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The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME LII. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1885. NUMBER 32.

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.

OFFICIAL TEST OF "DUCHESS OF SMITHFIELD, 4256."

We give below the official test of this cow, as taken by Chas. B. Beck, and sworn to before a Notary Public. As this test gives the amount and kinds of food consumed by the cow during the trial, we consider it of value. It shows the capacity of the cow to consume large quantities of rich food, and return it in milk.

Duchess of Smithfield is of one of the best strains of Ayrshire blood. Perhaps our farmers may draw a conclusion from these figures. Although they may not possess equals of this cow, many of them have native and grade cows that will respond readily to liberal feeding. Therefore, let them feed better those they now have, and note results. Possibly they may have in their herds, cows that with proper feed and care will do themselves credit, and show ample qualities for a foundation for a strain that will be an improvement upon any now owned by them. Whatever we own we ought not to expect any returns except from good, liberal feeding. No pure-blooded cow will yield any return without it, and very many common ones will do well, with it:

OFFICIAL TEST OF "DUCHESS OF SMITHFIELD, 4256."

Monday, June 1—5 a. m., yield, 32 1-2 lbs.; 1 p. m., 26 3-4 lbs.; 9 p. m., 21 lbs.; total, 74 1-4 lbs. Feed, 9 quarts wheat bran, 4 1-2 quarts corn meal, 4 1-2 oil meal.

Tuesday, June 2—5 a. m., yield, 24 1-4 lbs.; 1 p. m., 21 1-2 lbs.; 9 p. m., 25 1-4 lbs.; total, 66 1-2 lbs. Feed, 9 quarts ground oats, 4 1-2 quarts corn meal, 3 quarts oil meal.

Wednesday, June 3—5 a. m., yield, 22 3-4 lbs.; 1 p. m., 21 3-4 lbs.; 9 p. m., 25 lbs.; total, 67 1-2 lbs. Feed, 9 quarts wheat bran, 4 1-2 corn meal, 4 1-2 middlings.

Thursday, June 4—5 a. m., yield, 21 3-4 lbs.; 1 p. m., 21 3-4 lbs.; 9 p. m., 22 1-2 lbs.; total, 65 lbs. Feed, 9 quarts ground oats, 4 1-2 corn meal, 4 1-2 oil meal.

Friday, June 5—5 a. m., yield, 22 lbs.; 1 p. m., 22 1-4 lbs.; 9 p. m., 23 3-4 lbs.; total, 68 lbs. Feed, 11 quarts wheat bran, 6 corn meal, 3 1-2 oil meal.

Saturday, June 6—5 a. m., yield, 21 lbs.; 1 p. m., 21 lbs.; 9 p. m., 26 1-2 lbs.; total, 68 1-2 lbs. Feed, 10 quarts wheat bran, 9 ground oats, 4 1-2 corn meal, 3 oil meal.

Sunday, June 7—5 a. m., yield, 24 lbs.; 1 p. m., 22 1-4 lbs.; 9 p. m., 11 3-4 lbs.; total, 58 lbs. Feed, 10 quarts wheat bran, 4 1-2 corn meal, 4 1-2 oil meal, 9 ground oats.

Total yield, 491 lbs.

During the day the cow was out on ordinary pasture of timothy and clover, mixed, and at night was turned into the yard and given as much cut grass as she would eat.

The Duchess of Smithfield, 4256, was born Dec. 20th, 1876. She is by Lion Douglas, 1261, out of Hester 2d, 2498, and is a splendid representative of the renowned Douglas family, from the imported cow Corslet.

Her color is a deep, rich red and white, about evenly distributed. She has a beautiful head, neck of medium length, chest broad and deep, fore quarters light, body large and especially deep at the flanks; has a very capacious and symmetrically-formed udder, measuring *sixty-eight* inches round, broad at the rear and extending well forward, with teats of good size and about equal distance apart; the milk veins about the udder and abdomen are wonderfully well developed, and she has a magnificent Flandrine escutcheon; her skin is soft and elastic to the touch, and is covered with fine, glossy hair; her style and movement extremely graceful, and her disposition and temperament, as far as I was able to judge, perfect.

She has apparently a very strong constitution, and is a remarkably good feeder. Her weight on the day before the test began was 1,128 pounds. Her last calf was born March 20th, 1885, or about two and a half months before the commencement of the test. She is a very persistent as well as a deep milker, and in all her points and characteristics exhibits exceedingly close conformity to the perfect type of the Ayrshire cow.

Yours Respectfully,
CHAS B. BECK,
in Live Stock Monthly.

JOTTINGS.

Rural New Yorker.

—Become a specialist if your land favors it; but don't take for a specialty a very exhausting crop.

National Stockman.

—Always turn a horse with his tail to the windward. This is of much more importance than the average horseman would believe.

O. C. Farmer.

—For several years we have scrutinized the reports of casualties by lightning, and to the best of our recollection, rodded houses have fared no better than those not protected.

N. Y. Tribune.

—The time will come when population so presses on the means of subsistence, agriculture will have to be taught, respected and practiced as the only way to escape starvation.

American Agriculturist.

—The average healthy adult man takes into his system four and a half pounds of water daily, and with it, too often, a dangerous quantity of foreign matter and disease-producing germs. In many homes, during the summer months, water that would otherwise nauseate the drinker, is made cold by ice, and then hastily swallowed, the coldness making it unoffensive.

DEPREDATIONS OF THE CROW.

Ed. Agricultural Dep't:

I have read the articles in your columns and elsewhere in the DEMOCRAT on this bird of evil omen. But had reserved my decision until convinced by further evidence. As a starting point I will relate an incident that lately came to my notice. During the early spring two robins built their nest in a tree near my window. Driven from the woods by their natural enemies, they chose rather to meet the crafty house-cat and passing school-boy, but their choice of location was not near enough the house to shield them from their relentless enemy. As they progressed in their labors it became interesting to watch them at their work. Certainly a busier pair of builders never carried material for any building, nor showed greater knowledge of their requirements, for when completed, they had a nest that met every requirement, in which their eggs would rest in safety, and where their young would be comfortable. Finally, the last straw was placed, and the nest was called complete, after careful inspection. There came a short period of quiet, and the mother bird was seen to remain upon the nest much of her time. After a few days it was announced that there were two, then three, and finally, four, blue eggs in the nest. After weeks of careful tending by both birds they suddenly began to be very busy carrying worms, etc., from an adjoining lot, and another visit to the nest disclosed the fact, that there were three little, helpless birds there, which had lately broken through the shell. They lay panting and naked, a confused mass of heads and stubs, which were to grow into wings. But the care and industry of the old birds were unremitting and countless worms, slugs, grasshoppers, etc., found their way into this nest, and down the throats of these little birds. Every day added to their hunger and their growth; much interest was taken in their progress by every member of the family, and they had nearly reached the age when they would be able to fly and so care for themselves. When, one morning, two crows were seen to swoop down upon the tree and its luckless tenants, and in spite of every effort of the old birds, and before assistance could reach them from the house, all the young birds were carried off and destroyed, to make a meal for the greedy, murderous crow, leaving an empty nest, around which the old birds spent a few days in lamenting the unhappy fate of their offspring. The children missed them, the fields have lost a few more insect-eating birds, and the irrepressible crow is satisfied. Now must farmers plan to save this depredator, who hesitates not to devour the young of other birds, who is always ready for any piece of thievishness that may come to hand, but who looks out sharply for number one? Certainly the necessity is great. But there are other ways. Let the crow be kept from the fields and farm buildings by the shot gun. Domestic fowls will eat all insects that scrow will, and, under favorable circumstances, will find them as readily. It may be said that the crow is a scavenger, which is true in the sense that any bird or fowl is. Digestion is always progressing with them, and when allowed free range, they are always busy, hunting for something that will be to them a delicacy and which is as apt to be in some very forbidding quarter as elsewhere. So, fight insects with fowls that will actively hunt out their places of abode, and serve the double purpose of destroying enemies to the growing crops and converting their food into meat that is valuable to their owner.

Fryeburg, July 21, 1885. M.

[Maine Farmer.]

MEAL AT PASTURE.

The feeding of meal to stock when at pasture is not a common practice. Occasionally a dairyman is found who has practiced it to some extent, and growers of fancy steers, particularly anxious to secure a rapid growth, in some cases continue a meal ration of some kind while the stock is at pasture. The question arises, and it is an important one, whether the practice can be recommended for general adoption.

It is well known by all that in all the older sections of the State, the pastures now fail to produce that abundance of grass which was once the case. In place of that thick, luxuriant and abundant supply which once was sufficient for stock to secure all that was needed in a few hours' time, and leaving the rest of the time to lay on growth and secrete milk, now the grass is thin and nearly all the day is required for the animal to gather what the system calls for. This being the case, there never is secured, where good work is wanted, so rapid a gain on growing stock nor so large returns from cows, as the capacity of the animals are constituted to give.

If there has anything been proved in farm practice, it is that the profits from stock come from good feeding. Perhaps it may not be said that the best returns come from the most liberal feeding, yet this would not be far from actual facts. As a rule, stock should be kept doing at all times all that their health and vigor will allow. There should be no periods of respite from this—no periods of merely holding their own, and certainly no seasons of going back. As the pasturage now is, stock will make a moderate growth only for a limited time, after which they will barely hold their own, and then, later on, will lose a portion of the growth of the earlier part of the season. Milch cows are turned from the flush feed of the barn to the thin grass where possibly the flow of milk may be for a time kept up—but generally at the expense of a shrinkage of flesh—to be followed later on by a serious shrinkage of milk also, and all from the fact of a lack of food.

From a limited practice of our own, and from observations among others, we fully believe there is no time when a meal ration will be found more profitable than when the stock is at pasture. Stock will live on pasturage alone, all know, but this is not enough. We want the steers to grow, the oxen to lay on fat, the cows to give a liberal flow of milk. A small ration only with the grass feed will do this. A slight expense in this direction will accomplish marked results. The steers will not only grow in frame, but with the meal they will lay on flesh at the same time. The cows will not only give a larger flow of milk, but will hold in much better flesh. This better condition causes them to hold out their flow of milk later in the season, and when they come fresh in milk again, is the means of their giving a larger flow. In a long run, then, it will be found very profitable. Grass, even if it were plentiful enough, is not a perfect ration, and is better balanced by the addition of a light feed of meal.

