

Administrator's Sale.
PURSUANT to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate, within and for the County of Oxford in the State of New York, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises, on the 1st day of June next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the real, personal and mixed estate of the late Mrs. John L. Ladd, late of Burfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, laid at the time of his death, to wit: all and singular the lands, tenements and hereditaments, to wit: all the town of Woodland, in the County of Oxford, A. D. 1788.
 Burfield, May 22d, A. D. 1788.
 ALFONZO F. WARREN, Adm.

the buildings therein, and the fully described lots and parcels of land, and the records, and whereas the conflicting claims of the parties to the same have been made known to the court, and the mortgage has been broken, now therefore it is the order of the court that the condition thereof is dissolved and the said mortgage is annulled.

LOVELL L. GARDNER,
Recorder of said mortgage.

RECORDED, MAY 13, 1887.

OXFORD, 88—At a Court of Probate held at the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1887, before the Honorable J. L. RINKER, Judge of said Court, the petition of Benjamin F. HARRIS, administrator of the estate of Benjamin F. HARRIS, late of Brownfield, in said County, praying for license to sell and convey all the real estate of said deceased at public or private sale for the payment of debts and charges.

ORDERED, that said petitioner do notice to all persons claiming an interest in said estate to appear in person or by attorney in opposition with this order thereof.

And the petitioners were ordered to publish these three weeks notice in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Foxboro, in said County, to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Foxboro, in said county, on the third Tuesday of June, next.

In the industrial development of modern times our farmers have been able to make their personal freedom and independence unknown and impossible in most walks of life. They have comfortable homes; they are dependent upon no one but themselves for their daily bread; they are able to acquire an adequate competence; they are secure from commercial risks and ruin, and they are not so far removed from social advantages as the wage-slave. It is one of the strangest things of the time—this yearning of strong young men to get away from the farm and mix in the crush and crowd of cities and in the mass of workmen lost to individuality and become parts of a colossal industrial machine.—Springfield Republican

there is no falling off in the crop. course but comparatively few have a natural grass lands, composed of soil contributed for ages by surrounding hills, but whoever is so fortunate will abundantly paid for all the labor it require to reclaim them and make it the most profitable portion of the farm.—F. B. STILES, Madison, Me., in the *England Farmer*.

We believe the teaching of practical successful farming should be the work of the agricultural colleges. Students can see farming as a decided pecuniary loss demonstrated every year so plain that they cannot escape the conviction that it is the very safest occupation which they can be engaged.—Mary

THE PRISON-YARD AT TIUMEN
From a sketch made by an exile, in the "Century."
 Mr. Kennan describes the marching

ed, at last I run across a name that
ed, it was when I was in Utah, "The
Saints Protective, Fire Proof, Thief-
Glory be to God Safe Deposit Com-
or something like that. I put ever
I had in that bank and went off of
light heart. The next day she bu-
too. No, sir; no more of these fine
ed institutions for me."
"There are plenty other kinds of
my friend."
"Well, if I ever run across a
take the Hindmost Bank, may be
that."

Kate Field has hit upon a tho-

must be a little peacemaker and stop them.

The next night as he was being dressed he said: "Mamma, I'm the peacemaker to-day."

"I saw you" said his mother; "I were two little boys fighting in the street, and I stopped them."

"That's a good little boy," said his mother, giving him a kiss; "and did you part them?"

"Why, I just ran up and fired at them till they stopped fighting away."

As figures don't lie, a man is as good as dead when he has no friends.

has finally made up his mind, and the street girl is selected. Meet old rival the other day she could not the temptation of crowing over little. "Jane, dear," she remarked as sweet as sugar, "I believe you little sweet on Charley once, weren't you?" "Yes, love," answered the Harbiter in tones equally soft; "he was full, you know, in keeping one's word." "I am," said the street, putting the last dash of her voice. "To inform you that Charley I am to be married next month." "I expected something of the kind," spoke up Harbiter street. "And why so, may I ask?" "Oh, you know, love, that dear is a little weak, and besides this

Mun-
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harley
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