

For the Home-Maker's Column.

In the spring, when we are putting in order and rearranging our houses, we may think of doing this. This is a very good time to make a note of any article of furniture that needs repairing, and then all can be done at one time; while if we do not make a note of everything something is sure to be forgotten; and after the glaze has been in use and we think everything is whole again, we discover something that we had known of but forgot. This is true of painting also. Sometimes there will be an old botched, washed, table, or odd chairs that if we had thought of it at the right time might have been made good as new. Just now it is quite the fashion to have odd chairs in a room, no two alike, and a little taste and ingenuity will transform some cast-away into an ornament for any room.

The old-fashioned chairs are in high favor, and very disapproved ones may have lost rounds restored, then paint them black and have them re-bottomed. Or make a strong seat of twine or seeking and then have some fancy cushion. Crayon work is good for that, either of silk or cashmere and velvet.

An old washstand can be made into a table. Take one of the common kind with a shelf and drawer below and a hole in the top for a bowl, remove the top and side pieces and fit a new board to the top. The old paint can be removed with sandpaper and then it may be painted or stained. The shelves may be covered with velvet or not, and finished with a fringe around each. This makes a pretty and convenient stand, covered with satin or plush it is suitable for any parlor. It may be used for a music stand, the shelves for books and the drawer for sheet music. It is a very nice for newspapers, and convenient for sewing.

In all these things one must learn to use what they have on hand and make the most of that. Isn't there some one who can tell us of their experience in upholstery and household decoration?

Seeing in our last week's paper that you wished to hear from the girls, also that something about knitting work was wanted, I therefore venture to send a very pretty pattern of narrow edging for the benefit of my sisters.

## NARROW EDGING.

On a ten stitches, knit across plain, 1st row, knit two, thread over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times, 2nd row—over twice, part two together, knit two, part one, knit one, knit rest plain, pulling tight loop; 3rd row—knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over two, part two together; 4th row—over two, part two together, knit rest plain pulling every loop; 5th row—knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit three, over two, part two together; 6th row—same as 5th; 7th row—knit two, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit two, over two, part two together; 8th row—same as 6th; 9th row—knit two, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, part two together; 10th row—same as 8th; 11th row—knit two, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, over two, part two together, knit of three stitches over twice, part two together, knit back and begin at first row.

Please try and report.

## MISS BELLE.

For the Home-Maker's Column.

Thanks to the lady who wrote about my geraniums—they are doing nicely now. Some of my plants are quite pretty, and as I keep birds, it does not seem like winter in my sitting-room in the coldest weather. Sometimes I think all the rest I get is when I spend a few minutes every morning taking care of my birds and flowers—they are beautiful.

If we do not cultivate a love of the beautiful at home, I think our dear ones are apt to seek pleasure away from us. Susan Green asked sometime ago about light dimplings. I never have any trouble if I make them the same as I do for clients; only not knead them, stir quite thick and add an egg and drop them in the boiling hot liquid.

If no one else does, I will tell the lady how to tan white so the face will not pull out.

I also have a pretty edging pattern which will please the little girls, and will send it soon.

## AUNT OLIVE.

As no one as yet has sent directions for tanning skins, hope we shall hear from Aunt Olive soon again.

Dumplings can be made, without an egg, just as biscuits are made and rolled out thin and cut in any shape. The secret is to have and keep the liquid, soup or whatever it is, boiling hot while they are cooking and not remove the kettle cover until they are done. They should not remain in the kettle after they are done, as they will absorb the liquid and grow soggy and heavy.

## FROM THE BOSTON COOK BOOK.

(By Mrs. Linnell.)

## ONE EGG CAKE.

1 cup butter cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg beaten light, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Mix in the order given, and bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

## SPICE CAKE.

1 egg, 2 cups molasses, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup melted butter, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1 tablespoonful mixed spice, 1 tablespoonful vinegar.

Mix in the order given, and bake in a small tin. One tablespoonful of lemon juice and one tablespoonful of ginger may be substituted for the vinegar and spice.

## STRAWBERRY PUDDING.

1/2 pound flour, 1/2 pound sugar, 1/2 pound currants, 1/2 pound raisins, 1/2 pound grated carrot, 1/2 teaspoonful salt. Mix in the order given, and steam in a buttered mold three hours. Serve with sauce.

## CHOCOLATE.

A dainty way to make chocolate is to set an earthen pot into a kettle of boiling water, in this place a quart of milk and cream mixed. Stir into this when it is hot a paste made by mixing three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate with a little cold milk. Let this boil for two or three minutes, and serve very hot. If the chocolate is sweetened, it is better not to add sugar, but let each one add it as the taste is not so sweet enough, but if the unsweetened chocolate is used, two dessertspoons may be put in while it is cooking. Cream is the greatest possible addition.

## EGG PUDDING.

Four eggs well beaten, four tablespoonfuls of flour, add to the eggs until a smooth mass, then add a pint of milk slowly; a pinch of salt. Beat all smooth together. Put in a well buttered dish, and bake about 20 minutes. Bake with sauce made of butter and sugar beaten together to a cream, flavored with vanilla.

## The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1884.

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## VOLUME LI.

## LOVEWELL'S FIGHT VS THE FALMOUTH FIGHT OF 1689.

A. F. LEWIS REPLIES TO JOHN T. HULL'S LATE COMMUNICATION IN THE ARGON.

In the Bulletin of the Oxford Democrat.

When Mr. Hull's article of the 21st ult. appeared my first thought was that it called for no reply, as by his admissions and his quotations of authorities, if he did not establish my position, he most effectually demolished his own. Mr. Hull has proved too much, and I am surprised that he did not see that his historic citations not only show that his much-vaunted Falmouth fight was far from what he has attempted to make it appear but actually leave it in a worse predicament than before he exhorted it from oblivion. The question at issue between us is as to the relative magnitude of Lovewell's Fight and the fight at Falmouth, and his attempt to divert the issue to other battles shows the weakness of his position.