Not only is the flow of milk increased by the grain feed, but the quality of it is found to be greatly improved. Hence, this practice is especially popular among butter makers. We never have known of a single instance of its being discontinued in a dairy where once the practice had been introduced. For supplementing a somewhat scanty pasturage this course will be found, under judicious management, a profitable practice. The kind of meal ration should depend on the purpose for which it is fed. If to oxen for fat, or to cows for a rich milk and for keeping up their flesh, nothing is better than corn meal. If to cows for a large flow of milk, cotton seed meal may be recommended. If to steers or colts for growth, wheat bran will best subserve that end.

—Last season we called attention to some swindling firms of commission merchants at or near Boston. These rascals would locate in the suburbs of Boston and assume a name very much resembling that of some honorable firm in the city that was doing business in butter and cheese and general farm produce. They would then get up a circular, quoting selling prices at from four to eight cents above the legitimate trade, and soliciting consignments, would send these circulars with their business card attached to all the neighborhood where the legitimate firm was doing business. The result of this work would be to impose upon the cupidity of the average farmer, and if he was somewhat suspicious of these often too fulsome promises, he would send on one small consignment just to try it, but often his desire to make much money would cause him to send all the goods he had to spare. Of course, no returns were ever made unless it was for a small consignment, which would be paid for in order to delude the farmer and his neighbors into sending all they had. Well, it seems these common swindlers have come to grief, and have been arrested, tried and convicted, and for the present the business is broken up in that city; but the point need never be lost sight of that so long as men will take rough chances for greater gain, the above class of swindlers will surely thrive. It seems superfluous, and certainly is to sensible men, to tell them to trust no business house to which they are a stranger, or have some information from reliable sources that the firm trusted is of old and honorable standing; and it is a certain sign of evil intentions when the circular makes quotations above those to be found in the newspapers that are connected with the trade or in any measure represent it.—*American Dairyman.*

VICIOUS HORSES.

Live Stock Monthly.

Vicious horses are not desirable anywhere, but if there is one place more than another where they are not wanted and should not be found, it is on the farm. In the different work that horses have to perform in farming it is often the case that they have to be handled by several different persons during the season, and often by boys or men who are incompetent. A horse with a bad disposition is not slow to understand whether he or the one who handles him is to be the boss, and when the least opportunity is afforded they are not slow to take advantage of it. Reports of men or boys being killed by such horses are quite frequent, and other mischief that they do is as often heard of or experienced. It is generally taking great risks of personal injury or of injuring others by keeping such animals on the place, and unless they have some redeeming qualities it is far better to part with them, even at a sacrifice. The best place for a horse that is not perfectly gentle and reliable is in teams, in cities where they have constant work, and where they have the same master day after day, and the sooner they find their way to such positions the better it is for them and for all concerned.

—A farmer's good name has a commercial value.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

(Continued.)

husband, but rather excitable. I assure you, miss, he was fully convinced that sweet little boy was his. I own I wasn't, but I humored him, seeing the thought made him so happy. Anyway I would have loved the boy like my own. Now I promise you there shall be no more trouble. But my poor man, he will be disappointed."

"Will any sum of money——" began Beatrice rather timidly.

"Oh, no, miss. Although Rawlings has neglected business dreadfully for the last two years, and his brother is grumbling, we are fairly well-to-do people with a tidy bit saved. Oh, no, my man is single-eyed. He only wanted his boy."

"How was your child lost?" asked Beatrice.

Mrs. Rawlings looked rather confused. "I can't help believing, miss, that the poor little fellow was drowned and never found. But Rawlings he won't have it so. He says he was stolen and we shall find him some day."

After this Miss Clanson thanked her hostess with grave dignity. Then she dropped her veil and attended by Mrs. Rawlings went back to the cab and Sylvanus. She had gained her end, but at a price only known to herself. What it had cost her to reveal the secret of her life to that strange woman can scarcely be over estimated. Such was her feeling of degradation that she almost wished that her uncles had been in the room when yesterday she went with the child in her hand to tell them what she had to-day told Mrs. Rawlings. "And after all," she murmured with a bitter smile on her face, "it is but staving off the crash which must come sooner or later." Here she sighed involuntarily. Mordle's quick ear caught the sound. "Nothing unpleasant happened, I hope?" he asked.

"My business was not of the pleasantest nature, but I accomplished it successfully," replied Beatrice.

He said no more. By her desire she was set down at one of the principal shops in Blacktown, an emporium of articles of feminine need into which Mordle could not venture to accompany her. She thanked him for his services, and he knew that those thanks were a dismissal. He strode back to Oakbury looking very thoughtful; indeed it was not until he was well into his own parish that he remembered the necessity of resuming his usual cheerful air. "It must have been charitable," he muttered. "But why the secrecy? Why the 'Cat and Compasses?'"

Saturday came. All that morning, the busiest of the week, Horace and Herbert were fidgety and uncomfortable. Long before the hour fixed by Messrs. Blackett & Wiggens for the appearance of their client's carriage the brothers were glancing down the drive. Miss Clanson, however, appeared calm and at her case. Her woman's instinct told her that all danger from the claimants was at an end. About 2 o'clock Horace turned to her. "My dear," he said, "has Mrs. Miller made any preparation for the child's departure?"

"None whatever. He will not be sent for. It was but an idle threat."

Horace and Herbert exchanged glances. They knew it was no idle threat, but they little knew how the fulfillment had been averted.

Three o'clock came—four—five o'clock but no carriage, no Rawlings, no Blackett, no Wiggens. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday passed without any sign or manifestation of hostility. The Talberts were then bound to confess that their niece had judged aright.

"Beatrice appears to be remarkably clear sighted," said Horace.

"Remarkably so," answered Herbert.

But had Sylvanus Mordle, who spent the evening with them, committed a breach of faith and mentioned his excursion with Miss Clanson, the brothers might have suspected they had credited their niece with a quality to which she had no title.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

"O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright! Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight." Every bard has sung the joys of Liberty; every writer has said his say upon her glories. Patriots have died for her, and statesmen—modern ones especially—have made her a convenient stalking horse. The subject being such a stock one, and apt quotations so plentiful, there is no need to dilate upon the frame of mind in which Mrs. Miller's acquaintance, Mr. Maurice Hervey, late No. 1080, found himself, when Portland prison at length discontinued its ungrudging and machine-like hospitality and restored him to the outer world, a free man save for the formality of once a month reporting himself to the police, and that general suspicious surveillance which is so irksome to the usually modest and retiring nature of a ticket-of-leave man.

The "goddess heavenly bright" showed her face, the first time for some years, to Maurice Hervey on the very day when Miss Clanson and Sylvanus Mordle went to Blacktown.

Mrs. Miller, who had manifested so keen an interest in the felon's enlargement, remained in complete ignorance of the happy event. This was due to no omission on her part. She had written twice to the governor of Portland, begging that the date of the convict's release might be made known to her. The letters were dated not from Oakbury, but from some place in London. The first letter was duly acknowledged, and the information vouchsafed that the date could not be exactly fixed. To the second letter she received no reply. The reason for such apparent discourtesy was this:

The day of the man's emancipation was drawing very near, so he was told that his friend had written, and he was asked if he wished to be sent to London to meet her. He cast down his eyes and in a respectful way stated that he was sorry to say that he attributed his present shameful position to certain evil counsel which the writer had given him, and which he had followed. He did wish to be sent to London, but would rather avoid this woman than seek her. After this avowal Mrs. Miller's letter remained unanswered.

He was an educated villain, who had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for uttering forged bills. Like most such men, who are sent into seclusion for the good of the community, Maurice Hervey was able to realize, without such severe treatment as was needed to convince the Apostle Paul, that kicking against pricks is foolishness. He had been ordered to pay a certain debt. Misbehavior meant that the debt would be exacted to the uttermost farthing; whereas good conduct would in time lighten the obligation and induce his creditor to accept a handsome composition. So he did to the best of his ability such work as was allotted to him. He was too clever to attempt the elbow-worn trick of interesting the chaplain by a pretended conversion. He sagely reflected that chaplains must by this time have grown wide awake. But he wore a contented, inoffensive look, spoke civilly to his jailers, complained of nothing, and gave no trouble. It was only in the seclusion of his circumscribed cell of corrugated iron that No. 1080 scowled, grated his teeth and clenched his hands. It was only there that while his heart craved for personal freedom his lips noiselessly framed bitter curses and vows of vengeance.

So it is that if upon his return to freedom Mr. Hervey had given his experiences of penal servitude to the daily papers, his description of the punishment of bread and water diet, dark cells, and that humiliating exercise with the crank known as "grinding the air" would have had no first-hand value.

Before leaving Portland he was told that the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society" would doubtless do something for him. He expressed his gratitude for the information, but added that unless from disuse his right hand had lost its cunning, he could earn an honest—he emphasized the word—livelihood without difficulty. He had been an artist, and could again pursue that craft under a new name. During his detention he had given his janitors proof of his graphic abilities by the graving of sundry slates with complicated and not inartistic designs. These works of art are still shown to visitors to the prison as curiosities.

So, practically a free man, Maurice Hervey stood in the streets of London at 4 o'clock on the second day of the new year. There was little about him to attract attention. By a merciful and sensible dispensation, during the three months prior to his emancipation a convict's hair is left to nature, so that in these days of military crops Mr. Hervey's head, which no longer resembled a Fitzroy stormdrum, was not a signal of danger. The suit of clothes which replaced the durable prison dress was rough and ill fitting, but not such as to create remark. In London that night there must have been hundreds of thousands of respectable men who looked neither better nor worse than Maurice Hervey.

Free at last! Free to turn where he liked, and, within the limits of the law, do as he liked; in splendid health; in the prime of manhood. Free to redeem or cancel the past by honest work, or by dishonesty sink lower and lower in the future. In his pocket the sum of five pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, the result of years of self-enforced good conduct and unavoidable hard labor. The fingering of this money gave him a new, or at least awoke a dormant sensation. It was more than four years since his hands had touched a coin of the realm. Think of that and realize what penal servitude means!

