

RUGS.

As winter turns to spring and the days grow longer, there come to some a leisure time before the real spring work begins. This season may take to transform the stock of rugs that have accumulated through the year into pretty and useful rugs.

Braded and drawn rugs are too well known to need any description here; but there are some other ways of making rugs that will dispose of pieces of rug not just suited for either of those ways.

Barlape and coffee sacking worked with Germanstown yarn, make very pretty rugs—though of course will not stand as rough wear as others. A pattern should be worked as on canvas about the edge and in the centre, leaving the ground work plain. They should be bound with heavy cloth and either fringed or bottom-edge stitched around the edge.

Or, instead of working with yarn, small round pieces of cloth, about the size of a silver dollar, red, black, or any color, may be sewed in rows about the edge, leaving the centre plain. Two rows of red and two of black make a pretty border.

Mats can be made on a foundation of white or any cloth and wholly covered with round pieces. Some are made with several circles, one above another; for instance, a round piece of black, two inches across, has above a small piece of red and above that a still smaller piece of green. This, of course, is more work than a single layer. Colors shaded down in the different layers give a pleasing effect. A border of black cloth pinked, makes a good edge.

The stiff listing, which is hardly suitable to bring, may be made into flat mats. Some fifty strips or more, according to the width wanted, of the same length and fastened to sticks like a quilting frame; then weave other pieces in and out like basket work, piece together when needed so as to make a finished edge on two sides. When done, bind the ends. By a little arrangement of the different colored strips very pretty patterns are made. The strips should be about a half inch wide.

Mats can be made of strips of cloth of no other use, by cutting them in similar shapes, pointed or leaf-shaped, and sewing on a plain foundation so that they will overlap and entirely cover it, finishing with a star or letter in the center.

Knit or crocheted rugs require strong needles, but are easy to make. Be careful to have the rug about the same grade as they will knit smoother. Sew the pieces together, as for a rag carpet. Knit in narrow strips, and sew together. Mats are made of narrow bias or crosswise strips of this goods like cashmere and delaine. Gather through the middle with strong thread and either let it twist all it will or draw up straight; either way is pretty, and sew on a stiff foundation.

More elaborate rugs are made by knitting strips of yarn or worsted, dampening and pressing thoroughly, raveling nearly out sewing to a foundation. They are very money in appearance.

Tapestry carpet raveled and knitted in a white foundation, is another variety. A raveled thread is laid between the needle at each stitch. These knitted mats are nice for "catch-up" work, when one has a spare minute or is talking with company. It often happens that the rug and yarn we have are not as bright colored as we would like, but the Diamond Dyes will be a great help here.

Rugs may be made of pieces of carpet. Cut the right shape, turn down the edges and line, and draw in a bright fringe. Stocking-yarn or carpet ravelings will do for the fringe, which may be made over a postal card. Wind about four threads, double the ends as forming a loop, push a stout crocheted hook through the edge of the mat, draw the loop through, bring the ends through that and draw up tight. Or the edge may be finished with two or three rows of braid, or a two-inch binding of woolen cloth, or a double row of overlapping pieces of woolen cloth. Such mats can often be made from the better parts of a worn out carpet. Smaller pieces can be made to cover boxes for seats or footstools.

Perhaps these hints will remind some of other ways of using rugs that they will tell us of sometime.

For the Home-Maker's Column.

COOKIES—No. 1.
1 cup molasses, 1 1/2 cup lard, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 1 small teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt. Flour to knead smooth, roll thin and bake quick.

COOKIES—No. 2.
1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2-3 cup melted butter, 1/2 teaspoonful soda, 1/2 cup sweet milk, use nutmeg for spice, add flour enough to form a pretty stiff dough. Roll thin and bake quick.

I think the "Home-Maker's Column" a very good idea and think we ought to help all we can to make it interesting.
—I keep quite a lot of plants and never failed before of having geranium blossoms, but the buds blight.

Can anyone tell me the reason?

AUNT OLIVE.

We are very glad to hear from Aunt Olive, and hope her letter will encourage others to write to us soon. We hope for a number of letters soon, telling "How to Economize Time and Strength," etc.

