinks. At last he put his hand in one pocket, but there wasn't anything there; then he put it in the other, and found ten cents for supper. Then, when Ma came home, he talked to her, and they both cried. I don't know what for, 'less it was cause we couldn't get the things out of that old barrel. And Ma hugged and kissed me most to death that night, she did. Well, my pa got some work next day, and brought home some money; and now he has found a place to work every day. He brought all these things, and he says his little boy and girl shall have things like other

folks. So, now you'll know what the billenium means, Freddy Burr, when anybody asks you; and you can tell them Dilly Keene explained it to you."

Independent.

EARLY FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN THIS COUNTRY.

It is well-known that the "Jesuit Relations" are the main source of the early history of the interior of this continent. It is also known that the jealousy which existed between the Jesuits and some of the other Orders of the Papal Church, brought confusion into the early records, and to this day, an obscurity rests upon certain points on account of it. This obscurity the United States Government has endeavored to remove, by authorizing the publication of the Margry papers. The publication of these papers has proved agreeable to the admirers of LaSalle, but disagreeable to those who do not acknowledge his merits or admire his exploits. There is a secret history of those days which has never been written, and which may never be written. It is possible, however, that by examining the records of the other Orders, besides those of the Jesuits, that much light will be thrown upon this epoch.

Mr. Shea is not an admirer of LaSalle, but he knows that there is a history which is not contained in the "Jesuit Relations." The Recollets were the missionaries who attended LaSalle on his Western exploration. Gabriel, Hennepin, Zenobius, Melitton, were named to attend him and to become chaplains at the posts he might establish. Hennepin ascended the Mississippi and discovered the Falls of St. Anthony; Gabriel fell a victim to the Kickapoos; Zenobius perished by Indian hands in Texas, but Father Douay was spared to chronicle the fate of "unwise" LaSalle. It appears from this article, that the Franciscans had Missions in many parts of the continent. Their history opens with the expedition of Narvaez to Florida, in 1527. The narrative of Cabeza de Vaca, concerning his long wanderings across the continent, aroused the Franciscans, and we find that in 1539, the Friar Mark, of Nice, and Friar Honoratus, set out from San Miguel in 1539, and reached Cibola in New Mexico, and there visited the Mexican towns, with their curious houses, and their strange people. The Dominicans labored on the shores of the Chesapeake, and the Jesuits announced the faith from the Rappahannock and Cape Sable, but they soon deserted this field, and continued their labors on the St. Lawrence and along the chain of the great lakes, while the Franciscans kept on with their work, notwithstanding the frequent martyrdom of their missionaries; Florida being the chief field. In 1590, a body of twelve missionaries, established themselves here, and in 1612, Florida was formed into a province of the order. They also gained a permanent foothold in New Mexico.

In 1595, eight Franciscan Missionaries entered this field, and Father Martinez became the founder of the missions in New Mexico. In 1630, the Franciscans report 80,000 as having been baptized. The Pecos were all converted, this author says. The Pecos were also at last overcome by the patience, humility and unflinching zeal of the Franciscans. The Taos clung to their polygamy, but at last, after an old hag, who was a witch, exercised great influence, had died from a stroke of lightning, they also yielded, and Acoma and Zuni, who had long been under the slavery of the Medicine men, became converts. The truth was preached to the Moquis, and the wandering tribes of the Apaches. The Franciscans reduced the languages of Florida and New Mexico, to rule and system, and were training Indian children to read and write, before the settlers of Virginia and New England had acquired any insight into the languages of the red men in their colonies. The Records of Aquitaine assumed, in 1619, the charge of missions on the Accadian coast, but the Franciscan Order also had missions on the sea coast, now claimed by Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The Franciscans also began their labor in the Province of Quebec, as early as 1615. The first Mass offered at Quebec, Tadousac, Three Rivers, Sault St. Louis, as well as in Upper Canada, was offered by these Franciscans. They were however supplanted in Canada by the Jesuits, and did not gain a foothold there until 1672. The Franciscans had chaplains on Lake Champlain, at Niagara, at Ft. Duquesne, now Pittsburg, and at Detroit, and one Father Emmanuel Grespel records in pages of deep interest, his labors in Wisconsin. The Franciscan Missions in Florida were pushed "until the whole of the Apalaches were gathered into the fold," but with the progress of the neighboring English colonies, new dangers came. The people of Carolina led Indian expe-

