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Office: 100 Fellows Block, Open day and evening. Hours: 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 6 to 8, 10 to 12.

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AMONG THE FARMERS.

Written for the Democrat.

THE CHAPMAN HOMESTEAD.

"OFFER THE FLOW."

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is invited. Address all communications to the Editor, Democrat, 100 Fellows Block, Neway, Maine.

Written for the Oxford Democrat.

DOES FARMING PAY?

Hundreds of articles have been published under the above caption, does farming pay? The answer is given to the question has been strictly in reference to the pecuniary income of the farming fraternity, compared with the profits of other industries.

The most casual observer cannot fail to see, that under our present system of commercial intercourse, taxation, owing to the falling of the soil as a source of wealth to the producer, affords less pay for the investment and labor expended, than almost any other business. We find, as property is now estimated, the great body of farmers are poor, while many tradesmen, professionals and speculators, count their wealth by thousands and millions. In this comparison the reader will perceive that farming does not pay.

Though farming leaves a scanty margin to the husbandman, yet from it the inhabitants of our republic are reaping a reward far greater than from all other industries combined. It not only feeds the nation, but the rural districts develop the best specimens of men and women our country ever knew.

The reader is referred to sons and daughters of Oxford many of whom have been useful citizens in other states besides their own. One vice-president, six congressmen, and other statesmen, several learned judges, many prominent lawyers, celebrated artists, popular historians and school teachers, eminent physicians and scientific practitioners, together with a large number of intelligent farmers and successful business men, all owe their birth to the county of Oxford, and their high position in life to the cultivating influences exerted in an intelligent farmer's home. Massachusetts, a manufacturing state, a reputed seat of learning and the boasted Athens of America, has entered the ranks of the common herd of nations, and the number of prominent citizens reared in the rural county of Oxford.

In building up the nation, intelligent husbandmen, the farming industry brings a rich reward; but the husbandman who swings the scythe, wields the axe and holds the plow, in a pecuniary sense gets but little pay.

In almost all grades of society too much importance is attached to possession of wealth far beyond what is needed for the common necessities of life, and the farming industry is looked upon with disfavour by all who regard the hoarding up of riches as the chief end of man. To make the necessary accumulation of property the ruling object of our desires, tends to avarice, leads to dishonesty and a criminal offense against humanity. The intellect is paralyzed, the physical powers are enfeebled, the mind's delirium for gold. Notwithstanding this inordinate love for money, the prudent husbandman should value his physical powers as an incentive to lay by something for a rainy day.

The farmer who gets his living by the slow process of tilling the soil, seldom becomes avaricious or prodigal in expenditures, but two large portions of his earnings go to those whose hands are never soiled by honest labor, therefore the common farmer is a man of few desires, and a few pleasures, and a few favored classes. Then, discouraged, perhaps unwise he leaves his old home for other fields of employment. As reported there are just abandoned farms in Massachusetts, a larger number in Maine, with nearly the same ratio in Vermont, and other New England states. Many of these farms were once the homes of wealthy men in the cities, who have improved them, not for agricultural purposes, but for country residences, so the production of the land is diminished, and the farmer suffers a loss, as does perhaps also the former owner.

The farmer's life, with its many drawbacks, hardships and privations, is a life of sacrifice, and a life of sacrifice is a life of sacrifice. The farmer's life, with its many drawbacks, hardships and privations, is a life of sacrifice, and a life of sacrifice is a life of sacrifice.

Notwithstanding the husbandman of today lives easier than the wage earner, or the laborer in the city, still he is denied by the rich and ruling classes a fair division of the wealth he accumulates, and is debared from the social and political progress of the nation. The farmers feel that they are better off than years ago, they are better off than years ago, they are better off than years ago.

Nothing can be more detrimental to the farmer's interest than this method of reasoning. For it is a method of reasoning, for it is a method of reasoning, for it is a method of reasoning.

What improvement has been made by agriculturalists is not derived from our system of government, as politicians would have us believe, but is mainly produced by the rapid progress in arts, sciences and civilization. There have been introduced in late years, the facilities of agriculture, manufactures and commerce a hundred fold, thereby furnishing all the necessities of civilized life at a lower cost than in former times; still the farmer is compelled to bear a disproportionate share of the burdens of life. The farmers feel that they are better off than years ago, they are better off than years ago, they are better off than years ago.