It seems to me that Mr. Hull has not discussed the question between us to get at the real truth of history. He has stated things that are not true. He has quoted historians when they appeared to favor his side of the question, but has omitted important testimony from the same authors when it told against him. Such instances of what legal gentlemen would call suppression are anything but creditable to my opponent's candor.

Mr. Hull is in error when he says that "very few settlers went into the beautiful Saco valley until after the American Revolution had ended." Both Fryberg and the adjoining town of Conway, N. H., each had large settlements previously to the close of the Revolutionary War, and each town had settled a minister before that time, both of them being graduates of Harvard College. No sooner had this township been granted to that brave soldier and Indian fighter, Gen. Frye, than it was rapidly settled. The towns of eastern Massachusetts near the mouth of the Merrimack shared in real for emigration hitherward. Thirty years before, at the close of Lovewell's War, those towns had sent out a strong colony to occupy the fertile intervals at Falmouth (Concord, N. H.), and now from the vigorous inland daughter and from the mother towns by the sea strong men and resolute women were ready to bear the dangers of a settlement three times as remote. Some of them were neighbors of the relics of those who fell in Lovewell's Fight, and their children's fancies had been shaped by the old-time tales and plaintive songs which kept alive the memory of that sad day. Others had covered beside their mothers at Falmouth when word of the Bradley Massacre swept through the infant settlement, and had looked upon the bleeding bodies of the five young men brought from the deadly ambush. Growing to manhood they were ready to follow the merciless savages to the death, and they enlisted again and again in the successive wars against the French and Indians. Some of them bore the scars of wounds received in numerous conflicts with the enemy while following the indomitable Rogers along Champlain and the rivers of the north as he tracked the wily foe through snowy thickets and over ice-bound lakes.

Another of Mr. Hull's mistakes is the following: "In his zeal for Pequannet Mr. Lewis has been led into a position that is not tenable. He assumes that, because all the poetry and eloquence have been displayed respecting Lovewell's Fight, it should therefore take precedence of every other engagement between the whites and Indians in Maine." I had assumed no such position. The poetry and eloquence to which Mr. Hull refers are not the cause but the result of the grand and heroic achievements which are their theme. So far as I am aware, only one poem on Lovewell's Fight, of the many that have appeared, was written till a hundred years after the fight occurred, but was the voice of eloquence raised to blazon its glory till after the lapse of a like period, still historian after historian had again and again depicted with glowing pen the dauntless valor of Capt. Lovewell and his Spartan band. Rev. Thomas Symme's history of the fight (from which all subsequent historians have drawn) was read to and attested by participants in the terrible encounter, so that the solid facts upon which the record rests have neither been strained from the eloquence of orators nor evolved from the dreams of poets. I am fond of good poetry and of genuine eloquence, but in the search for historic truth I endeavor to rate poetic glosses and oratorical embellishments at their true value.

I agree with Mr. Hull when he says that "the world moves," and I yield to no one in readiness to discard an error, however hoary with age or however firmly grounded in popular belief; but I am unable to see what "new records and facts" he has brought out to show that he is right and the rest of "the world" wrong as regards the comparative importance of the battle here in 1725 and the battle at Falmouth in 1689, and I think all impartial readers will agree with me as to the utter futility of his labored argument so to show. The fight of 1689, which he affects to regard as "the greatest battle that ever took place on the soil of Maine," the historians have accorded but an insignificant place among the battles fought in this State; and it is a mystery to me, why, when serving up "local pride" for the gratification of "local pride" of Portlanders, Mr. Hull did not, instead of choosing the encounter of 1689, select for his theme the battle which took place at Portland the year

following. The whites suffered defeat in 1690, and Mr. Hull, over-anxious to present something that would gratify "local pride," perhaps chose the fight of 1689 because he thought he would be sure to accomplish his purpose by serving up an encounter in which the enemy was worsted. A victory, however, is not necessary in order to show gallant fighting or to gain renown in battle. Those who fought at Thermopylae, Lexington and Bunker Hill achieved for themselves immortal glory though vanquished by overwhelming numbers; and, considered from an historical standpoint, it was a strange proceeding for Mr. Hull to attempt to gratify "local pride" by expatiating upon the barren victory achieved in 1689 rather than upon the far more important though disastrous battle of 1690.

Mr. Hull says he is afraid I have not read "Sullivan's History of Maine." It was unnecessary, however, for him thus explicitly to state that he thought me unacquainted with Sullivan's History, for, had he not supposed me and all the other readers of the Argon utterly ignorant not only of Sullivan's but of every other history of Maine, he never would have attempted to impose upon our ignorance in the gross fashion he has. I would inform him, however, that I am not so ignorant of Sullivan as he has, in his assumption of superior knowledge, taken for granted. I have read Sullivan carefully, and many others who have perused Mr. Hull's articles have probably done the same; and they, as well as I, have doubtless noticed that, when Sullivan says anything that tends to show that Lovewell's Fight was a very important battle, both in its immediate and remote consequences, Mr. Hull ignores him utterly. For example, Dr. Belknap's History of New Hampshire says that Lovewell's Fight "was one of the most fierce and obstinate battles that had ever been fought with the Indians;" and Sullivan endorses that painstaking and trustworthy historian, and for an account of Lovewell's Fight refers his readers to Belknap as having, as he says, done "so much justice to the subject that it is best to refer the reader to his history for it." In another place Sullivan says that the Norridgewock battle "and the battle of Captain Lovewell were of great consequence to the people of the Province of Maine." These decisive actions relieved the people from great apprehensions and saved the frontiers from great calamities." So much for Mr. Hull's suppression of Sullivan's testimony when it would tell against him. I will state in this connection that Mr. Hull's quotation from what Willis's History of Portland says of Lovewell's Fight is misleading, whether so intended or not. From what Mr. Hull says one would suppose that Willis ranks Lovewell's Fight as "next" in importance to the fight at Norridgewock, whereas Willis simply says that it was the "next considerable" engagement in point of time, it having occurred less than nine months afterwards. Furthermore, Willis says that Lovewell's Fight was "the last considerable engagement" of the war, "that is, the Indian power was from that time forward broken."