ditions to attack the villages of the Neophytes, and the devoted Franciscans had to behold the labor of years annihilated. The missions of Upper California were another fruit of the Franciscan labors, the first being that of San Diego, established in 1769, followed by San Carlos, San Antonio, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo and San Juan; also at San Francisco and Santa Clara. Each mission had its church and buildings. The Indians were collected, weaned from their roving life, and trained to agriculture and the various trades. The number of converts reached 30,000, but in 1832, the Mexican Government dissolved the missions and seized the property. When, after some years, California was acquired by us the feeble remnants of the once happy mission Indians were ruthlessly swept aside or turned over to "religions fanatics," who, hedged in by government authority, "labored to root out religion from their minds."—*American Antiquarian, Chicago.*

THE CODE.

MRS. SPOONDYKE'S IDEAS OF THE RECENT DUEL IN NEW ORLEANS.

MR. SPOONDYKE'S LUCID EXPLANATIONS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"My dear, said Mrs. Spoondyke, examining the baby's feet, critically to see if they were both alike, 'my dear, I see that one of the strikers, or capital, has been hurt; do you know the facts about it?'"

"How hurt? what did it say?" asked Mr. Spoondyke, turning from the glass and strapping his razor.

"I don't remember exactly, but he went down to a slaughter-house to get something for his family, and somebody shot him in the legs."

"That's the way it happened, was it?" demanded Mr. Spoondyke, grinning through his lather. "He didn't go to his family for a pair of legs and somebody shot him in the family? That was not the way it read, was it?"

"No-o-o, I think not," replied Mrs. Spoondyke, dubiously, "I'm sure it was something about a slaughter-house and legs. Do you know how it happened?"

"Yes, I know how it happened!" mocked Mr. Spoondyke, peering away at his visage with the razor. "If I had not found out away from home I'd always been puzzled about it, though. Two gentlemen fought a duel, and one got shot. That's all there is in it."

"I knew there'd be some trouble as soon as I read about those strikes," confidently continued Mrs. Spoondyke.

"What's the strike to do with it?" vociferated Mr. Spoondyke. "Think he struck for another shot? Got a notion he struck for more legs, haven't ye? It wouldn't have been a bad idea, that?"

soliloquized Mr. Spoondyke, rather impressed with the combined originality and utility of that class of strikes.

"Did he get shot in both legs?" Mrs. Spoondyke queried. "It must have been a cannon ball, or else he held his legs in front of each other."

"That's the way he did it," moaned Mr. Spoondyke. "They always do that. When they are fighting a duel they sit down like a tailor or a Turk. What d'ye think they fight with, forts? Got some sort of a vague idea that they fight with line of battle ships? Who said anything about cannon balls? Pistols, I tell ye! They fought with pistols, and one of them hit the other! Roll that information around in your ten acre intelligence!"

"Certainly," faltered Mrs. Spoondyke. "But tell me, dear, why should a man shoot another for going to the slaughter-house?"

"Holy herring!" ejaculated Mr. Spoondyke. "He went there to get shot. It was agreed upon. The man who shot him had reflected upon his honor and he went there to satisfy it."

"And did it satisfy his honor to shoot him in the legs?" asked Mrs. Spoondyke.

"That was as near as he could get to it. I tell you that when a man fights a duel he wipes out an insult, whether he gets shot in the legs or ear. It makes no difference."

"I should think it would," murmured Mrs. Spoondyke. "It would to me. So his honor is all right now, is it?"

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Spoondyke, wiping his face. "Suppose you can reason on the subject without any further information from me?"

"I guess so," ruminated Mrs. Spoondyke. "As I understand it, if a man's honor is hurt, all he has got to do is to get shot in the legs, though I don't see why he didn't shoot himself, unless it was that he couldn't reach around."

