The Oxford Democrat.

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THE HOMEMAKER'S COLUMN.

We are glad to have some letters for our column today. Aunt Olive has written to us before, but we cannot hear from her too often. If every reader of this department of the DEMOCRAT would do their part as faithfully as she does, how much more profitable and interesting it might be made.

Betsey Trotwood, though a new name here, is often seen in other columns of the paper, so the lady who adopts this *nom de plume* needs no introduction to our readers. Having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with her, and having seen many beautiful articles of her handiwork, we know her to be as much at home in our column as when she is describing the sights she has seen. We hope she will not let this, the first, be the only time we are to hear from her.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Christmas cards are in order and a person cannot have too many to send to friends at this season of kindly remembrance and good will. Perhaps a few suggestions, that will enable readers of the DEMOCRAT to make some which shall possess the added charm of being the handiwork of the giver, will be welcome:

Cut with a sharp knife from white or tinted Bristol board panels of the desired size—three inches by six is convenient. With the gilt paint which can be bought at almost any drug store, make a border around the entire card one-fourth of an inch wide—or they are pretty without the border. Paint on the cards some simple design: rose-buds, autumn leaves, forget-me-nots, woodbine or holly. Sketch with pencil a motto, "Merry Christmas," or other, appropriate to the occasion, in fancy letters, copied from print if inventive faculty is lacking, and paint in bright colors. Arrange in pairs and carry to the shoemaker who will punch eyelet holes in them, through which bright ribbon can be run and tied in a bow-knot. I have just finished one which is quite handsome. On the outside is a cross painted with the gilt and a vine in autumn tints twines about it. The motto is in red letters at the bottom. On the opposite side are rose-buds and leaves with sprays of grasses. On the second leaf is a branch of sumach with its brilliant tints, while on the outside are forget-me-nots and a maiden hair fern—the two leaves tied with scarlet ribbon. I hope some lady will try her skill at making them. By placing ribbon or silk fringed to the proper depth between two panels and pasting together a handsome card is made.

I noticed, the other day, some beautiful bookmarks, made by pasting small panel chromos on ribbon and fringing the ends to the depth of an inch and a half.

An evening hood is an acceptable present for a lady, and the following directions make a very pretty one: Take large wooden needles and two ounces of split zephyr of some delicate shade. Cast on sixty stitches and knit fifteen inches plain. Slip thirty stitches on a hair-pin lest as they will not slip off. Knit the remainder until thirty inches long and bind off. Take the stitches off the hair-pin and knit that thirty inches long also. Finish the ends with tassels or fringe of the worsted. Gather the top loosely and put a bow in the gathers. It may be made more pretty by stringing beads on the worsted and knitting them in on one side. The bow is worn on top of the head and the ends covered in the back and tied under the chin.

The pretty mittens of silk and worsted are a nice holiday present. I should advise all who wish to knit some to use Belding's silk—it makes smooth, firm work.

Dressy aprons make suitable presents. They can be made of white barred muslin, trimmed with blind Hamburg edging or lace, and brightened with ribbon belt and bows on the pockets. Or pongee or silk are handsome materials for afternoon aprons. An apron made of a nice damask towel with a crimson belt, was given me last year, and I find it convenient and pretty.

The gentlemen are the most difficult question that presents itself at the Holidays. What can be given them? Here are a few suggestions: Handkerchiefs, marked in laid embroidery with initials or monogram; clothes brush and hat brush with case for hanging; fancy lamp shade, made of Bristol board, with a little design painted on it; silken and scented cases for holding pocket handkerchiefs; blotters cut in the shape of a shield and fastened four or five together with a ribbon and a giant design of flowers or figures on the outside leaf; scarf baskets, and pen wipers.

If I have given any hints that help a tired brain tired with planning at this busy season, I am glad. BETSEY TROTWOOD.

Dear Ones of the Homemaker's Column:

After a long time I will try and pen a few lines. I know I have been very negligent, but my time has been so fully taken with other cares I have hardly seen time to write to any one. Where is "Honor"? I was so interested in her letters, and have looked in vain for her name for a long time.

Christmas is almost here again, and already I hear my little ones saying, What shall we get for Christmas presents? To me, like myself, who has to practice economy in everything, it is quite a question. What can I get them?

Bright mittens are pretty and useful, as my writers; but it takes time to make them. My little girl has taken more comfort with a jointed doll costing only five cents than with many a costlier present. I wish some of the aunts or cousins would suggest some pretty things to please the children, for we talk of a family Christmas tree.

If any of the little girls like to knit edging, I think they will like this:

WHEAT EAR EDGING.

Cast on five stitches.

1st row—knit two, over, knit one, over twice, seam two together.

2d row—over twice, seam two together, knit four.

3rd row—knit three, over, knit one, over twice, seam two together.

4th row—over twice, seam two together, knit five.

5th row—knit four, over, knit one, over twice, seam two together.

6th row—over twice, seam two together, knit six.

7th row—knit six, over twice, seam two together.

8th row—cast off three, knit four.

If this is acceptable, write again soon. AUNT OLIVE.

CAN FOOT REST.

This is made of the old tin cans that are such nuisances when empty. Take 7 neat tin cans, wrap each one in a piece of old cloth, put them in a circle, and one in the middle. Bind them together with a strip of strong cloth the width of the cans, put a few thicknesses of wadding over the top and cover.

A pretty and easy way is to piece a top of six pieces so that when sewed together they will be the shape and a little larger than the top of your cans. Herringbone the seams with zephyr, and fasten a worsted ball or button in the centre.—*Portland Transcript.*

TEA-POT HOLDER.

Cast on sixty stitches. Knit twelve at beginning and end plain. Use two balls of different colors. Knit six in one, then six in the other; when the thread is changed draw up close,—this makes the thickness of the holder.

PAPER RACK.

This is cheap and easily made, and though it will not bear much strain, is useful for a few papers or a catch all for other things.

Take a strong pasteboard box, about a foot square, and having a cover about the same depth as the box, say two or three inches. One end of the box is cut down at the corner and the end turned back even with the bottom, round the corners of this piece or finish in any way liked, and make holes in it by which to hang it on the wall. Holes are made on the sides of both box and cover, and they are tied together with ribbons, close at the bottom and farther apart higher up.

The cover and sides are decorated in any way to suit the fancy. Either scrap pictures or colored papers or anything else.

MARBLE CAKE.

2 cups sugar, 3 eggs, 2-3 cup butter, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour; flavor with lemon. To half of this add a little molasses and dark spices, enough to flavor well and give good color. Put the two kinds in a tin alternately, and give a final stir to marble it well. Or, bake in separate tins and put together when warm with jelly or white of egg for a ribbon cake.

For the Democrat.

WHEN THE CLOUDS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

The same blue sky that's o'er me, smiles o'er him;
And in the azure depths,
Methinks I see e'en now, though dim,
Because of clouds that vex my earthly sight—
A message on the portals of an endless day,
Which I shall read more clearly
When the clouds have rolled away.

All the hills, the vales and rivers,
That lie between him and me,
Wake 'neath the same blue summer sky,
Its nature's melody; as it matters naught—
The space which on silence guards—
For "Love shall reign for aye,"
And we'll read al ke that message sweet,
When the clouds have rolled away.

WINTER.

BY O. C. AUSINGER.

O Winter! thou art not that haggard Lear,
With stormy beard and countenance of woe,
Raving amain, or dumbly crouching low,
In hoary desolation mocked with fear.
To me thou art the queen of the year,
A stately virgin in her robes of snow,
With royal titles crowned, and a halo glow
With holy charms and gems celestia clear.
Nor dost thou come in barren majesty,
Thou hast thy dower of sunbeams thrice refined;
Nor songless, but with cheerful minstrelsy
Hung from the singing harp-strings of the wind;
And oh, with such sweet dreams—such visions bright,
Of flowers, and birds, and love's divine delight!

—*From the December Century.*

The Continent.

A BAD BOY AND A TELEPHONE.

I was the happiest man in the city as I folded and laid away in my pocket-book a letter from the dearest girl in the world and jumped on the horse car en route for my office.

Some months had passed since I saw my Agnes for the first time at a dinner at the Peytons. I had frequently met Miss Georgie Peyton in society and had been several times invited to her receptions, so I was not surprised to receive one day an invitation to dine with her informally, to meet a young lady from Aiken, S. C. Of course I presented myself at this informal dinner in full dress, where I met some other gentlemen in similar attire—Clarkson was one of them and a few young ladies, and was introduced to my Agnes. If I could only make you see her as she appeared to me that night—so fresh and blooming; the blue of her clear peaceful eyes, the delicate lips! But enough that then and there I yielded, and became her ardent adorer.

From the first she distinguished me with her favor. I was allowed to claim the best dances; they were always my flowers that she carried, and, finally, for she returned to Aiken, I was her accepted lover.

The year had flown swiftly, and now a brilliant prospect seemed to open before me. My firm were about to establish a branch department in another part of the city, and proposed to make one of their clerks a junior partner and manager of the new concern. I had been longest in their employ and had reason to think I was regarded with favor by "Old Gruff"—as Mr. Gruffland the senior partner was called—and he would be one to make the promotion and settle the question of salary.

Indeed, for some weeks I had seen that he was working the management into my hands; so I felt justified in writing to Agnes, urging our immediate union. The dear girl consented, and in the letter received that morning she told me she was coming again to make a long visit at the Peytons, to "do some shopping." Entrancing words!

Well, she came. There was a demure but delightful meeting at the station, and an enchanting twenty minutes, until I delivered her to Miss Georgie's arms at the Peytons' door.

Then followed days of devotion to work followed by evenings of unalloyed bliss. I say "unalloyed," but there was one drawback. The Peyton family were very considerate, Miss Georgie especially so; but my darling Agnes was haunted with the fear that they would think her visit to them was only to enjoy my society, and was constantly suggesting that we should "join the family in the sitting room." Old Mrs. Peyton was a bore, but a mild one—paterfamilias an unmitigated one. Miss Georgie was benignant, but slightly tiresome. There was only one other member of the family, a pretty little fellow named Ralph, but the girls had taken to calling him Raphael, from some fancied resemblance to one of the Sistine cherubs. He seemed a quiet little chap, with a sweet innocence of expression and demeanor, who posed a good deal of time with his cheek on his hand, after the manner of the cherub aforesaid.

Agnes had been in the city a few weeks, when one morning the telephone bell in our office rang sharply. This was of frequent occurrence, and Clarkson's desk was stationed near it to save time in answering the call. The rest of us scarcely looked up as the familiar "Hullo!" was shouted, or the concluding "All right! I'll tell Mr. Grufflland. Good-bye!" But this morning Clarkson turned to me with, "This is for you Dixon!" Accordingly I shouted "Hullo!" and in return heard Miss Georgie's voice.

"Is that you Mr. Dixon? Agnes is here, and wants to speak to you."

Then I heard her giving directions. "Stand a little nearer; press this close to your ear—so."

"Good morning," I called.

In return I heard a giggle, and my Agnes's voice exclaiming: "Oh, oh! It tickles my ear!" Then more directions from Miss Peyton, and at last the sweetest voice in the world began in as nearly as might be a stentorian roar:

"Is that really you Harry? Isn't this perfectly sweet? Are you sure they can't hear in the office, Georgia?"

"Well," from Georgia, "I should say they certainly could, if you shout like that."

"Harry," in a half whisper, "if you are sure it's you, and that no one else can hear, I want to tell you something. Do you remember that queer Miss Blake in Aiken? Do you hear me Harry?"

"Yes," I returned.

Then another giggle. "Isn't it too funny! Do you know, Harry, now that I see how to use it, I am going to talk to you ever so often. Won't it be fun? But where was I? Dear me, how stupid! Oh! I know, Miss Blake. Well, she has just sent me the loveliest —"

Here Clarkson muttered, "Old Gruff's coming," and knowing he would ask an explanation of my using the telephone messages, I was obliged to abruptly interrupt: "must go now"—I had almost said "my darling. Tell me the rest this evening."

"But, Harry!" I heard in a little grieved voice; but Mr. Grufflland's footsteps were too near, and I hung the receiver upside down, and hurried back to my desk.

All day I worked in nervous desperation. Would she try to resume the conversation? Every time the bell rang I glanced at Clarkson. The thought that it might be her voice whispering in his great red ear covered me with cold perspiration. The fear that in Mr. Grufflland's hearing I might be called upon to answer some of her chatter was still worse. I made up my mind that I must make Agnes understand that very night that she could not amuse herself in that way, and I did so gently, but resolutely. I described Clarkson's ear, and I took some liberties with it. It would be like the wretch to receive all her little confidences, and retail them for the amusement of the clerks.

Old Gruff was an ogre, capable of dismissing me without warning, if I did not attend every minute to my business. My hopes of happiness depended upon his good pleasure. Miss Peyton was cool and dignified. I suppose she knew I was exaggerating. Agnes looked hurt. Her sweet lips trembled a little, and her eyes were suspiciously dim. I longed to have her alone for a little while to comfort her, as I knew I could; but there was no chance, for although Miss Georgie relented sufficiently to go up stairs to write an "important letter," Raphael was there, resting his elbow on the table and looked up at Agnes with an expression of deep pity in his beautiful, but sleepy dark eyes.

And yet the next day the same thing occurred. Mr. Grufflland was there looking up from his papers with a glance of disapproval as I took Clarkson's place at the telephone. "My "Hullo" was rather savage.

"Oh, Harry, do forgive me! Indeed, indeed, I felt so sorry last night, and wanted to tell you so; but, you see Ralph was there. I'm all alone now. Oh, Harry, won't you forgive me?

"Of course," I returned, feeling Gruff's eyes burning unpleasantly upon the nape of my neck.

"Oh, Harry, dear, don't talk like that to me. Do say you love me."

Was there ever such a child? I felt like a cold blooded wretch as I hurriedly replied:

All right. I'll come as soon as I can, very busy now. Good by!"

I felt rather than heard a little sob at the other end of the wire. Gruff said nothing, but I was doomed to another miserable day. I managed to ask Clarkson if I was called again to say I could not attend, and five times I heard him give this message, and each time he turned away with a mighty grin. What might not Agnes have said to him!

Of course I hurried to the Peyton's determined to see her alone. She came running into the hall to meet me, bright and loving, but the annoyances of the day had made me cross, and I said curtly.

"Really, Agnes, it is very strange you don't understand a man can't take his business hours to talk with his friends. After all I said last night I must say I was surprised to be called up again today!"

Agnes stopped abruptly, and said with dignity:

"I do not understand you!"

"Why my dear little girl," I said sobered by the change in her manner. "I did not mean to be cross, but how could I talk to you about my affection and forgiveness through the telephone, with all those fellows listening to say nothing of old Gruff!"

"But I have not touched the telephone today, Harry."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Georgie!" cried Agnes stepping back to the sitting room, and I followed to tell the story.

"It is very strange," said Miss Peyton; "but of course it is some mistake. The lines are out of order or crossed in some way. But mamma and Agnes and I have been out shopping all day, and we lunched down town, so we can prove an alibi."

"It certainly was very strange, but we all concluded that it might be as Miss Georgie suggested, and the pater at once began to spin long yarns about queer messages, till at last I coaxed Agnes into the conservatory alone, and the close of the evening was all the brighter for the shadow with which it began. The dear girl sympathized with me and forgave my impatience, and was so sweet that before I knew, I found myself telling her the one event of my life I had determined to keep secret—the little entanglement I once had with Lucretia Chase. Of course she had been the most to blame, and Agnes thought her very horrid and forward, so I had to admit that Cretia had misunderstood some things I had said to her when a mere boy, and then Agnes asked me if I really, really loved her best. Ah, me! what a happy evening it was.

Again the next day the telephone annoyance began, but I felt sure of my ground, and told Clarkson he could refuse to listen. Imagine my surprise when he turned to me with a clever imitation of Agnes's voice saying:

"She is quite sure Harry will come when he knows she wants to talk to him about Cretia."

I was thunderstruck! Lucretia Chase lived in Vermont; I was morally sure no one in the city knew of her existence—no one but Agnes. I rushed to the instrument. It was the same girl's clear voice. How could anyone know that Cretia possessed some idiotic lines I had once written her—any one but Agnes. Yet now I heard them repeated:

Oh, Cretia, fairest valentine!
Will thou accept this hand of mine?
A sensitive gift my soul forbids;
But ten's the number of my kids!

I turned away in anger and surprise, only to meet old Gruff's grim glance.

"If this thing goes on Mr. Dixon, it might be well for you and Mr. Clarkson to change desks!"

"I do not understand it myself," I replied. "I assure you sir, that I am exceedingly annoyed. I will not answer it again."