When Mr. Hull speaks of what might have occurred had Maj. Church been defeated at Falmouth he becomes comical. Had he been defeated Mr. Hull says "it is not an imaginary opinion to say that...Massachusetts would have been so discouraged....that she would have felt disposed to abandon her purchase; and, if that had taken place, Maine, instead of being one of the States of the American Union, would now be a part of the Dominion of Canada." This highly wrought picture is a purely fancy sketch, having not a shadow of fact for its basis. The capture and destruction of Falmouth, which Mr. Hull says would have been attended with such direful consequences, actually occurred within a few months after the fight of which he treats, but did the terrible consequences he speaks of take place? Not at all. Did the Province of Maine become "a part of the Dominion of Canada"? I haven't heard of it. Was Mr. Hull serious, or in jest, when he penned this rhetorical flourish about Massachusetts becoming "so discouraged" at such a rebuff? Mr. Hull has read history to little purpose if he supposes so slight a disaster would have caused Massachusetts to give up a large portion of her territory. Her history is far from justifying so poor an opinion of her. Her hardy bravery in the early Indian wars of colonial times, her intrepid spirit through the long war of the Revolution, and where its first battles were fought, and on whose soil its first blood flowed, and her sturdy valor in crushing out rebellion both within her own borders and in other States of the Union amply attest that her "courage" in a just cause has always been "at the sticking-place."

Mr. Hull says that he could, if he had had time have given more fully the reasons which induced him to the opinion that, had Maj. Church been defeated at Falmouth, Maine might "now be a part of the Dominion of Canada." I think, however, that upon further consideration he will congratulate himself that he had no more "time," for, as far as he has given any reasons for his opinion, they are, when subjected to a calm analysis, found to be lamentably weak,—the more of such reasons he had given the worse his case would have appeared. Those who undertake to reverse well-authenticated history should have something more than a hypothesis to rest upon,—at least more than an hypothesis that is overturned by an evening's seer. I might adopt Mr. Hull's method of hypothesizing results and could let my imagination run mad as he seems to have done; but I submit to the reader: whether that is the proper method of settling historical questions; whether it is not a surer way to get at correct results to give all the facts bearing upon a question, and thus enable the reader to form his judgment "according to the law and the evidence."

Mr. Hull persists in imputing mercenary motives to Lovewell and his men. The motives of the combatants are wholly irrelevant to us, and I thought I said, in my last communication all that was necessary on this point. Mr. Hull however, returns to the charge and reiterates

his aspersions of Lovewell and his troops, and it is plainly to be seen that in trying to divert the issue by thus vilifying Lovewell and his soldiers and by discussing other battles than those of 1689 and 1725 he is endeavoring to avoid the point at issue. What must be thought of a historical writer—his honesty or his intelligence—who thus attempts, in the interest of "local pride," to overthrow well-established facts by aspersing the motives of and throwing mud at one of the bravest Indian fighters our country has produced, when his own much-vaunted hero, Maj. Church, is open to the same charge which he so persistently brings against Captain Lovewell? Mr. Hull cannot be ignorant of the fact that among the instructions to Maj. Church when he came to this State in 1689 was the following: "You are to encourage your soldiers to be industrious, vigorous and ventures in their service, to search out and destroy the enemy, acquainting them it is agreed by the several colonies that they shall have the benefit of the captives and all lawful plunder and the reward of eight pounds per head for every fighting Indian man slain by them, over and above their stated wages." It must be that Mr. Hull was aware of these instructions when he wrote his articles, for they are spoken of in several volumes from which he has again and again quoted. In essaying "to search out and destroy the" Pequannets here in their stronghold Capt. Lovewell was but carrying out the very orders that Maj. Church had received from the colonies thirty-six years before.

I might adopt Mr. Hull's mode of reasoning and attempt to prejudice the reader against the brave hero, Maj. Church, by relating how one writer speaks of him as "the person who is celebrated for his great success in the wars with the savages, himself a greater savage than any that he slaughtered," how he stood by his victim, King Philip, and had him beheaded and drawn and quartered, how one of his servants made, over Philip's mutilated remains, a speech so full of barbarous indecency that the Democrat would not print it if I should make it a part of this article. I give the above extract from a modern writer to show how this self-righteous generation is wont to vilify the valiant Church and other heroes of the early times, for Mr. Hull is now doing in regard to Capt. Lovewell and his immortal band. In the case of Maj. Church his calumnies are doubtless prompted to this vile work in no small degree by the fact that he and his troops were guilty of the heinous offense on account of which Mr. Hull brands Lovewell and his companions as despicable mercenaries, viz., of having received bounties for the Indians they killed. As Mr. Hull says, however, "the world moves," and we are not to judge the heroes of 200 years ago by the standards of to-day. I don't mention these things as having the least bearing on the subject under discussion, but simply to point out the inconsistency of my opponent and to show to what straits he has been driven in his efforts to reverse the facts of history and to what devices he has resorted to avoid discussing the question between us in a fair manner and on its real merits.