"That's just the reason!" roared Mr. Spoondyke. "He shot at himself in the looking-glass all the morning, and couldn't make it work, so he hired a man to do it for him! It took your shot-tower intellect to see into it! What you want now is a squint in one eye, and some dod-gasted friends to interfere to be a revised edition of the measly code! If you only had somebody to chalk off six paces on you and a squad of police with a bench warrant, you'd be a regular Bladensburg! I'm going out to fight a duel and get shot! Think you'd understand it then? If I had a bullet through both legs, would you want any more information?"

"No, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoondyke and as her husband tossed his shaving-brush into the baby's crib and slammed out the door, she began to think that a man shouldn't keep his honor in his legs if they couldn't take better care of it.

FIGHT WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

Business caused W. L. Renfro, who lives on Rocky creek, near Dublin, Georgia, to be out late on Saturday night, the 31st inst. As he was riding in the moonlight along the creek, with his dwelling a hundred yards or so in front of him, something came down on the rump of his horse like a flail in the hands of a Sampson. The horse sprang upward and the astonished rider was thrown against a fence. Mr. Renfro turned to see if he were both alike, "my dear, I see that one of the strikers, or capital, has been hurt; do you know the facts about it?"

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The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1882.

NUMBER 30.

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and Bowels will speedily regain their strength,

and the Blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is pronounced by the best

doctors to be the only cure for all kinds of Kid-

ney diseases.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and is

entirely free from all poisons, and is

entirely safe for all ages.

When all other medicine fails,

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for

the cure of all the above diseases, and is

entirely safe for all ages. For sale by all

Druggists. Send for Pamphlet.

Hunt's Remedy Co., Providence, R. I.

Price, 75 cents and \$1.25.

Notice.

Whereas an estrangement having occurred be-

tween me and my husband, caused by mercur-

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"I AM GEN. LOGAN'S DAUGHTER."

From a Washington Letter.

A few days ago Mrs. Paymaster Tucker, nee Logan, was in the members' gallery viewing the Senate proceedings, while directly in front of her sat two ladies, one evidently a Washingtonian and the other a stranger. The native was taking unusual pains to make herself agreeable, and as Mrs. Tucker was about to sit down said to her friend:

"There, you see that large man sitting in the centre of the chamber, with the jet black hair and large mustache?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is General Logan of Illinois. It isn't generally known, but he is half Indian."

At this point Mrs. Tucker could contain herself no longer. So gently tapping the lady on the shoulder, she said:

"Excuse me, madam, but you are mistaken when you say that Senator Logan is half Indian."

"Well, I guess I ought to know," warmly responded the stranger; "I have lived in Washington all my life, and the fact of his Indian blood has never been questioned before."

"I think I ought to know something about the matter, too," quietly answered Mrs. Tucker. "I am General Logan's daughter." As Dundreary says, "The conversation is ended," and with a let-go-my-hair look at Mrs. Tucker the stranger and her companion flounced out of the gallery.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.

The trustees of a school once offered a prize to the scholars in it for the best composition. All the boys were compelled to write, and were allowed to choose their own subjects. One boy declared he could not do it. He could not think of anything to write about. Nevertheless, he was obliged to become one of the unwilling competitors. When the day of trial came, he read his composition, or rather a part of it, for he was not permitted to read it all. He began:

"My composition is about spring. Spring will soon be here. How do I know that? Because it came last year, and the year before that, and the year before that."

"The grass will soon grow green, and the trees will put forth leaves. How do I know that? Because the grass grew green and the trees put forth leaves last year, and the year before that, and the year before that, and the year before that."

"And the little lambs will come, and they'll gambol, and play and have a good time. How do I know that? Because the little lambs gambled last year, and the year before that, and the year before that."

"That will do, Johnny," interrupted a trustee, tired of the iteration; and Johnny marched from the stage to his seat repeating:

"And the year before that, and the year before that."

The audience screamed with laughter, but Johnny's composition did not gain the prize.

LET RUM PAY ITS OWN BILLS.

[N. Y. Herald.]