"I will, myself," he growled, and I went back to my desk, to upset my ink bottle, to make mistakes in my accounts and torture myself with the conviction that since no one but Agnes could have sent the messages, she was teasing me without realizing the consequences to our happiness. And all day Mr. Grufflland would answer that confounded telephone. That some of the messges were meant for me I could tell, and that they must be utter nonsense I could conjecture from his occasional comments: "'By Jimminy Johnson!' is a remarkable expression for a young lady, Mr. Dixon."

It would be too long to tell the story of these days in detail. Sometimes there would be respite and then the nonsense would begin. It was larks for Clarkson and the rest, but to me it seemed as if the bell of the telephone was ringing the knell of all my bright hopes. Agnes assured me of her innocence and Miss Peyton was ready with explanations; they had been shopping, or calling, or practicing duets. But I could see that a coolness had come between Agnes and me. She feared that I doubted her, and I—what could I think? Again and again the messages referred to what I had said to her when quite alone. Could she have repeated my confidences?

At the office preparations for the new business were being hurried on, and not one word had been said to me of promotion. To crown all, Agnes informed me one evening that she was going to shorten her visit, she had heard of friends going directly to Aiken, and thought it best to secure their escort. I passed a wretched evening, but determined to make a desperate effort to clear the mystery. Agnes had told me that they were all to be out the next day, so I begged off at the office, reached the house at 10, and persuaded the servant that I wanted to rest and would let myself out when I was ready. I managed to conceal myself in a closet in the hall where I waited four mortal hours. At last I was rewarded. A light step came through the hall, a chair was drawn to the telephone and a clear voice, wonderfully like Agnes's called: "Please connect with Grufflland & Co."

Waiting only long enough to let him actually begin conversation in his usual style, I rushed out, and catching the culprit by the arms bestowed a sounding box upon the ear of the astonished Mr. Raphael. The little imp! This was his revenge for his well deserved snubs. I have no doubt he heard every word of my conversation with Agnes.

Of course the Peytons were distressed and apologetic, and Agnes was persuaded not to hurry away, and old Gruff relented and I got the promotion in due time, but I never could endure the sight of that cherubic boy. I verily believe that the box I bestowed upon him was his only punishment, and I rejoice to think that it was such a stinger.

If this story has a moral, it is a short one. The more innocent and guiltless a boy looks, the less he is to be trusted.

SELLING PEWS IN THE MEETING HOUSE.

A STORY OF LONG AGO, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

BY MISS S. M. KNOWLTON.

Mrs. Hale laid the stocking across her knee, and placing the mat above it, slowly rolled the two together, and turned one edge down over the whole, making a neat bundle which she laid in the chair beside her.

Two, four, six pairs. This completed the week's mending. She drew a sigh of relief, and no wonder, for her pile of weekly mending was very large, and what good housewife can help that satisfied feeling which comes with the last stitch of mending for the week.

The sighs are of a different kind—a deeper, troubled sigh, when it is left from week to week. It reminds one of the downward course of a young life, when the first false step is taken, the first infringement on forbidden grounds (just as the first garment is left in the work-basket over the Sabbath), the rest comes easier, and it is only by a desperate struggle that the old life and ways can be resumed.

Mrs. Hale lay back in her chair and closed her eyes, sweet blue eyes that never lost their tenderness for her husband. She doest no hear his footsteps, and it is not until he lays both hands on her silver hair and gently strokes it that she realizes that she is not alone with her thoughts.

"Are you tired, little wife? You look pale. We must try and make your work lighter. Now, I am strong and hearty and can sing the good old song:

"A farmer's life is the life for me,
I own I love it dearly."

"But we must not forget that you are not robust like the boys and myself," and stooping down, he pressed a kiss tenderly on her forehead.

She looked up pleasantly, and reaching out to clasp his hand, said:

"We've had our share of trouble and hard work, and you've always tried to give me the easy end of the yoke. It is not hard work that pales my cheek today, Aaron. It is the thought of this afternoon at the church. A mother with four bright, manly sons, cannot hear of such freedom with liquor without a shudder; to know that after each pew in the new church is sold there must be liquor drank, is to know that nearly every man will be like a beast before night, and this in the house of God. Oh, my husband, it is dreadful. Can't you do something to stop it?"

"It has been in my mind these many months," said the husband, "and I have determined to day to take a stand, praying that some good may come of it."

"God speed you in the undertaking," said the good wife and mother.

With these words ringing in his ears he drove away, saying to himself:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
It has neve been my lot to meet."

In this gray-haired couple could be seen that noble bond of love that made them speak of their life as though it was a common interest. It was ever "we" and "our," never that lordly "I" and "mine," as though the other had no part in it. Hand in hand they had journeyed through life, with no secrets, trusting faithfully each other, and each feeling the other to be an equal.

A lively scene met Mr. Hale's gaze as he came up to the church door. The selling of the pews had been looked forwaid to for a long time. They were the old fashioned square pews, with seats running all round. On the top and encircling the whole was a moulding or capping. It was planned that when a pew was struck off to a certain person that man should invite the crowd to retire to Tompkins's, across the street, to be treated to grog, after which the capping was sawed apart and the door was swung open to its owner. It was just as Mrs. Hale had said—before night every man was in a wide-awake state, or lay stupidly in his pew, wating for "something to turn up."

The hot blood mounted to Mr. Hale's face as Judge Bangs, an airy, pompous lawyer, lax in principle and character, drawled out a few remarks, just to hear himself talk, on "Cause and Effect."

"I'll say one thing," said the good farmer. "It's pretty evident what the cause and effect of all this want of principle will be. Just look at that bright intelligent, blue-eyed Will Snow. He is too tipsy to think of his widowed mother whom he should be training brain and muscle to help. You have only to smell his breath to learn the cause. Can't you guess the effect?"

Judge Banks moved a little uneasily, and said: "Pooh, pooh," just as the auctioneer's "rap, rap" sounded, and the sale went on.

Mr. Hale's time had come. It was a nice, central pew and he bid a good round sum.

"Going, going, gone—sold to Aaron Hale. Now, Hale, it's your turn to treat. Give a good hearty one, for you've one of the best pews."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Hale, "I know I have, but I don't mean to dedicate it in any such way as the others have."

A voice from the loafers called out:

"You won't have the door sawed open till you treat."

He felt that his time had come to take his stand, and drawing himself up at full length, spoke out strong and clear:

"I shall not treat to-night. You have drank too much already. There is hardly a man here but should be ashamed to go home to his wife and children. It's a burning shame that you do not carry as sweet and pure a breath to your wives and daughters as you find in *them*. What would one of these young men say if he should come suddenly into the presence of the girl he is going to marry, and find her half drunk, silly and noisy as you are now? She has as good a right to drink as you have, and yet do you think you would be proud to take such a woman for your wife? Just look at it. Some of you are intending soon to take noble, unselfish girls into your hearts and homes.

Can you expect them to proudly promise to love and honor you, until you prove yourselves worthy of such honor and love? I cannot treat. I shall hope to find my pew sawed and the door swinging on Sabbath morn."

He passed down the aisle and out of the church, and was soon on his way home.

Sabbath morning came; the bell pealed out clear on the morning air. People came early; the women came anxious to know the location of their new pews.

The white-haired pastor kept a keen eye on the singers and ochestra in the high gallery opposite.

The Hale pew, an object of considerable interest, was still empty. No carpenter had dared to disturb the capping around the entire top, but a fight of stairs had been placed in the isle and reaching to the top of the door, while another flight led to the pew. A few young men who favored the step Mr. Hale had taken, rode after him the day of the sale and told him their plans.

The ochestra was in full tune. Double bass, first and second violins swelled the strains and the choir burst into "Open the Gates," that grand old anthem, just as Mr. Hale, followed by his wife and four grown up sons, walked up the aisle. Every eye in the house was upon them, but they took no notice. Reaching the pew, Aaron Hale drew himself to his full length, which was six feet, and walked proudly up one side and down the other, then turning, gave his hand to his wife. She grasped it firmly, and came down by his side in safety.

Just as the family was seated, the choir reached the duet, and the sweet voices of Hester and Ruth Fisher were filled with wonderful pleading and pathos as they sang the words:

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee,
Because he trusteth in Thee, Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace; in perfect peace."

As their tones died away, there were many tearful eyes. All knew that the two young girls were sometime to be bripes, and that their song came from their hearts. No wonder the two oldest Hale boys raised their eyes to the sweet singers. Every one was touched. Even the obstinate ones, the hard drinkers, said: "It shall be peace, not war."

The pastor poured forth a touching prayer for his people. While he was praying, Jim Wilkins, a bitter opponent of temperance, slipped out of the church, and when the pastor said "Amen," came boldly up to the Hale pew, and without a word or a look, set his saw into the tiny bit of moulding that had caused so much trouble. It was but the work of a moment; then, with more dignity than he ever bore before, he threw open the door, and stepping in, grasped Mr. Hale by the hand; turning, he gathered both pairs of stairs on his shoulder and walked out of church.

Moving nearer her husband and placing her hand in his, they commenceu to sing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The choir and orchestra joined the congregation, and a grand chorus went up from the house of God.

It was the turning point in the lives of the young people. The old life had given place to a nobler, better one.—*Lowell Courier.*

THE HARLEM TRAMP.

"That's what I like to see—a good fire; it looks like blooming hospitality. But it would greatly add to my present hospitality if I had a little of the stuff that breaks up homes."

"I suppose," remarked the barkeeper, "that I must treat, but what a fool a man is to put that in his mouth that steals away his brains."

"Oh, let up on that stuff," growled the tramp. "You never could put anything in your mouth to steal away your brains. Just shut off the morality lecture and produce the old stuff."

The barkeeper did. With all his faults he was good natured, and he admired the nerve of the tramp. When the tramp had disposed of the poison he said:

"It makes me tired to hear a lot of moral sayings: 'Man is known by the company he keeps,' 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and hundreds of other chestnuts. Why don't they get some new sayings?"

"Where can they get 'em?" asked the barkeeper.

"Why, let 'em go to a philosopher and have 'em written, what's the matter with that? While on the road I wrote a lot for myself. Talk about proverbs and old sayings, you ought to hear mine."

"Let's hear 'em?" said the barkeeper.

"For nothing?" said the tramp indignantly. Not much. Just proceed to wet the interior with another dose of insanity."

"These things that I have written," said the tramp, "may not be put in choice language. They are the spontaneous outpourings of a heart that bleeds for humanity. Every one of them is a gem, and deserves a place in history. I make no claims of being educated, but there are no flies on me when it comes sifting human nature down to the core. If the audience is ready the philosopher will gush.

"Now gentlemen, listen. Here are the proverbs and sayings I have invented, and any infringement will be prosecuted according to law."

"A five cent shave is better than a dirty face."

"Never judge a man by the clothes he wears, he may have borrowed them.

"A firm that pays its office boy $2 a week deserves to have its postage stamps stolen."

"It is better to be honest, than be poor."

"Good clothes make a better impression on society than a good name."

"A poor man's evil deeds are a crime, a rich man's a mistake."

"A five cent meal, with contentment, is better than a Delmonico layout with a heavy creditor."

"An honest politician is the noblest work of the Creator."

"A man who can be honest on an empty stomach can be trusted with your pocket-book."

"A dog never gets drunk, and consequently he is man's best friend."

"One half the world don't know how the other half lives, and it don't care."

"Death must be happiness. Most of living faces are sad, but nothing grins like a dead man's skull."

"Liars have their usefulness—they make the truth appear more beautiful by contrast."

"Shabby men have one consolation—pickpockets are well dressed."

"There," shouted the tramp, as he brought his fist down on the bar with a gang, "there you have a lot of sayings that are true, and can warm the hide off the old saws in one round. Now that I have enlightened your minds what is my reward?"

SAVING GRACE IN MONTANA.

The other day a St. Paul minister answered a ring at his door-bell and found there a brawny frontiersman, wearning a buckskin suit and a white Mexican sombrero. He was invited into the study and, after seating himself, said:

"Pardner, I'm tryin' to case up a sky pilot to ladle out the savin' grace to the boys in Rawson's Gulch, Montanny. The barkeeper down to the Merchants, hotel told me you slung about the heftiest jaw in the holy line in St. Paul, an' I thought I'd drop in and size you up."

"If I understand you, sir, you desire to secure a pastor for your church out there."

"That's our little game exactly, pard, and the boys have constituted me an executive committee to come in 'yar an' we've got the dust to put up fur 'im."

"Who was your last pastor?" asked the minister.

"Never had one. You see, the boys out thar never stood in much on the religious racket, but we're agoin' to bank big on savin' grace in the future an' play 'er clear up to the limit. Glad tidin's o' great joy's the winn'n card at Rawson's' from now henceforth an' forever more, pardner, an' don't you forgit it!"

"You say you never had a minister? what then has caused this sudden awakening—this new defire for light?"

"I'll tell you, pard, it's just like this. Thar's a big rivalry atween Rawson's Gulch an Rocky Bar, about five miles furder up the creek. The two camps hev bin fightin' fur the lead fur a year, we've allers downed 'em on every pin't. Las' week one o' the boys went up thar an' cum back an' reported that the Rocky fellers had a preacher an' that salvation were a runnin' loose in the camp an' amazin' grace war growin' on the bushes. He said he heard the holy bloke preachity 'imself, an' that he dashed up the livin' word like a ten times winner. Wal, that sort o' paralyzed us, so to speak, an' we called a meetin' to see what war to be done. At first it war proposed to go up thar of a Sunday an' clean out the congregation an' hang the preacher, but we warnt quite sure of the fightin' ability o' meek and lowly worshippers up thar an' mout get licked, so it war finally decided to tree a gospel sharp an' that's what I'm yar fur now. The boys'll treat you white, pardner, an' if you kin do up the Rocky Bar capper in the heavenly game an' put it all over 'im a soundin' the glad tidin's yer fortune's made. I like the cut o' yer jib, pard, an' I believe you'd shout salvation at us in a way that'd make the Rocky Bar galoots powerful wary."

"What denomination is the majority out there?"

"None at all. You kin play yer cards ter suit yerself an' come at us jest as you think the hand oter be played. But say pard, I reckon I wouldn't ever give the boys a Baptist layout to play up to."

"Why not?"

"Wal, yer see, we aint mnch stuck on water out there only from a business p'int o' view. Water's all good enough an' mighty valuable fur washin' out dust but aside from that 'taint much account. Still, if that's yer lay, pardner, come right along. We'll take turns an' keep your baptizin' half the time, just to down them Rocky fellers. Thar's a gang o' twenty Chinamen workin' a placer claim below us, an' we kin run them up an' let them souse the hull mob two or three times a week, it'll make the Rocky crowd think the good work's a movin' right along."

The minister was forced to decline the call, and the old man said as he rose up to go:

"All right, pardner; no harm done. I'll keep up the hunt till I tree my man. We'll down Rocky Bar on salvation if it's in the pins. Good day, sir, an' if you ever come out our way stop off an' give us a little wad o' off hand redeemin' grace, an' we'll treat you squar'. Good-bye."

HE TOOK THE MEDICINE.—"Pinder," severely demanded Mrs. Fitzgoober, "did you take your medicine last night?"

"Yes, mam," sweetly replied that cherub.

About an hour afterward the lady found the mixture of compound bitterness that had been intended for Pinder's cold lying snugly under the washstand.

"Pinder!" she yelled.

"Yes, mam."

"I thought you told me you had taken your medicine."

"So I did, ma; but you didn't ask me where I took it to, so I kept quiet on that point."

But he didn't keep quiet at the point of her rod.

White lies—Pillow shams.

THE BAD BOY.

"What you sitting there like a bump on a log for?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as the youth had sat on a box for half an hour, with his hands in his pockets looking at a hole in the floor until his eyes were set like a dying horse. "What you thinking of, any way? It seems to me boys set around and think more than they used to when I was a boy," and the grocery man brushed the wilted lettuce and shook it, and tried to make it stand up stiff and crisp, before he put it out doors, but the contrary lettuce, which had been picked the day before, looked so tired that the boy noticed it.

"That lettuce reminds me of a girl. Yesterday I was in here when it was new, like the girl going to the picnic, and it was as fresh, and proud, and starched up, and kitteny, and full of life, and as sassy as a girl starting out for a picnic, and like the girl, the starch is all taken out, and it is limber, and languid, and tired, and can't stand up alone, and it looks as though it wanted to be laid at rest beside the rotten apples in the alley, rather than be set out in front of a store to be sold to honest people, and give them the gangrene or the liver," and the boy put on a Health Commissioner air that frightened the grocery man, and he threw the lettuce out of the back door.

"You never mind about my lettuce," said the grocery man. "I can attend to my affairs. But now tell me what you were thinking about here all the morning."