Mr. Hull thinks his articles have "roused up the Oxford Bears" of the Pequannet hunting grounds. Let me assure him, however, that the Pequannets of the present day are not a warlike race and that they are not after his scalp; and I wish to say in conclusion that what I have written has not been in the interest of "local pride" or to compel "Hull's Surrender," but in behalf of truth and historic justice.

A. F. LEWIS.  
Fryberg, Feb. 2, 1884.

## THE WELL AT CAWPORE.

(For London Daily News.)

Havelock was already on the march, his nearer approach being made the signal for an episode which is the darkest at in the hurried tragedy. On the eve of going out to give battle to the English general, Nana Sahib issued orders for the massacre of the women. They were invited to leave the house under pretense of being conducted to a place of safety. But they had had enough of the Hindu's clemency. They refused to move, and were shot down by the volleys fired through the windows, sepoys entering sword in hand and completing the work. This done, they were dragged out dead and dying, women and children, and cast into a well that stood opposite the house. There they were found when Havelock's men, having utterly routed Nana Sahib, entered the town, flushed with the generous hope of rescue.

Now only a marble cross set in a grass plot—dark in the shadow of solemn yews—marks the site of the butchery, while the well itself is a prominent object in a rich and well-ordered garden. When Havelock reached Cawpore and found this terrible truth at the bottom of the well, it was to late to furnish Christian burial to Nana Sahib's victims. The well was bricked over, and in due time there has arisen upon the site a beautiful marble figure—an angel with sad face, yet not sorrowing as those that have no hope, but carrying in either hand the palm of victory. Over the gateway of the inclosure which surrounds this solemn burial-place is written: "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

Round the base of the statue runs the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondoon of Hindoon, and cast the dying into the well below on the 15th of July, 1857."

THE ALCOHOL HABIT.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

In the tragedy of errors, called the history of the human race, ignorance has of ten done as much mischief as sin; and the erroneous theories of the cause, of the pain-incurable evil, they have helped to originate the dogma of natural depravity, the confidence in the efficacy of anti-natural remedies, and that baneful mistrust in the competence of our natural instincts that still vitiates our whole system of physical education.

The creator has not entrusted our physical welfare to accident or the tardy aid of science, and, in spite of the far-gone degeneration of our race, our children still share nearly all the protective instincts of the Nature-guided animals. Children abhor the vitiated air of our city tenements; they need no lecturer on practical physiology to impress the necessity of out-door exercise; their instinct revolts against the absurdities of fashion and the unnatural restraints of our sedentary modes of life. And the same inner monitor warns them against dietetic abuses. Long before Bichat proved that our digestive organs are those of a frugivorous animal, children preferred apples to sausages, and sweetmeats to greasy-meat dishes; they detest rancid cheese, caustic spices, and similar whets to their jaded appetites. No human being ever relished the first taste of a "stimulant." To the palate of a healthy child, tea is insipid; the taste of coffee (unless disguised by milk or sugar), offensively bitter, laudnum, acid-caustic; alcohol as repulsive as corrosive sublimate. No tobacco-smoker ever forgets his horror at the first attempt, the sear-like misery and headache—Nature's protest against the incipience of a health-destroying habit. Of lager beer—"the grateful and nutritious beverage which our brewers are now prepared to furnish at the rate of 480,000 gallons a day,"—the first glass is shockingly nauseous—so much so, indeed, as to be a substitute for tartar-emetic. Nor do our instincts yield after the first protest; nausea, gripes, nervous headaches, and gastric spasms, warn us again and again. But we repeat the dose, and Nature, true to her highest law of preserving existence at any price, and feeling the hopelessness of the life-endangering struggle, finally chooses the alternative of palliating an evil for which she has no remedy, and adapts herself to the abnormal condition. The human body becomes a poison-engine, an alcohol-machine, performing its vital functions only under the spur of a specific stimulus.

And only then the unnatural habit becomes that craving which the toper mistakes for the promoting a healthy appetite,—a craving which every gratification makes more exorbitant. For by and by the jaded system fails to respond to the spur; the poison-slave has to resort to stronger stimulants: rum and medicated brandy now mock him with the hope of revived strength; the gathering might give way to an occasional flickering of the vital flame, till the nervous exhaustion at last defies every remedy; the worshipper of alcohol must consummate his self-sacrifice; the shadow of his doom has settled on his soul, and all the strongest stimulants can now do for him is to recall a momentary glimmering of that light which filled the unclouded heaven of his childhood.

In order to distinguish a poison stimulant from a harmless and nutritive substance, Nature thus furnished us three infallible tests:

1. The first taste of every poison is either insipid or repulsive.

2. The persistent obtuseness of the obnoxious substance changes that aversion into a specific craving.

3. The more or less pleasurable excitement produced by a gratification of that craving is always followed by a depressing reaction.

The first drop of wholesome beverage (milk, cold water, cider, fresh from the press, etc.) is quite as pleasant as the last; the indulgence in such pleasures is not followed by repugnance, and never begets a specific craving. Pan-cakes and honey we may eat with great relish whenever we can get them, but if we can't, we won't miss them as long as we can satisfy our appetite with bread and butter. In mid-winter, when apples advance to six dollars a barrel, it needs no lectures and midnight prayers to substitute rice-pudding for apple-pie. A Turk may breakfast for thirty years on figs and roasted chestnuts, and yet be quite as comfortable as Switzerland, where they treat him to milk and bread. Not so the drug-drinker: his thirst can not be slaked with water or milk; his enslaved appetite craves the wonted tupples, or else a stronger stimulant. Nature food has no effect on the poison-hunger; Nature has nothing to do with such appetites.

The mild stimulants (light beer, cider, and narcotic infusions), would be comparatively harmless, if their rotaries could confine themselves to moderate doses. For sooner or later the tonic is sure to pall, while the morbid craving remains, and forces its victim to either increase the quantity of the wonted stimulant, or else resort to a stronger poison. A boy begins with ginger-beer and ends with ginger-rum; the medical "tonic" delusion progresses from malt-extract to Mumford's Elixir; the coffee-cup leads to the pipe, and the pipe to the pot-house.