The dozen or two of men who were so unfortunate as to be obliged to brave the heat and appear in the Winchester county court room yesterday morning, were witnesses of a scene which though pathetic, moved nearly all to intense indignation. An old man 82 years of age had been summoned by the overseers of the poor of the town of Portchester, who wanted him to provide for a drunken, worthless son 30 years of age. The defendant claimed, and no one disputed it, that his income was not sufficient to maintain the family dependent upon him, among whom were a blind son and a daughter subject to fits. With choking utterance he tried to tell how much he had done for the drunken son, whose maintenance the town was trying to avoid. Judge Gifford controlled the feeling with which the spectacle filled him, in common with the spectators, but he finally declined to grant the order asked for. "The town," he said, "has licensed the establishments where this man's son buys his rum, so the town must take care of the drunkard. I cannot order a man of 82 to provide for a son who but for rum could, and would now, be caring for his father." One of the spectators applauded as loudly as he dared, behind an open copy of the *Herald*, and lawyers who were accustomed to some of the severe decrees of the law, said one to another, that the Judge's logic was unanswerable. Rum should pay its own bills for damages to society, and towns that license the sale of rum should be compelled to support the victims of the traffic.

—Recipe from the *Gardener's Home Journal*: to make pencil marks permanent, take well-skimmed milk and dilute with an equal amount of water. Wash the drawing with this liquid, using a soft camel hair brush, in such manner as to avoid rubbing, and then place a board till the paper is thoroughly dry. If you buy your milk where we used to, you will not need any water with the milk.

—A hard-working clergyman suggests that church pews should be placed on pivots, so that persons in front may examine the toilets on the back seats.

OLD DOCUMENTS.

TWO "OXFORD PLANTATION" PETITIONS—NOW THE TOWN OF ALBANY. 1803.

[Communicated by John F. Pratt, M. D., Chelsea, Mass.]

To the Honourable Senate and Honourable House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in General Court assembled at Boston, Jan., 1803—

We the subscribers your humble Petitioners, knowing that the Legislature are at all times willing to remove the inconveniences and redress grievances when known to exist in any part of the Commonwealth and are not insensible of the advantages and disadvantages of an incorporate and unincorporate State—We therefore pray the honourable Legislature that the Plantation called Oxford in the County of York may be incorporated into a Town by the name of Oxford according to the courses and distances following, Viz beginning at a pond at the North easterly corner of Waterford—thence North twenty Degr West six miles and one hundred and thirty rods to the south line of Bethel thence West 20 Deg South bounded by Bethel five and one half miles thence South twenty Degr East, seven miles or thereabouts to Waterford line, thence by the Northwesterly line of Waterford to the first mentioned bound and your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

(Signed) ASA CUMMINGS, BANT. HASKELL, JONATHAN HOLT.

Committee chosen in behalf of the Plantation of Oxford.

The Honourable the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts holden in Boston, May—1804:

We the subscribers having previously petitioned for the Plantation of Oxford in the County of York to be incorporated into a Town by the name of Oxford—Having since been informed that we could not be incorporated by that name, have at a meeting of the Inhabitants Voted to have it incorporated by the name of Albany if your Honours think fit.

(Signed) ASA CUMMINGS, BANT. HASKELL, JONATHAN HOLT.

Committee.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Thomas Hardy's new novel is "Two on a Tower." If he refers to a newly married couple, his spelling is erroneous.

—Mrs. Consider Fisher, one of the characters in the "Cape Cod Folks," died at Cedarville, Mass., on Wednesday night. She was consumptive, and her death is thought to have been hastened by the unpleasant notoriety and excitement of the libel suit.

—Such books as Tourgee's two last, "John Ear" and "Mamelon," says the *Vicksburg Herald*, "will do more toward bringing Southern and Northern people into complete social and business intercourse than all the peace conferences and soldier reunions that were ever held since the war put together."

—Some years ago a young man, imbued with an iconoclastic spirit, as also with a high sense of his own abilities, wrote a critical essay upon Plato, wherein he satirized the old philosopher, and sent it to Ralph Waldo Emerson, asking him to read it and give him his candid opinion concerning its merits. Mr. Emerson, returning the essay, made only the remark: "When you strike a king you must kill him."