HINTS.

A little flour sprinkled over meat when it is chopped, will keep it from sticking to the chopping-knife.—Red pepper or pieces of charcoal put in a kettle where cabbage, meats, etc., are cooking, will take away the odor.—Cabbage and onions are rendered milder in flavor, by changing the water when about half cooked.

How I MAKE BREAD.—I take a package of Hovland's Bread Preparation, sift it in twenty-five pounds of flour, set it away, and have it handy for use. When I mix a batch of bread, I take sweet milk, stir in four ounces of lard, and put them in a hot oven. I have my oven and pans hot, before commencing to mix, and put the loaves into the oven just as quick as I can. That is all I have to do. Result: bread that is sweet, moist and light.

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For the Democrat.

A MEMORY.

BY MISS GERTRUDE WHITMAN.

Forgot? alas, I can never forget!
And some substance, is better far than
Of a brooding sky, and storm-swept earth.
Was, sweeping by with a silent roar,
Sea, gull, shrieking to and fro,
And beautiful, dark, hazy, distant,
Sinking beneath the wild waves now.

The sunset comes, and the sea goes,
But that memory ever lives with me,
Through summer's heat, and through winter's
snow,
That beautiful, glowing face I see.

As the well of the tempest sweeps by my door,
My heart is thrummed with a thousand pain,
For I hear I hear through the storm-swept
voice,
The voice that I never shall hear again.

For the Democrat.

IN TWILIGHT.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

When twilight strange and soft comes,
Of dusk to let her stars have reign,
Of joy or sorrow a new selection makes
In twilight strange.
For here the day's dim vision breaks,
The night's soft vision from the gray,
And cold possession of the landscape takes,
Above a new view of wonder wakes,
For which we might with joy the sun ex-
change.

No nature soothes our fears and aches,
In twilight strange.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

I was always very fond of bicycling,
from the time when I was a small
boy, and labored for hours with a bone-
shaker, to the days when I became the
proud possessor of one of the first bi-
cycles ever manufactured. I revelled in
the enchanting pastime, spending hours
which should have been otherwise occu-
pied on the back of my iron horse, thus
putting my physical powers a long way
ahead of mental. In fact, I hated the
sight of a book, and was never happy
unless scouring the country on my bicy-
cle. My father was a doctor in a Kent-
ish village, and having a large family,
he was thankful, indeed, when, at the
age of nineteen, a commission was ob-
tained for me by a wealthy friend in a
regiment about to sail for India.

A grand new bicycle was my father's
parting present to me, and great was my
delight at finding that another young
"sub," in my regiment was also a bicy-
clist. Our bicycles were, I believe, the
first ever seen in India, and as we rode
together into the town, some days after
our arrival, one would have thought it
was the triumphal entry of some Eastern
potentate.

One evening after mess Fred and I
drew up and signed articles to ride a ten
mile race.

There was a grand native road within
a short distance of our camp, running
away for ten miles as flat as a drawing
board. It lay through the open plain,
and then a deserted tract was reached,
becoming wilder as the road proceeded,
and finally swallowing it up in an im-
penetrable jungle. It was on this road
that I intended to train. Bent had
found a circular path round some native
huts a short way from the station, mea-
suring about six laps to the mile, and
here he prepared himself for the coming
struggle.

After a week of training we consid-
ered ourselves fit for the contest; and the
adventure I am about to relate occurred
in the evening before the eventful day.
I was just starting for a last ride over
my favorite course when an officer stop-
ped me and said:

"Have you heard of the tiger, Har-
vie?"

"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word
that a large tiger is marked down in the
jungle about ten miles from here; so
don't go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed. "I think a
tiger would find it a difficult matter to
catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large beasts as yet,
and my notion of a tiger was a thin,
sleepy-looking animal, as I had once
seen in a travelling menagerie. Away I
rode, my comrade's caution forgotten be-
fore I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not rac-
ing, as I intended to do all I knew com-
ing home. In about an hour I reached
my usual halting place, ten miles from
camp; but this being the last night of
my training, I made up mind to ride an-
other couple of miles, and then do the
whole distance back as my best pace.