We see, then, that every poison-habit is a progressive, and thus realize the truth that there is no such thing as a harmless stimulant, because the incipience of every unnatural appetite is the first stage of a progressive disease.—Popular Science Monthly.

ROLLER SKATING NOTES.

(Correspondence on all matters of interest pertaining to Roller skating is solicited. Address communications for this department to Mr. F. H. MAXSON, 50, Paris, Me.)

THE EXTENSIVE SKATE.

Fits any size foot. The best in the market.

SACCAFFA.—Our correspondent G. F. M., writes: The Skating Rink at this place has had a slight falling off in the past few weeks, but whether it is the want of interest or on account of dull times, I am not able to state. We now have two evenings a week with music and a good attendance is usually had. Last Tuesday night a private Non-Bon came off and the best element of the town was drawn out. A fine exhibition of fancy skating was given by Master Oscar J. Harmon, and we have no hesitancy in saying that Master Harmon is the most graceful skater we ever had the pleasure of seeing; his different steps numbering to over one hundred and twenty. Skillings and Brigham the proprietors, contemplate enlarging their rink just as big again for another season.

WEST PARIS.—Messrs. Barker & Dunham the proprietors of the skating rink in Centennial Hall have closed their rink for the present.

LIMESTONE.—A large building is about to be built here by W. A. Long the lower story of which will be used for a stable and the upper for a skating rink.

WALDOBORO.—The public interest in skating continues good here and Messrs. Achorn and Perkins are now running the skating rink at Union Hall with good success and a uniform attendance of the best people of the town.

NORWAY.—The proprietors of Norway Hall rink continue to meet with quite good success in the conduct of the rink. They have one session a week now, every Thursday evening but have a good attendance usually at those sessions, the interest having been largely increased of late by the introduction of practice games of polo by a first and second club which have been organized here. Ice cream is served at the rink usually.

BETHEL.—The new rink here is now completed and the best one in Oxford County. It will be dedicated before this item appears in print though we have not yet learned the exact date. The music will be furnished by Chandler's Band of Portland and several fancy skaters and other attractions are contemplated, which will make the opening evening the best entertainment to which the good people of Bethel have been treated for a long time. Bethel is one of the most beautiful and rightly villages in the State, and throughout the summer all its hotels and boarding houses are crowded to overflowing with City Boarders and there seems to be no reason why the managers should not meet with a most abundant success.

So. PARIS.—The interest in the little rollers continues good, and there are good parties at nearly every session more especially the Saturday evening session.

BOTHAY.—We learn that the new rink being built by Capt. McClintock is nearly or quite completed. The dimensions are 70 x 110. All the arrangements are very convenient and the rink will rank A 1 among the many new rinks in process of erection throughout the State.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS IN GENERAL.

Gymnastics and athletic sports are receiving more and more attention at all the colleges and preparatory schools and this to a certain extent is as it should be and if not carried to excess it gives the student better health and capacity for entering into his studies with a zest, cultivates a manly bearing and more robust physical development thus fitting them the more successfully to engage in life's mad struggle for wealth position and honor.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS AT PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

The following scores were made at the Phillips Exeter Academy tournament afternoon of the 12th.

100 yards dash—Won by A. F. Holden, '84; 10:3-5 seconds.

1 mile walk—M. L. Bruner, '84, Wilbraham, Mass.; 9m. 5s.

Throwing base ball—G. D. Kelley, '85; 509 feet 5 inches.

220 yard dash—A. F. Holden, '84; 29:5 seconds.

Putting shot, 16 pounds—C. H. Penny-packer, '84; 31 feet 7 inches.

Five mile run—H. T. Shepard, Epping, N. H., 33m. 29s.

Throwing hammer, 16 pounds—W. J. Cook, '85; 68 feet 1-2 inches.

440 yards run—A. F. Holden, '85; 51s.

Standing jump with weights—W. C. Wurbenburg, '86; 11 feet 4 inches.

Bicycle slow race—E. C. Bates, '85, Westbrook, Mass.; 7m. 51s.

Running high jump—L. Honore, '85; 5 feet 4 1-2 inches.

100 yards three-legged race—J. B. Moore, '84, and J. F. Bass, '86; 15 seconds.

Kicking the foot ball—W. M. Irwinburg, '86; 18 feet 3 inches.

Running broad jump—W. C. Wurbenburg, '86; 18 feet 3 inches.

One mile run—J. G. Greene, 5m. 29s.

Tug of war—Seniors by 8-2 inches in 3 minutes.

When one reflects upon the amount of lying which attaches to one, even a great moral hero and then remembers that ancient Rome had eight circuses, one can understand something of the causes which produced the overthrow of the Eternal City.

## THE ALCOHOL HABIT.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

In the tragedy of errors, called the history of the human race, ignorance has of ten done as much mischief as sin; and the erroneous theories of the cause, of the pain-incurable evil, they have helped to originate the dogma of natural depravity, the confidence in the efficacy of anti-natural remedies, and that baneful mistrust in the competence of our natural instincts that still vitiates our whole system of physical education.

