

**TOMATOES—CONTINUED.**  
Before proceeding to the preparation of tomatoes for winter use, here are a few more ways of using the fresh fruit:

**TOMATO OMELET.**  
(From the Christian Mirror.)  
Scald six ripe tomatoes, pare them and remove the ends and seeds. Stew them until tender, then mash and rub through a sieve, add two ounces of finely grated bread crumbs, four well beaten eggs, four tablespoons of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly, pour into a hot buttered dish, and bake in a moderately hot oven. Serve with vinegar or brown sauce, not, of course, made with stock as an ordinary sauce, but merely browned butter thickened with vinegar.

**TOMATO TOAST.**  
Scald tomatoes, strain through colander, season to taste. Toast slices of bread, butter and lay on a hot plate, add a cup of cream or milk to the tomato and pour over the toast.

Tomatoes are also recommended by some authorities as a good food for cows, as they have no marked flavor, and improve both quantity and quality of milk and give the butter a rich golden color.

Tomatoes are ranked next to cucumbers as a foundation for pickles and may be prepared in many ways. They can be preserved, for sauce, but need the addition of lemon, as they would not have character enough alone. The small round yellow or red ones are best for this—either green or ripe are used. Scald and peel without breaking if possible and pack in syrup with slices of lemon. For a quart of tomatoes 1 lemon and about a pound of sugar is a good proportion. Seal up in glass jars or bottles.

A similar preparation, which it is said can hardly be distinguished from the real article, is

**TOMATO PICK.**  
Take small tomatoes, red or yellow, and weigh them. To six pounds allow three pounds of brown sugar flavored strongly with ginger and lemon juice. Put all in a kettle with very little water and simmer gently until the tomatoes are clear but not broken. Take from the syrup and spread on large plates in the sun to dry; sprinkle with dry sugar. When dry enough pack in jars or small boxes in layers with sugar between each layer.

Canning tomatoes without sugar is not always as successful as they must be perfectly air tight, yet, although the canned tomatoes can be bought at a small price, we all would prefer our own manufacture, and if we are very careful need not fail. Here is one lady's experience:

"Many good cooks have given up canning tomatoes because they have been unsuccessful in keeping them after having all the trouble of putting them up. I have never known of a can being lost where the following directions have been observed: Slice the tomatoes and let them stand 15 minutes; then drain off all the liquid that has collected; boil them an hour and a half. A great deal of steam will rise on which must all be skimmed off;—hervin lies the secret of success. Seal in ordinary glass cans and set in a cool, dark room."

Others have been successful in cooking only until well scalded, then salting and sealing up once.

Tomato Catchup is a universal favorite and there are many rules, each of which is considered the best by the one using it. The main difference is in the flavoring and spice—all agree in cooking the tomatoes, straining through a sieve, then adding salt, pepper, vinegar and spice, and boiling until of the proper consistency.

Perhaps the following will guide some one who wants a more definite rule:

**TOMATO CATCHUP.**  
Six quarts of cut tomatoes, cook and strain through a sieve, then add one pint of vinegar, half a cup of sugar, two tablespoons of black pepper, less if cayenne is used, two of salt, one each cinnamon, cloves and cloves. Boil until thick. Put in bottles ready for the table.

It is better to seal them, though that is not always necessary when it is to be used soon. Among the other flavorings sometimes used are onions, mustard, nutmeg, mace, celery seed. The most important thing is to boil well until thick and smooth, then it will not be likely to grow watery and sour.

Tomatoes may also be pickled when green, either whole, sliced or chopped. For this they should be nearly full size without being at all ripe, as the half-grown ones are apt to be tough.

Here is a letter received since the former chapter on tomatoes appeared:

For the Home-Maker's Column.  
Reading the chapter on Tomatoes in the "Home-Maker's Column," tonight, reminds me of a recipe I have for pickling them which meets great favor with all who have tried it.

I send it, trusting it may not be too late for this season's fruit. It is called

**FRENCH PICKLE.**

Chop one-half peck of green tomatoes and large onions; pour over one-half bushel of salt and let it stand overnight. In the morning drain off and boil one pint of vinegar, half a cup of sugar and one pint of water; drain again; then boil one-half of brown sugar, one-fourth lb. mustard seed, 1 tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and mustard, one-fourth tablespoonful each of red pepper and ginger. Boil.

*Shelburne, Aug. 12, '84.*

If the tomatoes are crisp and tender, a similar pickle may be made without cooking—by chopping, putting in the spices and pouring over cold vinegar enough to cover. No sugar is used in this case, but green peppers chopped well are a great addition.

Green tomatoes are also used in combination with cabbage, cucumbers, onions, celery, etc., for mixed pickles; for this they are usually chopped and treated as above. Such pickles are known as Piccalilli or Chow Chow.

Various kinds of sauces are made, resembling catchup, and are known as Shilly or Chili sauce.

In general, a person having some knowledge of cooking can make a compound of whatever materials they have on hand that will be satisfactory to themselves and others—whether pickles or anything else.

It is not too late to hear more about all sorts of pickles if any one has an inclination to give us a hint, and hints are always in order.

## VOLUME LI.

For the Democrat.  
[Written on receiving a basket of flowers from Mrs. J. C. Marble, of Paris.]

BY MRS. ELLIOT SMITH.

Friend of my heart—and lady true!  
The flowers you brought me, gave such bliss  
As only they whose friends are few  
Can justify a gift like this.