I rode on and in the jungle ten minutes
out myself in the jungle.

Dismissing I oiled my machine,
tightened up every screw, and then sat
down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the
prospect. A beautiful scene it was
too!

Above me rose the grand mountains,
their snowy tops blushing crimson in the
setting sun; here a little waterfall, like
a thread of gold and silver, flashing down
the mountain-side, and twining in and
out among the masses of trees and rocks;
there a glimpse of fairy-land through a
jungle vista. A post, or "tank," as they
are called, surrounded by dense foliage,
featuring by parasitical climbing
plants, glowing with flowers of every
imaginable hue; humming-birds, like
fairy gems, dashed hither and thither,
darting in and out among the trees. On
the "tank" floated water-fowl of every
kind, and the banks were alive with gor-
geous birds, their plumage rivaling the
flowers in brilliancy and variety of color.
But now the shadows were deepening,
the crimson on the mountain-tops had dis-
appeared, and the cold snow began to
gape and ghastly. A dying fox went
rustling past me, and I hastily prepared
to mount: for there is scarcely any twi-

light in India, and I knew it would soon

be dark.

As I rose, my eyes encountered some-
thing which made me start and nearly
drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger.
I knew the animal well enough; but
half-starved little beast I had seen at
home! He had just come into the open
space from a dense jungle-break, and as
there, washing his face and puring in a
contented sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not at all; I had
my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so
if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood
for another minute admiring the hand-
some creature and then quietly mounted
(the tiger was directly on my right while
the road stretched straight away in front
of me). The noise I made roused him;
he looked up, and then, after deliberately
stretching himself, came leaping with
long, graceful bounds over the rank grass
and rocks which separated him from the
road. He did not seem a bit angry, but
evidently wished to get a nearer view of
such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was
quite near enough for safety. The tiger
was in the road behind me now; so I
pulled myself together and began to quick-
en my pace.

Would he stop, disgusted, after the
first hundred yards, and give up the
chase, or would he stick to it? I already
hoped he would follow me, and I quietly
pictured in my mind the graphic descrip-
tion I would write home of my race with
the tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race
it was going to be. I looked behind me.
By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I
could not judge the distance, but at any
rate I was no further from him than
when we started. Now for a sport! I
rode the next half mile as hard as I could,
but on looking round found I had not
gained a yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving
with a slow, swinging trot, and going
quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel an-
xious, and thought uneasily of the long
ten miles which separated me from safe-
ty.

However it was no good thinking,
now; it was my muscle and iron steed
against the brute. I could only do my
best and trust in Providence.

Now, there was no doubt about the
tiger's intention; his blood was up, and
on he came, occasionally giving vent to a
roar which made the ground tremble.
Another mile had been traversed, and
the tiger was slowly but surely closing
up.

I dashed my pouch to the ground,
hoping it would stop him for a few sec-
onds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt
it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven
miles from camp now, and before I could
ride another four my pursuer, I knew,
must reach me. Oh, the agony of those
minutes, which seemed to me like long
hours!

Another mile passed, then another.
I could hear him behind me now—pad,
pad, pad, quicker and quicker, louder
and louder. I turned in my saddle for a
moment, and saw that there were not 20
yards separating us! How enormous the
brute looked, and how terrible! His huge
tongue hung out, and the only sound he
made was a continual hoarse growl of rage,
while his eyes seemed to literally flash
fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and
with a shudder I bent down over the
handles and flew on.

As I now sit quietly in my chair writ-
ing I find it hard to analyze the crowd
of memories that went crashing through
my brain during that fearful ride. I saw
long-forgotten events in which I had tak-
en part rise up distinctly before me; my
whole exertion, my mind was clear and
my life seemed to pass before me like one
long panorama.

On, on, on; the slightest slip, I knew,
would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw
giving, and I should be hurled to instant
death.

Human strength would not stand much
more; the prolonged strain had told upon
me, and I felt that it would soon be all
over. My breath came in thick sobs,
a mist gathered before my eyes—I was
stopping; my legs refused to move, and
a thousand fiends seemed to be flitting
about me, holding me back, back!