The creator has not entrusted our physical welfare to accident or the tardy aid of science, and, in spite of the far-gone degeneration of our race, our children still share nearly all the protective instincts of the Nature-guided animals. Children abhor the vitiated air of our city tenements; they need no lecturer on practical physiology to impress the necessity of out-door exercise; their instinct revolts against the absurdities of fashion and the unnatural restraints of our sedentary modes of life. And the same inner monitor warns them against dietetic abuses. Long before Bichat proved that our digestive organs are those of a frugivorous animal, children preferred apples to sausages, and sweetmeats to greasy-meat dishes; they detest rancid cheese, caustic spices, and similar whets to their jaded appetites. No human being ever relished the first taste of a "stimulant." To the palate of a healthy child, tea is insipid; the taste of coffee (unless disguised by milk or sugar), offensively bitter, laudnum, acid-caustic; alcohol as repulsive as corrosive sublimate. No tobacco-smoker ever forgets his horror at the first attempt, the sear-like misery and headache—Nature's protest against the incipience of a health-destroying habit. Of lager beer—"the grateful and nutritious beverage which our brewers are now prepared to furnish at the rate of 480,000 gallons a day,"—the first glass is shockingly nauseous—so much so, indeed, as to be a substitute for tartar-emetic. Nor do our instincts yield after the first protest; nausea, gripes, nervous headaches, and gastric spasms, warn us again and again. But we repeat the dose, and Nature, true to her highest law of preserving existence at any price, and feeling the hopelessness of the life-endangering struggle, finally chooses the alternative of palliating an evil for which she has no remedy, and adapts herself to the abnormal condition. The human body becomes a poison-engine, an alcohol-machine, performing its vital functions only under the spur of a specific stimulus.

And only then the unnatural habit becomes that craving which the toper mistakes for the promoting a healthy appetite,—a craving which every gratification makes more exorbitant. For by and by the jaded system fails to respond to the spur; the poison-slave has to resort to stronger stimulants: rum and medicated brandy now mock him with the hope of revived strength; the gathering might give way to an occasional flickering of the vital flame, till the nervous exhaustion at last defies every remedy; the worshipper of alcohol must consummate his self-sacrifice; the shadow of his doom has settled on his soul, and all the strongest stimulants can now do for him is to recall a momentary glimmering of that light which filled the unclouded heaven of his childhood.

In order to distinguish a poison stimulant from a harmless and nutritive substance, Nature thus furnished us three infallible tests:

1. The first taste of every poison is either insipid or repulsive.

2. The persistent obtuseness of the obnoxious substance changes that aversion into a specific craving.

3. The more or less pleasurable excitement produced by a gratification of that craving is always followed by a depressing reaction.

The first drop of wholesome beverage (milk, cold water, cider, fresh from the press, etc.) is quite as pleasant as the last; the indulgence in such pleasures is not followed by repugnance, and never begets a specific craving. Pan-cakes and honey we may eat with great relish whenever we can get them, but if we can't, we won't miss them as long as we can satisfy our appetite with bread and butter. In mid-winter, when apples advance to six dollars a barrel, it needs no lectures and midnight prayers to substitute rice-pudding for apple-pie. A Turk may breakfast for thirty years on figs and roasted chestnuts, and yet be quite as comfortable as Switzerland, where they treat him to milk and bread. Not so the drug-drinker: his thirst can not be slaked with water or milk; his enslaved appetite craves the wonted tupples, or else a stronger stimulant. Nature food has no effect on the poison-hunger; Nature has nothing to do with such appetites.

The mild stimulants (light beer, cider, and narcotic infusions), would be comparatively harmless, if their rotaries could confine themselves to moderate doses. For sooner or later the tonic is sure to pall, while the morbid craving remains, and forces its victim to either increase the quantity of the wonted stimulant, or else resort to a stronger poison. A boy begins with ginger-beer and ends with ginger-rum; the medical "tonic" delusion progresses from malt-extract to Mumford's Elixir; the coffee-cup leads to the pipe, and the pipe to the pot-house.

We see, then, that every poison-habit is a progressive, and thus realize the truth that there is no such thing as a harmless stimulant, because the incipience of every unnatural appetite is the first stage of a progressive disease.—Popular Science Monthly.

When one reflects upon the amount of lying which attaches to one, even a great moral hero and then remembers that ancient Rome had eight circuses, one can understand something of the causes which produced the overthrow of the Eternal City.

hold up all druggists. Price 6c a bottle or six bottles for 25c. Prepared by C. L. BLOOD & CO., Apollecchia, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Tooth-Powder, Only 5c. Cent.

## NUMBER 20.



The Oxford Democrat.

WEEKLY.

PARIS, MAINE, MAY 20, 1884.

GEO. H. WATKINS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—Yearly subscriptions, \$1.50; if paid in advance, \$1.00; if not, \$2.00. Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All legal advertisements are given three columns free of charge. For each additional column, 10 cents per line. For each additional line, 5 cents per line. For each additional line, 5 cents per line.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1884.

Convention in Chicago.

A special train over the Eastern Railroad will leave Portland at 10 o'clock on Monday morning for Chicago, arriving in Chicago at 4 P. M. The party will leave Chicago at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning for New York, arriving in New York at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

When the American supply is wholly or nearly adequate to the American demand it may nevertheless happen that the article will be imported, notwithstanding the American price is no higher than the foreign price. I hold it to be demonstrable that about \$35,000,000 of annual customs revenue are collected out of foreigners and are not a tax on the American producer at all.

Such are the duties on wool and a share of them on woolen goods. The whole duty on lumber, coal, wool, barley, rye, and other agricultural products—on nearly every competing article.

If \$35,000,000 of annual revenue are collected out of foreigners through our protective duties, the whole body of American taxpayers are relieved to that extent of the entire incidence or burden of the tax.

The evidence that such a sum is collected out of foreign producers are cumulative, viz.: About that sum in all is collected on articles which sell as low as the concurrent observation of all dealers in America as they are collected.

For the DEMOCRAT. BUCKFIELD ODD FELLOWS.

A FUNDRAISING LUNCHEON AND BUSINESS MEETING.

May 17th, 1884, Northport Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, was instituted in Buckfield, with but seven members, on the evening of May 17th, 1884.