Their fragrant breath, whose memories deep  
Of bridal wreaths and forebears fair—  
Pale lips that ever silent keep—  
All the sad rites, and funeral prayer.

As one, by one, with gentle touch,  
I place them in the watered vase;  
Wonder, my friends give me so much  
Of beauty, I cannot replace.

O friend most dear! In future life,  
Where we shall read each motive clear—  
I'll sing to you in Paradise,  
A sweeter song, than I can here.

For Time has swept my love with storms!  
And lashed the chords of love and bliss,  
That with ringing and yearning words,  
But mine, and wet with tears, to this.

NEWARK, AUG. 22, 1884.

[Madison, Ind.] Evening Courier /  
PURPUREUS SPARGAN FLORES.

BY PRIVATE DALLER.

[Written for the Grand National Encampment G. A. R., Minneapolis, Minn., July 23d, 1884. Especially dedicated to General John A. Logan.]

"I will scatter purple blossoms"  
To the pathway clear and high,  
While the heroes of Atlanta  
Are superbly marching by.

And the cheers of many millions  
Of loyal men and true,  
Shall forevermore keep sounding  
For our gallant boys in blue.

"I will scatter purple blossoms"  
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and Johnny was duly installed as cabin-boy and general do nothing.

I do not remember ever seeing him at work. He proved to be, as far as we saw, a mild, pleasant, easy-going little chap, very unlike his mother's portrayal of him, and was soon a universal favorite.

He was so young and so small it seemed folly to expect anything thoroughly useful of him. He wandered about the ship, gathering up whatever came in his way, waiting on the officers, helping the cook, taking care of the goats,—a friend had sent us two as playmates, and with an eye to milk for my mother's coffee,—and sometimes for a whole day playing with us at anything we fancied. He could dress a doll and set out toy-dishes; he could make tiny kites and frail bows and arrows; he could arrange a scrap-book or set up fishing-tackle, and he seemed equally happy and content in cabin or fore-castle. Yet when we reached San Francisco he almost instantly and miraculously disappeared, and left no trace.

My father was much annoyed. The mother's tears and entreaties, her anxiety, her confidence in the good effects of the voyage, and her trust in my father, were constantly present to him. Had Johnny taken to Jonah's whale as a craft, he could not have been more profoundly swallowed up. At last my father accepted the situation as best he might, and after writing home full accounts of all that had been done, seemed to dismiss the matter from his mind, as one in which he had performed his duty, spite of failure.

San Francisco at that time was a city in the rough. It is impossible to convey to any thoroughly Eastern and untraveled mind any conception of it. Such curious combinations of shingle and mud, of paper and slats! Such motley, picturesque, frightful, ridiculous crowd, forever coming and going! Every nation had its representative, every style of costume, every possible bearing and gesture. Gentlemen of polish and outcasts of society, the broadcloth of Paris and the Indian blanket, the stately Spaniard, the indolent South American, the bewildered Chinaman, and wide-awake Yankee continually jostled and hustled each other on the planks of the quay skirting the lovely bay, and on the narrow stretch of Long Wharf, extending an almost incredible distance into its waters. Ladies there were few, and children even fewer. My sister and I were soon great pets; and the domestic life of the ship, under my mother's home-like way, had charm for the homeless young fellows and lonely married men engaged in the tremendous struggle for existence or mighty wealth—the chances always meant one or the other.

Occasionally my father took me with him for a morning among his business friends, and very delightful I found these visits. It was after one of these we found Johnny Carter. We were walking along the quay to take the boat for our return to the ship. The quay was lined on the landward side with gambling dens—great bare rooms, entirely open to the street. At the far end, a rough stage lifted into prominence sometimes a row of Ethiopian minstrels, sometimes three or four painted women, sometimes a seedy pianist and a half-starved violinist.

Between this stage and the street, row after row of tables were set out, crowded with men dressed in red shirts, broad slouched hats, broad belts, and a perfect array of weapons. Cries and blows and struggles were as common as the twang of the guitar or the voice of the singer, and my father always hurried me along, trembling as I was, striving to distract my attention from the sights and sounds I still recall with horror.

On this day of which I write, he suddenly paused before one of the dens, and deliberately walked into its very midst, still holding my hand. At a table near the center of the room, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Johnny Carter, who was intently watching the deft fingers of a quartet of gamblers. Piles of gold-dust, right-cornered pieces, and lumps of quartz lay heaped upon the table, and roused for the recent arrival from the outskirts of civilization.

With a wild cry the little wretch writhed himself from my father's grasp and threw himself into the midst of the group, howling for protection.

In an instant all was confusion. The men sprang up from their games on all sides, leaving their gold as readily and as recklessly as though no more depended on the turn of a card than in a mere game for the love of it. They crowded close around us—great, bearded, swarthy, terrible fellows, who seemed never to have been born of woman. Johnny pouring out shell screams very well made up of terror and ecstasy, told a pitiful tale. He had been beaten and kicked and starved and thrown overboard and towed; he had been worked night and day; he was afraid of his life. Only save him! Only keep him away from the dreadful ship!

The crowd roared a fearful oath that they would stand by him and then turned the cattle to fearful threats against my father. He stood like a rock, and I, silent, scarcely terrified, but terribly excited, clung to his side. The dreadful faces, surged nearer, the cruel knives began to gleam in sharp curves and flourishes, the unmistakable "click" of fire arms sounded on all sides. A woman's voice screamed from the stage—

"Oh, the little child! Take care the little child!"