A weight like lead was on my chest; I was
chocking, I was dying. Then a few mo-
ments, which seemed a lifetime, and then
—crash!—with a roar like thunder the
tiger was on me, and I was crushed to
the ground.

Then I heard shots fired, a Babel of
men's voices, and all was blank.

After many days of unconsciousness
and raging fever, reason gradually re-
turned and I learned the particulars of
my deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a
shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap
which had been prepared for the tiger.
A goat was tethered on the outskirts of
the jungle, and the sportsmen had start-
ed to take up positions in the trees near
to wait for their game, which the beast
of the goat in the stillness of the night
would speedily have attacked.

They were talking of our coming bicy-
cle race as they went along, and expect-
ing every moment to meet me on my re-
turn journey. As they passed a clump
of bushes I came in sight, about a quar-
ter of a mile in front of them, whirling

along in a cloud of dust, which hid my
further pursuer. They soon, however,
saw my awful danger. The huge brute,
mad with rage, hurled itself upon me
just as we reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with
terror and did not dare to fire; but the
shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accus-
tomed to face danger of all kinds in the
hunting field, sprang quickly to within a
yard of the tiger, and putting his rifle
almost to the animal's ear, fired twice
and blew its brains out, first in time to
save my life. I was drawn from the pal-
pitating body of my dead enemy, every
one present believing that it was all up
with me.

Making a litter of boughs they carried
me into the camp, where I lay for many
weeks lingered between life and death.

For the Democrat.

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1884.
Geo. H. WATKINS, Esq., Editor of OXFORD
DEMOCRAT—Dear Sir:

A friend has sent me a copy of the
Portland Advertiser of the 10th inst., con-
taining Mr. W. B. Lapham's interesting
article, giving a historical account of the
OXFORD DEMOCRAT, with references, also,
to some other newspapers, including the
Jeffersonian, with which my name was
associated more than fifty years ago. I
presume that article first made its ap-
pearance in your paper; but whether so or
not, I thought I would write you to make
one or two, not very material, corrections.
Mr. Lapham states that "The Jeffersonian"
was started at Paris in 1828, by Hon. Han-
nah Hamilton and Hon. Horatio King. Mr.
Hamilton was then a minor, but he remained
in the office a year, working a portion of
the time at the case. This is not quite
correct. The first number of the paper, now
before me, in which the names of "HAR-
VEY & KING" appear as publishers of the
Jeffersonian, bears the date of May 1, 1830,
and is No. 2 of Volume IV. It shows
that the paper was started in the spring of
1827, I think in March of that year, not
long after the removal of the Oxford Ob-
server to Norway. It was undertaken by
a number of prominent Democrats on Paris
Hill, among whom were Rufus K. Good-
enough, Alanson Mellon and Moses Ham-
mond, and I think also, Stephen Emery,
Thomas Webster, Alfred Andrews, and
Thomas Crocker. At any rate, several, if
not all of these gentlemen, advanced money
to get the paper going, and it appeared,
according to my recollection, as "Pub-
lished for or by the Proprietors." Mr.
Charles Dingy was foreman of the office
for some time, and he may not have been
the only one before Mr. Thomas Mr.
Witt, living, or was last summer, in Wis-
consin took that position, holding it two
weeks after Hamilton & King bought the es-
tablishment. The funny thing here was
that Mr. Witt gave this fortnight's work
in consideration of being let off from pur-
chasing the establishment as Mr. Hamilton's
sole partner, according to the original
agreement. This arrangement being thus
cancelled, Mr. Hamilton asked me to become
his partner, in this important enterprise,
in lieu of Mr. Witt—thus, in one sense,
going from the foreman of the office "to
the devil"—I, altho' he brought up all right
in the end. I was the younger, if not the
only apprentice. I cannot at this moment
remember whether there was another boy
besides myself at the time; but my im-
pression is that the work of the office was
then all done by Mr. Witt, foreman, Mr.
Witt, foreman, and myself, "printer's
devil." I well recollect that
Mr. Witt was considerably "put out"
from being put into a position where his
receipts for two weeks were thus unex-
pectedly blocked; but at this long distance,
I think he will agree with me that, when
he reflects that, for only two weeks' work,
Mr. Hamilton consented to relieve him from
his agreement, knowing it would involve
the necessity of making terms with the
"gentleman aforesaid," the consideration
was anything but exorbitant. I am never-
theless aware that, as a most confidential
Universalist, Mr. Witt held that there was
no sort of danger in anybody's "going to
the devil"; and in this view of the case,
he probably thought Mr. Hamilton was
rather hard on him. As soon as the es-
tablishment changed proprietors, Mr.
Hamilton entered the office as a green
hand, as it were, and I well recollect that
Mr. Witt's leaving at the end of his fortnight,
I assumed charge as foreman, having
worked at the trade about one year, and
as our only apprentice and help, we took
Henry Carter, a boy near my own age,
who, after working as an apprentice three
months, had run away from the office of
the Portland Advertiser, a paper of which
he some years afterwards became the ed-
itor, and later, having been admitted to
the bar and removing to Massachusetts,
was appointed to a Judgeship, which he
still holds at Haverhill.