"I was thinking what a fool King Solomon was," said the boy with the air of one who has made a statement that has got to be argued pretty strong to make it hold water.

"Now, look a here," said the grocery man in anger, "I have stood it to have you play tricks on me long enough, and have listened to your condemned foolishness without a murmur as long as you have confined yourself to people now living, but when you attack Solomon, the wisest man, the great king, and call him a fool, friendship ceases, and you must get out of this store. Solomon in all his glory is a friend of mine, and no fool boy is going to abuse him in my presence. Now you dry up!"

"Sit down on the ice box," said the boy to the groceryman. "What you need is rest. You are overworked. Your alleged brain is equal to wilted lettuce and it can devise ways and means to hide rotten peaches under good ones, so as to sell them to blind orphans, but when it comes to grasping great questions, your small brain cannot comprehend them. Your brain may go up sideways to a great question, and rub against it, but it cannot surround it, and grasp it. That is where you are deformed. Now it is different with me. I can raise brain to sell to you grocerymen. Listen. Tois Solomon is credited with being the wisest man, and yet history says he had a thousand wives. Just think of it. You have got one wife, and pa has got one, and all the neighbors have one, if they have had any kind of luck. Does not one wife make you pay attention? Wouldn't two wives break you up? Wouldn't three cause you to see stars? How would ten strike you? Why, man alive, you do not grasp the magnitude of the statement that Solomon had a thousand wives, standing side by side, would reach about four blocks. Marching by fours it would take them twenty minutes to pass a given point. The largest summer resort hotel only holds about 500 persons, so Sol would have had to hire two hotels if he took his wives out for a day in the country. If you would stop and think once in a while you would know more."

The grocery man's eyes had begun to stick out as the bad boy continued, as though the statistics had never been brought to his attention before, but he was bound to stand by his old friend Solomon, and he said: "Well, Solomon's wives must have been different from our wives of the present day."

"Not much," said the boy, as he saw he was paralyzing the grocery man. "Women have been about the same ever since Eve. She got mashed on the old original dude, and it stands to reason that Solomon's wives were no better than the mother of the human race. Statistics show one woman out of ten is red-headed. That would give Solomon an even hundred red-headed wives. Just that hundred red-headed wives would be enough to make an ordinary man think that there was a land that is fairer than this. Then there would be, out of the other nine hundred, about three hundred blonds, and the other six hundred would be burnettes, and maybe he had a few Albinos and bearded women, and fat women, and dwarfs. Now, those thousand women had appetites, desires for dress and style, the same as all women. Imagine Solomon saying to them, "Girls, lets all go down to the ice cream saloon and have a dish of ice cream." Can you, with your brain muddled with codfish and new potatoes, realize the scene that would follow? Suppose, after Solomon's broom brigade had got seated in the ice creamery, one of the red headed wives should catch Solomon winking at a strange girl another table. You may think Solomon did not know enough to wink, or that he was not that kind of a flirt, but he must have been or he could never have succeeded in marrying a thousand wives in a sparsley settled country. No, sir, it looks to me as though Solomon in all his glory, was an old masher, and from what I have seen of men being bossed around with one wife, I don't envy Solomon his thousand. Why, just imagine that gang of wives going and ordering fall bonnets. Solomon would have to be a king or a Vanderbilt to stand it. Ma wears five dollar silk stockings, and pa kicks awfully when the bill comes in. Imagine Solomon putting up for a few thousand pair of silk stockings. I am glad you will sit down and reason with me in a rational way about some of these Bible stories that take my breath away. The minister sends me off when I try to talk with him about such things, and tells me to study the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the deacons to soak my head. There is darn little encouragement for a boy to try and figure out things. How would you like to have a thousand red headed wives come into the store this minute and tell you they wanted you to send carriages around to the house at three o'clock, so they could go for a drive? Or how would you like to have a hired girl come running in and tell you to send up six hundred doctors because six hundred of your wives had been taken with cholera morbus? Or——"

"O, don't mention it," said the grocery man, with a shudder. "I wouldn't take Solomon's place, and be the natural protector of a thousand wives if anybody would give me the earth. Think of getting up in a cold winter morning and building a thousand fires. Think of two thousand pair of hands in a fellow's hair! Boy you have shown me that Solomon needed a guardian over him. He didn't have sense."

"Yes," said the boy, and think of two thousand feet, each one as cold as a brick of chocolate ice cream. A man would want a back as big as the fence to a fair ground. But I don't want to harrow up your feelings. I must go and put some arnica on pat. He has got home, and says he has been to a summer resort on a vacation, and he is all covered with blotches. He says it is mosquito bites, but ma thinks he has been shot full of bird shot by some water melon farmer. Ma hasn't got any sympathy for pa because he didn't take her along, but if she had been there she would have been filled with bird shot, too. But you mustn't detain me. Between pa and the baby I have got all I can attend to. The baby is teething, and ma makes me put my fingers in the baby's mouth to help it cut teeth. That is a humiliating position for a boy as big as I am. Say, how many babies do you figure that Solomon had to buy rubber tooth rings for, in all his glory?"

And the boy went out leaving the grocery man reflecting on what a family Solomon must have had, and how he needed to be the wisest man to get along without a circus, afternoon and evening.

The Oxford Democrat.

WEEKLY.

PARIS, MAINE, DECEMBER 16, 1884.

GEO. H. WATKINS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:—Yearly subscriptions, $1.50, if paid strictly in advance, otherwise, $2.00 per year. Single copies, five cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1.50 per inch in length of column. Probate notices inserted as above for $1.50 each, except those relating to Real Estate, which are $2.00 each. Special contracts made with local, transient or yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING.—The Oxford Democrat Office is well stocked with new materials for doing all kinds of plain or fancy job printing. An experienced job printer is always in the office, and as our presses are run by steam, we can guarantee prompt and satisfactory work.

THE COUNTY SEAT.

A meeting was held at South Paris, Saturday evening, to consider the question of removing our county buildings from Paris Hill. The plan is for Norway and South Paris to agree upon a site, in the town of Paris, but west of the Grand Trunk, and then for the two villages to unite in pressing for a change. A committee of South Paris citizens was appointed to meet a committee from Norway, to see if this plan can be carried out.

The removal of our county buildings or a change of the County Seat is an important question, involving more than the simple change from Paris Hill. It should be carefully considered and thoroughly discussed. We are not aware that there is any present general demand for a change. If there is, we should be glad to know of the fact, and for this purpose, we invite those interested to discuss the proposition through the columns of the DEMOCRAT. We believe this agitation is premature, but if the people are ready for a change with all that implies, they can easily make it known, and in such a manner as to secure what they desire. The matter must be carefully and publicly considered, however, and both sides of the case, with all the issues involved must be well ventilated.

If Norway and South Paris do not agree upon a site, we understand that no further action will be taken by these moving parties.

We trust that the matter will be set at rest, and that shortly. It is absurd to agitate the county over this question every few years. A final decision should be so given that it will be binding for a number of years, and put a stop to this frequent discussion of a change.

FOR NEW ORLEANS—The Norfolk Route, via steamers from Boston to Norfolk, has arranged for single trips to New Orleans, out and back, and for parties of fifty persons, at the following rates:

Boston to New Orleans,	$17.25
Boston to New Orleans and return,	25.00
Do., for party of fifty.	16.00

This is the route by which the publishers went South, last spring, and from personal experience, we can recommend it to any who contemplate visiting the exposition this winter. C. P. Gaither, 290 Washington St., Boston, will answer all inquiries in relation to the matter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 13, is an elegant Christmas number, with a specially designed cover in colors. It contains several full-page illustrations, and a four-page supplement, containing a view of New Orleans and the exhibition buildings. *Harper's Weekly* is a Journal of high literary and artistic excellence, though just now it is a little off on politics.

THE *Lewiston Journal* is doing a good thing by publishing a list of towns which made defective returns of the votes cast at our last election. There are a great many more errors than there should be, though one should not expect perfection when he considers the elements which enter into the selection of town officers.

BOSTON went Democratic, last week, by over three thousand plurality, and voted for license by more than two to one. A great majority of the Massachusetts cities and large towns voted for license. There seems to be a temperance re-action in Massachusetts.

OWING to a pressure of other matters, we failed to give the second installment of a "Ride to Piggwacket," last week. We publish a column on that topic this week. In the first installment for Boston read Buxton, in the preliminary statement by Mr. Smith.

THE RIGHT KIND OF AN ACCIDENT COMPANY.

Seven years ago when the United States Mutual Accident Association of the City of New York was organized it promised an aggressive campaign against extortionate rates for accident insurance, and the rejetion of just claims for indemnity and death losses upon strictly technical grounds. It has kept its promise, and by furnishing sound accident insurance at extremely low rates and adjusting its losses on a basis of justice and fairness, has built up a membership of 20,000, and carries to-day an insurance of One Hundred Millions of Dollars.

The United States Mutual Accident Association has adjusted and paid honorably and promptly over four thousand claims, amounting to nearly half a million of dollars, at a cost to its members of only one-half the rates charged by stock accident companies, and invites all who appreciate honesty, economy and fair dealing to join its ranks. A $5,000 policy with $25 weekly indemnity costs members of preferred occupations only $13 a year, which may be paid at one time or by assessments as they are made.

To become a member, write for Circular and Application Blank, and when received fill out your application, inclose $5, and forward it to James R. Pitcher, the Secretary, at 320 Broadway, N. Y., on receipt of which a policy will be promptly mailed to you.

[Daily Herald, Tiffin, O., Nov. 21, '84.]

QUICK WORK.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York, are the most prompt and reliable advertising agents we have ever had any business dealings with during our seven years' experience. We have handled considerable advertising through them and never had a dispute on an account, never had a delay of one moment more than is absolutely necessary to glance over their books. They have their system so complete that our last statement containing the accounts of eight different advertisers and covering different dates, which was sent to New York from this office on Monday, Nov. 17th, was received in the advertising department of Rowell's in New York, on the 19th, and at five o'clock on the 20th we had their draft for the full amount.

We are pleased to endorse the above. Publishers who keep their accounts square, have no trouble in settling promptly with Rowell & Co., every quarter.

FOOT REETS, for presents to gentlemen, in a great variety of styles, now finishing at Paine's, 48 Canal St., Boston.

For the Democrat.

RIDE TO PIGGWACKET.

(Continued.)

Their improvements are surprisingly large considering they have done most of their work upon the land in three years. Capt. Walker had 40 acres corn, grain and english grain, which all are rich. Two or three tons of hay was cut on an acre, and corn and grain large and good. In the afternoon Capt. H. Young Brown conducted us from Capt. Walker's over the river N. Westerly to his house. This Capt. H. Young Brown has a Town (now Brownfield) lying S. Westerly on Fryeburg. The line which divides the Town runs N. West and S. East. He has about twelve families in the Town. He has made a fine appearance, yet struck the first stroke in clearing land in May, 1765. He treated us not only hospitably but genteelly; has an amiable and accomplished wife and a pretty daughter of about twevle years, there only child. He appears a sober, religous man: of a good judgement in religon, loving rational and intelligible christianity. We spent the after part of the day very agreeably with him having in our company also one Dr. Joseph Emery from Hampton, N. H., who was viewing the place with thoughts of settling there. He was a young man of about 25 years. This visit was the more agreeable as we were in Capt. Brown's high and clean room which had five glass-windows, and was nearly half wainscotted. It struck me with pleasure at the enterance as I doubt not it would any body else. Hence I called it Capt. Brown's Hall. [Henry Young Brown was a captain in the French War. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., in Oct., 1730, died at Fryeburg, Oct. 13, 1796; married Elizabeth Lovejoy, born in Andover, Mass., May, 1731, died April 21, 1800. Their only child, that survived the agency, was Elizabeth, born April 26, 1757, died June 30, 1790; married Joshua B. Osgood, senior, born in Haverhill, Mass., April 29, 1753, married May, 1780, died May 30, 1791. They left four children, Henry Young Brown Osgood, Joshua B. Osgood, Mary Sherburne—married Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., and Eliza L.—married James Osgood, esq. Capt. Brown was a prominent man of his time. He was the proprietor of twenty thousand five hundred and fifty-four acres of land in Oxford County, under three grants. The first settled minister of Brownfield was the Rev. Jacob Rice, a graduate of Harvard College, in 1765. He was ordained in Brownfield in 1805; had previously been settled in Henniker, N. H., in 1768. He was born in Northboro, Mass., Nov. 27, 1741, and died in Brownfield Feb. 1, 1824. He died while in the performance of his duty in church.]

Lord's day, Oct. 2nd—pleasant morning. Rode over to Fryeburg and preached at Lieut. Caleb Swan's. This Swan was bred up at Harvard College. Preached from first Peter second chapter from the first to the third verse, a. m., and from Romans first chap and fourteenth and and fifteenth verses, p. m. We had a pretty assembly, good, healthy looking people and attentive. Baptized the following children, viz.: Elizabeth, the daugster of Benjamin Osgood, Miriam Jean, the daughter of James Osgood, and his wife Susannah, the daughter of Samuel Osgood and Jean, Mary, the daughter of Jeded. Spring and and Elizabeth; Hannah, the daughter of Joseph A. Kelley and Deborah, Martha, the daughter of Timothy Walker and Rachel, Edmund, the son of David Page, and Ruth his wife; David, son of David Evans and Catherine; John, son of Stephen Knight and Susannah; Samuel, son of Aaron Abbott and Lydia (Tuesday) Mary, daughter of Moses Day.

Monday, Oct. 3rd.—Fair morning after a rainy evening. Came from Capt. Brown's and crossed the river and rode westerly about six miles in his town.—[This, unless explained, might lead most persons at the present day, who are perusing Doct. Coffin's journal, to think that he made a mistake, by extending Captain Brown's township between five and six miles into New Hampshire. But the journal is not at fault. Capt. Brown then resided on the westerly and northerly side of the Saco River, on the left bank, near where the boundary of New Hampshire now crosses the river. Capt. Brown at that time claimed that the line between Maine and New Hampshire was about six miles further west than it has been established. Capt. Brown no doubt believed in the justness of this claim, and Mr. Coffin no doubt was fully confirmed in his opinion. The final settlement of this dispute was made in 1794.]—Passed by Mr. Jeded Spring's Benjamin and James Osgood's James Holt's Nathaniel Herman's ——Burbank's Joseph Heath's Jno. Dollar's and his son Jno., Antony Emery's Joshua Kelley's and Joshua, Joseph, and Samuel Walker's. Saw Capt Walker's grist and saw mill and a fine flock of wood ducks tame end; but we had no gun.—[Captain Walker's grist and saw mill stood on the outlet of Walker's Pond. Mills in that location have since been called Kimball's Mills, Cuth Mills, and are now called Gould's Mills. The place has been called "Sodom," and lies northerly of "Goshen."]—Then came back to Osgood's who married my german cousin Ann Webster. Osgood told us he was at the Cataract of Niagara when a surveyor took the height of it and found it 183 feet. He went with Maj. Robert Rogers in 1760 in company with three hundred men to take possession of Detroit. In their way they lived on wild turkeys deer racoon bear &c.

From Osgood's we rode through Capt Browns *West India* Plantation to his house passing the river S. Westerly of his house. This was probably named so on account of the sugar maples with which it abounded. This Plantation is interval adjacent to Osgood's intervale; all which abounds with the finest maples, he makes sugar and molasses very good, and he mentioned by way of pleasantry a thought of distilling rum from the molasses. From Capt. Brown's west northeasterly to Mr. David Page's and John Websters. Drank a fine dish of tea well suited with wheat bread and pumpkin pye. Thence back to Capt. Brown's and he in the evening reckoned up the souls in his town and Fryeburg and found them reckoning two families coming 300—200 fighting men—[Brownfield was first organized as a plantation. The first meeting for the choice of plantation officers was held March 29th, 1797. The application for the meeting was signed by Henry Young Brown, Wilson Howard, James Osgood, Thomas Veasey, Samuel Howard, Joseph Howard, Supply Walker, Samuel Colby and Daniel E. Cross as "inhabitants of the Plantation of Brownfield." The warrant was signed by Joshua B. Osgood as a Justice of the Peace for the County of York and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and directed to Samuel Howard. James Howard was Moderator of the meeting; and Henry Young Brown was chosen Clerk, Joshua B. Osgood, Asa Osgood and Joseph Howard Assessors, and Wm. Howard Collector. The plantation of Brownfield embraced a portion of what is now Fryeburg, including the western portion of the village. The line between the towns then ran from the old south corner of Fryeburg north 46 1-2 ° west 1175 rods to a pine stump on the line of New Hampshire. It passed a few rods westerly of the mansion of the late Judge Dana, and Doctor Griswold, and the site of the "old Fryeburg Academy" and easterly of Pine Hill. The old Academy building—the first constructed there—was understood to be partly in Brownfield and partly in Fryeburg. The spot is plainly marked where the edifice stood. It was there, in that building, that Daniel Webster taught Fryeburg Academy in 1801-2, while at the same time he was a student of law in the office of the late Judge Dana of Fryeburg. Brownfield was incorporated February 20, 1802. By the act of incorporation, all that part of the plantation of Brownfield bounded by lines—beginning at the south corner of Fryeburg, and running north 46 1-2 ° west 1175 rods by Fryeburg to New Hampshire line; thence south 6. 1 2 ° west 910 rods; thence north 176. 1 2 ° east 985 rods to the bound first mentioned was annexed to and made a part of Fryeburg.]