Some of the gruff voices near us took up the cry. My father did not raise me to his breast, as he usually might have done, and thus have screamed himself, but he threw his arm around me, and

slowly and coolly made his way to the door. He was a man of splendid presence, and that always "tells" more or less. Tall, finely formed, with the step, the carriage of the head, the glance of the eye, of those born to command, he passed through their midst undaunted. There was no air of reckless bravado about him. He was simply ready for anything, "fearing not what man could do unto him," and they felt it. Crowding us, yet making way for us, threatening him with eye and voice and death dealing hand, yet only threatening, we passed through them to the street. They went with us, and the very air of heaven seemed to give them new wrath. Brawny arms were stretched to snatch me from him; but I had heard the woman's voice and the man's words, and I knew well I was his protection. I clung the closer, and I knew I gave back from my baby eyes the proud scorn of my father's spirit. One of them swore a oath that I was "a plucky little devil," and then they cheered me and cursed my father. Still he went on and gave no sign. It was but a few steps to the Long Wharf and the waiting boat. There was a swell and away of the crowd. I saw through a gap the blue waters of the bay, and, close at hand, the well-known, dark-blue flag, white-crossed and red-centered, which was our ship's ensign. The next instant familiar faces rose about us; the young merchants from the office we had recently left pushed their way to us, and chery voices cried out:

"Here, captain! we'll stand by you! The committee is out!"

The mob gave a wild roar, and surged in frenzy. My father spoke for the first time:

"Ramsey, take my girl. These devils may not hold off long. I will never run from them!"

The next instant I was in the boat, and saw my father spring into full view of the crowd, and in bold relief against the cloudless sky, upon a pile of merchandise. "My lady!" he cried, in a voice trained to surmount the storms of the deep, "my lady! I am an unarmed man. You are a hundred to one. Shoot, if you will, but give me a chance to speak."

It was so brave a defiance they were impressed by it, easily awayed as they were in the reckless disregard of time or life or pain, which their self-outlawed existence had engendered. They were suddenly hushed and quiet.

"Go it, old buck!" called out a shrill, youthful voice. There was



# The Oxford Democrat.

WEEKLY.

PARIS, MAINE, SEPTEMBER 2, 1884.

GEO. H. WATKINS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—Yearly subscription, \$1.50, in advance; single copies, five cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All legal advertisements given three consecutive insertions for \$1.00 per line in length of column. Probate notices inserted as above for \$1.00 per line, except those relating to land estates, which are \$1.50 each. Special contracts made with local transient or yearly advertisers.

**JOHN FRANKLIN.**—The Oxford Democrat Office is now stocked with new materials for doing all kinds of plain or fancy job printing. An experienced job printer is always in the office, and all orders given for job printing, will be promptly and satisfactorily executed.

## REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

**NELSON DINGLEY JR.**  
Our candidate for Congress. Hon. Nelson Dingley Jr. should have a rousing majority in Oxford County. Mr. Dingley has faithfully represented this District in the House of Representatives. He has made a name for himself second to that of no member from Maine. He has attained to national prominence, in a remarkably brief time, by strict attention to his duties as a Congressman. We believe that many men who have formerly supported the opposition ticket will wish to endorse Mr. Dingley's active interest in our affairs by voting for him next Monday. We wish to caution all such that they write his name as it appears in this article, **NELSON DINGLEY JR.** If the R. is omitted, the ballot will not be counted. It will be throwing your vote away. All those who vote the straight Republican ticket will be supplied with ballots correctly printed.

Vote the straight Republican ticket.

**MR. DINGLEY AT OXFORD.**

(REPORTED FOR THE DEMOCRAT BY J. K. CHASE.)

Tuesday, the day Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr. spoke here, was cold and rainy. An audience of about 100 persons gathered in the church to hear the best of the town.

Joseph Robinson, Esq., introduced Mr. Dingley, with a few well chosen remarks. Mr. Dingley's speech was a model—right to the point, so plain and clear a child could understand, and yet taking up all the important topics of the campaign. He told no stories, sketched no one, in short, spoke like the gentleman he is, yet he held the attention of his audience so closely that scarcely a person moved during his two hours' speech. He spoke, in substance, as follows:

A learned Frenchman once said to me, speaker, the difference between my country and yours is that in France we have one sovereign, but in the United States every man is a sovereign. It is even so. Our rulers are elected or chosen by the people. The very poorest and humblest man has as much power at the polls as the richest. The votes of each alike count one. The power which we each have of choosing our own rulers is a grave responsibility, and should not be used lightly. We should try to get all the information possible on political questions, and vote not to gratify some whim or partisan malice, but in such a way as to advance the greatest good to the greatest number. The Presidency of our country is an exalted office, attended with great responsibilities. The man who is raised to this high office should be one whose long experience in public affairs has proven him to be worthy of the place, and capable of discharging its grave duties in a commendable manner. Let us lay all partisan feelings aside and consider the two candidates in this campaign. James G. Blaine is known and respected by all men. We have known him through some of the most trying and important events in the history of our country, not only as a politician but as a neighbor and a friend. He is the foremost man of our time. I have known him, said the speaker, for thirty years as intimately as I know my own brother, and I can conscientiously say he is the purest statesman and the most noble patriot of the age. The shafts of partisan malice have been hurled against him, but they have always recoiled upon the throwers, leaving Blaine more honored than before. He came to this State and assumed editorial charge of the Kennebec Journal when only 25 years old, a stranger to our State politics. Yet his superior talents speedily raised him to a position of great influence in the politics and policy of Maine. At the age of 25 he was a leading power in the councils of the Republican party, so recognized by Fessenden, Hamlin, the two Morrills and others then and still prominent in the State. Shortly after, he sold his interest in the Journal and took editorial charge of the Portland Advertiser. In 1857 he was elected to the State Legislature, and he faithfully and faithfully discharged every duty that was laid upon him. He was elected to Congress, and he was re-elected every term for sixteen years, being the longest any man has ever served in Congress. After having served six years in Congress, though still a young man of 35, he was chosen Speaker of the House by a highly complimentary vote—the ballot standing 155 for Blaine, 57 for Kerr of Indiana. He held the office of Speaker for six years, a period surpassed by only two others in our country's history. In a position second only to that of President, in a position of honor and trust, he was looking to us to see what we think of the candidate, and what effect his candidacy has upon our people. If Maine gives a good routing Republican candidate, it will cast a shadow over the national party. Only one week remains for work. It is necessary that every voter should be at the polls. All absent voters should be called home, and no efforts should be spared to see that every voter casts his ballot early in the day. There should be no stay at home this year. If our voters are all out, we shall accomplish what is expected of the party and the people of Maine. All our people should take pride in the fact that a presidential candidate has been selected from among our own people. This can best be indicated by a vote for the Republican ticket in September. No doubt all understand this, and those who wish to see Mr. Blaine in the Presidential chair, will need no urging to vote the whole Republican ticket in September.

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## OUR COUNTY TICKET.

The Republicans of Oxford County present a County ticket which can be heartily supported by all those who wish for a careful, economical administration of the County affairs. Most of the gentlemen whose names are presented are men who have had experience in official life, and whose past record is a sufficient guarantee of what they will do in the future. They are men of high moral principles, temperate, honest and efficient. We do not believe that the people of Oxford County will set aside for new and inexperienced men, such as are presented by the fusion ticket. Then let every man go early to the polls and vote a straight Republican ticket, laying aside personal prejudices, if he has any, and give a hearty endorsement to those men who have been so faithful to the trust committed to their hands. Our majority of 1882 should be largely increased this time. It will be so if every man does his duty.

**NELSON DINGLEY JR.**

Our candidate for Congress. Hon. Nelson Dingley Jr. should have a rousing majority in Oxford County. Mr. Dingley has faithfully represented this District in the House of Representatives. He has made a name for himself second to that of no member from Maine. He has attained to national prominence, in a remarkably brief time, by strict attention to his duties as a Congressman. We believe that many men who have formerly supported the opposition ticket will wish to endorse Mr. Dingley's active interest in our affairs by voting for him next Monday. We wish to caution all such that they write his name as it appears in this article, **NELSON DINGLEY JR.** If the R. is omitted, the ballot will not be counted. It will be throwing your vote away. All those who vote the straight Republican ticket will be supplied with ballots correctly printed.

Vote the straight Republican ticket.

**MR. DINGLEY AT OXFORD.**

(REPORTED FOR THE DEMOCRAT BY J. K. CHASE.)

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## PROSPERITY OF THIS COUNTRY UNDER REPUBLICAN RULE.

In his speech at Norway Hall, at the Republican flag-raising, the Hon. Dexter A. Hawkins, of New York, stated some facts, derived from official sources, relating to the growth in population, production and wealth of the United States, under Republican management, for the last twenty-four years, that deserve to be remembered and their teachings heeded by every good citizen. We condense them, necessarily omitting the numerous and interesting illustrations and inferences.

The population, notwithstanding four years of war and the destruction of half a million lives, has increased from 31,000,000 in 1860 to 37,000,000 in 1880. A reduction of pig iron in 1880 was small, and of steel and steel rails practically nothing. Now of pig iron, the type of strength, it is 3,000,000 tons per year, and the annual capacity of our steel rail mills is 2,000,000 tons. Then our yearly output of coal was only 15,000,000 tons. Now it is 104,000,000 tons; and the energy in three and a half tons of the best coal is equal to that of a man for his lifetime. This coal is turning our machinery and driving our steamships and locomotives; in fact doing work equivalent to that of 400,000,000 of human beings and creating our wealth. Then we had 30,000 miles of railway; now we have 120,000 miles, giving constant employment to 1,000,000 men. These railways have cost \$5,000,000,000, and their annual gross receipts are \$1,000,000,000, equal to the whole of the shipping, mercantile and naval, of England. Then we had only 25,000 miles of telegraph; now we have 500,000 miles, flashing intelligence and moving business in every city, town and village in the country. Our entire foreign commerce then, that is the value of all merchandise exported and all merchandise imported per year was only \$480,000,000; and the balance of trade was so largely against us as to draw out of us our gold and silver and still leave us in debt to England and Europe. Now our foreign commerce amounts to \$1,500,000,000 per year, and for the last eight years the balance of trade is in our favor \$1,300,000,000. This has kept our gold and silver at home, paid a debt of over one thousand million dollars, and we are now exporting gold to the value of \$1,000,000,000 per year, and drawing so great a quantity of gold from Europe, that while in 1860 we had only \$145,000,000 of gold and silver in this country, now we have \$500,000,000; being more than any other nation possesses; and in addition to this our mines are yielding \$700,000,000 per year, thirty of gold and forty of silver.

No country at the present time has so solid a basis for paper money convertible at the will of the holder into specie as ours.