The first use he made of his liberty and money was characteristic, and I fear may awaken indulgent sympathy in the minds of the majority of man- (not woman-) kind. He went into a tobacconist's and bought a ninepenny cigar. He lit it, sat down upon a chair in the shop and for some minutes smoked in blissful, contented silence. The shopkeeper eyed his customer narrowly. His general appearance, especially the look of his hands, did not seem compatible with what the tradesman called a "ninepenny smoke gent." Hervey caught the man's eyes fixed on his hands. He himself glanced at them with a look of disgust and a muttered curse. Years of turf-carrying and digging and delving for Portland stone play havoc with a gentleman's hands. Hervey's nails were broken, blunted and stunted; his fingers were thickened and hardened. Altogether his hands were such as a person solicitous as to the refinement of his personal appearance would prefer to keep in his pockets.

There were other actions which showed the ticket-of-leave man to be possessed of a fastidious nature. The first enthralling solemnity of the refound enjoyment of good tobacco having passed off, he left the shop and went in search of a ready-made clothing establishment. Here he bought a shirt and collar, a pair of shining boots, a hat, gloves, and a cheap suit which for a few days would hang together and present an appearance almost fashionable. He asked permission to change his apparel on the premises. Then having had a brown paper parcel made of the suit presented to him by a generous government he went his way, no doubt much relieved by the amelioration of his external condition.

After a few more purchases needed by a gentleman for his toilet, he found his money had dwindled down to very little. He had, however, enough left to buy a shiny black bag. Into this he tumbled his parcels, and hailing a hansom paid his last shilling to be conveyed to the door of a well-known hotel. A luxurious dog this convict!

He engaged a bedroom. He ordered a dinner of which even Horace and Herbert might have approved. He rang for hot water, and spent half an hour soaking his hardened and disfigured hands. He scowled as he realized the painful fact that hundreds of gallons of hot water and months of time must be expended before these badly-used members in any way resumed their original appearance. Then, without a shilling in his pocket, he went to his dinner, with which he

Then without a shilling in his pocket he went to his dinner.

drank a bottle of champagne. It is clear that Mr. Hervey, late 1080, had liberal views as to the treatment due to himself. He had, moreover, a lot of leeway to make up.

He spent the evening smoking the hotel cigars and drinking the hotel whisky and water. Pleasant as these occupations were, he retired to rest early. While he had been soaking his hands he had cast longing eyes upon the beauties of the white-covered bed, and had mentally contrasted its soft charms with the asperities of the strip of sacking which had for so long been his resting place. Sweet, truly sweet, are the uses of adversity when they teach a man to enjoy the simple comforts of life as Maurice Hervey that night enjoyed his bed. He reveled in the clean white sheets, he nestled on the soft mattress and yet softer pillows. The profusion of blankets filled his soul with a rapturous warmth. And as he fully realized the contrast between the innocent luxury he was enjoying and the discomforts of an iron cell eight feet by four, he vowed a very proper vow that no ill-advised conduct of his own should force him to renew his acquaintance with prison fare and discipline. The love of luxury has saved many a man from going wrong.

"Besides," he murmured, as he sank off to sleep, "there is no need for foolery of that kind. I am master of the situation. I can eat, drink and be merry for the rest of my life." There are many men who would sleep the sounder had they such a thought to rock them.

In the morning, after breakfast, it occurred to Hervey that a moneyless man staying at a hotel is in a rather precarious position. Pleasant as was his newly-found liberty, there was work to be done before he could with a clear conscience enjoy it. So he sallied forth, trudged through a number of streets, and at last reached a quiet back road full of unpretending little houses. At one of these houses he inquired for a Miss Martin, who had lodged there some four or five years ago. Miss Martin, he was informed, had left ever so long—left without giving an address. Hervey's heart grew sick. In his haste to once more taste the luxuries of life he had been too precipitate. He knew that unless he could find the person he wanted it would have been better for him to have kept his good conduct money intact. The woman of the house, who noticed his dismay, added that the shop at the corner might know what had become of Miss Martin; so to the shop he went. He was in luck. He learned that his friend lived about a mile away; moreover, that she was now Mrs. Humphreys. As he heard this supplementary piece of news the man laughed so curiously that the shopwoman eyed him askance.

He walked to the new address, that of another little house in another quiet street. He knocked. A good-looking, respectable young woman, carrying a baby, and followed by a toddling child, opened the door. She gave a low cry, and staggered back against the wall. Hervey raised his hat with mock politeness, and without invitation entered the house. The woman called to some one, who came and relieved her of her children. She then opened the door of a sitting-room, into which she followed her visitor. Hervey threw himself on a chair, and looked at the woman with a satirical smile. As yet not a word had passed between them. The man was the first to break silence.

"Well, Fanny," he said mockingly, "so you are married, and have forgotten me?"

"No; I am trying to forget you." She spoke bitterly.

"And you can't. That's a compliment, considering the years of separation."

The woman looked at him in the face. "Maurice," she said, "I am married. I married a kind, true man, who loves me, and works for me and for our children. He knew a great deal, not all about my past, yet he took me and trusts me. You will sneer when I tell you I am trying to be a good woman and a good wife. You always sneered at anything good. But, Maurice, for the sake of what we were once to each other, spare me now. Let me live in peace, and not you no more."

She spoke in solemn earnest, such earnestness that the man's light laugh seemed discordant. "My dear girl," he said, "I have no wish to tempt your feet from the paths of domestic virtue—no wish to harm you. I have finer fish to fry. But you may remember that when certain circumstances rendered it imperative—curse it! I can speak plainly to you—when I learned that the warrant was out, when I knew that the game was up, I placed a little packet in your fond hands to keep until better times. Where is it?"

The woman flushed, and for a moment did not answer. Her prayer for mercy had been genuine; her wish to see him no more an honest utterance; but years ago she had given this man all a woman has to give—given it without consideration, without price. And now, so far as he was concerned the only memory of the past which linked them together was but of a certain thing left in her charge.

He saw the flush, he saw the hesitation, and, of course, attributed both to the wrong motive. His brow grew black. "By G—d!" he cried; "if it is not forthcoming——"

She burst into tears. "Wait," she said, quitting the room abruptly, and leaving her visitor in dire suspense. In a few minutes she returned and handed him a small sealed packet.

"There it is—just as you gave it to me that night," she said. "Many a time when I've been hard pressed, and did not know where to turn to for a shilling, I tried to persuade myself that you meant me to use it in case of need. But I knew you too well, Maurice—I knew you too well!"

Hervey paid no heed to her last words, the scorn conveyed by which should have brought the blood to the cheek of any man of decent feelings. He tore the parcel open. It contained a gold watch and chain, two valuable diamond rings and about a hundred sovereigns. He placed the watch in his fob, then tried to draw the rings on his fingers. Neither would pass over his enlarged knuckles, so with a curse he shoveled them along with the gold, into his pocket. The woman watched him sadly.

"Thank you, my dear," he said airily. "I knew I could trust you. By the by, perhaps you're hard up. Have some—I can get plenty more." He held out some gold to her.

"Not a farthing. Your gold would burn me."

"Will you give me a kiss for the sake of old times? Fancy! it is more than four years since my lips have touched a woman's."

She made an emphatic gesture of dissent. "It would be well for some women," she said, "if your lips had never touched theirs."

He laughed an unpleasant laugh. "Well, good-bye then, if we are not to take up old fires. Remember me to your respectable husband. Keep yourself unspotted from the world, and train up your children in the way they should go. Farewell."

He swung out of the house whistling a merry tune in vogue when his incarceration began. "Now," he said, "that I have money enough to last a long time, I can make my own terms. Grim want won't push me into a corner. Now, you jade, I'll make you bend your proud knees!"

He grated his strong teeth and stamped his foot—the latter so violently and viciously that a timid old gentleman who was close by him started off at an accelerated pace in the direction of a distant policeman.

Hervey hung about London for a few days. He made considerable additions to his wardrobe, was an excellent customer of the hotel, he patronized several theatres, and generally enjoyed himself. He was not altogether idle, part of his time being taken up in making a series of inquiries which it took some trouble to get answered. At last he learned what he wanted to know. "So near!" he muttered. "I feared I should have to look out of England." Forthwith he paid his hotel bill, and, carrying with him the respect of the proprietor, left the house. Evening found him in comfortable quarters in the sleepy old city known as Blacktown.

CHAPTER XIX.

"IT HAS COME."

At Blacktown Maurice Hervey did not favor a hotel with his custom. Perhaps he mistrusted the capabilities possessed by the Blacktown hotels for furnishing him with luxuries such as, after so protracted and enforced an abstention, he felt to be rightly his due. Perhaps he sighed for the quietude and repose with which one usually associates a private house. After a short search he found a bedroom and a sitting-room, well furnished and commanding extensive views. They were in one of a row of substantial houses which by some freak of fortune had fallen from the high estate of fashionable residences to the lower level of respectable lodging houses. The landlady's quotation, which, after the manner of such quotations, had attached to it a string of extras like the tail to a kite, having been accepted, Mr. Hervey requested that some dinner might be prepared for him. This of course meant chops—an extemporized lodging house dinner invariably means chops. Having particularly requested that his chops should be broiled, not fried, Mr. Hervey, whilst the cooking was going on, went out, found a wine merchant's and ordered half-a-dozen of whisky sent in. The sight of the bottles, the number of which augured well for a long stay, gladdened the landlady's heart. By the aid of the whisky, a kettle of hot water, sugar, and cigars the new lodger spent a comfortable, if not an intellectual or improving evening.

In the morning he sallied forth. Like every visitor to the old city who has time to spare he seemed bent upon seeing the natural beauties of the suburbs of Blacktown. His landlady, who thought him a nice, pleasant, free-spoken gentleman, gave him an oral list of the stock sights in the vicinity; but as soon as he was out of doors Mr. Hervey inquired the way to Oakbury, and learned that an easy walk of about two miles would take him to that highly favored spot. The weather, although fine, was cold, so he decided to walk to his destination. He soon left the rows of houses and shops behind him, struck along a broad white road which cut its way through a level greensward, and in about three-quarters of an hour found himself in front of the Red Lion Inn, Oakbury.

He entered the inn—men of his stamp, when in the country, make entering inns a point of honor. He called for hot brandy and water, and was supplied with a jorum of that deep brown liquor, dear to rustic palates on account of its presumed strength. Hervey sipped it, lit a cigar and entered into a cheerful conversation with the Red Lion and

Hervey enters into conversation with the Red Lion.