—Mrs. Frank Leslie has been quite ill because of close attention to her extensive business as publisher, but is now better. It is a curious feature in Mrs. Leslie's history that she owes her present distinction to the death of two husbands. When the first, the late E. G. Squier, died, she was left by necessity to write for the papers which he formerly edited, and by the death of the latter she became their sole proprietor. She lives in handsome style on Fifth Avenue, New York.

—The *July Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Emerson from the bust by Daniel C. French. The illustrated papers include two of decided interest at this season; a carefully prepared and illustrated account of the evolution of the American Yacht, by S. G. W. Beaman; and "The House of the Future," by Col. George E. Ware, Jr., both finely illustrated. The opening article is an interesting and richly illustrated paper of travel by Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, entitled "Among the Thibutians in Alaska." Poetry is contributed by H. C. Bunner, Annie K. Adams, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and others. Published by the Century Co., New York.

—The *Boston Journal* says: It is a striking commentary upon the sort of justice which is meted out in South Carolina that a cold-blooded murderer like Hiale was promptly released upon bail after shooting and killing Mayor Blair. His release will be followed by an acquittal. It is not yet a crime in South Carolina to murder prominent opponents of the Bourbon regime.

—Gen. John M. Palmer, who commanded a division under Rosecrans at Stone River and Chickamauga, defends Garfield against the latter's seeking publicity on the subject to pave his way to a Presidential nomination. He closes an interview with this rather remarkable utterance: "I dare the Democratic Party of this country to nominate such a man. We want no graveyard ghoul to head the Democratic ticket in 1884."

—Chief Loco, of the Apaches, whose death in Colorado was recently announced is said to have been courteous and dignified in manner, though fond of a joke. Once, being given a burning glass, he amused himself the entire day drawing the sun's rays to a focus on the backs of his wives as they sat at work, and was immensely tickled at their and on gymnastics and howls. On another occasion, suspecting his mother-in-law of using his cigarette tobacco for snuff, he loaded it with cayenne pepper, and the old lady nearly sneezed her head off, while Loco rolled on the ground in an agony of mirth. Loco must have been, the Arizones Ward's kangaroo, "an amusing cuss."

THE SUN, or RUM.—The New York papers daily publish long lists of those who die from heat. If the list could be subdivided, the Boston *Herald*, so that it could be known how many died from natural heat and how many from heat generated by alcohol, the statistics would be more interesting.

A CHASE MAN, and WHAT HE HAD TO SAY.—Mr. Stuart Worster of Cape Elizabeth, once the partner of Major S. A. Berry, was yesterday interviewed by the *Item*. Mr. Worster is a Solon Chase man.

"How is the 'straight' party inquired the *Item*."

"Gaining," said Mr. Worster.

"How many votes will he get at the Cape?"

"I can answer for one. He'll get quite a vote."

"Will he get 2,000 votes in the State?"

"He'll get double that number say."

Mr. Worster declined to be interviewed at any length, pleading a pressure of business as an excuse.—*Portland Item*.

CALL ON N. D. Bolster

So. PARIS, ME.

—FOR THE—

CELEBRATED WITHERELL

INDIA STEEL SCYTHE.

—ALSO—

RAKES, SNATHS, FORKS, &c.

So. Paris, July 7, 1882.

GOULD'S ACADEMY, BETHEL, ME.

NEW BUILDING! NEW FURNITURE! MODERN CONVENIENCES!

The fall term of this old established institution will open

Tuesday, Aug. 29, 1882,

Under the instruction of

HENRY W. JOHNSON, A. B., Prin.,

(Class of 1879, Harvard College,) and

MISS FANNIE O. PHILBRICK, Preceptress.

(Graduate of Tilden Ladies' Seminary, and late teacher of Mathematics and Languages in Lebanon High School, Lebanon, N. H.)

Three Courses of Instruction are offered.

English and Scientific Course.

Classical Course.

Business Course.