A larger number of physicians and quacks, about 30,000 soldiers in the army and navy, and perhaps a million of non-productive and unproductive men, are waiting on the farmer, who forges many of the comforts of life so lavishly enjoyed by more favored ones reposing at ease upon the lap of luxury.

Increased production of the soil, of itself, can never elevate the husbandman to an equal standing with others engaged in different pursuits of life. Farmers have allowed other professions to bear rule and establish social and commercial customs for generations, and now, to correct the oppressive evils, the husbandman requires something more to learn than to feed cattle and swine or the immaterial details of tilling the soil.

FARMER FROM OLD OXFORD.

Pembroke, Mass., Dec. 1891.

A keen observer and practical horseman, who has been traveling among stock farms, says in a private letter: "I have found lots of farmers, but very few horsemen, game, honest, roadsters."

This is a very suggestive statement. There is sure to be a great demand a few years hence for handsome, game, honest roadsters, and it is to be hoped that his course so as to produce this class of horses is sure to find the business profitable.

No matter how abundant our timber supply may be, or how long it is likely to last, it would be wise and profitable to avoid the wasteful methods of cutting and hauling, and of handling timber lands. It is only sensible and practicable economy to employ all available means and conditions to increase the production of the timber and to make the local timber supply everywhere last as long as possible.

Whatever there may be in breed, it amounts to nothing without feed.

There may be a panacea for every ill, but the seldom come together.

SUPPOSE.

When through the long hours of the night

A restless light I keep

And ponder till the morning light

On the care that keeps me here

A weary thought of mine

That I cannot choose but keep

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THE MIDNIGHT ESCAPE.

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS BILL

NYE MAKES HIS TRAIN.

An Almost Fatal Delay Which Necessitated a Private Engine and Equipment for a Distance of Some Miles—Insight of a Fellow Traveler.

(Copyright, 1891, by Edgar W. Nye.)

IN KENTUCKY AND TRUCKING SOUTH.

December.

Much has been said by philosophers and savants regarding the beneficial effects of sleep. Nature's sweet restorer, balm sleep, has no doubt procured to many favorable prompt notices as any attraction, perhaps, that is now a candidate for public favor; and yet sleep may be justly and severely criticised. Sleep and its beneficial effects are often over-

treatment of man and beast (in the same room).

If I owned a railroad or two and could ride in a special car, I'd be just as haughty as those gentlemen who are so, I'm afraid. Wealth naturally engenders an element of haughtiness, I think, and yet I'd like to try it, for if nothing more than to be able to give the engineer a cottage and the conductor a cow every time I took a trip.

This morning, on my way to Louisville, I saw a handsome man with white side whiskers sleeping in my parlor car. I thought at first that it was John Bright, who made such a hit with his great disease, but then, I thought, it cannot be Bright, for he is dead.

Soon he opened his eyes pleasantly, waking up like a little daffodil on the wind swept meadow. Then I saw that he was Daniel Dougherty. He was to speak at Louisville soon, and so he was going there. When he has to speak at a place he begins by going there. He was right. I saw him, and he saw me, and the moment he saw me with such a look of delicious pleasure that I felt glad I could shed such sunlight on the pathway of others. Mr. Dougherty is a most eloquent speaker, a keen judge of intellect and ability in others, and is writing a life of Edwin Forrest which will be sold only by subscription, in cloth, \$2.50; library style, \$4; full Russia, with beveled edges, \$6.

It was in Michigan a week ago that Mr. Burbank and I went to the drug store to get some things in the way of groceries and paint and white for beautifying and whitening the neck and arms for evening dress. Mr. Burbank inquired for some rouge de theatre. That means theatrical rouge. I gave the explanation because I am a good French scholar, and used to translate French novels until I had a severe illness, which showed me how uncertain life is, and then I made a solemn promise that I would be a better man. So I do not translate French novels now. I am far from what I ought to be of course, yet, but I have made that much of a stride in the right direction.

"Got any rouge?" Mr. B. asked.

"Any what?"

"Rouge?"

"Yes, rouge."

"Why, I believe so. What color do you want?"

This is not the creation of a feverish imagination or just seven fat lines to tickle the printer alone. It is the eternal truth, and I can prove it.