Our cereal crops now amount in an average year to 2,000,000,000 bushels; in 1870 they were less than half that. This has been brought about chiefly by the extension of railroads into the rich lands of the West, the increase of population and the improvement and cheapness of farming utensils.

Our manufactures in 1860 were comparatively small, so that we had to send abroad for supplies to carry on the war; now they amount to \$5,000,000,000 per year, comprise everything necessary for the health and comfort of human life, and are exported to every part of the world. Eleven years ago we were paying England \$144 per ton for steel rails; now our own mills stand ready to furnish any quantity at \$25 per ton, or just one-quarter what we had to pay for them when we bought them abroad; and yet wages, on an average, are seventy-five per cent. higher here than in Europe.

The attraction of high wages, plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and good and free government has in the last twenty-two years drawn to our shores 7,500,000 immigrants who are worth to this country as more producing manhood than at least \$1,000 each; that is in all \$7,500,000,000; and is equivalent to a balance of trade in our favor in this time of that enormous amount.

From 1870 to 1880, ten years, the annual value of our manufactures increased \$2,000,000,000; while for the same period the value of the exports of the United States increased \$1,000,000,000, or a thousand million dollars more. If we continue this growth a few years more, we shall be the great manufacturing and exporting nation of the world. Many articles that have been highly protected for years, now through the excellence and abundance of our raw materials, the skill of our artisans, and the superiority of our machinery, are shipped to the very markets in which we formerly bought our chief supply. We now send cotton cloth and tools to England, farming utensils and machinery to Germany, and Russia, and watches not only to England, but even to Switzerland.

It is the manufacturing nation, not the one that merely produces the raw materials, that becomes rich and powerful.

The entire value of the country in 1860 was only \$10,000,000,000; it is now \$50,000,000,000, making us not only the most thriving and prosperous, but the richest nation in the world. The war cost us, as the books of the Treasury show, over \$6,000,000,000. Any other nation would have staggered under this burden. But our affairs have been so well managed, that instead of staggering we have marched with a firmer tread every year; have paid off already more than three-quarters of this cost; and our only difficulty promises to be to induce our remaining creditors to surrender our bonds as fast as we are ready with the cash to pay them. We have the respect and admiration of every other nation; and, standing on our resources, but after paying for the war, we are richer than ever.

All this has occurred under Republican rule. What do our Democratic friends propose to do, if we will only put them in power to undo all this?

They propose to do just what they have already done three times in the last seventy years, and bankrupted the country each time. They propose to undo all this, and to do it in 1884. In 1840 they did it, and by 1849 the whole country was prostrated, and specie swept out of the United States to pay for goods bought in England. In 1853 the protective policy was repealed, and business revived, and the war debt was paid. In 1862, at the demand of the Southern States, the tariff was returned to a revenue tariff; by 1867 gold and silver again left us and the whole nation became insolvent. In 1870 protection was restored and business became good once more. In 1874 they repealed the tariff, and by 1878 the whole country was prostrated, and specie swept out of the United States to pay for goods bought in England. In 1881 the protective policy was again established, and though for twelve years, steel rails sold for \$25 per ton, taxes, yet since these taxes were removed, it has enabled us to pay that balance, has restored specie payments, brought our business back to normal, and has given us more gold and silver, greater prosperity and more wealth than any other nation on the globe.

Let the ballot for the Democratic party every voter should consider whether he wishes to exchange the growth and prosperity of the last twenty-four years for the disaster, poverty and ruin which would be the result of the repeal of the tariff and the removal of the protective policy of 1881, 1870 and 1847.

## JAMES S. WRIGHT, Esq. will give a political address at North Norway Chapel, next Thursday evening.

Cut ANSON S. WOOD, of Albany, N. Y., has been holding some very successful meetings in Oxford County, during the past week.

**JONATHAN BARTLETT** of Stoneham has been nominated as candidate for Representative to the Legislature from the District composed of Newry, Grafton, Upton, Lincoln Plantation, Bethel, Gilead, Mason, Albion, Stoneham, Hanover, Riley and the unincorporated towns.

**HON. GEO. A. WILSON**, Judge of Probate for Oxford County, gave a very interesting political address, in New York City, last Monday. He was greeted by a house well filled by citizens of this and adjoining towns who were well entertained by the speaker. Mr. Wilson compared the records of the two political parties, showing that under Republican administration and a protective tariff, the country had greatly prospered, notwithstanding a great war had been carried on in the mean time. He compared the record of Mr. Blaine with the record of Governor Cleveland, and showed that the former was much better qualified for the position of President. Mr. Wilson introduced Blaine's name in eloquent sentences which were greeted with prolonged applause. He answered some of the points raised by Mr. Hastings and Mr. Kimball in their speeches, made a work of previous years, and showed conclusively that they had argued on the wrong side. Mr. Wilson spoke at North Norway Chapel last Thursday evening. We advise all parties to turn out and hear him, as he will give them solid facts and unimpeachable truths.

**MRS. MATTIE**—There will be a Mass Meeting at Sebago Lake next Thursday, Sept. 4. There will be speaking by distinguished orators, cannon salutes, hand concerts and campaign songs. Paros will be reduced on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad. Round trip tickets will be sold at the following rates from towns in Oxford County: Fryeburg, \$1.00; Brownfield, \$1.00; Hiram, \$1.00. This will afford a splendid opportunity for the people of Western Oxford to participate in a good political demonstration. Among the speakers will be ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Kimball, of New York, Hon. E. L. Rollins of New Hampshire, Governor Robie and Gen. C. P. Mattocks of Portland.