It celebrated its first birthday in a manner which left no doubt that, though an infant in years, it was already a thriving and energetic body, worthy of notice and destined to become a powerful factor in the community.

The anniversary exercises occurred in the Methodist church, which was filled to its utmost capacity.

A large delegation from Anasagton Lodge of Canton, Towle's Orchestra, furnished music, Past Grand Master Lee of Auburn delivered a lecture upon "Oldfellowship," there were remarks from members of both Lodges, and Mr. Moulton of Portland, a humorous reader, furnished the spice of the occasion—his personations in "The School Exhibition" kept his audience in a roar of laughter.

About half-past ten the Odd Fellows and invited guests repaired to Tilton's Hall, where a bountiful supper was served to about two hundred and fifty people, proving to all participants that Odd Fellows are good providers and Odd Fellows' wives are good cooks. The tables were very handsomely set.

After supper the hall was cleared for dancing, and thus ended a celebration which surpassed anything of its kind hitherto attempted in Buckfield.

For the Oxford Democrat. "TEMPERANCE."

I noticed a few remarks on liquor selling in that quiet town of Paris. The supposition was that a man sold out of his pocket forty-two gallons of whiskey in a day. That seems very absurd to me even if he was in every village in that town a day at a time. I have been in all the towns along the line of the G. T. R. in Maine, and must say that Paris is the very hardest town to obtain any liquor in. I have been in Paris, and have tried my best to obtain any liquor, and tried the druggist, and I am truly sorry never have obtained a drop.

Also the strictest temperance hotel in the State that I have stopped at. One night with a friend of mine, we were unlucky and had to stop at that still village of West Paris and behold, another Good Temperance village—went to bed dry. Now during the year I am pretty well over the New England States, and allow me to say as a general rule, the public houses are obliged to sell liquor in order to meet their expenses. Now a word or two to the girl who signs "A Bad Girl," in the Argos communication. I am really ashamed to own that I am in the habit of drinking.

It is the losing of a man's manhood, the associating of the intellectual public, and dropping out of his financial success. Now my dear young lady, allow me to tell you that your own town has as open a house for the sale of liquor, as any hotel in either Lewiston or Portland, and have been right there myself, and drank and seen the liquor drank. I have also obtained liquor in your town outside of the last named place. Now don't lay the sale of liquor on to towns that we commercial men can't get a drop in. I speak for myself and several that I know can't. That is the only reason we leave there before evening. You very well know they claim a man can't have success in business with liquor. Now it is an established fact that the large hotels in this or any other State without the sale of liquor to defray expenses cannot run. Now if you can get a traveling man to tell you who sells and who don't sell liquor they can inform you of more in any town they travel in than the man who has resided in it fifty years. I will say a traveling man who drinks—

that, whether a duty rests on the articles or not, its price is as low in Maine as in any other part of the world.

We export paper of all kinds to every part of the world, yet Professor Perry is addressing an Iowa audience told him that a returned missionary had told him that paper was cheaper in Natal, South Africa, than in the United States, and argued that the drought was caused by duty. Had he looked at our commerce reports he would have seen that we ship paper to South Africa and the missionary was as likely to have used American paper while in Natal.

[Note.—Any store in Maine will sell a good 5-lb. note paper for \$1.20 a ream.]

A prominent Western journal recently complained that the whole people of the United States were "taxed" on starch, when starch is as much an article of export as high wheat or wheat. It is a low order of intellect that needs to hold that products which go abroad to seek higher prices in foreign countries than they can be sold for here are not made higher in price by any duties that may be exacted against the contingency of their importation, whether such duties be 10 or 100 per cent.

In strange obliviousness of all the principles concerning prices, it is the constant practice of the Free Trade theorists to charge that the greater the production of any protected article the greater the "tax" upon the people, since in all cases the whole amount of the domestic production, they say, is raised in price by the amount of the tax, whereas the fact is that the greater the domestic production the more difficult it is to raise the price in the least degree, by any duty that can be laid upon it, because at the least rise in price, though it be only one-tenth of the duty, expands in quantity and so absolutely prevents a further rise in price.

When the American supply is wholly or nearly adequate to the American demand it may nevertheless happen that the article will be imported, notwithstanding the American price is no higher than the foreign price. I hold it to be demonstrable that about \$35,000,000 of annual customs revenue are collected out of foreigners and are not a tax on the American producer at all.

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"very scarce." I believe I have paid for every drop of liquor that I have drank because I have not given me, so I am free to speak or write, and the sale of liquor should I think, not be placed on what I have always found, and called Paris, a temperance town.

By our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, May 17. Since the collapse of the Morrison bill, and the intense excitement attending it, an unlooked for reaction has come. Comparative quiet has reigned in the halls of Congress; Morrison sinks and his sympathizers follow suit. The leaders of the Democratic majority, including the Speaker himself, have apparently lost all interest in public matters, and indulge in threats of assassination. Instead of calmly accepting the situation, they are still more muttering the Democratic political pool by attempting to read Randall and his forty followers out of the party. They are loaded with the name of spies, traitors, and, invited to take seats on the Republican side of the House. Instead of trying to heal the breach, they are doing their utmost to make it wider, until now the fact stares them in the face that they are hopelessly rent in twain on the first issue.

In the midst of this skirmish, the placid face of the House is seen, all covered with smiles. It has such perfect control over itself, and has such a power of dissimulation, that the closest observers fail to detect on his stereotyped countenance the least indication of anxiety or concern. Randall is playing a shrewd game. And if the powers that be in the great Democratic party keep not a sharp lookout, they will soon be checkmated. There seems to be little doubt but that the Pennsylvanian statesman and Tilden are working together. But whether Randall expects to fall here to a certain mortgage which Tilden has on the Democratic party, I am unable to say. However it's perfectly plain that Randall's only escape from total annihilation is the adoption of a non-reform reform platform at Chicago in July. And it is for this point that he is working assiduously.