Lioness, who were pursuing their calling in what, after the fashion of country inns, was a combination of bar and parlor. The Red Lion, an affable, condescending animal, and, like all noble animals, willing to relinquish toil for more congenial pursuits, seeing that his visitor was ready to talk, sat down in a round-backed chair near the fire and left the Lioness to attend to the bottle and jug department, which, as the hour was just past noon, was in full swing of activity.

Hervey asked a variety of questions about the neighborhood. He might really have been a gentleman of fortune anxious to buy a place and so properly particular as to what society might be round about. He obtained much valuable and interesting information about the "families of position" as they appeared to the eyes of the Red Lion and Lioness, who were pursuing their calling in what, after the fashion of country inns, was a combination of bar and parlor. The Red Lion, an affable, condescending animal, and, like all noble animals, willing to relinquish toil for more congenial pursuits, seeing that his visitor was ready to talk, sat down in a round-backed chair near the fire and left the Lioness to attend to the bottle and jug department, which, as the hour was just past noon, was in full swing of activity.

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"What's the matter now, Joe?" asked the Lioness, rather anxiously, as her spouse returned.

"Say the last cask o' beer ran out two days before its time, so couldn't have been full. They

The Oxford Democrat.

WEEKLY.

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 11, 1885.

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.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SATURDAY: Riel, the Canadian rebel was sentenced to be hanged Sept. 18.

SUNDAY. The Ocean Park Assembly opened at Old Orchard.——1200 deaths in Spain from cholera.

MONDAY. A sugar refinery and other property to the amount of $10,000,000 was burned in Toronto.——The most terrific cyclone on record in the Central States visited Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, doing an immense amount of damage to property, killing several people and wounding many others. The storm struck New York, it is reported, but no account of its effect is reported. In one ward of Philadelphia it is said that one hundred and fifty houses were wrecked, rendering homeless two hundred families. In Philadelphia 8 were killed, 75 injured and several are missing.

TUESDAY. The Democrats of Portsmouth were jubilant over the election, they having carried every ward and electing the mayor by 600 majority.——The private services on Mt. Metrogue over the remains of Gen. Grant were held. Rev. Dr. Newman pronounced the eulogy. The remains were then taken to Albany where they were met by over four thousand soldiers and escorted to the Capitol, where they were placed in state. Canon Farrar paid a noble tribute in Westminster Abbey to General Grant.

WEDNESDAY. The National Civil Service Reform Association met at Newport, R. I. Geo. Wm. Curtis made the address.——The elegant library building at South Livermore, Me., erected to the memory of Israel Washburn and wife by their children, was dedicated.——Gen. Grant's face was viewed by 77,200 persons in Albany. At 11 30 the body was removed from the Capitol, and at 12.30 the train started for New York City, arriving there at 3 o'clock. The route to City Hall consumed an hour, and when the right of the procession entered City Hall Park the sun was more than a mile distant.

THURSDAY. A wonderful game of ball was that played between the Chicago and New York clubs, the latter winning after ten innings by a score of 1 to 0.——United States Marshal George H. Robee and Deputy Internal Revenue Collector Rackliff searched the premises of Foster D. Harvey, a lawyer of Wolfeboro, and found all the appliances of a rum distillery, together with a quantity of liquor in its various stages of manufacture. They arrested Mr. Harvey, taking him with the articles to Portland.

FRIDAY. 50,000 people viewed the face of Gen. Grant at City Hall, New York.——A whale 50 feet long came ashore on the Wass coast, near Abington.——The police authorities of Augusta, and the Salvation Army had more trouble.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fryeburg Academy. See notice elsewhere.
Parker's Hair Balsam.
Lorillard's Climax Plug Tobacco.
National Real Estate Title Association.
Westbrook Seminary.
Libel for divorce, Geo. F. Clifford, attorney for libelant.
Messenger's Notice, estate of Daniel P. Eaton of Oxford.
New Photographic Gallery at Andover, Maine, J. W. Perkins, manager.
East Maine Seminary, Rev. A. F. Chase, A. M., President.
North Bridgton Academy, J. F. Moody, A. M., Principal.

PRESS EXCURSION

Owing to the report of Grant memorial services and the pressure of other timely matter, our report of the Maine Press excursion to Moosehead Lake, will be deferred till another week. But as an act of courtesy to the various railroads, &c., who entertained the party, we make room for the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the association.

A CARD.

The members of the Maine Press Association, on their twentieth annual excursion, desire to give expression to the pleasure they have enjoyed in again visiting nature's great interior summer resort, Moosehead Lake, in the reunion of old members, and the accession of new ones, making up a pleasant party numbering more than fifty.

They particularly desire to express their obligations to those whose kindness has made the excursion a success, and to return to the Maine Central Railroad; the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, the Knox & Lincoln Railroad and the Grand Trunk Railway their hearty thanks for courtesies extended; also to the proprietors of the steamboats plying on Moosehead Lake, whose staunch and swift steamers make readily accessible the points of interest on the lake; to Hon. J. P. Bass, of Bangor, for the really hospitality extended to them, affording an evening of pleasure at his elegant mansion, to which the musical gifts of Mrs. W. F. Shaw and Mrs. Jewett so largely contributed; to the proprietors of the Windsor Hotel, and to J. H. Murray, proprietor of restaurant, in Bangor, for careful attention to their wants, and to Mr and Mrs. O. A. Dennis, of the Mt. Kineo House, for many kind attentions during their stay at that well appointed and well kept hotel, in which they were ably seconded by the attentive and courteous clerk of the house, Mr. William S. Towle. The kindness of one and all will be long remembered by all who participated in the pleasures of the excursion, which has been one of great interest in reviving old associations and in impressing the members anew with the grandeur of the scenery of Maine and the extent and attractions of its inland waters.

The members of the party also desire to make emphatic recognition of the fact that the success of the excursion is greatly due to the executive ability of the chairman of the committee of arrangements, Dr. Wm. R. Lapham, who was untiring in his labors for the comfort of the party, and under whose management every provision was made for their accommodation.

E. H. ELWELL,
G. W. VICKERY, } Committee.
G. H. WATKINS,

T. I. EASTMAN of Fryeburg has been removed from his position as Postmaster of that town, and Mr. R. C. Harmon, Democrat, has been appointed in his place. We do not understand that any charges of mismanagement were made against Mr Eastman. It is doubtless a case of "offensive partisanship." Mr. Eastman is a square edged Republican, not afraid to express his views on questions of public policy. The party will remember its martyrs when it regains power in the year of three eights.

B. WALKER MCKEEN of Fryeburg, Agricultural Editor of the OXFORD DEMOCRAT, has taken the agency for the Eureka Mowing Machine. He says he has used the machine considerably, this season, and found it one of the best. It has direct front draft, and thus is an easy worker. It also presents a handsomer appearance than the old side bar cutter machines. People in Western Oxford should call on Mr. McKeen and examine the work of the Eureka.

GRANT MEMORIAL.

SERVICES AT SOUTH PARIS—APPROPRIATE SERVICES AT THE TIME OF GENERAL GRANT'S INTERMENT—PARIS VETERAN ASSOCIATION MAKES THE ARRANGEMENTS—SPEECHES BY EX GOV. PERHAM, JUDGE GEO. A. WILSON, PROF. W. T. HEWETT AND OTHERS—MUSIC BY SOUTH PARIS BAND AND THE VILLAGE CHOIR—THE VILLAGE AND HALL TASTEFULLY DRAPED.

Somewhat late in the week, Paris Veteran Association made arrangements to hold memorial services Saturday afternoon, at the time of General Grant's funeral. Bills announcing the fact were posted and all were invited to attend.

A large audience assembled in New Hall, Saturday afternoon, in compliance with this invitation. Paris Manufacturing Co. shut down their mill, and business was quite generally suspended.

Saturday many of the buildings were tastefully draped in mourning colors and flags. Two large flags were hung in festoons about the stage, which contained a large number of cut flowers, and two portraits of Grant called more particular attention to the purposes of the gathering.

Paris Veterans assembled at Engine House Hall and led by South Paris Band marched to the hall. Owing to the shortness of the notice, the ranks were not very full, many living in the outlying districts probably failing to hear of the meeting

The Band played a dirge in the hall, after which Capt. H. N. Bolster introduced ex-Gov. Perham as chairman of the meeting. On taking this position, Gov. Perham spoke of the occasion which had called us together, and referred to Grant as one whose death was regretted not only by the people of this country, but of the entire civilized world. He referred to Grant's humble origin and of the wonderful fact that in three years after the war began this man, who was then a private citizen, commanded a larger number of men than had been under any other General. He led this immense army to victory, and then dictated such terms of peace that he commanded the respect and esteem of his late opponents. He said that General Grant had left a record which may safely be followed by the young of this nation.

Rev. Mr. Fitz of South Paris, then offered an appropriate prayer, and was followed by the South Paris Choir, rendering "Nearer My God to Thee" in a very artistic manner.

Hon. Geo. A. Wilson was introduced as the first speaker. Judge Wilson spoke in an eloquent manner, and we reproduce his speech herewith, in full:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In view of what is transpiring today in this great land of ours, in view of the deep and heartfelt sentiment of the past month, how weak and trivial appears that sentiment, which by much proclaiming has almost attained the force of a proverb, that Republics are ungrateful. True it is that in many cases one thousandth part of the tribute and sympathy poured out so freely o'er the dead body of one who has wrought much for his country, if offered in his lifetime would have turned vain struggles into rest, and strewn the path of life with bright flowers instead of thorns and thistles. We have, however no vain regrets of this kind to add to our grief today. Brought by the whole world as the foremost citizen of America, he whose loss we deplore today, was crowned with the laurel wreath while living, and his path smoothed by the care of a loving and devoted people. Honored in life, he sinks to rest amid the tears of our entire Nation. The great heart of the American people throbs in unison with those who assemble today to the great Metropolis to commit to the grave the mortal remains of our great leader. Yes, today we bury the body of Gen. Grant, but we cannot, if we would, bury his fame, or the memory of his great achievements. That would necessitate the burial of our country's history, the burial of the hearts of loving millions, and the burial of the mountains, rivers and lakes and the spreading lands from sea to sea with which his name is inseparably associated.