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**\$11.50**  
**IN CASH**  
**GIVEN AWAY**  
**ATTENTION, SMOKERS!**

Attention is called to the fact that the following advertisement is being given away in the form of a cigarette. It is a cigarette with a picture of a man on it. The man is a young man with a mustache, wearing a suit and tie. The cigarette is given away to the first person who sends in a card to the publisher of this paper, stating that they have seen this advertisement and want to know more about it. The card should be sent to the publisher of this paper, at the address given below. The card should be sent in by the first of the month of the year in which this advertisement appears. The card should be sent in by the first of the month of the year in which this advertisement appears. The card should be sent in by the first of the month of the year in which this advertisement appears.

Professional Cards, &c.

**West Paris Hotel**  
**LIVERY STABLE**  
**S. J. CALDWELL, Proprietor.**  
**MAINE.**

**BETTER & BROKER.**

**BONDS, BANK AND R. R. STOCKS,**  
**So. of Middle St. Three doors west Canal St.**  
**PORTLAND, MAINE.**

**W. F. BROWN.**

**SURVEYOR.**  
**East Surver, Maine.**

**ISAAC BAGNALL,**  
**Woolen Manufacturer.**

**MAINE.**

**E. W. CHANDLER,**  
**CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,**  
**MAINE.**

**DOORS, WINDOWS & SCREENS,**  
**MAINE.**

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**OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.**

**ANDOVER, Aug. 29.**—Amos Campbell, a young man in the employ of Wm. Gregg, fell from a load of oats and broke his shoulder, yesterday.

There was a temperance rally at the Congregational church, last Sunday evening. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Dime, Rev. Mr. French and others.

Dea. Josiah Bailey is visiting friends in Illinois.

Mr. Thomas Fox of Dorchester, Mass., is visiting at his grandfather's, S. Poor, in the city.

Mr. F. W. Eaton, who went west in the spring, has returned satisfied that Maine is a very good place after all.

Born, Aug. 22, to the wife of M. E. Corson, a daughter.

Mrs. Chas. E. Berran of Bridgewater, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. H. Mitchell of this place.

Hon. Henry V. Poor and wife of Brookline, Mass., are in town.

Some of the hop-growers commenced picking this week; the others will begin Monday, Sept. 1st. The crop is said to be good.

Messrs. E. S. & O. B. Poor are doing considerable business thrashing—the farmers hauling grain from the field to their machine.

**BETHEL.**—The Republicans of Bethel raised two Blaine and Logan flags, Wednesday night. Afterwards they held a rally in the hall, which was filled to overflowing with a crowd of enthusiastic Republicans, while many went away for want of room. They were addressed by Congressman Dingley, who was in his best mood, and by Hon. Mark H. Dunsell, of Minnesota. Mr. Dingley, discussed the candidates and the record and policy of the Republican party, and the policy of the Republican party, and the policy of the Republican party.

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**Our two Sabbath-schools have voted to have a picnic, near the ice caverns, some time in Sept. A good time is anticipated. All are invited.**

Last week it was hot and dry, and this week it is cold and wet; so cold yesterday morning that there was quite a frost on low land; so that we have had a frost every month this season except July.

Today we are having a fine rain storm. There is some hay to be cut yet, and but little grain is harvested. Corn not yet fairly in the milk. The swallows have left for their southern home.

J. Henry Briggs of Albany, was over to see us last week; and, the weather being warm, we went to a pond about a mile distant, for the purpose of having an old-fashioned swim. I felt a little timid at first, as I had not been in the water before for fifteen years. But I had not forgotten the art; I could handle myself in the water nearly as well as when I practiced it continually. Dryden says a man never forgets his original trade; and the "trade" of swimming was one of the first that I ever learned. Henry is a fine swimmer, and is about as much at home in the water as a porpoise. He is a young man, of excellent principles; he is a good singer and connected with the choir in that town. He has written about three hundred papers for the current press, and is a good editor for that department himself. Dea. Lovejoy employs him again this summer on his farm, this making six seasons that he has been with him—a pretty strong inference that they like each other.

**HERBON.** (The Auburn excursion concluded.)—Lake Grove in East Auburn, presents a wonderful variety of attractions, and on our arrival we endeavored to see and enjoy its diversity of amusements. The dining saloon ready to picnic parties will accommodate nearly a hundred persons. A large number of Mr. Cushman's friends from Lewiston and Auburn came to dine with us. Miss Kinsey, a reporter of the *Lewiston Journal*, accompanied us from West Auburn. While our company were luxuriating in a most excellent supply of provisions which were furnished by the hotel, we were surrounded by picnic parties from other places who had come for the same purpose. Among the excursionists were about fifty from Turner, under auspices of the Universalist society. One of the finest views in crossing the lake is that of White Cap Hill, and after the pleasures of the day we took a sunset view of this and other shady groves surrounding the lake, and returned home with memories of quiet scenery and a day spent profitably with our most ardent friends.

Quite a number of scholars are in town now. Some are studying and others are arranging their rooms for the coming term. Our summer visitors are leaving the place for their respective homes and only a few will be present at the opening of the Academy.

**HERBON, Aug. 21.**—Senator Eugene Hale spoke at Herbon, Aug. 21. Notwithstanding the storm at the time, about one hundred and seventy-five people were present. Mr. Hale is a calm, dignified speaker, and gave a very clear illustration of the evil effects of free trade.