(Continued next week.)

PORTLAND, Dec. 11.

Mr. Editor:

Please allow me space in your columns to correct some statements contained in my letter of Nov. 25.

The distribution of prizes in the recent exhibition of the Portland Society of Art, was as follows:

Silver Medal, awarded by the board of Management of the Society for the best amateur work in the exhibition, John T. Word, (oil,) "Old Road at Norway."

The three $10 prizes awarded by vote of visitors to the exhibition for the best amateur work in oil, water color and black and white respectively, were distributed as follows: Oil, M. B. Gilbert, Water Color, C. F. Davis, Black and White, A. S. Cox.

The former list was made up from supposed information—this is sure.

U. S. A.

For the Democrat.

GRANGES.

It is not often that one sees in our leading county paper any mention of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, or as commonly called, The Grange. This is not for the reason that the proprietor or the agricultural editor are disinclined to publish such articles: but because no one interested in the Order offers such for publication. I wish an abler pen than mine felt called to the work of writing upon the subject, for, if rightly understood, it cannot fail of commending itself to all classes of the people. The Order of Patrons of Husbandry originated in consequence of a want on the part of the farmers of the country that no order or organization then existing fully supplied. The design of the Order was to elevate and improve the condition of the agriculturalists of the country, both male and female, and cause them to hold their occupation in higher estimation and to have a clearer understanding of their true position socially and as citizens.

The great and leading ideas, were educational and social. In order to make effective the objects aimed for, a National Grange was organized; also State, County and Town Granges. These hold stated meetings, to which members go for literary exercises and solid enjoyment; also, for discussing any or all matters relating to the best methods of managing the farm or the orchard, the stock or the dairy.

Through the Order a great deal has already been accomplished, and much benefit has resulted. As a sequence it is becoming better understood and more highly appreciated every day, by those who belong to it. The organization serves as a medium of communication and for interchange of thought and ideas, and has become the channel through which more unity and concert of action has arisen among those who are engaged in the leading industry of the country. The Order has all the elements of durability, and will in the near future, exert an influence and become a force that will be felt in the affairs of state.

As is generally understood, the Grange was designed especially for farmers and commends itself with great force to them, yet at the same time it deserves the hearty approval of all classes, whatever may be their profession or occupation. For while agriculture is so important a factor in national prosperity and so large a proportion of the national wealth is in its farms, it follows that whatever tends to increase the products of the farms, or adds to the intelligence of the farmers, increases the general prosperity and gives additional strength and security to republican government. In Maine, the Order is in a highly prosperous condition, constantly progressive, and rapidly gaining in numbers.

A large proportion of the leading, progressive farmers of the State are active workers in the cause, and it is a noticeable fact that wherever a Grange of zealous working members exists there will be seen in that vicinity an improved appearance, denoting an improved condition in all pertaining to the farm. While upon the faces of the occupants will be seen a more cheerful look, and within will be greater content and enjoyment. Why? Because the isolation of home life on the farm has been broken up. The contact of mind with mind has rubbed off the rust and the dust that gathers on the women on the farms if they keep there too continuously. Acquaintances have been made, friendships formed and sympathy enkindled that has broadened and deepened manhood and womanhood. Thoughts and ideas have been awakened. New hopes have been kindled, and life has been brightened and made better. In these ways, and in many other ways, is the Grange of benefit. It presents itself to the farmers as their own organization for their consideration, yet not as one antagonistic to any other industry. It is an Order that stands, if it stands at all, on its own merits. That there is a Grange, and that it is progressive, is a recognized fact, and wherever its leading ideas are made its prominent ones, there it takes the firmest hold and makes its greatest advance. H

MC., FALLS, MAINE, Dec. 84.

Mr. Editor:

In glancing over your DEMOCRAT of Dec. 2nd, I was attracted by an article under the title of "A Few Corrections," and as I participated in the game of base ball played at Paris Hill, Oct. 1st. My interest increased as my eye followed down the column and found it concerned that famous game.

Now I am willing to admit, as are also every member of the Academy Club, that many of the corrections were justifiable for the article in the *Semester* was undoubtedly written by some one who witnessed the game, and wishing to pay off an old score against Hebron Boys trusted entirely to memory for the record.

I beg the "Paris Hill Base Ballist's" pardon, (his fourth correction looks well in print,) but if he will go out and view the corner, he will find a stable in line with the home and third bases.—though perhaps on that memorable day, the third base was as far out of its place as the second was too far from the home base, and if the writer has a defective memory he will learn on inquiry that the ball was knocked into this stable by a member of his own club.

He will also learn by referring to the rules of the "National League," if he is fortunate enough to possess the little pamphlet; that when a club refuses to finish a game, they thereby forfeit the game, unless the game is called by the umpire, and he himself admits that the umpire made no decision whatever; hence on what grounds could the Paris Boys base their claims to the game. He wishes us to remember that during a month of fine autumnal weather a challenge to play on neutral grounds remained unnoticed by us. I would ask the gentleman if the Hebrons did not agree to play on the Oxford grounds at any time named by the Paris boys. I would also ask him to remember the excuse given for not playing there, which was that the Oxford boys had the reputation of being a "hard crowd, and might cause a row." Supposing such had been the case, (though it is not) they might have taken along a "barbed wire fence to enclose the grounds," thereby keeping off all hard crowds. He will also remember that he wished to play at Buckfield for reasons which he failed to give, but which were undoubtedly that some of the Buckfield boys would prove a valuable acquisition in another contest against the Hebrons. It would also be understood that the Academy boys could only play Wednesday afternoons, and even then after traveling to Buckfield they would be liable to be enveloped in darkness at any moment. *Sic vita est.*

A HEBRON STUDENT, CONSTANT READER OF THE DEMOCRAT.

—List of patents issued to Maine inventors for the week ending Dec. 2, reported for us by J. R. Mason, Solicitor of Patents, Bangor:

O. P. Hix, assignor to himself, P. Oliver and others, Rockland, Car-coupling.

G. Morse, Berwick, Mechanical movement.

S. Whitehouse and S. R. Frye, Bath, Fire-escape.

—Holiday Gifts—A very large assortment of Easels and Screens are now being finished at Paine's Furniture manufactory on Canal St., Boston.

LADIES' AND GENTS' EASY CHAIRS, for Holiday Gifts in a great variety have just been finished at Paine's, 48 Canal St., Boston.

THE BAD DOLLAR.

Mr. Editor:

Will you please notify the authorities at Washington that the merchants and citizens of this part of the Republic enter a vigorous protest against the adoption of the recommendation of our retiring President to take from us the one and two dollar bills which we find so convenient, and force upon us the spurious silver dollars, that we have found so inconvenient, and oblige, Yours truly,

ONE OF THEM.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt aptly describes Roscoe Conkling "as the pouter pigeon of politics," who, he says, "can stand upon his forked end and talk more inflated nonsense than any other man in America."

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application by petition will be made to the next Legislature of Maine for a charter for the right to erect and maintain a telephone line from Portland, in the County of Cumberland, through said County and the Counties of York and Oxford to the line of the State of New Hampshire, with a branch line from some point on the main line thereof to the town of Harrison, in said County of Cumberland.

Dated at Cornish, Maine this 15th day of Dec. A. D. 1884. ROBIE BLAKE, M. D.

$25.—Parlor Folding Bed in Desk form at Paine's Furniture Co., 48 Canal Street, Boston, Mass. This bed is by far the best and lowest priced ever patented,—in the form of a nice Parlor Desk when closed.

HAVE YOU GOT

A Backache, Drawing-down Pain, Weary, Tired Feeling, Dislikefusion to Labor, Scanty and High Colored Urine? If you have any of these troubles you may be sure you have Kidney Disease. Are you bilious? Have you jaundice? Do you have a sallow complexion? Are you troubled with constipation? If so, you have Liver Complaint and should read the following testimonials:

MRS. CHAS. HAYHORN, 81 Pearl St., Bangor, has been very low with Kidney Disease; she had been confined to her bed for some time. Had a constant and intense

BACKACHE

with all other symptoms of Kidney Disease. Her husband was called home as she was dangerously ill; he bought Brown's Sarsaparilla; she was cured by it, and is now about her house in better health than for years. The testimony of her friends is that Brown's Sarsaparilla saved her life.

MRS. C. P. BRACKETT, of Hermon, had Kidney Disease. Could not sit up but one or two hours at a time. Had a constant tired feeling and sick headache, together with the usual BACKACHE that accompanies Kidney Disease. Her husband took Brown's Sarsaparilla to her, and by its use she was cured, and can now run a sewing machine and do work about her house better than for years. Mr. Brackett says there must have been one hundred people call to see her and all agree that that famous Brown's Sarsaparilla cured her of Kidney Disease.

H. G. ROBBINS, Merchant, Abbot, Me., had Scrofula. Foot and ankle swelled so he could not walk. Gave up business. Used four bottles Brown's Sarsaparilla, was cured, and now attends to business as well as ever.

I. W. TUBBETTS, M. D., Stetson, Me., prescribes Brown's Sarsaparilla for all forms of Kidney and Liver Disease.

MR. CHAS. PATTERSON, Engineer, Bangor, was cured of Kidney Disease, caused by over exertion, lifting, etc.

E. J. WATSON, Fore St., Bangor, was cured of Kidney Disease by Brown's Sarsaparilla.

Brown's Sarsaparilla

Is guaranteed to do all claimed for it, and any druggist will give you back your money if it does not. Remember also we print only bona fide testimonials from reliable people.

Brown's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists for $1.00; 6 bottles for $5.00. AYER WARREN, Proprietor, Bangor, Maine.

"A HOUSEHOLD PANACEA."

BAKER'S

"GREAT AMERICAN SPECIFIC"

ENDORSED BY THE PEOPLE AND RECOMMENDED BY ALL DRUGGISTS

"We sell more of it than all other like preparations combined." Druggists of letters from reliable and well known people of New England, recommending Baker's "Great American Specific."

"YOUR MEDICINE WILL DO MORE THAN YOU CLAIM. It is a wonderful remedy."

OUR CLAIM On the face of every package is printed our claim, which is the boldest statement ever made. This claim is FOR THE RELIEF and CURE OF RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LAME BACK & SIDE, PLEURISY, SPRAINS and BRUISES, DIPHTHERIA AND SORE THROAT, SORE and WEAK LUNGS, INTERNAL PAINS, CRAMP and COLIC, COUGHS and COLDS, CHILBLAINS, BURNS, SALT RHEUM, BLEEDING and ITCHING PILES, and CURES PAINS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We are the JOLLY, as our correspondents tell us, that "Baker's Great American Specific" knows it will cure CROUP and sore THROAT, and it will cure equally as effectually all living creatures on two legs and four legs, and we claim less than we can and let the public make up for itself the wonderful testimony we have received and be convinced that such a medicine can be made, and yet we know it.

"A Household Necessity."

Our Bottle proves our claims and costs but Fifty Cents. Do not let your grocer, druggist, or any other man palm off on you anything else, but insist on having the "GREAT AMERICAN SPECIFIC." It is a Household Necessity. Everybody who knows what it is and what it does, knows that it is a Household Necessity. If your druggist or dealer does not have it by you, he may obtain it for you of any wholesale druggist in New England.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

MAURICE, BAKER & CO., Chemists, Fragrant and Manufacturers, Portland, Me.

For sale at Noye's Drug Store, Norway.

MORSE'S

YELLOW DOCK

Cures all Diseases of the LIVER, KIDNEYS, and URINARY ORGANS, HUMORS, DYSPEPSIA, BILLIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DIZZINESS, HEADACHE, and GENERAL DEBILITY.

All druggists, $1 per Bottle, 6 for 5. Descriptions and testimonials sent on receipt of coupon attached to each bottle.

RODERIC'S WILD CHERRY COUGH BALSAM

Most valuable remedy known for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, CONSUMPTION, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Prepared from the Favorite Prescription of one of the most leading Physicians of Portland, Maine. Famous for his skill in curing Affections of the Throat and Lungs, and used by him in his practice for over 30 years with a success unknown to any other preparation.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

Remember this and bear in mind it is Not a Quack Medicine but a reliable family remedy. Ask for

RODERIC'S COUGH BALSAM, and TAKE NO OTHER. For rapidity in relieving and certainty in curing it is incomparably Superior to any other remedy.

Sold by all Dealers. Price, 35 Cents. "Consult Brown & Co., Portland, Maine."

WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTS!!

to which any one can pay

THE McTAMMANY

Organettes, Melopeans and Automatic Organs.

Send for Circulars, Catalogues of Music, &c.

J. McTAMMANY, Jr.,

Inventor & Manufacturer. Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.

AGENTS WANTED.

OXFORD COUNTY ADVERTISER

In its edition of Dec. 5th contained local items from the following places:

Norway, North Norway, Norway Lake, Paris, Elm Hill, Whittemore District, Snow's Falls, So. Paris, Bethel, North Newry, Rumford Center, West Bethel, Gilead, No. Rumford, Bryant's Pond, Locke's Mills, Greenwood, Sweden, Chapman's Mills, Andover, Waterford, Lovell, Harrison, Fryeburg, Kezar Falls, Porter, Dixfield, West Peru, Mexico, Hartford, Hebron, Buckfield, Canton, Bolster's Mills, South Casco, West Poland, Ede's Falls, Casco, Oxford, Welchville, East Otisfield

Ten solid columns of local news, items and sketches of OXFORD COUNTY happenings as gathered by the special correspondents & reporters of the ADVERTISER. Also 13 marriage announcements as well as 4 births and 14 deaths.

Also, nine columns of choice literature, stories, news, poetry, agriculture, domestic matters, etc., etc.

Also, seventeen equally interesting columns of advertising representing the leading industries of this county.

This copy sent FREE upon application. You should read this paper regularly and if your neighbor does not now take it so you can borrow it we will send it to you one year for $1.50, at any rate you can have this one copy by simply asking for it. Address ADVERTISER, Norway Maine. (*mention this paper.*)

1885. 1885.

Boston Weekly Journal.

The Highest Grade at the Lowest Price.

Only One Dollar a Year, Postage Included, for a Leading Weekly Newspaper.

A Surprise in the Record of Popular New England Journalism.

A New Advance After Half a Century's Progress and Success.

The BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL, which promises to enhance in the year 1885 the sterling reputation which it has won and wore in the past as the Popular and Representative Family Newspaper of New England, will be sent to Single Subscribers for the year at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR, or less than two cents a week.

No Reduction in Quality or Quantity.

Ten Copies and one extra to the getter-up of a Club, $10
Twenty Copies and two extra to the getter-up of a Club, $20

ONE COPY FREE FOR EVERY 10 SUBSCRIBERS.

The reduction which has been made in the Price of the Boston Journal from $2 per annum to $1 per annum, and of the Boston Weekly Journal from $1.50 per annum to $1.00 per annum, marked this the

CHEEPEST NEW ENGLAND NEWSPAPER,

but it has not yet been demonstrated that the liberality of the step has been more than warranted in the Reputation and Patronage extended. In proof of this it is only necessary to note how the distinctive position of the Boston Journal has been everywhere recognized in commendations coming from the principal dailies past, and how the demand for the Daily and Weekly has reached *more than a hundred and sixty-eight thousand* in a single day.

For a cost of less than two cents a week the reader can secure a weekly newspaper containing thirty-six ample columns, giving literally all the News of the Week; Special Telegrams and Gossip of interest to the population of the New England States; the Industrial, Agricultural, Mercantile, Mechanical, Manufacturing and Transportation; special reports on Markets, Trade and Labor; timely and valuable information on Financial and Speculative Projects; Rambling Talks and Essays upon home topics, as well as Correspondence from all parts of the World by our own correspondents of established repute; all the Political Points of the Day, abroad and at home; Congressional Matters; spicy Political Jottings; vigorous Editorials, embodying fact and opinion on live topics and events; original Stories; Poems and Sketches; Associated Press dispatches from all parts; valuable business information which will be appreciated by all, and gossip notes on affairs of fashion, literature, art and society.