Today, throughout our broad land, from the pine forests of the north to the magnolia groves of the south and the incoming waves of the Atlantic to receding waves of the Pacific, the busy hum of business ceases, and the thoughtful aspect of the people indicate the presence of a profound feeling. In most large places, over the crowded streets banners droop, tolling bell, common boom, and emblems of mourning wave, while in the court homes they simply speak again the beautiful words of old "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod." Gen. Grant, for it is by his military title he is best known and it is by his military title he will be remembered, was a remarkable man and withal emphatically an American. The genius of our institutions while it does not entirely do away with fawning subserviency to the power of wealth, confers no special privileges upon any class of citizens, and erects no barrier in the honorable career of the humblest among us. The foundation of our strength as a nation spring from the private life and voluntary efforts of fifty millions of people. And as the nation moves on in its vast orbit each year it calls to its aid and service those possessing the qualities then needed for its preservation and its glory. Now it needs the presence of the commander, now the wisdom of the law giver, and now the shield of the warrior to cover its heart in the day of battle, and when the hour and the man have met and the needed work been done, the nation crowns her heroes and makes them her own forever.

We sometimes fail to recognize the actual presence of such a man among us until the work is actually accomplished. We are looking for a coming Messiah and not a present savior. Such a one does not usually burst upon the world with the brilliancy of a comet but with the steady glow of the North Star and our eyes fail for a time to detect the power hidden there.

"The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing
See hidden in the thing, the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inspired soul
That dimly is unfolded."

For forty years Gen. Grant dwelt among us, his power unrecognized and genius unfelt. His hour had not come, but twenty four years ago the man and the hour met. The demands of each an hour were great and appalling, but with unflinching zeal and valor he proved equal to them all. Does any one say that his glorious victories were the result of chance or a mere superiority of forces? Let such a one go and carefully scrutinize the repeated failures of the various able generals who successively led the army of the Potomac, and he will arise from the study convinced that to the ability of our great leader we largely owe our success in the terrible battle for national existence.

To sum the lesson of his great life, let us recall some of its leading characteristics.

He was a great organizer. He knew how to combine and marshal his forces so as to concentrate them all upon a single object, and inspire them with his own spirit. He was a man of unswerving purpose.

"Constant as the Northern star
Of whose true, fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

When once the vast powers of his mind had mapped out a given course of action, and he had grappled with the foe, he would consent to nothing but unconditional surrender. Having once intelligently chosen an object, he pursued it through sunshine and adversity, through storm and tempest, through difficulties and perils, undismayed by difficulties and unruffled by danger. Unlike Hannibal he did not weep when he was baffled. Amid all the clouds of darkness which at times in the fierce struggle for wealth have rested down upon the land, he maintained the whiteness of his soul.

He was faithful to his friends. Having once given the precious boon of his friendship, he would brook the weals of disparagement to his friend. His ears were resolutely closed to any tale of faults; and while we may perhaps regret that some honored by his friendship proved unworthy, we can but admire his simple and honorable fidelity.

He was a patriot in the best sense, but he never exercised his authority beyond the legitimate purpose of maintaining the unity and liberty of his country. He was true to his country. At the very height of his career, when all possibilities seemed open before him, he others no sword for self, but only for country. Some before us today, no doubt, were present at the grand review at Washington—

"Grandest of martial sights
The sun-browned ranks to view,
The colors rent'd in a hundred fights
And the dusty trucks of blue—
And all day, into our sight,
With cheer and waving and smile,
The war-worn regiments defile,
Where the nation's noblest stand
And the great Lieutenant looks on
With the flower of a vanished land,
For the terrible work is done
And the good fight is won
For God and for Fatherland.

Yet amid it all, while the heart of the whole people were filled with gratitude for his great services, not even a whisper of unholy ambition poisons the air.

He was simple, honorable and true as a man, not brilliant, but strong, and magnetic but powerful, and in him the homely virtues were strikingly predominant. A noble mind, a kind heart, a great leader and a glorious career have been consigned to history. Future ages will draw lessons of honor and patriotism from his steadfast courage and devotion to country.

As death often brings into more prominence the stern and rugged elements of the features, denoting earnestness and strength of purpose, and as here one eloquent writer describes Grant's dead face as "quiet, emaciated, but resolute, but still the iron face of the warrior." So death often acts upon the historical character of each a man bringing into prominence his virtues and the noblest elements of his nature. And these in the case of truly great men grow more prominent year by year, hiding by their vigor our growth the frailties and imperfections incident to human character. It is well that it is so, for the contemplation of the grand and glorious whether in human life or nature is essentially elevating and some noble life often wins its greatest victory after the pulsation of the human heart has ceased. Thus it will be with Gen. Grant. His services to his country during life were of inestimable value, but the memory of his noble and honorable life may by force of example on some future generation save and purify a whole people.

The rancor of political vituperation, which spares no man in this wide land, assailed Gen. Grant during life but in the presence of death all detraction ceases, and each vies with the other in honoring his memory. It is the strongest evidence of the purity of his life and nobility of his character. And to this generous verdict the real has united.

We gave him up to death
With all a hero's honors round his name;
As martyrs coin their blood, he coined his breath,
And linked his own with his country's fame.

"So shall we blazon on the shaft we raise,
Telling our grief, our pride to unborn years,
He who had lived the mark of all men's praise
Died with the tribute of a nation's tears."

We took copious notes of all the speeches, and intended to report them fully, but owing to the lateness of the occasion and the crowded state of our columns, we are unable to carry out that plan. We shall therefore simply give the leading thought of each address.

Rev. S. Hooper of South Paris Methodist Church was the next speaker. He spoke of the absence of sham and show in Grant's life, and of his firmness of character which he inherited from Puritan ancestry. He referred to three pictures of Grant: as he appeared in rough clothes to take the Colonelcy of a regiment, as he stood dripping at Shilo, and as he received Lee's surrender with but two straps on his shoulders to mark his rank, while Lee was dressed in full uniform.

H. C. Davis, esq., of Paris Hill, spoke of Grant as a military hero, and briefly traced his career during the war. He declared Grant was not a butcher, as his enemies had charged, but knowing that the rebellion must be crushed at any sacrifice, he went at the work with a determined purpose to accomplish that object.

The Choir then sang "My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Rev. Mr. Fitz of the South Paris Congregational Church was the next speaker. He referred to Grant's Modesty, Simplicity, Magnanimity and Moral Courage. These characteristics of the hero he illustrated by apt references to his career.

Rev. J. E. Cochrane of Paris Hill, followed. He spoke of our interest in Grant as intensified by the fact that a Maine man, (Senator Washburne) first brought the General to Lincoln's notice. He referred to the fact that Grant was always ready and vigorous in his work, so that he, like some ancient leader might be called the "Rock Breaker." He was drilling a company before Lincoln issued his first call for troops. He also referred to Grant's characteristic self-control.

James S. Wright, esq., of Paris Hill, said that a "prince and a great man had fallen" in this nation; but this was no time to pronounce his eulogy. He spoke of Grant's services in the Mexican war, and his honorable record there for bravery. Grant has the respect and love of the nation in the highest degree.

Music by the band.

Prof. W. T. Hewett, of Cornell University, was the next speaker. Prof. Hewett is an excellent speaker, and his appearance and diction indicate the scholar that he is. "Napoleon decreed," said the speaker, "that the name of every soldier who was killed on the battle field should be retained on the roll of his company, and every morning when such a name was called, answer should be made 'died on the field of honor,'" so when you ask where is the hero whose remains are today consigned to the tomb, we may reply, "died on the field of honor." Such an occasion as this seldom falls in the history of a nation. He said that when everything looked dark in the history of the nation, when foreign scholars and statesmen were predicting its downfall, then Grant appeared, and successfully prosecuted the war and was instrumental in establishing the nation more firmly than it was before the conflict. There was no vanity or ambition in Grant—only pure patriotism. He compared Grant to Marlboro and Frederick the Great, and showed how Grant was superior to them in patriotism and other elements of true manhood. Prof. Hewett had met Grant personally twice, once in the White House at Washington, and once in Europe. He spoke also of Grant's successful attempts at arbitration where peace had been preserved through this intervention.

Rev. W. H. Bolster, another distinguished son of Paris, was the last speaker. He questioned how we should answer a person who, knowing nothing of our history, asked why these signs of mourning all over the nation. In framing the answer he took us back to the early history of the nation, and showed briefly how the conflict between the ideas of a strong central government and of a seggregation of States had led to a conflict, the hero of which was today to be consigned to earth. He did not think that Grant exhibited true moral courage at all times, but his noble traits were excellent, and far outweighed his shortcomings.

The choir then sang "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," and Rev. Mr. Hooper closed the services with a benediction.

We doubt if the people of any other place of its size had the privilege of listening to so many well timed, thoughtful and eloquent remarks as were made at this meeting in South Paris, last Saturday.

At a meeting of the Veterans held after these services, D. S. Knapp called the meeting to order, in the absence of the President, and Geo. A. Wilson, esq., was made chairman. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

RESOLUTIONS.

The Veterans of Paris, assembled for memorial services on this eighth day of August, A. D. 1885, desire to place on record their profound conviction, that in the death of Gen. Grant the world has lost one of its greatest men, our country its most illustrious citizen and brave defender, Honor and Patriotism its noblest exponent, and true manhood its proudest exemplar.

Resolved, That while mourning the loss the country has sustained, we rejoice in the fact that our great Leader's life was spared, not only to accomplish his great work, but to see again a united people.

Resolved, That his nobility of character, faithfulness to duty, honesty of purpose, unswerving patriotism, severe self-sacrifice, fortitude, and heroic acceptance of the decree of death, form a lofty standard, which we commend to the imitation of all coming ages.

On motion of Capt. H. N. Bolster, a vote of thanks was extended to the Band, to South Paris Choir, to the speakers, and to all others who had assisted the Veterans in arranging and carrying out the exercises.