Hon. James B. Roney, of Pennsylvania, spoke at Kezar Falls, Aug. 18. Mr. Roney is a very eloquent speaker, and delivered an able address.

**LOCKE'S MILLS, Aug. 22.**—The lawn festival, held at E. E. Hand's, last evening, by the Ladies' Social Club, was a complete success—they realizing over thirty dollars for the church. Much credit is due the Locke's Mills Brass Band for their excellent music, and Miss Downs for her bountiful supply of button-hole bouquets and potted flowers from which she received a very nice sum; also the gipsy camp of Mr. Jordan's, with Mrs. Hand as the gipsy fortune teller; and Mrs. Herrick as the beautiful daughter, was a very nice affair. Thanks are due to Miss Carrier for her vocal which was very amusing, and the song sung by Misses Rand, Young, and Herrick—and Mr. Reed must not be forgotten for his song, entitled "My Three Wives." The ladies of the Society can feel proud for the nice supper they furnished.

The Tibbets Manufacturing Co. are re-setting their engine and making other repairs which will compel them to shut down for a week or more, although they have a good supply of orders.

**NORWAY.**—Republican Rally Friday evening, at Norway Hall. The speech of the evening was made by Hon. Nelson Dingley of Lewiston. The remarks were interesting and spirited. Music by the Norway Band, which deserve a great deal of credit by some very finely rendered selections.

The new High School house is fast being rebuilt; when completed it can hardly be beaten outside of our cities. I understand the fall term of school will be postponed until a few weeks later.

Hon. Mark H. Dunsell of Minnesota, formerly a schoolmaster of this place, was in town, Thursday.

Messrs. George and Frank Howe left, Tuesday, for the Mountains, and a little later will visit Quebec, Niagara Falls, Thousand Isles, and other places of interest.

Mrs. O. W. Collins has returned from the Mountains, where she has been with her husband.

Mr. Irving Favor and sister have been spending a few days in town.

Mr. J. A. Roberts, Miss Roberts, Mr. Dunsell, and Miss Weeks, all of Boston, were the guests of Mr. Herman Horn for the past week.

Rev. W. W. Hooper of Mechanic Falls, is in town.

**SO. PARIS.**—Hon. Wm. Deering of Chicago, the millionaire manufacturer of iron, visiting and repairing machinery, is in town, visiting his father, Mr. James Deering.

Mr. Deering was a Paris boy, and his unexceptionable record as a self-made business man is one in which every citizen of Paris takes a just pride. Mr. Deering was the founder of the immense business of Wm. Deering & Co., which has grown from one small work-shop with one workman, in 1861, at Paris, Ill., to a business requiring offices, warehouses and lumber yards, covering more than twenty-five acres in the suburbs of Chicago and giving employment to between fourteen hundred and fifteen hundred men, with over fifteen hundred agencies in the U. S. and foreign countries.

Mr. L. W. Jackson, of the Alamo House, intends to raise up his hotel and add another story the coming fall.

Dr. J. W. Davis and wife returned last Wednesday from a three weeks' trip to Michigan.

Mr. Geo. Burman, of the firm of Burman, Morrill, cork packers, is stopping at the Andrews House, and will remain during the packing season.

H. E. Foss of the Methodist Society, will give a *Temperance Discourse* at the church on the morning of the last Sabbath before the State election. Mr. Foss is a speaker of no mean ability and all friends of prohibition are urged to his advantage to be in attendance.

The skating rink will be open Friday evening, instead of Saturday evening, this week.

**VOTE FOR THE AMENDMENT.**

**WEST PARIS, Aug. 30th.**—A. J. Ricker's family are visiting in York County.

L. B. Swan has been here a few days. He returns to Gorham, to aid in finishing the buildings of Mr. Chas. Endicott. They are to be built of the most ancient and variegated stone laid in cement.

Village school began Monday, in the continued career of the popular and favorite teacher, Miss Clara Bryant.

Col. W. C. Plummer of Takotah made a sharp though candid comparison between the two old parties, and the leading issues on which they differ, at Centennial Hall, Tuesday evening. Notwithstanding bad weather, a crowded house listened to the Colonel's able address. H. G. Brown presided; the Band furnished good music; they played, with other Bands, at Norway, Wednesday.

E. H. Jenkins is here, and is getting out a "proof" of type, intending to dispose of his job printing office. Meanwhile he has in consideration the flattering offer of the English publishers, Cassel & Co., made him by the N. Y. manager, Mr. W. J. Holland, while in Portland.

Several of our people are at Poland camp-meeting, this week. Bad weather for them.

C. E. Stowell is about to go to Locke's Mills, where he has a good job in the pool mill.

J. F. Young was in town over last Sabbath. He has been sadly bereaved by the almost simultaneous death of a sister, Blanche, and a brother, Fred—the one in Boston, the other in Bethel.

S. B. Locke, having disposed of his interest in the firm of Whitcomb & Locke, is about to return here and resume charge of his grist and flour mill.

The steam mill will shut down in about a week, until winter. Several of the men think of working while in the sled factory at So. Paris.

The Messrs. Buckman are *thrashing* everything they can, having attached their machine to the mill steam power via a belt through the window.

Mr. Stevens and family, from Vermont, are about to remove here; they will occupy the house with Mr. Humphrey, Mrs. Stevens's father. Mr. Humphrey is married, two nice secretaries of Dr. Packard; for his home, the other for the drug store office.