No expense has been spared to make this one of the most English and Classical Schools in New England. None but experienced teachers of recognized ability are employed, and the instruction will be fully up to the needs of the times, by the most approved methods, and as thorough and practical as it is possible to make it.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

1. Location. 2. Fine Building. 3. Low Rates of Tuition. 4. Professional Teachers.

TUITION.

English Branches \$4.00. Languages, \$5.00.

MUSIC AND PAINTING EXTRA.

Send for circulars to

HENRY W. JOHNSON, Prin.

The Buckeye Mower GREATLY IMPROVED For 1882.

W. A. FROTHINGHAM, Agent, So. Paris, Me.

The Buckeye Mower has several improvements introduced this season, which make it well known mowing machine better than ever. Send for circulars as above for circular and prices. Terms cash.

THE FALL TERM OF

HEBRON ACADEMY

Will begin

Tuesday, Aug. 22,

and continue thirteen weeks under the following instruction:

W. W. Mayo, A. B., Prin.

AGNES M. LATHE, A. B., Preceptress.

NELLIE M. WHITMAN, Assistant.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD, Principal of Commercial Dept.

HATTIE P. BAILEY, Teacher of Music.

THREE COURSES OF STUDY.

Expenses Very Low.

For full particulars call on or address the Principal, Rev. S. D. Richardson, or the Secretary, Z. L. Packard, Secretary.

Hebron, July 20, 1882.

WARRANTED PURE PARIS GREEN

—AT—

Gerry's Drug Store

SOUTH PARIS.

Trout and Bass Tackle

Of Every Description and LOWEST PRICES

—AT—

Gerry's Drug Store, South Paris.

W. A. Frothingham,

South Paris, Maine, DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

Mr. Frothingham makes a specialty of Fine Boots for Ladies. He has a large stock of nice goods in this line. Also the celebrated

Fine French Kid Boots,

of A. F. & J. M. SMITH & CO. SHUTELEFF'S standard goods, manufactured at South Paris. A full line of

SUMMER GOODS,

Croquet Slippers, Canvas shoes, Infants' Shoes, fine sewed boots for men. Over 400 styles to select from. Prices the lowest for same quality of goods.

\$66 a week in your own home. Terms and full particulars in our circular. Address: H. H. L. & Co., Portland, Me.

R. T. ALLEN, Carriage and Sleigh Manu'fr, MILTON, OXFORD CO., MAINE.

I have now on hand and will make during the coming season, a large number of Carriages and Wagons. These vehicles will be made in a Thorough Workmanlike Manner, and from the Best Material.

All persons who intend to purchase, should make a Call, and see Goods and Prices.

NOTICE.

The Subscriber will be at Norway and open a

New Carriage and Jobbing Shop

The Second Week in June,

where all kinds of Jobbing will be done at reasonable prices. Also will keep on hand

A FINE LINE

—OF—

NEW CARRIAGES!

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.

N. B. Every description of House Finish furnished at short notice.

Spinning, Matching, Band Sawing and general Jobbing attended to.

THE WHITE

Sewing Machine

is the best and simplest in the market.

W. A. FROTHINGHAM, 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 at 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.

SAVE MONEY

By buying your

Drugs, Medicines

and other goods usually kept in a first-class

Drug and Book Store.

Remember the Place!

GERRY'S

SOUTH PARIS.

CARDING MILL!

The subscriber wishes to inform the readers of the Oxford Democrat, and ask them to tell their neighbors that he will have his

Wool Carding Mill,

in operation on the old site

NORWAY VILLAGE,

About the first of July.

The old mill and machinery were destroyed by fire, and he has put in a full line of improved machinery for the purpose of continuing the carding business as heretofore.

G. R. FLETCHER, A. COLLE, NORWAY MAINE.

USE ONLY

RUBBER PAINTS.

S. P. MAXIM & SON, AGENTS

SOUTH PARIS.

N. B. We desire to call special attention to the RUBBER PAINTS. During the past two years over FOUR HUNDRED gallons of this paint have been used in this vicinity, giving in every instance the very best of satisfaction.