Near the Kentucky line, on the J. M. and I, my attention was called to an obese gentleman with a chin beard which looked as though it had been used for thirty or forty years as a hairbrush. He ate apples, slept at a desk, and the ice water and the cold often, accompanied by a large barometer with a cork in it.

Sometimes he would ask the rest of us to go with him and see what the weather was going to be for the blue grass country. He would go to the depot, and returned with happy tears in his eyes and a breath that would polish a plate glass mirror and remove warts, freckles, tan, superfluous hair and Democratic votes.

Then he would take out his teeth and clean them neatly on the linen cover of the parlor car chair. He was just that neat and meticulous that everything about him must be nice and clean, even his teeth.

Meantime I lay moaning in the arms of an attendant. My breath came in quick but yet involuntarily checked pants. The train would be due in eight minutes. What to do? Anon I heard a dull thud as the clerk began in the door of a blacksmith shop and pulled out a piano box buggy valued at \$18.50.

Hastily placing me in this with the aid of my attendant and valet, he turned to the clerk and said, "Well, I'm sorry to hear of your loss, but I'm sure you'll get it back again."

In a trice, or possibly a trice and a half, we were there. I was taken out and placed in a berth, where I moaned the balance of the night away; but I cannot be too grateful to the clerk who saved me, for he could not see my tears. I presented him with my autograph. When I got home I am going to send him a nice new red fly net for next summer.

The thought from Benton Harbor was not much like our triumphant entry in the evening. All the previous day we had battled against disaster and delay. As we left Manitowish the engine broke down so that we could only use one engine. It was a long and tedious journey, and we were all very tired.

Finally we got desperate. I told the conductor how we were situated, and asked him to let us get out of the train. He seemed to fear he could not, as we were already three hours late and rapidly falling farther back into the early fall. However, he said that all would be well.

It was very trying to sit and suffer that way, knowing that there had been an advance sale of \$2, with the chances of a door sale running it up to \$11 or \$12.50, and that latter disappointment is likely to fall upon some poor fellow who comes from a distance—"our best people," they say.

When we got to the depot, the order was there from Superintendent Conley to provide us with a special engine, baggage car and coach, and in fifteen minutes we were traveling at a high rate of speed toward our destination.

Dear reader, did you ever travel by moon and starlight and not regard as game as you do not know what real, keen enjoyment and vanity is (or, rather), we could put our feet on the seats, smoke, gamble till after bedtime, talk loud, drink out of all the ice water tanks at once, wipe our faces on two clean towels at a time and just give ourselves up to a delicious sense of lawlessness that made me feel young again.

I can still remember how I felt the first time I rode on a pass. I did not meet the trip, and I took two days at the office to do it, but I could not be comfortable with the beautiful pass in my pocket. I rose when the conductor came to me and showed him my pass. I watched the rest of the poor, unknown passengers to see how it would strike them, poor people, common working people, who had to pay full rates and sit on the woodbox.

The conductor looked me over so that he would know me next time, and then he said: "This is only good on the Short Line. It's no good on this train."

I paid him the money that I was going to foot away on an overcoat, and that night, instead of putting up at the Grand hotel, I passed at the Travelers' Home, a plain place provided for the en-

joyment of man and beast (in the same room).

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Dr. Hill has returned from his short trip to Virginia. He was absent some three weeks.

Wm. E. Skilling of Boston, formerly of Bethel, now secretary of the American Book Co., has been in town last week. He reports the business of the company as large and increasing.

Mr. George L. Merrill, now residing at Bethel, has been designated as manager of the American Book Co., and will move here as soon as he can procure a satisfactory residence.

Mr. Merrill is much liked and respected. He has been connected with the American Book Co. for some years, and is well known in the business circles of the city.

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THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

WEST PARIS.

Christmas is coming. Our stores have a good assortment of holiday goods.

We neglected to report last week that Harry Gray was the proud father of two sons one weighing 6-1/2 pounds and the other 5-1/2 pounds. We understand that they will be christened on Wednesday.

The Universal Circle repeated their drama "The Good Samaritan" to a fair sized audience, Friday evening.

The Epworth League holds its meeting Monday evening with H. E. Anderson.

Miss Estelle Merrill of Boston is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Buckman.

The West Paris Manufacturing Company are taking account of stock.

The Massena gives a public installation Wednesday evening.