C. H. Lane and family are visiting and fishing in Andover and vicinity, this week. The Universalist Circle opens the fall campaign by a meeting, to choose officers, at J. H. Barrows's, Sept. 4.

Miss Annie Young has gone to Locke's Mills, to stop permanently.

The fall crops are promising in this section. Apples and other fruits are plenty. A large crop of corn is prospective. Grains of all kinds are heavy. Potatoes are an average crop, though rot, and much worms are making havoc. Corn on many farms. N. B.—The "root crops," the "pumpkin crop," and other "fruit of the vine," "garden sassa" and such truck is fast maturing.

Recent visits to several towns in this County convince me that Old Oxford will—on the 5th—give a rousing majority for Robie—as well as for Constitutional Prohibition; and, judging from considerable personal knowledge of the current political sentiment in two-thirds of the State, all Maine will "go and do likewise."

Mr. G. Stirling, the illustrious jeweler, has been in town this week.

**Effluvia.**

**WATERFORD, Aug. 24th.**—A Blaine and Logan flag was raised in Waterford, Saturday evening; after which Hon. James B. Roney addressed a large and enthusiastic gathering of people on the political issues of the day, in Public Hall. In a terse and eloquent manner, Mr. Roney reviewed the record of both the Republican and Democratic parties, and he most conclusively proved to all who were able to weigh evidence that the Republicans should continue to hold the power and certainly should. The workings of free trade were fully illustrated with all the train of evils it would bring upon the common people of this country, if the Democrats should be successful.

**A DAY WITH THE SHERIFFS.**

**ENFORCING THE LIQUOR LAW IN PORTLAND.**

**REV. DR. L. F. WARREN'S CONCURRENCES.**

On invitation of the deputy sheriff, we joined them in their round of operations for one day. Our readers will understand that there are three deputy sheriffs in Portland, to the task of enforcing the liquor law. They start forth usually every morning, sometimes with warrants which have been taken out for the arrest of the offenders, and at other times they go out on their own motion under the general instructions pertaining to their office. Knowing thoroughly every place, they are at no loss where to go. Mounting their wagons, which were supplied with tools for opening doors and a skill for loading barrels, we drove rapidly down Center to Fore Street. As we were near the latter, we saw several small boys that seemed to have been on the lookout, running and giving signals at two or three doors that somebody was coming. Alighting at one of the most notorious of the "open saloons," the two officers rushed in, and following them we found ourselves in the "bar." For a moment we were startled. Here was the counter, with glasses and shelves and rows of well-filled decanters, a veritable liquor saloon indeed! The sheriff's however, seemed quite at home; he looked after the bottles, but found no colored slugs. Not a drop of liquor could be found on the premises, in bar, or closet, or cellar, or yard, or outhouse. We can bear witness that the search was thorough, for we saw it with our own eyes. Just as we left, a man told the officers that a person with two bottles had escaped out of the place a few moments before they came. Mounting the vehicle again, we drove up Danforth Street, and a little above State, perceived the same signals as before, two girls speeding along the sidewalk to give the alarm. The first place entered was a dwelling house which has often been visited successfully, but this time without result. Near by was a small grocery, with a saloon in the back apartment. Here, too, were the counter, the glasses and the handsome well-filled decanters, but no liquor. The stable in the rear, however, was more productive. Several bottles were fished out of a heap of horse straw, and two or three more from the recesses of an old clothes press. Under a pile of kindling wood, a crack in the floor invited investigation, which revealed a newly made cavity underneath, containing a barrel of ale with its spigot connected by a piece of hose with a cork just out of the underpinning wall. An alarmed cry of "There he's found it!" was heard from a group of slatternly women and dirty urchins who were being smashed by the officer on the spot. The sheriff's, however, were not so easily deterred. All of these had the decanters of colored fluids in their possession, which revealed a newly made cavity underneath, containing a barrel of ale with its spigot connected by a piece of hose with a cork just out of the underpinning wall. An alarmed cry of "There he's found it!" was heard from a group of slatternly women and dirty urchins who were being smashed by the officer on the spot. The sheriff's, however, were not so easily deterred. All of these had the decanters of colored fluids in their possession, which revealed a newly made cavity underneath, containing a barrel of ale with its spigot connected by a piece of hose with a cork just out of the underpinning wall. An alarmed cry of "There he's found it!" was heard from a group of slatternly women and dirty urchins who were being smashed by the officer on the spot. The sheriff's, however, were not so easily deterred. All of these had the decanters of colored fluids in their possession, which revealed a newly made cavity underneath, containing a barrel of ale with its spigot connected by a piece of hose with a cork just out of the underpinning wall. An alarmed cry of "There he's found it!" was heard from a group of slatternly women and dirty urchins who were being smashed by the officer on the spot. The sheriff's, however, were not so easily deterred. All of these had the decanters of colored fluids in their possession, which revealed a newly made cavity underneath, containing a barrel of ale with its spigot connected by a piece of hose with a cork just out of the underpinning wall. An alarmed cry of "There he's found it!" was heard from a group of slatternly women and dirty urchins who were being smashed by the officer on the spot. The sheriff's, however, were not so easily deterred. All of these had the decanters of colored fluids in their possession, which revealed a newly made cavity underneath, containing a barrel of ale with its spigot connected by a piece of hose with a cork just out of the underpinning wall. An alarmed cry of "There he's found it!" was