It is well known that the best lead and oil, mixed in the usual way will in a short time lose its gloss and rub off or chalk. Rubber Paint is guaranteed not to CHALK, CRACK, OR PEEL.

We are aware of a great prejudice against mixed paint, but we cordially recommend this, believing it to be the most beautiful, durable and economical paint in the market.

Remember this Rubber Paint is composed of pure White Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil and India Rubber, with the best coloring pigments that can be obtained, ground. A careful examination of buildings on which it has been used will convince the most skeptical of its merits.

We refer to the following parties who have used our paint:

J. C. Marble, O. A. Maxim, J. Daniels, Paris Hill, N. J. Cushman, North Paris, S. F. Briggs, R. N. Hall, D. N. True, F. C. Merrill, and L. S. Billings, So. Paris, A. M. Trull, Norway.

Send for circular and price list.

CAUTION.

Whereas, my wife, Julia M. Record, without cause has left my bed and board, I hereby caution and forbid all parties trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

WM. C. RECORD.

Backfield, July 10, 1882.

Seeing is Believing.

—THEN CALL AT—

"NOYES" DRUG STORE

and examine our large and well-selected stock of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,

Vases, Dolls, Baby Carriages,

Boys' Wagons & Velocipedes,

FISHING TACKLE OF ALL KINDS,

Paints, (Mixed and Dry)

OILS, VARNISHES, PAINT BRUSHES,

Hair Brushes, Toilet Soaps,

Perfumes, Trusses, Sponges, Bird

Cages, Hammocks, Room

Paper, Borders,

and hundreds of other articles to numerous to mention.

We defy Competition. Why?

Because we buy in large quantities for cash and are willing and do give our customers the advantage of this great benefit.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL

before purchasing elsewhere and we will guarantee you satisfaction.

Remember the old and reliable establishment,

"NOYES" DRUG & BOOKSTORE,

Norway, Maine.

THIS PAPER is published on file at Geo. T. T. BERRY, State Agent, Goff Block, Auburn.

FLORENCE L. S. JONES

For beauty of design, elegance of finish, durability in construction and power to do the work required, the Florence Oil Stoves are warranted to largely exceed all other makes, and a comparison will promptly convince the public that our warrant is strictly in accordance with the facts.

The Florence is the King of Oil Stoves.

The Florence is sold on its merits.

One Trial Will Convince All.

Call and see them, or send for illustrated Catalogue and Price List before buying any other. We are Headquarters for these goods in Oxford Co.

Remember all our Oil Stoves are warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or no sale.

Summer Queen Oil Stove, \$2.50

MASON BROTHERS,

Sole Agents for Norway and Paris, Shackley Store, Norway, Me.

1882.

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ANDOVER, July 28.—A copious shower today.

The village school closed this week; it was taught by Mr. E. V. Stevens of North Turner. Mr. S. is a popular as well as a successful teacher.

Scott West is convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

The ladies of the M. E. Society held a pleasant social at Union Hall.

Rev. Mr. Dame is spending the week with his family at Falmouth.

Mr. Thomas Smith of No. Rumford has rented the parsonage.

At a town meeting last Tuesday, it was voted to exempt from taxation for a term of five years any steam mill that may be built in town. This action was taken to exempt the mill which Mr. O. F. Smith proposes to put up soon near the Brickfield bridge.

Mr. G. W. Fox and family of Dorchester, Mass., are stopping at the Poor House for a few weeks.

T. H. Abbott recently sold his black mare to M. S. Stevens of Haverhill, Mass., for \$200.

BROOKFIELD.—The correspondent of *Three Stars* says: Grass crop is lighter than last year.

Mrs. Edmund Irving died Sunday evening, July 18th, after a lingering illness of more than a year. Mrs. Irving leaves a husband and one child, a boy of about six years. She made all the arrangements for her funeral except to the minutest thing. Rev. S. T. Record, of Maryland Ridge, her former pastor, officiated at the funeral.

Miss Jane Hall, milliner, had a shock of paralysis, Friday evening. She was on the piazza of her house, and was seen to fall by one of her neighbors. She was conveyed to her room and a physician called. Her right side was found to be paralyzed.