Owing to various and manifest causes the year 1885, promises to be of momentous interest; the Old World foreshadowing strange complications, and menacing war, pestilence and political upheaval; the New World awakening to novel developments and possibilities. It shall be our mission to outline each, and to be proportion the news and opinion of all, as to fit the perspective of an intelligent citizen of New England. The great popular movements in Great Brittain, the remarkable concessions to land tenants, the agitation on the Franchise Bill and the rising tide of feeling that threatens to submerge the House of Lords will be noted with interest during the coming year, as well as the other typical foreign topics in which our citizens find what has for their Republic more than a foreign significance. It is in our home and political life that the Journal will be particularly meritorious for its readers. The firmness of the national election campaign, in which we have borne no inactive part, the new aspect of parties and new alignment of party organizations to have left many at a loss for political landmarks. The Boston Journal has, however, maintained its stability as the only morning and evening paper in the metropolis of New England that is an exponent of Republicanism, and our readers may look to see it all the more loyal to those principles which have intensified the life of the Republic during a quarter of a century past. The operations in Congress, the current agitations for trade and tariff adjustment, the reforms in the Civil Service and the dangers of party corruption in the government of cities will receive the keen and renewed attention which they demand this year. In addition to the relations of the United States. With the assumption of power by the Democracy will come grave responsibilities. The interests of fifty-six millions of people are to be cared for, their burdens lightened, their liberties protected from encroachment, their rights under the constitution and laws fully and impartially maintained, their prosperity promoted, not hindered, legitimate industry fostered, and the pathway to advancement kept open equally to the honest endeavor of all. This is indeed a great, as it is also a sacred trust. It will receive the rigorous correction of abuses, the earnest repression of evil political methods and tendencies and the wise application of the simple, sound, safe principles of the Jeffersonian creed in the conduct of the country's domestic and foreign affairs. The coming year, therefore, cannot but be one of exceeding interest to every American patriot, bringing as it will a change of men and of measures, at home, while the exciting struggle in Great Britain to confer the right of suffrage upon two millions of men who have not heretofore enjoyed it, the still unsolved imbroglio in Egyptian affairs, the belligerent contest between France and China, the alarming spread of the cholera plague, together with other important current events, cannot fail to make the foreign news, and the faithful newspaper, indispensable to every intelligent citizen. The Argus relies upon its eighty-three years of continuous publication better prepared than ever before to serve its readers satisfactorily, and it will spare no effort, and no reasonable expense, to merit a continuance of the popular favor which has in recent years more than doubled its circulation and established its reputation as the best newspaper in the State.

THE DAILY ARGUS.

Printed on the fastest press in Maine, has the World's News up to the latest moment, condensed and conveniently arranged for the ready inspection of the reader.

TERMS:—$6.00 a year, or $7.00 in advance, free of postage.

THE TRI-WEEKLY.

Argus, published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, is now greatly improved and is altogether the cheapest newspaper in the State for its price. It contains the News Dispatches from every quarter of the globe, Latest Market Reports from all the principal trade centers, including Daily Reports of wholesale prices in Portland Market, Ship News, Local and State Intelligence, WEATHER REPORTS, &c., the same as appear in the Daily Argus, together with several columns of anecdotes, stories, poetry, &c., &c. The improvements in this edition have largely increased its circulation.

TERMS:—One copy $3.50 a year, or $3.00 in advance, free of postage; six months $1.50, three months $1.00, advance payment.

THE WEEKLY.

Eastern Argus is the largest paper in the State, and one of the largest in the country. It contains a full summary of State and General News from the Daily Argus, Market Reports to latest telegraphic dates, Price Current, Ship News, Congressional and Legislative Proceedings, Agricultural Information, Receipts, &c., for Farmers, Fashion Letters by "Jennie June," the ablest and most sensible fashion writer, a Young People's Column, Fun, Tales, Poetry, and everything which is deemed suitable and requisite for a first-class business and family newspaper, and that will make it acceptable and valuable to its many readers, young and old alike.

TERMS:—One copy, one year, free of postage, $2.00; or $1.50 when paid in advance. Clubs of 20 free of postage, advance payment, $25.00

And those who now send a year's subscription for other issues will receive it for the remainder of this year and until January 1st, 1886. Specimen copies sent on request.

JOHN M. ADAMS & CO., PUB'RS,

99 Exchange St.,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

EASTERN ARGUS.

1808-1885.

The National Democracy, triumphant in the recent election for the first time in 24 years, will assume control of the national government on the fourth of March next. Grover Cleveland, the able, the honest and honorable statesman, will then be inaugurated President of the United States. With the assumption of power by the Democracy will come grave responsibilities. The interests of fifty-six millions of people are to be cared for, their burdens lightened, their liberties protected from encroachment, their rights under the constitution and laws fully and impartially maintained, their prosperity promoted, not hindered, legitimate industry fostered, and the pathway to advancement kept open equally to the honest endeavor of all. This is indeed a great, as it is also a sacred trust. It will receive the rigorous correction of abuses, the earnest repression of evil political methods and tendencies and the wise application of the simple, sound, safe principles of the Jeffersonian creed in the conduct of the country's domestic and foreign affairs. The coming year, therefore, cannot but be one of exceeding interest to every American patriot, bringing as it will a change of men and of measures, at home, while the exciting struggle in Great Britain to confer the right of suffrage upon two millions of men who have not heretofore enjoyed it, the still unsolved imbroglio in Egyptian affairs, the belligerent contest between France and China, the alarming spread of the cholera plague, together with other important current events, cannot fail to make the foreign news, and the faithful newspaper, indispensable to every intelligent citizen. The Argus relies upon its eighty-three years of continuous publication better prepared than ever before to serve its readers satisfactorily, and it will spare no effort, and no reasonable expense, to merit a continuance of the popular favor which has in recent years more than doubled its circulation and established its reputation as the best newspaper in the State.

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JOHN M. ADAMS & CO., PUB'RS,

99 Exchange St.,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Boston Semi-Weekly Journal,

Published on Tuesdays and Fridays, is a paper of especial value to persons engaged in commercial pursuits outside the large cities. It contains, in addition to all the news of the day, the fullest possible market, commercial and marine reports, besides a large amount of valuable reading matter of a miscellaneous character.

The Boston Semi-Weekly Journal is a paper which no man actively engaged in trade and watching the course of mercantile affairs can afford to be without.

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One Copy (including postage) One Year,	$3.00
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Twenty Copies (including postage) to one address, One Year,	45.00

And Two Copies Free to getter-up of Club of Twenty.

Larger Clubs $2.25 per Copy, and One Copy Free for every Ten Subscribers.

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ONLY $6.00 A YEAR,

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JOURNAL NEWSPAPER COMPANY,

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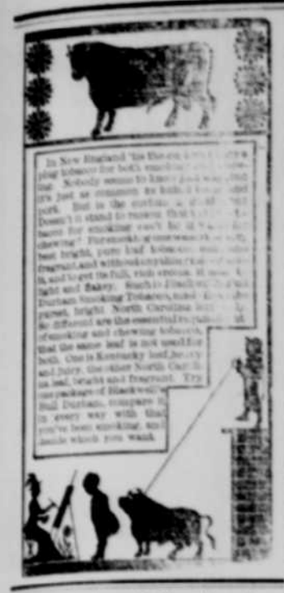
No. 264, Washington Street.

CAUTION.

All persons are hereby forbidden harboring or trusting my wife Lizzie E. Witham, on my account, as she has deserted my home without any reasonable cause, and I shall pay no bills of her contracting. FRANK R. WITHAM.

Paris, Dec. 12, A. D. 1884.



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HOMEOPATHIST
Physician & Surgeon.
(Successor to Dr. T. S. Turner.)
NORWAY, ME.
Office and Residence Maine St. Office hours 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M.

HORATIO WOODBURY A. M.,
Physician & Surgeon.
OFFICE at Tarbox Block, So. Paris. OFFICE Open Day & Night.
Refers by permission to Drs. I. T. Dana, and Sylvester d. Weeks, of Portland.

O. N. BRADBURY, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
PARIS HILL, MAINE.
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DR. JONES & CLARK.
DENTISTS,
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanite Rubber.
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SURGEON DENTIST,
So. Paris - - Maine.
OFFICE OVER SAVINGS BANK.
All work warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.
Devoted Exclusively to Female Patients
WATERFORD, ME.
F. P. MATTOCK, M. D., Superintending Physician and Operating Surgeon. All interested will please send for Circular.

West Paris Hotel
AND
LIVERY STABLE
F. T. CALDWELL, Proprietor.
WEST PARIS, MAINE.

A. RETAN SHURTLEFF,
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DEALER IN
BONDS, BANK AND R. R. STOCKS,
No. 116 Middle St. Three doors west Canal National Bank,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

ISAAC BAGNALL,
Woolen Manufacturer!
MANUFACTURER OF ASCHERES, SATINETTS, COTTONADES, and all WOOL FLANNELS, PROCKINGS and YARNS. CUSTOM CLOTH DRESSING and ROLL CARDING.
HANOVER, ME.

E. W. CHANDLER,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
Manufacturer of
DOORS, WINDOWS & SCREENS,
Logs Sawing, Stair Building, Sawing, Planing in Turning Shop at Jackson Village.
WEST SUMNER, ME.
Also, I have a large lot of Shingles that will sell as low as can be bought anywhere.

A. C. JONES,
SMITH AND MACHINIST,
South Paris, Maine.
MANUFACTURER of general machinery, steam engines, mill work, spool machinery and tools, bolts, screws, taps, dies and drills made and repaired. Sewing, mowing and threshing machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, gears, pinions, shafts, etc., neatly and promptly repaired. Steam and water piping done to order.

The Great Question
HAS BEEN DECIDED!
And it is decided that the BEST PLACE in Oxford County to buy your
Ready Made Clothing,
OVER-COATS AND ULSTERS,
HATS, CAPS,
—AND—
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS
of all kinds, at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES for the Next Four Years,
Is at Elliott's Clothing Store
Norway, Me.

NIGHT SOIL REMOVED
From OXFORD, WELCHVILLE, NORWAY, SOUTH PARIS, and MECHANIC FALLS. All or
L. W. BROWN, Oxford, Me.

HARD WOOD Fitted for Stove, delivered above villages. Price $5. per Cord.

SOUTH PARIS.

Branch Office of the Oxford Democrat, No. 3, Odd Fellow's Block.

VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. E. C. Ingalls, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service, 10.45 A. M. Sabbath-school, 12 M.; teacher's meeting, 9.45 A. M.; young people's meeting, 6 P. M.; prayer meeting, 7 P. M. Wednesday prayer meeting, 7.30.

Methodist Church, Rev. J. E. Foss, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service, 10.45 A. M.; Sabbath-school, 12 M.; morning prayer meeting, 9.30 A. M.; evening prayer meeting, 7 P. M. Tuesday prayer meeting, 7.45 P. M. Class meeting, Friday, 7.45 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

Mails for Portland close at 6.10 and 11 A. M. Mails from Portland arrive at 10.15 A. M. and 5.45 P. M. Mails for up-country close at 10 A. M. and 5.30 P. M. Mails from up-country arrive at 6 and 11 A. M.

RAILROAD.

Trains for Portland leave So. Paris at 6.10 and 10.32 A. M., and 5.05 P. M. Trains from Portland reach So. Paris at 10.15 A. M., 3.37 and 7.30 P. M. Trains on the Norway branch leave So. Paris and return before and after the arrival of each through train on the G. T. R.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings, Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

P. of H.—Paris Grange, second Tuesday of each month.

Golden Cross—Second and third Tuesdays.

SOUTH PARIS ADVERTISERS.

H. N. Bolster, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Underwear, Flour.
W. A. Frothingham, Boots and Shoes.
G. H. Porter, Confectionery, Fruit, Tobacco.
S. F. Maxim & Son, Doors, Sash &c.; Rubber Paint.
F. C. Merrill, Agricultural Implements.
H. E. Jones, Physician.
J. W. Davis, Dentist.
Horatio Woodbury, Physician and Surgeon.
A. C. Jones, Machinist.
House for Sale, W. A. Frothingham.
N. D. Bolster, Flour and Molasses.
A. M. Gerry, Druggist, Holiday Goods.
John Pierce, Jeweler, Holiday Goods.
Samuel Richards, Jeweler, Holiday Goods.

At the annual meeting of Paris Grange, held Saturday, Dec. 13, 1884, the following members were chosen officers for the ensuing year: S. P. Maxim, W. M.; H. E. Chase, W. O.; Carrie Briggs, W. L.; H. R. Bonney, W. S.; W. S. Starbird, W. A. S.; H. Cummings, W. C.; W. W. Hardy, W. T.; W. K. Greene, W. S.; J. A. Starbird, W. G. K.; Mrs. A. S. Maxim, W. P.; Mrs. C. E. Chase, W. F.; Mrs. M. A. Cummings, W. C.; Mrs. H. F. Andrews, W. L. A. S.

The *Aryus*, last week, contained a very sensational communication in relation to the diphtheria at South Paris. The fact is, there have been but five cases—two fatal—nothing like an epidemic.

Messrs. W. B. Royal & Son have just completed and shipped six dozen mining barrows for the Bradley Superphosphate Co. The barrows were of a new pattern, for which Mr. O. W. Royal made patterns and cast new iron boxes. They are to be used by the Bradley Fertilizer Co. in mining bones in South Carolina. Messrs Royal & Son have furnished this Co. with their barrows for several years.

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PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.
SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

FLOUR
One of the Best
WHITE WHEAT
FLOURS
made in this country,
$6.00
AT
N. Dayton Bolster's,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Also an Extra Good Trade in Molasses at 40 Cents.
HOLIDAY GOODS
Just Received
direct from the Manufacturers, a large and well selected stock of Flat and Hollow
Silver Plated Ware,
Watches, Clocks,
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES,
—AND—
Fancy Goods
for numerous particulars. My goods are
FIRST QUALITY
—AND—
Prices Low to Suit the Times.
Please call and make your selections early and avoid the rush.
SAMUEL RICHARDS
SOUTHH PARIS, - MAINE.
Dec. 4, 1884.

Fancy Work Recreations.
An entirely new and unique book covering the whole field of Fancy Work and Home Decoration. Everything, complete and illustrated. Will be followed by Mrs. Eva M. Nide, the originator of most of the popular patterns in the public press. 350 large pages, only $2.00. *Immensely Popular! Lady Agents Wanted.*
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"*The Great American Novel.*" The latest literary sensation! The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Mormondom. The most marvelous and fascinating book of the century. "A succession of thrilling pictures powerfully drawn." Fore in conception, strong in delineation, brilliant in style. "All good people will wish it God speed." Elegant paper, superb print, compactness binding. Price $2.75. Good Agents Wanted Now, at Good Pay.
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OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ALBANY, Dec. 10.—We are again favored with two blacksmiths at the Corner. Franklin Cross has returned from East Waterford and rented the house at the top of the hill just above the corner, owned by Carter Grover, where he will do some shoe making and repairing.

Round Mountain Grange has suspended work on its hall until warmer weather.

The lumbermen are anxiously waiting for snow.

Justice Aspinwall got quite seriously lamed trying to tie up his young cattle that were rather wild. He has secured the services for the winter of Abel Andrews, a young man who worked for him last summer to the satisfaction of both parties.

J. F. Bird, W. W. Bird and Henry O. Wilber, each have a span of good horses which they intend to put in the harness as soon as snow falls.

There are several pairs of working oxen for sale here yet.

Some of our farmers are rejoicing over quite good crops; many raised from one to two hundred bushels of oats. Austin Hutchinson raised two hundred and twenty bushels of oats, two hundred and thirty-seven bushels ears of corn on two acres.

The ladies' sewing circle have held their meetings during the summer at the vestry, but last week met with Mrs. J. H. Lovejoy. L.

ANDOVER, Dec. 12.—We learn there is to be a chicken-pie supper at the Town Hall, at six o'clock, Wednesday evening, Dec. 24, under the auspices of the Congregational Ladies' Circle. After supper an entertainment will be given in the upper hall, consisting of music, tableaux, etc. The Andover Brass Band will also be in attendance.

Mr. C. A. Proctor has gone to Millsfield, N. H., to work in the woods.

Mr. R. Grover has his new store nearly completed.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Andrews entertained the Congregational Ladies' Circle in a very pleasant manner, Wednesday evening of this week. There was a good attendance, the proceeds of the evening amounting to $6.30.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Merrill celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, on Thursday, Dec. 11. Among the guests were Mrs. John A. Adams and Dr. Henry P. Merrill and family of Portland. Several poems and many letters were read from absent members of the family. E.