H. E. Tuell was obliged to kill a cow last week which he thought very much of.

Elmer Tuell is teaching school at Greenwood City.

Christmas trees are being shipped from this station to Boston in carload lots.

Mrs. H. H. Houghton and daughter of Auburn are visiting at G. W. Bryant's.

Don't fail to see the handsome line of holiday goods in the county at the Noyes Drug Store, Norway. Lowest prices guaranteed.

Mr. Charles Abbott of East Rumford met with quite a bad accident recently, stepping upon a spike which nearly drove it through his foot. He has suffered intense pain.

Mr. George D. Houghton, wife and children have been stopping several days at the home of her father, Mr. John Thompson.

Quite a number of the young men belonging to the Sons of Veterans have had some new uniforms made for them.

J. E. Stephens has a nice line of Christmas goods.

Business will be quite brisk here the coming winter.

Mr. John Thompson is making some good improvements on his place.

The boys are anxiously waiting for skating.

ANDOVER.

The heavy rain of last week filled the brooks and springs making glad the hearts of the millmen.

The Congregational Circle met with Mrs. O. B. Post on Wednesday evening. A full house and a jolly company.

The book and ladder company held their annual meeting the 10th.

After choosing the necessary officers voted to have their annual dance and baked bean supper Dec. 23d.

The Methodist Circle will meet with Mrs. C. A. Farrington on Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. French & Son are getting the lumber ready for a large steamer to run on the Richardson Lake next summer.

Miss Rena Hastings was reported last week as being very sick, died early Saturday morning December 5th.

Her sickness was short, taken with bilious fever her condition was not considered dangerous by her physicians.

Dr. H. H. Houghton, until the fourth day and even then she was reported as being better, but later her case became serious and she sank rapidly.

After a few days of suffering, of heart failure and not a little trouble as well as first reported.

WEST SUMMER.

The Good Templars' entertainment the 5th, with oyster and pastry supper followed the exercises, was a very successful affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller of Gilbertville visited at L. I. Gardner's a few days since.

The annual convention of Y. P. S. C. E. held at Bethel the 24th was attended by some of our young people, although Des. John Berry remained at home on account of his baby being sick.

Mrs. John Marshall of Augusta came for her father, N. B. Field, returning with him to Augusta on the 24th.

Mrs. George A. Chandler is visiting in Massachusetts.

Miss Edith Berry is having serious trouble with her eyes.

Mr. John Turner is stopping at H. O. Tuell's for the present.

Miss Nettie Bowler of Paris is visiting at her uncle's, Oliver's place.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Houghton have been among our young people recently with indications of more to follow at some future time.

Miss Edith Berry, who teaches school on Summer Hill, is having trouble with her head. Her sister Anna is teaching for her. The latter is to commence a school in Livermore the 14th.

MISS BROWNFIELD.

Preparations indicate that Christmas is coming.

J. E. Stickney, with Luis and Rita Rodriguez, left on the 6th for Buenos Ayres to be gone for six months.

Mr. Whitman, Isabel and Sammy Stickney left the same day for Kent's Hill. Miss Theo Morse returned with them.

The circle met at C. D. Fessenden's on the 24th, and decided to have a box supper at the town house on the 23rd, and in connection with the King's Daughters have a sale of fancy articles at the same time.

Mrs. A. W. Mansfield is in poor health; Mrs. John Houghton also.

EAST HEBRON.

Charlie Keene has sold his chestnut mare to Mrs. Addison Monk.

J. A. Fuller has just returned from Portland with a cartload of goods. Farmers can get all kinds of grain of Mr. Fuller at low prices. Mr. Fuller has hired A. Fogg to help him in the "S" month.

Mr. Erastus Hayes went before the Oxford board of examining surgeons the 9th inst.

Dr. H. H. Houghton is very sick with a gripe and Bright's disease.

Miss Miranda Merrill has gone to Lewiston to be treated for a cancer.

GREENWOOD.

Did you ever go to put it in a more stereotyped and detailed form, did the oldest inhabitant ever see more pleasant weather in December than we have had last week and this time of the year?

The cattle are grazing contentedly in the fields, frost all over the ground, and ice out of the ponds and streams. Last Monday one farmer gathered forest, leaves from the woods by the cartload for winter bedding and the next day hauled manure; in view of all this it is no marvel that the weather is so pleasant.

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