It cannot be denied that it was a death-blow to the hopes of the Democratic majority to elect Carlisle Speaker. By so doing, they not only lost their best debater and most thorough statesman from the floor of the House, but threw the conduct of the whole party into the hands of indiscreet and inexperienced leaders. The result is the utter helplessness and demoralization of the Democratic majority of seventy.

Now it is perhaps hardly wise to say that the Democrats might have been in a condition to win a victory, had they taken the proper course; but it is very evident that had the Democratic party taken advantage of their boom in the fall of 1882, elected Randall Speaker and followed out his plan, their chances of success would have been much greater.

Partly squabbles take up so much of the time of this do-nothing Congress, which by its heavy majority ought to win the applause of the whole country, that a well-founded distrust has developed everywhere.

Monday was District day, on which bills were passed relative to the government of the District of Columbia. Tuesday was Territorial day, set apart for business relative to Territories. Among others, a bill was passed, providing for the formation of a representative government in Alaska.

Wednesday, election cases were taken up; then the House discussed the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill. Friday was, as usual, private bill day. Saturday was set apart for the Geneva Award bill, whereby the existence of the Court of Arbitration Claims is to be extended to Jan. 1, 1885. If this bill is taken up Saturday, the above appropriation bill will probably go over to next week.

The Senate agreed to the motion for a conference made by Senator Fry, in regard to the Shipping bill. Considerable anxiety is felt by the friends of the bill as to what is to be the ruling of the Speaker and the disposition of the House. Practically it is the Speaker's power to decide the whole bill, by sending it to the floor of the calendar, with nearly two hundred bills on top of it. Tuesday, the Senate discussed the Indian Appropriation bill with amendments. The remainder of the week was devoted to the Pension Appropriation bill.

The news of the panic in Wall Street, which reached Washington, Wednesday noon, threw Congress into a wild panic. Members who had money invested in securities rushed wildly hither and thither in search of news. What effect, if any, this panic will have on Presidential matters, I am unable to say. But it will, at least ought to arouse the legislative House to a realization of what mischief it is making, by doing nothing in the way of financial legislation—for it is upon the shoulders of these legislators that rests in a great measure the responsibility of the trouble in money centres, which might have been averted. To be sure the failure of Grant & Ward, caused by wild and unaided schemes of making money rapidly, set the ball rolling, but a general distrust and the ubiquitous witness in the Star House affair, has been making startling disclosures before the Springer Committee. Kellogg's escape from the snares of a Court of Justice, seem to have inspired Walsh to do his worst. Kellogg calls Walsh a partial lunatic, and speaks of him in a very slighting way. A slander case or a midnight horsewhipping may develop soon.

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In the article on the Papers of Oxford County, last week, the misplaced types made us say "Eastern Argos" instead of "Argos," and that Dr. Truitt is "retired" instead of "retained," as the manuscript read. We all know that "index" is too careful to make such glaring mistakes.

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A CURIOUS HISTORY.

Some time since, the flour was concocted of restoring to the flour the nutritive phosphates that are removed with the bran in the process of bolting. It was well known that the portion of the wheat that was most valuable as a strength-producing food, viz. the phosphates, was thus almost entirely removed from the flour, and that was the reason why the dark or Graham flour was healthier and more nutritious than the superfine flour.

It was also well understood that a deficiency in the supply of the phosphates to the human system, was the cause of much ill health and lack of mental and physical development.

Competent medical authority had also condemned the use of cream of tartar, for the purpose of raising blood, bicarbonate, because, as one eminent physician said, "the acid of cream tartar is not a constituent of the grains of which flour is made, it is not a nutritive principle, and often disagrees with the alimentary organs."

It was placed before the public in a variety of forms, one of the best known being that of "Horsford's Self-Raising Bread Preparation," which has such a popular sale in this locality.

Starting without a flag capital of their own, the manufacturers having gradually built up a most extraordinary business, until now they are the largest concern of their kind in the world, and the demand for these products is steadily increasing. Truly, this is a curious and wonderful history.

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Now Advertisements.

O. N. HADLEY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Pasture.

Notice of Foreclosure.

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AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.

ABEL CHANDLER, Jr.,

HEADQUARTERS AT WILLSON HAMMONS' STORE, Main St.



OSBORN SULKEY PLOW,

Randall 16 and 13 inch Steel Wheel Harrows,

ALSO CORBIN AND ARME PULVERIZING HARROW, THOMAS' SMOOTHING AND SPRING TOOTH HARROW, WITH WHEELS ATTACHMENTS; MATCHLESS SWORD PLOW, AND THE

I X L Swivel Plow,

Manufactured in Boston.

Iron Age and Spring Tooth Horse Cultivator.

Agent for the following Mowing Machines:

Walter A. Woods, William Anson, Meadow King, Leonard, Warrior and Eureka Mowers; also Repairs furnished for all Machines.

Agent for Eagle Horse Rake, Monitor, Thomas' No. 4, 5, 7 and 8 Rakes!

ABEL CHANDLER, JR., - - BETHEL, ME.

Hon. Jas. G. Blaine 1884.

1884.

New Room Papers

BORDERS!

OVER 5,000 ROLLS

UPWARDS TO

BRONZE

All Papers Trimmed

Prices Low, Special Bargains

in Remnants.

Noyes' Drug Store,

Norway, - - Maine.

RINK

DECORATIONS,

Flags, Lanterns, Banners, Scrolls,

Umbrellas, Bunting, Bon-Bons,

Masks, Etc., Etc.

FOR SALE.

18 Hawley Street, Boston.

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