[By way of parenthesis, I may remark
here, that, in respect to personal beauty,
Witt and Carter carried off the palm in the
Jeffersonian office. Although a handsome
face is not a sure sign of superior talent,
they were highly charged with patriotic dy-
namite, and judging from them, especially
the "editorial," one could not fail to see
now, that had there been a call to arms,
the editor would have been among the first
to shoulder a musket and show how deeds
were won. This doubtless drew attention
to him, as soon afterwards the eyes of a
few of the older and some of the younger
Democrats of the State, notably Jonathan
Cliffey, John L. Meguire, and Virgil D.
Farris of the latter class, were directed
towards the Jeffersonian, to be secured and
used as a weapon, offensive and defensive,
in a family tussle with Mr. F. O. J. Smith,
who had got control of the Eastern Aegis,
and was "playing the deuce" generally
with the Democratic party of the State.
His purpose was to force into the back-
ground all Democrats presumed to stand
in his way, as he knew they all did who

Maine" be again threatened with "im-
pending danger." That it might appear
as coming from a "horn-handed son of
the soil," and to conceal my identity, I got
my father's hired man, William Noyes,
(who, I think still survives at Yarmouth),
to transcribe it. As printed, a period be-
ing placed after the initial letter "A," the
writer's name would appear to have been
"Farmer"; but this was not the intention,
and as it was my first attempt, born on
the 7th of September, 1830, I guess the
mistake occurred through ignorance. This
frank confession need not have been made,
only when one starts out to write history,
one cannot be too exact touching minor
details. This was the article:

CITIZENS OF MAINE:
I can no longer keep from warning you
of the impending danger which is about to
befall you. The federalists are trying their
utmost to effect their object on the thir-
teenth day of this month. Nothing is so
disgraceful or more dangerous to them to do, if
they can but gain their point; and seeing
their hopeless condition, they are straining
every nerve to save themselves from the
cause of their certain downfall. They
know if they are defeated this fall they are
gone forever. But, fellow Citizens of
Maine, if you but do your duty on the thir-
teenth of this month, this State will be no
longer governed by disorganizers and of-
fice-seekers, but will show herself friendly
to the National administration, and freed
from the shackles of federalism which were
about to overthrow her. Be at the polls
on the day of election and show the "fede-
ralists" that they are no longer to govern
the Republican State of Maine.

A FARMER.

I hardly need say that the "federalists,"
those candidates for Governor, was the
then incumbent, Governor Hinton, were
called "horses, foot and dragon," by the
triumphant election of Samuel E. Smith,
the Republican candidate, and the "impend-
ing danger" was over. Had "A Farmer"
not have come to the rescue as he did,
"just in the nick of time," there is no
telling what dire calamity might not have
befallen the "Citizens of Maine!"