THE Students of Fryeburg Academy have issued another, and excellent number of the *Academy Bell*. This copy contains a gilded cover, and is in every way a good piece of printing We are sorry to see, however, that it was printed outside of Oxford County, for there are several job offices in our limits which are perfectly able to do as good work. One of the features of this number is a poem by Arlo Bates, editor of the Boston *Courier*, who was principal of the Academy in 1877. We shall reproduce it in our columns at an early date. Fryeburg Academy is a special fitting school for Bowdoin College, and under the able management of Prof. Albert F. Richardson, is doing a good and largely increasing work. Miss Helen M. Staples, a well known instructor, is preceptress, and there are six other teachers, making a faculty of eight persons. Miss Staples and Miss Robinson have traveled in Europe. Prof. Richardson has one of the finest telescopes in Maine, and there are ample provisions in apparatus and books for all departments of study. The Academy under its present management deserves its growing popularity.

New Advertisements.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring its color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It promotes healthy growth, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. & $1 sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The Best Cough Cure you can use.
Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular for its well known properties of purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. It has made wonderful cures of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases, and has brought health and comfort to thousands of suffering women. Its property of increasing the nourishing quality of the blood, renders it so effective in reviving the vital energies that it often saves life. If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood is defective and is losing its power to nourish and sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day. It will give you new life and vigor.
HINDS & CO., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists. Large saving buying 6 size.

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REAL ESTATE TITLE
Association,
114 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,
Will undertake the care and management of real estate, make loans and pay taxes for non-residents; examine and guarantee titles. Satisfactory references. Information free. Correspondence solicited.

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SEMINARY & FEMALE COLLEGE
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Pleasant location. Easy of access. Full course of Study, Academic and Collegiate. Students received in Common English Branches. Special advantages offered those preparing to teach. Expenses low. Superior accommodations. Three terms. Fall term begins Tuesday, Sep. 8. Address
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Printed on superior stock, at low prices, at the Democrat Office.

FRYEBURG
ACADEMY!
SELECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF
BOWDOIN COLLEGE
—AS ITS—
SPECIAL
FITTING SCHOOL
FOR
WESTERN MAINE.
FALL TERM BEGINS
September 2nd, 1885!
BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.
PRINCIPAL,
A. F. Richardson, A. M.
PRECEPTRESS,
Miss Helen M. Staples.
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Miss Louisa A. Robinson
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R. L. Snowe.
PENMANSHIP,
Horace G. Larrabee.
VOCAL MUSIC,
Miss Hattie A. Pike.
INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
Miss Minnie Howe,
DRAWING AND PAINTING,
Mrs. John Locke.
Both Miss Staples and Miss Robinson have had the advantage of travel and study in Europe. Mr. Snowe is a Normal School graduate; also a graduate of Eastman's Commercial College.
This school is situated in the pleasant village of Fryeburg, noted for its healthful location, its beautiful scenery, and its freedom from places of temptation.
The Academy Building, as well as the whole village, is supplied with pure water from Green Mountain.
Prizes amounting to $90.00 a year, are offered by Charles D. Barrows, D. D.
Good Board, in the best families, at from $3 to $3.50 a week, which includes a furnished and carpeted room, wood, lights, etc.
Tuition is very low, only from $5 to $7: Book keeping $1 extra and Penmanship 50c. extra.
For Board, Rooms for self-Boarding, or further particulars, apply to
HON. GEO. B. BARROWS, Soc., or
ALBERT F. RICHARDSON, Prin.
Fryeburg, August 5, 1885.

HEBRON
ACADEMY!
FALL TERM
—BEGINS—
Tuesday, Sept. 1.
For a copy of the new catalogue or any information, address
Principal Hebron Academy,
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MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY
—AND—
FEMALE COLLEGE, KENT'S HILL.
FALL TERM BEGINS AUGUST 25th.
SIX LITERARY COURSES.
Ladies' College Course, College Preparatory Course, Seminary Classical Course, Seminary Scientific Course, Normal Course and Course in Common English.
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
With full musical courses in Piano, Violin and Voice.
Commercial College and Shorthand Institute.
With three able and Experienced Teachers.
FULL BUSINESS COURSE With DIPLOMA.
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With able instructions. For circulars send to
Rev. E. M. SMITH, A. M., President,
KENT'S HILL, MAINE.

State Normal School,
FARMINGTON, ME.
The Fall Term will commence Tuesday, August 25, 1885. For Catalogues, Information, Rooms and Board address the Principal,
GEO. C. PURINGTON.

ROCKLAND (Me.)
Commercial College.
The largest and best in the State. Facilities unsurpassed. All Business and academic branches taught. Next School year begins Monday, Sept. 7th. Send for circulars.

CATALOGUE OF THE DIRIGO BUSINESS COLLEGE
NOW READY—FREE. Every boy and girl should send for one. New system of practical Shorthand learned in few weeks. Taught at the College or by mail. Address
DIRIGO BUSINESS COLLEGE,
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Oak Grove Seminary,
VASSALBORO, MAINE.
Twenty-eighth year. Fall term of 12 weeks opens 25th of eighth month (Aug.). A thoroughly reliable Boarding and Day school for people of both sexes. Owned by the Society of Friends, but open to all. Three full courses of study. Fits for college, for teaching, or business. Expenses low. Send for Catalogue.
CHAS. H. JONES, Principal.

BRIDGTON
ACADEMY!
THE FALL TERM
of Twelve Weeks begins
Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1885.
The same full corps of teachers is retained and every possible aid will be given to students who attend school for the sake of learning. No others are wanted.
Without question, Bridgton Academy holds the first rank among our training schools and offers unequaled facilities for those preparing for business, for the professions or for college.
The arrangements for boarding and rooms are very complete and the expenses unusually low.
For catalogues or any information, address the Principal. No trouble to answer questions by mail or otherwise.
No. Bridgton, Aug. 7, 1885.
GEO. E. CHADBOURNE, Sec'y.

East Maine Seminary.
FALL TERM OPENS AUG. 24.
Full Courses, Academic Scientific and Classical. A Commercial College. Music and Art Departments. Location unsurpassed. Instruction thorough. Terms the lowest possible.
Address the Principal,
REV. A. F. CHASE, A. M.,
BUCKSPORT, ME

New Gallery with Sky Light!
J. W. PERKINS,
Photographer,
Andover Corner.
Photographs and Ferrotypes. Also all kinds of old pictures copied.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.—To the Hon. Justices of our Supreme Judicial Court, next to be holden at Paris, within and for said county on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1885.

Respectfully represents Eldon W. Boynton, of Hiram, in the County of Oxford, aforesaid, that he has resided in the State of Maine in good faith for more than a year prior to the commencement of these proceedings; that he was lawfully married to one Julia M. Lory, at Jacksonville, in the County of Carroll and State of New Hampshire, by Reverend —— Hill, on the twenty-seventh day of September, A. D. 1876; and that the residence and he cohabited with the said Julia at said Jacksonville and at Cornish in the County of York, and State of Maine, until the seventeenth day of January, A. D. 1881; that since said libelant marriage he has fully performed every marital obligation but that said Julia M. Lory wholly regardless of her marital duty, on the seventeenth day of January aforesaid, without any just cause therefor utterly deserted your libellant and has continued said desertion from said seventeenth day of January to the present time.

Your libelant further avers that he has by the said Julia one child, a boy now about five years old, by the name of William H. Boynton. Your libelant further alleges that the residence or whereabouts of the said Julia since the said desertion are unknown to him and cannot be ascertained by reasonable diligence. Wherefore he prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between him and his said wife and the custody of his said minor son may be decreed to him.

ELDEN W. BOYNTON.

STATE OF MAINE.

YORK, ss.—August 3, A. D. 1885.

Then personally appeared Eldon W. Boynton before mentioned and made oath to the truth of the allegations contained in the foregoing libel.

Before me, GEORGE F. CLIFFORD, Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, S. S.

Supreme Judicial Court, in Vacation, August 3, A. D. 1885.

Upon the foregoing libel, Ordered, that the libelant give notice to the said Julia M. Boynton, to appear before the Justices of our Supreme Judicial Court, to be holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1885, by publishing an attested copy of said libel and this order thereon three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said Oxford County, the last publication to be thirty days at least, prior to said second Tuesday of October, that she may then and there appear and show cause if any she have, why the prayer of said libellant should not be granted.

WM. WIRT VIRGIN, Justice Sup. Jud. Court.

A true copy of Libel and Order of Court thereon.

Attest: ALBERT S. AUSTIN, Clerk.

GEORGE F. CLIFFORD, Att'y for Libelant.

Messenger's Notice.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF OXFORD COUNTY
STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—July 31, A. D. 1885.

THIS is to give notice that on the thirty-first day of July, A. D. 1885, a warrant in insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of Daniel P. Eaton of Oxford, in said County, adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said debtor which petition was filed on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1885, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed; that the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the secreting and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency to be holden at the Probate court room, in Paris, in said County of Oxford, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1885, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under me, this date first above written.

JOHN W. CHADBOURNE, Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford.

Non-Resident Taxes

In the town of Albany, for the year 1884.

THE following list of taxes, on real estate of non-resident owners, in the town of Albany, for the year 1884, in bills committed to Osgood Drew Collector of Taxes of said town, on the 27th day of June, 1884, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 1st day of June 1885, by his certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town, within 18 months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will, without further notice, be sold at Public Auction, at the Treasurer's office, to wit: dwelling house in said Albany, on the first Monday in February, 1886, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Owners' Names.	Lot.	Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	Traveling and Highway tax 1885	Total due.	Tax and Int.
Daniel Wentworth,	10	11	41	$60	$ .75	$1 63	
Peter Grover estate,	1	2	100	150	2 25	4 95	
Hand, Plummer & Brown,	11	9	80	75	1 12	2 47	
Charles Dunn,	12	1	80	40	60	1 32	
	12	11		300	3 50	9 50	
John Lynch,	11	11					
Clark Wight,	14	10	10	50	75	1 63	
J. P. Wescott,	4	2	50	150	2 25	4 95	
C. S. Edwards,	5	7	130	250	3 75	8 25	
A. P. Andrews,	11	1	160	150	2 25	4 95	
Walter Bisbee,	13	4	6	25		45	
	13	3	4				

Albany, July, 31, 1885.