BETHEL, Dec. 12th.—December opens with a bright, comfortable and beautiful atmosphere. Up to this date the river is clear of ice, and it doesn't seem to be in order to talk about a hard, cold winter.

Prof. C. Carleton of Haverhill, N. H., is conducting a singing association at Patte's Hall, on Saturday and Monday evenings of each week; will continue for about twelve evenings. At the close of school there will be a grand concert. The school is free to all interested in singing. The book used is entitled "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," concerning Esther, Mordecai and Haman.

L. B. Knight, of Lewiston, has leased rooms in the brick block on the second floor over Miss Hall's apothecary, where he will carry on the tailoring business. Mr. K. is prepared to do a good business, plating table ware, such as knives, forks, spoons, etc., with a white metal in some respects better than silver.

A. E. Herrick, esq., has moved into the house in Main St., lately occupied by the late Rev. Mr. Bosserman, near the M. E. church.

The M. E. Circle will meet next Thursday afternoon and evening with Mrs. John Swan.

Mrs. W. O. Straw has closed up her house on Spring Street and gone to Bangor to spend the winter with her brother Moses. Mr. Straw and Daniel Hastings went out West last June and have gone in the sheep business. They have commenced a large farming establishment on Buffalo Creek, Uset, Montana, and have purchased sixteen hundred sheep and will increase the number to two thousand next season. The home lot they have taken up for grazing it is said will take eighteen miles of fence to enclose it. The sheep they purchased this fall cost them $2.50 per head.

Mrs. Hannah Holt, who lives on Railroad Street, was ninety years old, last Sunday; continues well as usual and still lives alone and does her work. Some twenty of her friends met at her house on her birthday and had a pleasant entertainment. Aunt Hannah remarked that it was the happiest day of her life.

The M. E. Sabbath school library has recently been supplied with an addition of forty new books.

Horatio R. Godwin and wife left here on the 10 a. m. train, Monday, for Nova Scotia, where they intend to spend several weeks. C.

BROWNFIELD, Nov. 14th.—The weather continues to be quite mild for the season.

Business is good. The salework shops are employing more help and doing considerable more work than usual.

A. L. Barrows has just returned from the West, where he has been investing in real estate.

The posts for a telephone are set between the Centre and the Depot and it is expected to be in operation soon. E. B. Bean was the principal mover in the affair.

Frank Staples is having a new house built at the Centre, and L. R. Giles and Frank Drew are building at the Depot.

The ladies of the Congregational Society held a fair and furnished a supper at the Town Hall, Thursday evening, which netted them $40.

BRYANT'S POND.—The village schools commenced Dec. 1. Mrs. Etta Park has charge of the Grammar and Mrs. Lelia D. Estes of the Primary Department.

Prof. O. G. Wallace gave two interesting lectures here last week. We hope an effort will be made to have him give another course here soon.

James L. Bowker has sold his farm to Geo. S. Whittemore, who has rented it to S. A. Estes for one year.

The two churches are making arrangements for an entertainment by the Sabbath schools on Christmas Eve at the Universalist church. There will also be a tree at North Woodstock chapel the evening before.

Mr. Geo. S. Whitman has gone to Vt., to work in the woods.

It is estimated that over one hundred cars of wood and bark will be shipped from this depot each month this winter. COR.

GILEAD, Dec. 10.—Eli Peabody will put a hundred cords of birch into Skillings's mill. He has let the job of cutting, but will draw it with his own teams.

William Peabody intends to cut two hundred cords of birch, which he will draw to J. W. Bennett's mill.

John Wight has the last of his bark yarded, and is drawing it to the depot to send away.

A very pleasant evening was spent at William Peabody's, last Tuesday. Where an oyster supper was served and a general good time was enjoyed by all.

What delightful weather we are having for this time of year—too much so, for the benefit of the lumbermen. B.

GREENWOOD.—Election and Thanksgiving are come and gone, while Christmas and New Year's will soon be along. Speaking of the election, there are divers opinions in regard to the man elected; some say he is a better man to be presided over than for President, while others declare him to be the "Great Reformer," and think the time is not far distant when he will become a physician of divinity! I don't know.

The thing to talk about just now is birch, and the kind of wood to cut is birch, if you have it, if not cut somebody's else; only cut birch; birch is lawful tender, and botanically speaking, is the one thing needful; therefore, cut birch. Last week I took my better half over into the west part of the town, in what is known as the Irish neighborhood, to visit her folks; about a mile this side of Mr. Ames's we came to a nice camp side of the road, the owner of which happened to be at work in the dooryard; inquiring into the matter, I learned that his name was Martin, and that he was going to cutting birch. We arrived at Mr. Swan's about noon, but did not find the men; they were away cutting birch. Dinner over, I took a walk over the fields and finally into the woods, to commune with Nature, "and see what I could see"; I had traveled but a short distance when I came across Mr. Pingree cutting birch. Although strangers to each other, we at once entered into conversation, and among the things we talked about was the rapid growth of wood; this caused me to refer to the great beech which I cut a few weeks before, and told him it was so remarkable that I mentioned it in my items; "why," said he, "I saw that in the DEMOCRAT, are you the man that cut the tree and wrote about it?" Answering in the affirmative, he looked at me, as much as to say, "looking as you do?" Mr. P. was in the late war two years and a half, in eight or ten battles, was wounded in the leg, and yet he has never applied for a pension! I think Uncle Sam ought to grant him one now for his honesty. (Concluded next week). L. D

HEBRON.—L. S. Bumpus is repairing and painting the guideboards in town which is a want much needed.

Quite a lot of apples are being hauled about this time.

Capt. Leonard Dunham, who is spending the winter in Boston, has been quite seriously ill, but we are glad to learn is somewhat better, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

James S. Sturtevant who graduated last spring at the Brunswick Medical School is now practicing at Scarborough. He seems very fortunate in his choice of location as his uncle Dr. Joseph Sturtevant who he went to assist, is very low, and will probably live but a short time, and his extensive practice will fall to Dr. James, who we understand is much liked. Tais is rare good fortune for a young doctor, and we heartily congratulate him on his success, and are glad to know that he is in every way deserving of it. XXX.

NORWAY.—Christmas is nearly upon us. Even Norway assumes the air of its city friends, and grows quite gay and brilliant as the holidays advance. All of the christmas goods are now displayed, which seem as if any reasonable person could be satisfied without looking farther. I often think if one of our old town citizens could be transported back to us and placed upon our main street, if he could recognize or see any familiar land-marks, from the farming village of not so many years ago, compared with our busy little metropolis of the present day.

Prof. J. W. Raymond has moved with his family on Pleasant Street.

A masquerade will be given at the rink, next Thursday evening, Dec. 18th.

C. G. Blake has returned from Buckfield where he has been for some time as bookkeeper in the cornfactory.

The scholars of Norway High School, will hold a fair at Concert Hall, Dec. 16, and 20.

Rev. Miss Angel will lecture at the Universalist church, next Sabbath evening, subject cheerfulness. J.

OXFORD, Dec. 10.—The Robinson Mfg. Co. expect to shut down Dec. 22 for the purpose of putting in a new flume, and making other necessary repairs. They will probably start up again about Jan. 1. They are also putting in a store facing on the east bank of the dam. A. S. Fuller, of the Democratic town committee, is superintendent of the job.——The side walk on the south side of Maine Street, running up from the mill exhibits a curious phenomenon frosty mornings. The planks are covered thick with frost to a point about opposite Seth Faunce's, where there is a reservoir, and there the frost suddenly stops, leaving the rest of the sidewalk bare. Mr. Baker says he has noticed this for years.——There was a peddler in town last week.——A. S. Fuller has sold his oxen to Newell Thomas.——Owen Alley has returned from a visit to Madison, N. H.——George Houghton, the boss carder struck, struck a nail in the wall of the mill with a wrench, A piece of the nail flew off into his eye, which is now badly swollen and very painful.——The disreputable alleged photographer who has been industriously circulating the report that J. K. Chase, the photographer here, is off drunk all the time, to the neglect of his business, is a liar of the first water. Mr. Chase never drinked a single drop of intoxicants of any kind in his life, and further more he came from a family none of whom have ever used intoxicants or tobacco during the past five generations. The one who started this vile report seems to fairly burn and pant for the honor(?) of being the most silly, ridiculous and contemptable liar in the whole world——It is quite sickly.——H. T. Walker, of So. Paris was in town last week.——The farmers are taking advantage of the fine weather to burn up their old brush heaps.——The grass was green the birds were singing here Dec. 5th.——Mrs. Alice Scribner is very low.——Fresh pork is plenty.——Dr. Orrin Stevens puts up a remedy for coughs and colds of unusual merit, and 15 cents buys a big bottle full.——L. N. Edwards got 4 fox skins last week, says the *Journal*, wonder who he bought them of.——There is quite a rum excitement here. No need of getting excited; rum won't hurt anyone if they let it alone.——The dancing school with 19 couples. Two of the prettiest girls in the village attended, but were unable to find partners.——Mrs. Hickok, of Boston is trying to start a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars here. The boys say I. O. of G. T. means I often get tight. Naughty boys.——G. H. Jones is repairing and varnishing the interior of his store.——Will Oliver shot a horned owl, O, an awful big one. It is being stuffed for W. R. Farris.

PARIS.—Prof. J. W. Raymond, late of Boston will open a class in dancing, at Academy Hall, Paris Hill, on Dec. 17th, 1884. Terms, $5.00 per couple, one half in advance, for 12 nights. Ladies not accompanied by gentlemen $1.50 to be paid one half in advance. Also a childrens' class at the Cummings House, Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock, Terms 2.50 each. One half in advance.

Prof. Lancaster organized a singing class, last Wednesday evening. He will give his first lesson Wednesday eve. The second session will be Saturday eve. We trust that the class will be a large one, and that a great interest in music will be aroused. Let parents send their children, as well as attend themselves.

Attractive Christmas exercises will be held in the Universalist Church, Christmas eve. Both Sunday Schools will unite in the services.

Rev. J. C. Cochrane will deliver a series of lectures on Pilgrim's Progress, before the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, beginning Tuesday eve., Jan. 16, 1885. The topics will be as follows: Jan. 13. "The Wicket Gate;" Jan. 20, "The Interpreter's House;" Jan. 27, The Hill Difficulty;" Feb. 3, "The Valley of Humiliation;" Feb. 10, "Vanity Fair;" Feb. 17, "Giant Despair;" Feb. 24, "The Shining Ones;" Mar. 3, "The Devil's Garden;" Mar. 10, "Enchanted Ground;" Mar. 17, "The River of Death;" Mar. 24, "Review."

Mr. Chas. A. Black, now Principal of East Machias Academy, was united in marriage to Miss Zetta Plummer, at Damariscotta, last week, as will be seen by announcement. Mr. and Mrs. Black have the best wishes of many friends in this vicinity.

There will be a school sociable at Academy Hall, this Monday evening.

Mrs. A. D. Crocker and Mrs. T. T. Snow returned to their home in Paris, last week.

NORTH PARIS, Dec. 13.—Mrs. Packard is having her house plastered, and it will be ready soon for occupancy.

Mr. Richardson's family kindly remembered their minister by sending him some nice chickens for the table.

Mrs. Hattie Childs continues quite sick. Mrs. America Andrews is quite poorly in health. Mrs. Edith Washburn is quite low. We learn that Miss Minard is quite poorly in health at Magalloway, where she has been holding meetings. Class meetings are held at Mrs. Packard's, Friday evenings, at 6:30 o'clock.

Union Circle realized $23.00 from their antiquarian supper. W.

WEST PARIS, Dec. 13.—Our thaw and rain which we had last Saturday and Sunday, cooled into a freeze, leaving the roads terrible rough.

Mr. Geo. W. Bryant and family go today to Bryant's Pond to bury his brother, whose sad death was caused by accidentally taking poison at Norway. He lingered some ten days, a terrible sufferer, and was taken to Bryant's Pond Thursday, and died Friday morning.

Mrs. Susan Chaplin has gone to Marlboro, Mass., to spend the winter with her sister and other friends.

Mr. E. E. Judkins is arranging for a supply of Christmas and other Holiday goods, for all who may be taken with generous impulses. Also C. H. Lane has a fine variety of china and other wares designed for Christmas presents, suitable for great and small. Andrews & Curtis will not be found wanting in their supply of Holiday goods. The people of West Paris and vicinity are arranging for a Christmas festival, with Christmas trees at the Baptist Church. We hope all will strive to make it a pleasant and enjoyable season.

At South Woodstock, Mrs. Wm. Davis is having quite a sick time, threatened with fever—she has a bad cough. Mumps have been investigating the home of Isaac Andrews and other families. Mrs. Witham seems more comfortable, Mrs. Emery and Mrs. Swan are very feeble. Mrs. Green Dow is sorely afflicted with Rheumatism.

Dr. Frank S. Isaacs, Oculistic Optician, from Boston is in the place fitting glasses, by examinting the eye. W.

RUMFORD, ME., Dec. 12.—Hon. Waldo Pettingill came very near being seriously injured one evening, last week. He started from his home towards the village, and as the night was dark, he took a lantern. He had proceeded but a short distance, when his horse took fright at a piece of paper in the road, which was blowing about, and he made a turn squarely around, throwing Mr. Pettingill out, but fortunately he was uninjured, though somewhat wrenched. His horse, however, ran towards home, and collided with a threshing machine, which stove the wagon nearly all to pieces.

Mr. William Farnum, who has been sick with typhoid fever has got out, and intends to begin teaching at Andover, next Monday.

Mr. A. J. Knight has hauled nearly 200 barrels of apples to Bryant's Pond, during the past two weeks. X. Y. Z.

EAST SUMNER, Dec. 12.—Arrangements are being made for a Christmas Festival to be held on Thursday eve, the 25th. All are invited to participate.

Rev. Gilman Ride of the Congregational Church, has been conducting special religious services at the new church, with good results. The meetings are well attended and especially interesting.

Our schools have generally commenced with encouraging prospects. Herbert Irish is teaching in No. 1. Henry Tirrell at the Flat. L. E. Tubbs on Sumner Hill. The latter is a son of old "Master Tubbs," who taught for upwards of half a century.

The railroad bridge is nearly completed, and is a very substantial structure. The stone masonry was in charge of Mr. Stephenson, C. E., of Gorham and Daniel Dudley of Mechanic Falls. The wood work was under the direction of Mr. Joy of Oakland. The work is creditable to both parties. It is the best bridge on the line.

UPTON, Dec. 13.—Lumbering is the order of the day in Upton just now. H. T. Chase, C. Ryerson, A. Cooledge, J. Brown, F. Bartlett and others are preparing for lumbering and some of them are already doing a good business, although patiently looking for snow. Lumbering takes nearly all of our young men into the woods, winters.

Mr. Levi Heywood, who has come to town to live, gave his wedding reception, last week, at his house—the Umbagog—after which all repaired to the Lake House for a dance. We hear it reported by C. L. Douglass, esq., as a "good time." By the way, our 'Squire has recently had the extreme pleasure of uniting a couple in the holy bonds of matrimony and is seemingly quite elated with his success.

Miss Isabel, daughter of C. L. Douglass, esq., left town, last week, for Franklin, Mass., to work in a straw shop.

Mr. Alpheus Strickland has been quite low with pneumonia, but is slowly recovering.

Miss Merrill is teaching in Cambridge, N. H., not in Upton as reported by your Andover correspondent. Miss Minnie Godwin is teaching in East Upton, Miss Eva McAlister of Grafton in the Mill District, and Warren Kilgore of Newry in No. 1. SUBSCRIBER.

WELCHVILLE.—A. A. Sargent and John Clinton, overseers in the card and finishing room, spent Thanksgiving in Rhode Island, with their relatives.——Fred Harrison, Bert Hall and Horace Howard have gone up country logging.——Cyrus Chaplin has closed his house for the season.——James Downing has moved into the Hiram Gilbert house.——A boy was added to Charles Staples family Tuesday night.——Clinton P. Herrick, who broke his collar bone, is rapidly improving.——King & Holmes are doing a rushing business.——Mr. McFagon, overseer in the dry house, had a narrow escape, being carried over a shaft.——Prescott Lovering has purchased the Stephen Blake farm on Pigeon Hill.——Miss Isabell Boynton is teaching the winter school. She is a first class teacher.——They are going to tear down that beautiful school house. What a pity.——Welchville is the worst place to dig a well in the world. I have often wondered why the young ladies used so much face paint there. I know now—to cover up the dirt, and save water for washing. There is about 2 feet of soil, about the same of clay then you strike a kind of slush or mud (I am talking about digging wells, not about the dirt on girls). This mud is so soft that the hole you dig during the day always fills up during the night and you don't gain a might. The men work with ropes round their waists, for they sometimes strike a soft place and drop in out of sight, and have to be pulled out by the rope. The only way to dig a well is to plank up the sides as you go down.