At another time, many months later, I
ventured to submit to the learned editor a
piece of "poetry" "On the Rainbow." He
received it kindly, but in the course of a
day or two, returned it, suggesting some
improvements, which I undertook to make,
and handed it back to him. It was, in his
view, not yet quite perfect, and he re-
turned it again for further polish. This
being done, I again presented it, writing
on the back thereof: "Read twice and
hand on the table for a third reading."
What was my delight when he next came
back with the endorsement: "Read a third
time and passed." I might also give you
a copy of this exquisite poem, but never
having sought public fame, and public at-
tention being now concentrated on the
Post-Laureate of Great Britain, it would
shock my modesty to find myself in an at-
titude, which, in the remotest degree,
might look as though I was expecting
similar recognition on this side of the wa-
ter;—so it is better that I withhold that
poem.

The last number of the paper as pub-
lished by Hamilton & King is dated October
26, 1830, when the partnership, which had
been in every respect pleasant, was dis-
solved, and I became sole proprietor.
During these six months, which covered
the entire period of Mr. Hamilton's work
in a printing office, I remember but a single
instance where our views came in conflict.
This was one day when we were working
at the press and a veritable youngster came
into the office very anxious to secure a po-
sition to learn the trade. Hamilton told
him that as an essential prerequisite would
be to cut half a pint of ink, which he at
once started to do, when, having hold of
the pen-balls with which the types were
inked, and being thus for the moment lost
of the ink-bench, I interfered to the extent
of assuring the young man that the mere
task was sufficient, thus relieving him
from what I regarded as an unreasonable
exaction—and saving our ink!

The paper of November 2, 1830,
appeared under my own name, and it
was so continued until I sold out to the
Standard, a weekly Democratic paper of
Portland, on January 1, 1838—the date of
the last number of the Jeffersonian. Mr.
Cole continued to edit the paper until No-
vember 27, 1832, when, having obtained
some facility in writing, and not feeling
probably, that I could afford to pay an ed-
itor so high a salary as nine shillings a
week, I picked up enough courage to in-
form him that I had concluded to dispen-
se with his valuable services. I have no
doubt he felt very sorry to lose so hono-
rable and lucrative a position, for he was
so overcome that he announced his with-
drawal in only three lines, as follows:

"With this number the subscriber re-
signs the entire control and charge of this
paper into the hands of the publisher."
—JOSEPH G. COLE.

I do not recollect what I thought of this
valley at the time; but it looks now
as though Mr. Cole thought it was "a
gone case" either with himself or the pa-
per—perhaps both! I guess he "opened
his eyes" when he saw in the very next
number over three and a half columns of
"editorial" from my own pen!

I continued to work on, with no other as-
sistance in the office than that of two ap-
prentice boys, one if not both of whom
was my senior in years. "Othello," (as
Mary Prentiss, late Mrs. Cummins), the
sweetest maternal poet, was from the start-
ing of the paper, a constant and welcome
contributor; her father, Henry Prentiss,
senior, used also sometimes to write for it;
Judge Emery wrote one New Year's ad-
dress, as well as assisting editorially sev-
eral weeks in the winter of 1831, while Mr.
Cole was a member of the State Legisla-
ture, and there were other occasional cor-
respondents. Of course my paper was
thoroughly Jacksonian as well as Jeffe-
sonian, and about the time I assumed ed-
itorial charge of it, South Carolina nullified
her secession from the Union, and the
rebellion was rampant. On that subject, my
articles, both "original" and selected,
were highly charged with patriotic dy-
namite, and judging from them, especially
the "editorial," one could not fail to see
now, that had there been a call to arms,
the editor would have been among the first
to shoulder a musket and show how deeds
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to him, as soon afterwards the eyes of a
few of the older and some of the younger
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used as a weapon, offensive and defensive,
in a family tussle with Mr. F. O. J. Smith,
who had got control of the Eastern Aegis,
and was "playing the deuce" generally
with the Democratic party of the State.
His purpose was to force into the back-
ground all Democrats presumed to stand
in his way, as he knew they all did who

disapproved of his methods of self-ag-
grandizement, and prominent among these,
also, were Judge Wm. F. Preble, Judge
Ashur Ware, Gen. John Chandler, John
Massey, and Nathaniel Mitchell, of Port-
land, and Rufus K. Goodenough of Paris.