J. H. LOVEJOY, Treasurer of Albany.

Non-Resident Taxes,

In the town of Mason, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1884.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Mason, for the year 1884, in bills committed to J. Hastings Bean, Collector of said Town, on the 11th day of May, 1884, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 11th day of May, 1885, by his certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of the said town within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate so taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will, without further notice, be sold at Public Auction, at the School House in said Mason, on Saturday the 21st day of November 1885, at ten o'clock A. M.:

Owners.	No. Lot.	No. Range.	Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Heirs of H. A. Chapman,	"	1	80	$100	$1 12
	"	1	15	200	2 82

F. I. BEAN, Treasurer of Mason.

Mason, July 25th, 1885.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1885.

CLARA W. DAVIS, named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of William F. Davis, late of Denmark, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED, That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County on the third Tuesday of Aug. next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1885.

DAVID S. BATES, Administrator de bonis non with the will annexed, on the estate of Nathaniel Stacy, late of Dixfield, in said county, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered that 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, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a court of Probate to be held at Paris, in said county, on the Third Tuesday of Aug. next at nine 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.

NOTICE.
All persons are forbidden picking blueberries on my mountain, or in my pasture, this year.
C. C. BRYANT.
Bethel, July 14, 1885.

SOUTH PARIS.

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

VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. G. Fitz, Pastor: On Sunday, preaching service, 10.45 A. M. Sabbath-school, 12 M.; teacher's meeting, 9.45 A.M.; young people's meeting, 5.30 P. M.; prayer meeting, 6.30 P. M. Wednesday prayer meeting, 7.30.

Methodist Church, Rev. Mr. Hooper, 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 3.45 P.M.
Mails for up country close at 10 A. M. and 3.20 P. M.
Mails from up country arrive at 6 and 11 A. M.

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.—Amora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

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

Golden Cross.—Second and third Tuesdays.

I. O. G. T.—So. Paris Lodge, No. 511, meets every Monday evening in the Methodist Vestry.

Mr. F. B. MAXIM, with S. Richardson & Co., is our local correspondent for South Paris.

Single copies of the OXFORD DEMOCRAT are for sale at Gerry's Drug Store, Odd Fellows' Block, So Paris, and at our Branch Office.

The haying season being now nearly over, and many having returned from vacation trips, business, which has been rather quiet here for two or three weeks past, is beginning to revive, and the volume of trade in this village is now assuming good proportions.

The new buildings are booming on High Street, and it bids fair now to become the *Boulevard* of South Paris. Charles F. and James F. Penley are each making commendable progress in the erection of their respective houses, and John P. Penley has bought a lot midway between the two, on which he intends to build, the coming fall.

Hermon W. Clifford, an assistant in the Worcester, Mass., post office, is visiting with his wife and family at his father's, J. K. Clifford's, on Clifford Hill.

Prof. Waterman T. Hewett of the German Department of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., is visiting at his mother's, Mrs. Sarah W. Hewett's, on Main Street.

Rev. W. H. Bolster and wife of South Weymouth, Mass., are the guests of N. D. Bolster at the O. C. Bolster homestead.

There was a pouring rain here last Tuesday. Many said they never saw it rain so hard for so long a time.

Mrs. John W. Pray of Kittery has lately moved into one of the vacant rents in Frank Thayer's

THE POSTAL CARD BRIGADE.

GILEAD.

One of the worst storms we have had for some time set in Monday night and lasted until Tuesday noon, causing the river to overflow its banks; a strong east wind prevailed, which has damaged the crops very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Dixie gave one of their popular entertainments at the Town Hall, Monday night, which was a great treat, and was witnessed by a full house.

Quite a delegation of our people went to Jefferson to see the slide, last Sunday; the Grand Trunk is talking of getting up an excursion to go there.

Eli Peabody saw a bear and cub one day last week in his pasture.

ANDOVER.

There was a pleasant sociable at H. G. Burgess's, Wednesday evening. The supper, preceded and followed by fine band music, consisted of an abundance of nice cake and ice cream. The proceeds of the evening were $10.

Rev. Jacob Horton, from Bethel, and a recent graduate from Bangor, conducted the services at the Congregational church, Sunday.

The heavy rain of Tuesday brought the streams up to high water pitch; grain was badly lodged, and the roads in some places gullied enough to require considerable repairing.

Mr. York, the county missionary, preached at the Congregational church, Tuesday night.

Hannah Farrington, from Gonic, N. H., is visiting her Andover friends.

During the term of nine weeks' school, just closed at East Andover, five of the pupils—Olney Farrington, Mary Boissanault, Freddie, Agnes and Lottie Chapman—were not absent a single day, and the two last were not tardy morning or noon for the entire term.

Fred Philbrick and wife of Lynn, are visiting his brothers, H. S. & G. W. Philbrick, of Farmers' Hill.

Emma F. Newton is spending a few days at Old Orchard.

Rest F. W. for "J. W." Eaton, in our last week's items.

As Mrs. Arandista Merrill was sitting by an open window at her home a few days since, a rifle bullet lodged in the shrubbery only a few feet from her. No one supposes that the person who fired the bullet had any intention of injuring or frightening anyone, but the fact that it came so near causing a dangerous or fatal accident, should be a warning to those who amuse themselves with rifle practice to look out for stray shots.

J. Henry Stevens of South Andover died Thursday of this week from consumption. Mr. Stevens was at one time Postmaster at So. Andover, and well known as a correspondent of the DEMOCRAT.

The Juvenile Templar Lodge gave a successful entertainment at the hall, Thursday evening, consisting of select readings, declamations, music and supper.

Mrs. Annie Barrelle of Lynn, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Jordan.

Walter Fox from Boston is visiting his father, S. Poor, esq. n.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

On the evening of the 3rd inst. quite a party gathered at the house of Nathaniel LeBaron to witness the opening of a night blooming cereus. There were four blossoms, and they were very beautiful, filling the room with their fragrance. A social time was spent, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

A heavy rain fell yesterday, accompanied with a strong wind, doing much damage to crops.

The blueberries are very plenty in this vicinity.

The hotel is well patronized.

The Band is going to play in the band stand—sometime.

E. BETHEL.

Marie Hodgdon closed a successful term of school of eleven weeks, on the 31st, with recitations, declamations, etc., which were very interesting. Rosie B. Kimball, five years old, walked three-fourths of a mile, and was the only scholar that was not absent or tardy during the term. Those who received the prize for highest rank were Nina Brown, Fannie Holt, Bertie Bartlett and Fred Moody. Miss Hodgdon is an experienced teacher. She works hard for her pupils, and has the happy faculty of keeping them all interested to such a degree that the last week was as profitable as the first.

NORWAY LAKE.

August 4.

We are having a pouring rain, which is much needed. I see some of our farmers are done haying, others nearly so, but the weather has been so cloudy not much has been done for the last week.

I had the pleasure of a blueberry tramp Monday afternoon. Mr. James Crockett harnessed up his sorrel horse and took me and his Frenchman to Jim Hill Mountain. We found plenty of berries. I secured twelve quarts and returned before 6 p. m.

While out in my garden one day last week I saw something shine like a piece of tin, but curiosity led me to pick it up. Judge of my surprise; the tin piece was an old fashioned Spanish sixpence, dating back to Carlos III, 1774, and was as bright as when first coined. I also have a four-pence half-penny of the same reign, dated 1771, the date of Cornwallis's surrender to Gen. Washington, that I took at Yorktown, Va., where the surrender was made, of an old colored man over a hundred years old. I have carried the coin over twenty years.

I was on Paris Hill last week. I could see many miles of country and such lovely mountain views with my glass. I could plainly see the house on Pleasant Mountain in Denmark, but could not get a good view of the White Mountains, as a thick fog lay on the tops of the highest peaks. I think the people of the Hill are to be envied for their beautiful mountain scenery. A SUBSCRIBER.

HEBRON.

Dogs are making bad work with sheep in this vicinity.

In regard to Corbett's barn, we simply "told the tale a 'twas told to us." Since then have heard too many surmises about it to repeat.

Genevieve Clark, of Galesville, Wis., is visiting her uncle, Deacon John Moody. Miss Clark has been stopping in Boston the past year attending the Conservatory of Music. She will continue her studies there for another year at least.

Many farmers are through haying.

Rev. Mr. Richardson intends starting on a vacation trip this week. His health is much better. Mrs. Richardson is gaining slowly.

Mrs. Merrill and her daughter, of N. Y., are visiting at Levi Merrill's. Miss Merrill is teacher in one of the public schools in N. Y. C.

Miss Stearns of Paris visited her brother, H. K. Stearns and his wife, last week, accompanied by their Massachusetts relatives.

Sabbath day, Aug. 2nd, very interesting services were held at the Grove, McFalls. Sermons were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Whitman and Perkins in the forenoon; in the afternoon by Rev. C. A. Hayden. The choruses were conducted by Professors Whitney and Bradford, and excellent singing was given by the Hebron Quartette. "Angel of Peace" was rendered by Gerrish's Orchestra. Of the two thousand present one hundred were from this place. All were happy to see Mrs. Forbes, a former proprietress of the Trustee House. Friends here would be pleased to know her address; many remember her father—the Hartford correspondent.

Prof. Mayo and wife will spend part of the vacation at Hodgdon, Aroostook Co.

Fannie Cushman is quite sick with slow fever.

Harry Barrows has just returned to the village from Lorenzo Bumpus's farm, where he has enjoyed a pleasant home during the busy season.

The *Boston Cultivator* favors the crow, and says: "It would be a good investment on every farm to give crows two quarts of corn each in the spring if they would remain on the place through the summer, destroying insects and worms."

The first book ever written by Rose E. Cleveland, President Cleveland's sister, is highly esteemed. It is entitled "George Eliot's Poetry and Other Studies."

It is expected a Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle will be formed here, this fall, and it is hoped a large number may be able to take the course.

Mrs. Dr. Barrows of Boston and Mrs. Davis and Ina, of Waltham, expect to leave here during the week.

Mrs. Chandler of Boston, who boarded at E. S. Dunham's, last summer, died at the sea-shore, last week.

We are happy to announce that Rev. S. D. Richardson and his wife are improving in health.

H. M. Everett and wife have returned from Harpswell. n.

BUCKFIELD.

Sixty Buckfielders attended the Universalist Grove meeting at Mechanic Falls on Sunday, Aug. 2.

The young people had another excursion to North Pond, last Thursday.