Roderick's Cough Balsam is prepared from a recipe of one of Maine's most famous physicians, deceased.—It is guaranteed to cure. See advt.

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Vegetine
THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER

BEAR IN MIND
that when your blood becomes impure the safe guard against serious illness is to at once resort to some reliable purifier. Long experience with Vegetine proves beyond question that it is the best blood purifier known.

DON'T ALLOW BLOTCHES
and pimples to disfigure you when there is a positive cure to be had in the timely use of Vegetine.

REST AND SLEEP
are indispensable, would you enjoy sound health. Its controling influence over the nervous system, has made VEGETINE a blessing to thousands. Nervous sufferer you will find sure relief in Vegetine.

NEVER GIVE UP
however serious your case, whether of Scrofula, Liver or Kidney Complaint, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood until you have given Vegetine a thorough trial. It is a remedy for just this class of diseases and in numerous cases, which all efforts have failed to reach, it has proved to be of great efficacy.

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Opens Tuesday, December 16, 1884
in the presence of the Presidents of the American Republics, viz: Arthur, of the United States; Diaz, of Mexico; Barrios, of Guatemala; Bogran, of Honduras.
The Colossal Exhibit of all Time!
Sixteen (16) Immense Exhibition Buildings:
One—the largest building ever erected, another—the largest Conservatory in the World.
20 Acres of Space Under Cover!
Low Transportation Rates from all Points.
Ample Accommodations at Reasonable Rates for all Visitors.
During the period of the Exposition, from Dec. 16, 1884, to June 1, 1885 the temperature at New Orleans averages 65 Fahr. The lawns and shrubbery remain green, flowers bloom, fruits ripen, and all kinds of vegetables grow and mature.
Full information promptly furnished. Address,
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CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases, Sciatica, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.
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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Montezuma, Ia., says: "I find Parsons' Purgative Pills to be the best pill I ever used in my practice." Dr. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa, "Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
CHICKEN CHOLERA,

HOLIDAY GOODS!
An unusually large and well selected stock of Holiday Goods, now in and ready for inspection. They were bought for cash at lower prices than ever before heard of and will be sold at correspondingly low prices. Please call.
S. L. CROCKETT,
Apothecary,
NORWAY, ME.
December 5, 1884.

Christmas and New Year's Presents!
I wish to call attention of the public to my
Large and Complete Stock of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid Silver and
Plated Ware,
All of Which Will be Sold at the Lowest Possible Prices.
J. PIERCE,
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FLOUR BULLETIN!!
CASH PRICES on Delivery.

Extra Roller Process Flour,	$5.50
St. Louis " " "	6.00
EXTRA St. Louis " "	6.50
Washburn's Patent " "	7.00

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Boots, Shoes,
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We do not carry a LARGE ACCUMULATED STOCK, but BUY OFTEN,—FRESH GOODS, and sell at the
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Call and see us, and we will prove this to be true.
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WINTER CLOTHING
AT
J. F. Huntington & Co., Norway Block, Norway.
LARGE STOCK AND LOW PRICES ON
Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers and Suits.
Overcoats from $4 to $20. Now is the time to buy. Call and see.
Under Wear.
We have one of the LARGEST STOCKS OF UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS to be found in Oxford County, and at Prices from 25c to $2 each.
Winter Shirts or Drawers, 50c. Good Heavy Woolen Shirts or Drawers, a drive at 65c.
Good Heavy All Wool Shirts or Drawers, only $1.00. Good Heavy Scarlet Shirts or Drs., only $1.00.
Nice Line of Woolen Lace Shirts. You want to see these Goods Before Buying. Fine Assortment of
Neck-ties, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Cardigans, &c.
HATS AND CAPS
In all the late and nobby styles.
Woolens. We have a large and fine assortment of CLOTHS from which we make CUSTOM WORK to order.
Work and Fits warranted. The Place to Buy Goods at Low Prices is at
J. F. Huntington & Co.'s, Norway Block, Norway.

A New and Choice Line of
Ladies', Misses,' Gents' & Boys'
Under Wear!
Good Qualities at Very Low Prices.
BEFORE BUYING Please to CALL and EXAMINE Our Stock, and Try Our Prices.
H. N. BOLSTER, Market Square, South Paris.

FAIRBANKS
ROCK
CORDIAL.
Will cure CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT OR LUNGS. For COUGH it is sovereign. It will PREVENT CHILLS and FEVER, DEBILITY, &c. Physicians recommend it. Temperance users approve it for the good it does them. Try it and you will never be without it in your family. All Druggists.
Fisher & Fairbanks,
19 Exchange Street Boston.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1884.

ALBION P. HUTCHINSON, Administrator on the estate of Seth W. Turner, late of Canton in said county, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of Dec. next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

The W. L. Douglas' Celebrated $3.00 Shoe!
Congress, Button and Ball, for sale by
W. A. FROTHINGHAM,
Shoe Dealer, South Paris

1885. Harper's Young People.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The serial and short stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have all the dramatic interest that juvenile fiction can possess, while they are wholly free from what is pernicious or vulgarly sensational. The humorous stories and pictures are full of innocent fun, and the papers on natural history and science, travel, and the facts of life, are by writers whose names give the best assurance of accuracy and value. Illustrated papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes give full information on these subjects. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

An epitome of everything

Vital Questions!!!

Ask the most eminent physicians

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of hops!!

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most prominent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically *"Buchu!!"*

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into hop bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is heir to.

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Grand Trunk Railway

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Sept. 8th, 1884, and until further notice, trains will run as follows

MONTREAL TO PORTLAND.

	Pass. A. M.	Mixed. A. M.	Mixed. P. M.
Gorham,	8 20	8 45	3 30
Gilead,	8 42	9 24	3 53
W. Bethel,	8 54	9 43	4 11
Bethel,	9 05	9 56	4 30
Locke's Mills,	9 15	10 20	4 50
Bryant's Pond,	9 22	10 35	4 57
West Paris,	9 33	10 45	5 10
So. Paris,	9 42	10 55	5 20
So. Paris, (leave)	9 55	4 15	5 35
Norway, (arrive)	11 00	6 20	6 35
Norway, (leave)	10 40	6 30	4 00
So. Paris, (arrive)	10 45	6 40	4 00
Oxford,	11 07	6 57	4 27
Lewiston Junction,	11 30	7 08	4 50
Portland,	12 25	8 45	5 30

Trains leave Lewiston for Portland at 7 15 7 55 and 11 40 A. M., and 1 37 and 4 30 P. M.

PORTLAND TO MONTREAL.

	Mixed. A. M.	Pass. P. M.	Mixed. P. M.
Portland,	7 35	1 30	4 00
Lewiston Junction,	8 15	2 40	4 30
Oxford,	8 37	3 18	5 05
So. Paris,	10 10	3 37	7 30
So. Paris, (leave)	10 15	3 50	7 35
Norway, (arrive)	10 20	3 55	7 40
Norway, (leave)	10 00	3 27	7 25
So. Paris, (arrive)	10 05	3 32	7 30
West Paris,	10 35	4 00	7 58
Bryant's Pond,	10 52	4 17	8 14
Locke's Mills,	11 03	4 30	8 26
Bethel,	11 18	4 49	8 47
W. Bethel,	11 32	4 59	9 00
Gilead,	11 54	5 20	9 23
Gorham,	12 20	5 35	10 00

Trains leave Portland, for Lewiston at 7 15 and 7 55 A. M., 1 15, and 5 20 P. M.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its connections in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unsurpassed for comfort, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Elegant Free Parlor Cars, Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened, connecting at Streator, Norfolk, Newport, Nevada, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Urbana, Springfield, Lafayette, and Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Ag't.

CHICAGO.

PORTLAND STEAM PACKET CO.

OLD RELIABLE LINE OF

Boston Steamers. Fare $1.

The favorite Steamer, Elegant New Steamer, JOHN BROOKS FREMONT

Will alternately leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, at 7:00 o'clock p. m., and India Wharf, Boston, at 5:00 o'clock p. m., DAILY (Sunday's excepted.)

Passengers by this Line secure a comfortable night's rest and avoid the expense and inconvenience of arriving in Boston late at night.

Through tickets for sale at all principle stations of Grand Trunk, B. & M., B. & P. & K., and Me. Central R. R., and baggage checked through.

Nov., 1884. J. B. COYLE Jr. Gen. Agent.

Attention Ladies!

Largest and Best Selected Stock of Ladies' Fine Dress Boots, from $1 25 to $5.00 and upward, at the store of Wm. A. Frothingham, Shoe Dealer So. Paris.

Cigars & Cigarettes.

I have just received

A LARGE VARIETY

from the Manufactories and I offer them to the trade at the

Lowest Possible Prices.

at Wholesale, and I will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

J. H. RAWSON.

Paris, Oct. 1883.

Novelties

New Line Gents' ALLIGATOR SLIPPERS, never before shown in Oxford Co. Also Velvet, Moquette, Kid and Goat.

Wm. A. Frothingham, Shoe Dealer,

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

AGENCY FOR ALL KINDS OF ORIENTAL

POWDER

Atlas Powder Fuse, and Extra Sporting Powder. Also all kinds of

EXPLOSIVE MATERIAL

AND BLASTING POWDER AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. All orders promptly attended to.

J. H. RAWSON,

PARIS HILL, MAINE.

Full Line Hart's Goods,

Both hand and Machine Sewed, Ranging of the Finest Goods Made. Sold at the Boot and Shoe store of

WM. A. FROTHINGHAM, SO. PARIS, MAINE

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

[Communications for this Department should be sent the editor, W. H. EASTMAN, East Sumner, Me.]

I.—CHARADE.

My first is quite a piece of ground,
And so will very soon be found;
My whole is needed by my first;
In my last dwell men, from best to worst.

D. C. CLARK.

II.—ENIGMA.

Composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 4, 14, 11, 16, 10 is a boy's name.
My 5, 6 is a personal pronoun.
My 20, 13, 15, 24 is a girl's name.
My 12 26, 11, 19, 21 is a number.
My 22 8 23 is to expire.
My 17, 23 is a pronoun.
My 7, 10, 17, 18, 2 is a man's name.
My 3, 24, 7, 4, 12 is a servant.
My whole is one of the patriotic sayings at the beginning of the Revolutionary war.

HOWARD W.

III.—RHOMBOID.

Across.

1. In passing.
2. A kind of beetle.
3. Certain birds.
4. One who prepares matter for publication.
5. Certain medicines.
6. Short jackets worn by the Greeks.

Down.

1. A letter.
2. To exist.
3. The same (Scottish).
4. A weed.
5. A musical composition.
6. To re-instate as a king.
7. One who estimates.
8. A small quantity.
9. A kind of rock.
10. Very.
11. A letter.

B. RIGGS.

IV.—PROVERB BLANKS.

The words required to fill the blanks in the following sentences, taken in order, will form a proverb:

1. A republic is, or should be, a government of the — in the fullest sense.
2. Did you know — was elected to the office of Mayor?
3. The strange old man was once a hunter, and used to — far up in the mountains.
4. Amidst our differences, — one thing we are united.
5. Many a man looks back to his first — as the starting point in his downward course.
6. A city without — is unknown in the history of the world.
7. A man —live so uprightly that even his enemies can bring no just accusation against him.
8. — the least attractive feature of the fair was the display of the products of household industry by the young ladies.
9. Many a gambler has been ruined by a single —of the dice.
10. We sat for hours watching the rising and sinking of the ocean waves from the — along the shore.

COUSIN KITTY.

V.—HIDDEN GEMS.

1. Tell Fred I am on duty as a policeman.
2. Ned will brag at every good hit he makes.
3. Don't rub your knuckles on sandpaper.

HARRY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF LAST WEEK.

1, Moosehead. 2, Diamond. 3, Onion 4. Cod. 5, New-port. 6, Deep River. 7, Ulster. 8, May. 9, Potter. 10. Blackbird. 11, Carroll and Caroline. 12, Scott 13, Elk 14. Fear. 15, Prosperity. 16, Pike. 17, Keys. 18, Pea. 19, Vermilion. 21, Eagle.

HE WON'T DIE.

There arrived in Detroit, the other day, half an hour after the west-bound train over the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railroad had departed, a young man who was in a terrible fix. He was on his way to a village in the interior to get married. The day and the hour had been set, and here he was, fifty miles away, and no show to get there unless he hired a locomotive. Acting upon the advice of the depot policeman, the young man had an interview with one of the chief officials of the road, who offered the use of a locomotive for $40.

"That's a heap of money," replied the young man, as his enthusiasm began to ooze away.

"Yes," answered the rather indifferent official.

"I'll telegraph to her father and see what he says."

"Very well; let me know within an hour."

In about an hour the young man returned with a message in his hand, and he laid it before the official without a word. It read:

"Susan changed her mind yesterday and was married to Frank."

"Then you won't want the locomotive, of course?"

"Of course not. It was lucky I thought of telegraphing, for I'm just forty dollars ahead."

"And so you do not feel bad over being left?"

"Well, I'd been engaged to Susan for thirteen years, and when I opened that dispatch my knees wobbled a bit, but I guess it's all for the best. I am also engaged to a Toledo milliner who does a business of $30,000 per year, and to a girl in Columbus who expects her aunt to leave her $20,000, and I am in hopes of pulling through without going into a decline. Sorry to have troubled you, sir, and I will bid you good-day."

SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.

"Land sakes, what lies they do print in the papers every day," remarked an old lady from way down East, as she looked up over her paper. "Beats all what whoppers they do tell. Maybe they spect sensible people to read and believe all their falsehoods."

"What is it now, mother?" inquired the old lady's son.

"Why, see here, Wendell, this paper says in Cuba, where there was trouble with the hands in a sugar bush, the sap house was guarded by muskeeters. The idea of muskeeters guardin' a sap house. An' that ain't the worst on't. Here it goes on to say they were fine, strapping fellows, each full six feet high. There wa'n't no muskeeter ever lived six feet high, an' I know it. Down to our house in Vermont we have got muskeeters as big as anybody's, and I never saw one over three inches long in all of my life. Six feet! I don't see why editors want to lie so; do you, Wendell?"

"But look, mother, it does not say guarded by 'muskeeters,' but by 'musketers.' Don't you see the difference, now?"

"Yes, there's a difference, I admit, but these printers always have some way to crawl out of their lies. I wonder they don't blame it on the poor compositor."

HIS REVENGE.—They were riding up from the Wall Street Ferry in a 'bus. He lifted his hat to her in a gingerly manner, and she bowed with the coldness of an iceberg.

"Know her?" asked a man at his elbow.

"Know her! Why, I was engaged to her, last fall!"

"And what?"

"And she gave me the bounce. She said she loved me, but she could not endure the thought of a struggle with a French flat and tapestry Brussels carpets. I went forth a crushed man, but revenge is mine!"

"How?"

"Why, her father put $150,000 into a summer hotel, and the company hasn't made enough to pay the wages of the head waiter!"

Lifted Up

A happy surprise it was to Mr. A. R. Norton, of Bristol, Conn., when ATHLOPHOROS put him on his feet, and sent him cheerfully about his business. Let him tell his own story:

"About three weeks ago I was taken with a severe crick in the back. For four days I was unable to turn in bed without help, and when lifted up could not stand on my feet. I was induced to try ATHLOPHOROS, after all the usual remedies failed. In 30 minutes after taking the first dose I could bear my weight upon my feet. In two days I was able to get about and attend to business. In two other cases which have come to my knowledge its use has been attended with the same results."

A poor man in Philadelphia had to borrow a dollar to buy a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS. On account of his poverty his name shall remain a secret. He had suffered terribly from Rheumatism. He gratefully writes:

"I took my first dose Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday, after but seven doses, I had not a sharp or severe ache left. Then I reduced the dose one-half and took the remainder of the bottle. I was able to be steady at work till Saturday, when I took a severe cold and was unable to use my left hand. I purchased another bottle and by bed time I found relief. The medicine is all you claim for it."

Investigate ATHLOPHOROS all you please! Find all the fault you choose with it! and yet the fact remains, that it is doing what no other medicine ever could do for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Largest STOCK RUBBER GOODS

to be found outside the cities, and at BOTTOM PRICES, at WM. A. FROTHINGHAM'S SHOE STORE, South Paris, Maine.

G. H. PORTER,

South Paris, Maine.

DEALER IN

TOBACCOS, CIGARS, FRESH FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, Fancy Groceries, CONFECTIONERY, EARLY VEGTABLES ICE CREAM & SODA.