The latter gentleman, representing those
of his friends, came to me in the latter part
of March, 1833, and proposed that I should
remove my establishment to Portland, first
purchasing the Politician at Norway in order
to silence that powerful organ of the op-
position and leave both parties in Oxford
County on a level as regarded party news-
papers. This plan, it was thought, might
be satisfactory to the Democracy of Ox-
ford, and no time was lost in carrying it
into effect. At once assenting to the ar-
rangement, I went to work, after leasing
my last paper in Paris on 30th April, and
printing the first and fourth pages of my
new number, and putting the materials of
both the Jeffersonian and Politician es-
tablishments on wheels, hastened "to the
rescue," and brought out my paper in
Portland, without the loss of a day, on the
8th of May, 1833. The dissolution in the
Democratic party of the State now became
open and decided, and as part of the tac-
tics of the F. O. J. ("Fog") Smith divi-
sion, much the larger from their greater
activity and "machine" methods, was to
start a paper in Oxford County to chime
in with the Aegis, which was echoed by
nearly every other Democratic paper of
the State, in opposing what they called the
"Fetters Junta." For this purpose, in
July of August, they took away from the
Jeffersonian office two of my boys, George
W. Mitchell, and Octavius King, (a double
brother of mine), who in August, 1833,
were formally installed as publishers of
the new paper, the OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
which its projectors fondly hoped and be-
lieved would speedily prove the final death
blow to the Jeffersonian. It did not, how-
ever, so turn out. Mr. Lapham is not ex-
actly correct, either, in saying that when
I thought out Mr. Wm. E. Goodenough,
the proprietor of the Politician, in Norway,
that I "united the two papers under the
name of the Jeffersonian," for the only ob-
ject in purchasing the Politician was to
kill it, and the moment I got possession of
its printing materials, it was as dead as a
stone. True, I sent my paper to its
subscribers, hoping that some of them,
at least, would consent to take it; but
but all I ever gained by the purchase,
work of no nation, was what I
realized from the old types and Ram-
age press—the whole not worth, prob-
ably, over one hundred dollars. No, the
Jeffersonian did not "give up the ghost"
until sometime after it had fulfilled its de-
stiny, and it was never in a sounder con-
dition than when on the day I sold out,
the first of January, 1838. I remember
that I was not only out of debt but I then
had on hand, paid for, three months' stock
of paper; and so sudden was the sale of
the establishment that I had to make my
parting address to my "patrons" on a half
sheet of letter paper, dated January 8,
1838, which was inclosed to them in the
Standard that I asked them to take in place
of the Jeffersonian, but offering at the
same time to return the money to any who
had paid me in advance.

Now, when I began this

tions were constant as the complete record shows. To be at the head of this committee, with such men as Mr. Sherman, and Mr. Pendleton as associates, is an honor; while to conduct the important report on rules through its various stages was a fine instance of a "new member's" ability and tact.—*Boston Advertiser.*

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Is. Norway, C. G. BOWKE, Litchville, J.
LAND, No. Waterford, J. S. SKILLINGS, B.
ter's Mills, C. D. MORSE, Waterford, I. F.
IONS, Greenwood.

that before the sitting of said Court, that she may then and there in our said Court show cause if any she have, why the prayer of said libelant should not be granted.

WM. WIRT VIRGIN, Justice of J. C. OXFORD, vs. Supreme Judicial Court. Clerk's Office Jan. 25, 1894.

A true copy of libel and order of Court thereon Attest, ALBERT S. AUSTIN, Clerk.

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To all whom it may concern. I the subser-
ber, shall continue to run my "Telephone"
Parlour, from No. Paris to the Norway Shop-
shop, and to do business at my old stand,
in every way connected with the same, as
use in connection.
N. MASON.

No. 60, Paris, Jan. 21, 1894.

owing on Notes and Acre.
Real surplus.
of property as fixed by assessors
owns, 10,201 34
GEO. H. CROCKETT, Treasurer.
OF MAINS, Paris, Feb. 4, 1887.
D. D. N. S. Personally appeared the
ward Geo. H. Crockett, and made oath
his statement is true, according to his best
and belief. Before me,
ALEX. S. WRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

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in theirs is the Spring, would very respect-
fully all their customers to settle all ac-
counts before the present time and then let
sent, and no further oblige.
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ANDREWS & CURTIS.