DAVENEY.—Quite warm and good weather, and people are improving it to the best advantage possible. At the present rate of activity, having will not last long in Dixfield. Two weeks ago the grass crop was light, but now the uncut grass is a pretty fair crop.

Corn is now making some rapid strides. It was now beginning to silk.

Last week we thought we had the potato bug subdued, and that week we were mistaken. It was not then even in its first stages, but it is now in its full force.

HARTFORD.—March, 1880. I received the names of fifty-five persons living in Hartford, who had passed their three score and ten years, including fifteen married couples. Within three months, have died: Hopestill, 86; leaving a wife 89; Mrs. Alfred, 82; leaving a husband 74. On June 21, Calvin D. Gurney, aged 81 years, leaving a wife 84 years, now convalescent, and one daughter and two sons. Rev. Mr. Smith, of West Sumner, officiated at the funeral, where many listened with interest to his well chosen remarks. Two sons, Michael and Dexter, died as youthful volunteers in the army to help crush the rebellion, for which the parent receives a pension since January, 1869. This couple have lived many years near the oldest cemetery in Hartford. His word was sacred, as many knew by experience.

On the evening of the 26th, I visited with my wife, the Crystal Water Good Templars Lodge. We are now living in the fourth year since our golden wedding, under the same roof where we were married. In the lodge we saw our daughter, Mrs. Wm. L. Merrill and husband, our daughter, Mrs. Julia C. Forbes and her two daughters. (Her husband died a member.) Eight years ago she left her home at times to give her daughters the benefit of Hebrew Academy and Bates College. Miss Eleanor B. Forbes was of the twenty-seven more daughters of Arts.

KEZAR FALLS.—We are having very hot weather just now, and dry. Mercury has been up in the nineties every day for a week or more. Many places of corn are drying up badly, if we do not have rain soon vegetation must suffer very much. Most farmers are about finishing up haying. They harvest a full crop and of superior quality. Grain of all kinds is looking finely but needs rain. Potatoes are infested with beetles but Paris Green saves them.

"Don F. W. Edson is very sick with a fever."

Again "Gertrude" death has visited the family of James Gardner of Porter, by removing from their midst their son Samuel T. whose demise occurred on Wednesday, the 15th day of the present month, July 15th, aged 30 years 9 months, and 29 days. Since the death of his brother, David T., which took place on the 13th day of January 1881, he has been in feeble health, and thinking it might be conducive to his recovery of health he started for Chicago on the 24th day of May, 1881, returning to his father's home on last Thanksgiving day, still in feeble health. There he remained until death removed him hence, to dwell on earth no more. His disease was consumption which baffled the skill of his many physicians. He was married in Massachusetts on the 4th day of Oct., 1871, to Miss Alice M. Blake. He leaves a wife and child, a daughter eleven years old. In this sad affliction the mourning family has the heart-felt sympathy of all friends and neighbors, and they may remember that what is their loss is Samuel's gain.

THE Pilsbury House towering at the head of High street, Kezar Falls, makes a commanding appearance overlooking the village on either side of the Great Ossipee River. The Pilsbury House is filling up with Boston guests.

Farmers are getting well along with their haying. Although the weather has not been the best still the frequent rains have not injured the hay. Hay is coming in well and in many towns about as better than ever.

Corn is growing rapidly and if the season looks out we shall get a good yield. Potatoes and other vegetables are looking fine.

"Pota-bugs" are making up for lost time.

EAST SUMNER, July 29.—Mrs. Laura E. Fogg of Hartford Centre, has just closed another successful term of school in that place. The following pupils were not absent one half day during the term: Arthur Benson, Frank Ford, Ida Ford and Winnie Robinson. Mrs. Fogg is a very successful teacher, having taught 29 schools. Natural ability and a love for the work is the secret of her success. Scholars cannot fail to profit under her instructions. She is engaged for two terms more in the same district, and has already taught some half dozen terms there.

Miss H. Louise Ellis, of Canton, is soon to commence a term of school at East Sumner.

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