FINEST LINE OF

Tobaccos

to be found outside the large cities, over thirty brands ranging in price from 30 cents to $1.00, and upwards per pound, and to suit the most valued taste.

AN ASSORTMENT OF

CIGARS

equal to anything the city will afford from a 2 cent Concord to the Finest Imported Havana.

My list of Canned Goods, Select Fancy Groceries, Meats, Fruits, Jellies and Preserves comprises the finest goods in the market and my prices are as low as consistent with the fine quality of goods I offer.

Convenient for Cream room adjoining, where parties can lunch free from intrusion.

G. H. PORTER,

South Paris, Me.

June 9, 1883.

Don't Fail, when you go to the County Seat, to visit the

SHOE STORE

of WM. A. FROTHINGHAM, South Paris, Maine.

HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER

a day or two in advance, and be sure of hitting it right nine times in ten, is a question yet remaining unanswered. The late Vennor did well for a time, but Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau Officials do well indeed when we consider the freaks nature has indulged in the past year or two. But how to cure a disordered stomach or liver, or biliousness, or constipation, or an impure condition of the blood, we answer by saying, purchase at once a bottle of that invaluable household remedy, the "true 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine" or Bitters. Take them as DIRECTED, be careful of your diet, be always happy, and soon your ills will leave you and you will be your former self. But we caution you against cheap, base imitations. Take only that having the large red registered trade-mark "L. F." on label and wrapper.

PUZZLE.

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR. FOR COLDS CONSUMPTION AND COUGHS. WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION

CONSUMPTION has been cured times without number by the timely use of Downs' Elixir. It will cure *Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Whooping-Cough, Lung Fever,* and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest and Lungs,* when other remedies fail. For sale by all dealers.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LOZIER, Prop's, Burlington, Vt.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored by KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections. Fits, Fits, Fits. INSANITY is often an effect. Read for 25 cents. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Epileptics, sufferers sending express and post office address. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

SAMPLES OF DRY AND FANCY GOODS By Mail.

We are now fully organized in our SAMPLE Department for the Fall Campaign, and are prepared to furnish all our Out of Town Customers with every facility for

Ordering By Mail

Samples of such goods as they desire to see or purchase. Every department in our store is now replenished with

NEW GOODS,

and comprises all the New Staple and Novelty Dress and Trimming Goods of the season. Our business is conducted on a strictly

ONE PRICE SYSTEM

and we guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case.

☞ Samples of any goods, (that can be cut) together with printed circular of information sent FREE to any address.

EASTMAN BRO'S & BANCROFT, 492 & 494 CONGRESS ST., Portland, Me.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY B. WALKER MCKEEN.

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to Mr. McKeen at Fryeburg, Maine.

THE POTATO.

Washington returns say that the potato yield of the United States is 190,000,000 bushels. The acreage being 2,111,117, which makes the average about 90 bushels per acre. We are situated in a potato locality. Our soil is very generally adapted to their cultivation. Our railroads afford ample facilities for their transportation and they are always marketable at some price. As they are a crop that will not keep, like the grains, from year to year, they must be disposed of nearly as soon as harvested. This fact, together with their tendency to be injured by frost, makes the sale of them imperative. Still they form the great staple crop of the State and help in a great measure to feed its people and its animals.

They have qualities that make them very valuable for winter feeding. Besides their actual nutritive value, which is quite low when compared with the grains, they have a medicinal quality that makes them great helps in stock feeding. By their laxative and cooling nature they help overcome the tendency to heating or the unnatural condition caused by much feeding of grain. Stock feeders are coming to more fully realize the value of succulent food for winter use, and as a general purpose crop for the majority of farmers there is no crop, considering the cost of raising, that fills the bill so well as does the potato.

Their cultivation has reached immense proportions. In Maine, alone, by the last census, the yield of 1880 was 7,999,625 bushels. That of 1881, which was very disastrous for all root crops, was only 3,342,248 bushels, but on account of the scarcity the prices ruled high,—90.9 cents per bushel in December and higher as consumption exhausted the supply. Then in 1883 the crop reached the enormous amount of 12,000,000 bushels, while in Aroostook County, alone, the yield was considerable over two million bushels. And the acreage gradually increases.

Considering the adaptability of the potato for all uses and nearly all lands it may be of interest to see where it first grew and trace its course from the small amount of a few garden patches to its present immense proportions. The nature of the potato is very peculiar. It is very unfortunate in its family relations—being closely related to the nightshade, a plant which possesses strong narcotic properties, whose leaves are very injurious if eaten by stock, but which lose their narcotic properties by boiling. This same property is found in the shoots of the potato. But few plants are more widely diffused than this. There are many different varieties also, known under the names of woody nightshade or bittersweet, deadly nightshade or belladonna, and enchanter's nightshade or circea; these plants are all of the genus solanum, and are distributed over the whole world. Out of these different plants there are but two which are ever used as food, the egg plant and the potato. The egg-plant is a native of the East Indies, but grows in warm countries generally. The fruit resembles an egg in shape, varying in size from that of a hen's egg to that of a swan's egg, in color generally white, yellow or violet. The poison in all these plants is known as solinine, varying in quantity in the different species, but being present in all.

The Potato is a native of the mountainous districts of tropical and subtropical America,—from Chili to Mexico. On account of its present condition,—being in nearly all parts of the world, it is extremely difficult to trace its origin. Some travelers having even doubted if it ever existed in a truly wild state. Humboldt was one of those who doubted its growing in a wild state. But investigations by scientific travelers have, lately, dispelled this idea and traced a similitude between the potato as it grows under cultivation and when in a wild state. Except that the tubers are smaller in the wild there is no difference, as they are perfect and reproduce in the same manner, but it is extremely difficult to improve upon it as it is to establish a new variety of potato by growing the seed.

The potato has been grown in America and its tubers used as food from times long before its discovery by Europeans. Like maize, which grew first in a wild state in America, the potato has proved one of the greatest blessings to man, and ranks first in its actual consumption among all cultivated crops. Besides the mechanical uses made of it.

It was first carried to Europe by the Spaniards from the vicinity of Quito, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and spread from Spain into the Netherlands, Burgundy and Italy, but was only cultivated in gardens as a curiosity and not for general use as an article of food. It long received throughout all European countries the same name with the Batavias or sweet potato, which is the plant meant by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century, in their use of the name potato. It appears to have been carried to Ireland by Hawkins, a slave-trader, in 1565; and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1585; but attracted but little attention until it was a third time introduced from America by Sir Walter Raleigh. Its use finally became more general from the idea that it might be used to take the place of other crops in case of a failure, to prevent famine. A writer as late as 1719, in speaking of its qualities, says it is inferior to radish. The Royal Society of England took up this idea, and, in 1663, adopted measures for extending its cultivation. In France the extension of its culture was due in great measure to Parmentier, while in some parts of Germany the government promoted its culture by compulsory regulations. Now, the potato grows in nearly all parts of the world, where land is cultivated. It may be seen in the tropics, and struggles for existence even within the Arctic Circle. It is the food of rich and poor alike; and may be fixed, by preparation, into palatable dishes for those of most refined tastes. It comes as a blessing into the cot of the laborer and hut of the peasant, supplying them with food when all other crops fail and nourishing into life their famishing children. Since its introduction into Ireland there have been two severe famines caused by the failure of the potato crop. Its cultivation had grown to such immense proportions that it had crowded out other crops. These facts teach a lesson: it is, that plants or crops cultivated exclusively in any country for any length of time, no matter how successful at first, will fail at last, and the exclusive dependence of people upon one means of support is very unfavorable to their welfare in all their interests.

It is said that land which will produce thirty pounds of wheat will produce about one thousand pounds of potatoes. But potatoes are not nearly as nutritious as wheat, and their exclusive use for food is not conducive to the highest development of body or mind. It is calculated that 100 parts of good wheat flour, or 107 parts of the grain, contain as much actual nutriment as 613 parts of potatoes. This lack of nutriment is due to the lack of the nitrogenous principles in its make-up. In consequence of which it is more advantageously used in connection with other foods;—in this country and England with meats, in many parts of Europe with curds or cheese. The potato, in a fresh state, contains from 71 to 80 per cent. of water; 15 to 20 of starch; 3 to 7 of fibre or woody matter; 3 to 4 of gum, dextrine and sugar, and 2 of albumen, gluten and casein. There are, of course, wide differences in its constituents, caused, mainly, by the kind of potato, the character of the soil on which it is grown and the manner of fertilization.

It is generally conceded that a dry loam produces potatoes of better quality than the closer clay soil of our river valleys. A dry "mealy" potato is much more nutritious than one that is heavy and watery.

Potatoes are usually produced from cuttings, but new varieties are obtained by planting the seeds. Propagation by cuttings of the tubers is not properly reproduction, but one plant is divided into a multitude; hence it is necessary to renew by planting the seed, or its existence will, in time, come to an end.

In a subsequent article we shall consider the various diseases of the potato and its numerous enemies, and methods of prevention or cure.

MIXED FARMING.

[National Live-Stock Journal.]

The late unfortunate M. L. Sullivant, who had great executive ability, and opened and ran a farm of some 25,000 acres in Champaign county, Ill., and afterwards another of 40,000 acres, in Livingston county, same State, is a most remarkable illustration of the danger of of confining farming to a single specialty. He had studied the corn crop and the labor required to produce it, as, perhaps, no other man ever did, and he succeeded in raising this grain by the million bushels at a nominally less rate than any other man. But he persisted in devoting his great farm wholly to the corn crop, (the corn to be sold on the market,) no animals being kept, except for draft. Strictly adhering to this specialty, the immense amount of fodder belonging to this crop, instead of being utilized for feeding, and thus paying a part of the expense of the crop, was wholly lost. When corn was cheap it could not be sent to market, except at a loss, and two or three such seasons occurring together, a fortune was sunk in losses. These losses soon absorbed his immense farm and left him bankrupt.

Any attempt to run farming on one specialty, has proved disappointing in the end. The wheat crop has often absorbed the enterprise of quite large districts, and for a time wheat farmers may seem to be prosperous. But when the market encounters too large a surplus, those who have become most exclusively wheat culturists, suffer severely,—the profits of the several years previous being cut down.

In fact, those grain districts are uniformly most prosperous where grain and cattle go together. Cattle utilize much that is otherwise wasted, besides returning to the soil a large part of the plant food drawn from it by the grain crops.

—Compute what it takes per hill to give the big yields of potatoes reported in the *Rural*, and if the system followed seems at all rational, try it on a small scale. Raise what you can produce at the largest net profit, which may not be what your neighbor does best with, or what yields you the largest gross crop.

Learn as soon as possible, by trial with full accounts of all items of cost, what crops, rotation, depth of plowing, fertilizers, suit your land best.

Abolish the small, fenced-in garden, and grow vegetables in the corn or potato field—beets, early cabbage, lettuce, onions and peas, with potatoes. Plant in hills or drills, just as those crops are planted; cultivate with them, and you will have vegetables.

Plant all small fruits in long rows, at a distance suitable for horse cultivation, by the side of a lot, with a drive between them and the lot; the easiest way is the very best.

Stumps and stones in plow-land are costly and dangerous. Short furrows waste time. Two hours in a clean field with 60-rod furrows, are worth three or more in short furrows amid stumps.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CORRECTING BAD HABITS.—There is one very mistaken plan that many persons adopt to "cure" a horse (or any animal) of a bad habit, which is, to place him purposely in a situation certain to call his bad habit into play; and this they do to have the opportunity, as they hope, of correcting it. This is a very bad practice, and one that, in the long run, gives the most trouble, is attended with the most danger, and frequently leads to, and ends in, the person practicing it being beat in the contest. Now, if we can correct a bad habit in any animal by moderate correction, it is far preferable to do so than by resorting to brute force or brute chastisement.—N. L., *Prairie Farmer.*

—When the heifer, which has been "trained" to kick, comes to give milk, there will be fun for all parties.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It has effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla,* with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia,* the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron,* and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists; price $1; six bottles for $5.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

Why? IN SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry compound, 50 cts. by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a liquid or snuff. Apply into nostrils. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Sample by mail 10 cts. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

LADIES AND GENTS,

Why select your Foot Wear from Small Inferior Stocks, when

W. A. FROTHINGHAM,

SHOE DEALER, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Carries the largest and most complete stock of Medium and Fine Goods in Oxford County!

WELCOME

(TRADE MARK.)

SOAP

Acknowledged the "STANDARD" of LAUNDRY SOAP. There is but One. Every bar is stamped with a pair of hands, and no Grocer should be allowed to offer any substitute. In the use of WELCOME SOAP people realize "VALUE RECEIVED" and discover that superiority in WASHING QUALITY peculiar to this Soap.

HORSE HOES AND CULTIVATORS.

I. X. L. Iron Frame Horse Hoe and Cultivator Combined.

The Best Iron Frame Hoe in the Market.

CHAMPION HORSE HOE & CULTIVATOR

COMBINED ONLY $7.00

Steel Cultivators and Steel Blades sold separately, as customers may want.

F. C. MERRILL,

MANUFACTURER OF

Agricultural Implements,

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

May, 31, 1884.

BUY YOUR

Doors, Windows, Blinds MOULDINGS,

Stair Rails, Balusters, Newels,

ASH AND PINE SHEATHING,

WINDOW and DOOR FRAMES,

BRACKETS, PICKETS, &C.

—OF—

S. P. MAXIM & SON.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

PRICES LOW.

N. B. Every description of House Finish furnished at short notice.

☞ Planing, Matching, Band Sawing and general Jobbing attended to. Also Agents for

RUBBER PAINTS.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and assumed the trust of Executor of the estate of

STEPHEN ANDREWS, late of Lovell

in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

CHARLES G. ANDREWS.

Nov 18, 1884.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of

WINTHROP MATHEWS late of Paris

in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

Nov. 18, 1884. WILLIAM J. WHEELER.

Camels, it is reported, are to be introduced into England as beasts of burden. Mr. Bull, it seems, wants the ships of the desert as well as the ships of the ocean.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Marriage!" exclaimed the maid-en aunt. "Humph! Don't mention it." "Don't mention it?" cried the blooming niece. "No, indeed, they don't."

Why suffer with Nervousness, Boils and Pimples? Why rave with a headache? Why feel downhearted and have no appetite, when CLOVER BITTERS will cure you? Price only 50 cents.

An Eastern paper says that a dozen girls from New Haven are taking a tramp through the White Mountains. The tramp must be having a good time.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

Many, very many of the actors who start out with theatrical combinations, next month, will get back in time for Thanksgiving if the walking is good.

DECORATIONS AND SOUVENIRS.—Detach the notice from your bottle of *Morse Yellow Dock,* and mail per directions on each bottle, and thus secure an assortment of our elegant decorative Advertisements, Souvenirs, etc. M. Y. D. SYRUP CO.

A man arrived in New York a few days ago with 3280 accordions. And yet England makes a great fuss if a little dynamite happens to go off on the island.

ELEVEN YEARS IN CHARGE

Of the package department, Boston & Me. Depot, Boston, Mass. Miss Helen Jones, says: I was a sufferer from general debility, biliousness and water brash for several years, and life seemed almost a burden to me. After using almost everything, Sulphur Bitters cured me.

A newspaper in Iowa is called the Moon. It is now in the first quarter. After it has been full and then sets, the man in it will reflect and conclude he has seen Luna.

A healthy body is indispensable to a vigorous mind. A bilious and dyspeptic man, whose blood drags sluggishly in his veins, can neither think clearly nor act wisely. Ayer's Pills will stir up the liver, excite the stomach and bowels to activity, open the pores of the system, and restore a healthy tenement for the mind.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," but in this enlightened century men are able to carry on the same business very successfully on top of the ground.

WISELY ADOPTED BY DAIRYMEN.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairymen and farmers of the United States of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all winter butter is colored in order to make it marketable, and this color is the best, in regard to purity, strength, permanence and perfection of tint.

If swimming suits get any smaller it will soon be the approved antic to skip into the briny with only the key to one's bath room tied round one's waist.

Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havana trade, came home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his rheumatism was all gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you. Sold by all druggists.

"The tied comes in," remarked the hotel clerk, as two newly married couples came blushingly forward and registered under the full glare of the Brazilian diamond.

☞ When you are being worried to death by Rheumatism, you pray for something to walk right into your system, and capture the strongholds of the disease. Your prayer is answered by ATHLOPHOROS. Says Miss E. C. Mulligan, Spartanburg, S. C., "Your ATHLOPHOROS relieved my Rheumatism at once. A colored man who got a bottle of me, was cured of a severe attack in a few days. Another who was confined to bed with Rheumatism was raised up in two days."

Great heavens! What's this? A Wilm