Asa Atwood has bought of Charles Forster the carding machinery, located in the old shovel handle factory. He has fitted it in first-class order for business.

Withington Brothers are rebuilding their factory dam, raising it about two feet.

The storm of the 4th inst. caused considerable damage to corn and grain.

Blueberries are plenty at six cents per quart.

Episcopal services here Sunday, Aug. 2. No Baptist meeting.

The following newly-arrived visitors were in town last week: Misses Katie and Lena Chard of Lawrence, at Carlton Gardner's; Herman Jones and wife and Mrs. Carrie Seavey of Boston, at Amiel Jones's.

O. H. Hersey, esq., and family, and C. H. Berry are at the sea-shore in Harpswell; R. C. Thomes in Portland, and Annie and Lottie Forster are visiting Wm. C. Spaulding in Caribou.

BYRON.

Mrs. Maj. Wm. Thomas died on the 4th inst., and is buried today, the 6th.

Julia B. Hall is visiting her friends here.

We had a copious rain on the 4th. We are now having fine hay weather and people improving it to the best advantage.

Mr. and Mrs. Coper are at work for G. I. Hall, during haying. Chas. and Burt Rundlett, P. C. Witham and W. A. Knapp are at work for J. E. Shaw.

Dr. Twitchell has taken Abbie Hodsdon's grass to cut.

It is thought that Mrs. A. S. Young is slowly improving.

UPTON.

The L. B. Society, aided by the pastor and people, have placed a nice Estey chapel organ in the Union church in Upton. Everybody seems much pleased with it. Millie West of Burlington, Vt., is organist.

There were 148 at the morning service, Sunday, and eighty remained to Sabbath-school.

The young men and boys occupy their spare time, in dull weather, playing base ball.

The rink is the great attraction, Saturday evenings.

J. F. Evans and wife of East Stoneham, are visiting friends in town.

E. SUMNER.

The much needed rain of last week has given a good start to fall feed.

A little haying is still in progress on farms of many acres.

John E. Hutchinson of Auburn is visiting friends in Sumner.

Last Sabbath morning a handsome new Bible was seen upon the pulpit of the Congregational church. It was a present from Mrs. Betsy R. Stetson.

MEXICO.

Gracie Harlow, daughter of Roscoe Harlow, is visiting at Daniel B. Austin's. When young she lived in Mr. Austin's family.

Stanley M. Virgin is helping Fred A. Porter get his hay.

Tuesday p. m. the Androscoggin began to rise; from five o'clock until dark, logs and poplar filled the stream. Our people say that more lumber went past here in three hours than ever before in the same length of hours. There were three separate ramblings, like distant thunder, caused by the moving of jams and their rush over the rocks of Rumford Falls. I rode up to the main pitch: the river was full of poplar, and it played some fancy tricks trying to get to still water below.

Charles A. Wilson of Providence, R. I., formerly of this town, is visiting his sister, Mrs. M. J. White. Mr. Wilson is one of the best lawyers in Rhode Island, and a member of the Governor's staff. He attended General Grant's funeral with the Governor.

Engineer Shedd, now at work at Rumford Falls, is also from Providence. SPARKES.

WEST BETHEL.

Only a small amount of hay has yet been gathered from the meadows in this vicinity, and hundreds of tons remain uncut between this village and Mason.

The heavy storm on Tuesday last caused quite a freshet on Pleasant River, which overflowed its banks, and much hay and many acres of grass are now under water. We saw a man on Wednesday wading through mud and water, with his shoes in his hand, looking for a dry spot on which to spread the hay mown by him on Monday, but none could be found. Driftwood and sand will be left on the grass in many places. Hay, boards and a small boat were seen floating down the Androscoggin, Tuesday afternoon.

The entertainment for the benefit of the Sabbath-school was a complete success; over 20 dollars being left, after paying all expenses.

E. BROWNFIELD.

We had a severe rain on the fourth, washing the roads, and on the meadows bunches of hay raked the day before were floated.

Mrs. B. Cole entertained the Universalist Circle on the 5th; a full attendance.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. on the 6th.

J. Littlefield has bought the house of L. N. Giles formerly occupied by F. L. Drew, and moved into it.

J. S. Grey, who has been at work up in the mountains on the P. & O., was badly bruised during the rain of Tuesday while attempting to fix the derrick; he was thrown into the water with great force.

WILSON'S MILLS.

The hay crop is estimated to be about two-thirds of last year's yield, and of fine quality.

N. K. Bennett has finished haying; J. C. Bean has just commenced.

The Bennett Brothers are putting a cupola on their new barn.

Camping-out parties are now beginning to come. A party of eight are camping at the head of Aziscoos Falls.

Higgins is also going the rounds, to keep things lively, with the idea in his head of building seven fires on each man's farm in town.

Two meetings Sunday—one at the upper and one at the lower school house; preaching by Rev. Mr. Russell of Weston, Mass.: two able sermons, replete with lessons of a higher and better life, were listened to by those who chose to attend.

ALBANY.

Doctor Charles Hutchinson of Portland, recently made a flying visit to friends and relatives in this his native town; attended church here last Sunday.

The very heavy rains of Tuesday, the 4th, washed our roads rather badly, and was quite a set-back to hay-makers.

Help for haying has been very plenty, but the weather has been so changeable that people are rather behind time.

Vegetation is progressing very rapidly. Apples are dropping off badly. L.

BRYANT'S POND.

James Sheran has gone to Kennebunk, where he is employed in the shoe business.

N. A. Johnson, of Boston, is visiting here.

A Band is soon to be organized here, with A. M. Chase, esq., as leader.

Rev. G. B. Hannaford will preach at the Methodist church one Sabbath each month. August 2d two persons were admitted into the Church.

H. F. Houghton, at the furniture store, has the latest make of fruit jars and jelly tumblers, which are selling cheap.

Mrs. Cyrus P. Berry and daughter, of Ashland, are on a visit to friends in the village.

The village schools closed July 31; both teachers were liked very much.

W. SUMNER.

The house of Mrs R. Morrill was burned August 3d.

Rainy weather.

Great numbers of persons go blueberrying, now.

A. M. Chandler, formerly of this place, died on Saturday, Aug. 1st. Funeral service at this place, Aug. 3.

H. O. Tuell has been visiting his son at Dixfield; George E. Pulsifer and wife are at Locke's Mills, visiting. No. 49.

NO. HARTFORD.

The crop of hay in this section is fully equal to the average. Nearly all the upland has been cut and work is now commenced upon the meadows. The fine weather has enabled farmers to secure their crop in good condition.

Lysander Foster is in very feeble health.

The summer term of school, in District No. 1, taught by Theda Robinson, closed July 9. The following pupils were not absent one-half day during the term: Mira Thomas, Leroy Thomas, Ada Thomas, Jennie Thomas. Albert Brown and Leroy Thomas excelled in spelling.

The summer term in District No. 2 was taught by Flora Newell, of Sumner. The following pupils were not absent during the term: Nettie Manwell, Nellie Kidder, Eva Russell, Della Russell, Nellie Raymond, Grace Kidder, Harry Abbott, Nellie Burk.

BETHEL.

A south-east rain storm visited Bethel, Tuesday. The rain poured from 7 o'clock in the morning until 2 o'clock, afternoon. The water in the Androscoggin River rose eight feet in a few hours, and at 6 o'clock afternoon the river was full of floating logs, plank and hay; much of the low ground was under water, and much damage is done to the growing crops. The cold wave following the storm is unfavorable to the corn crop.

The boarding houses have to kindle fires morning and evening.

Wm. F. Kendall, a highly respected citizen of Sweden, died last Wednesday, and was buried from the M. E. church in Bethel, Thursday, Rev. A. N. Sylvester officiating.

The County Commissioners were in Bethel Thursday, examing a road located by Selectmen. By some oversight, the original petition was not recorded, and was lost. There was nothing to act upon.

MIDDLE INTERVALE (BETHEL).

The hay crop is better than expected.

Mrs. E. P. Kimball has closed her school on Bird Hill, and is now using her earnings to get her buildings repaired. A few years ago, the home which she supposed her husband prepared for her, fell into the hands of his father; and since then she has been supporting herself and trying to provide herself a home.

Blueberries are plenty.

Fred Russell is at home sick with fever. Mrs. Russell patiently cares for him, and neighbors are kind in helping.

Your correspondent, with a friend, lately visited the Insane Hospital, Augusta, where we learned that the young man, W. Farr, lately taken there from Greenwood, was no better but rather worse. A few years ago, I taught school in the place where this young man then resided, and seldom if ever have I met with a person so worthy the name of true gentleman—and these, as true ladies, are scarce, as deception cannot dwell in the hearts of either.

Miss E. B. Dunham is now at her father's for a time. This young lady has been with me much of the time for three years, and during that time have not seen a dishonest act, an unkind look or heard an unkind word. Her mother says she has never spoken a saucy word to her and she is 19 years of age. Such a friend is worth keeping.

John Williamson, my aged friend, is feeble. He says he is "getting ready for home." He is nearly one hundred years old.

Born—July 26, to the wife of Wm. Farwell, a daughter.

BROWNFIELD.

Ellsworth Gilpatrick has returned from California, where he has been the past two years.

Dr. Herbert Jordan of So. Waltham has been home on a short visit this week.

Hiram Seavey has sold his house lot to C. E. Whitney and bought a lot of Major Bean, where he will move his house. Mr. Whitney will build a stable in the fall.

The late heavy rains have washed the roads badly, and grass on meadow lots is injured by the overflow of brooks and rivers.

FRYEBURG.

J. C. Gerry has moved his stock from Portland Street to more convenient quarters in the block on the corner of Main and Portland Sts. This tenement, which was formerly occupied by the Post-office, has been extended by A. R. Jenness, the present owner, and is now as long as the other part of the building.

H. W. Cousins will soon move his stock of goods into the store lately occupied by Gerry.

Mrs. John Locke and Miss Alice are visiting friends in Freeport.

Mrs. Truba of Baltimore is in town visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Howe.

Mrs. Gerry has returned from a visit of several weeks at her brother's, at Melrose Highlands.

Prof. W. A. Robinson and wife, formerly teachers in the Academy here, now at Franklin Falls, N. H., are at Otis Warren's, Mrs. R.'s father.

Rev. F. A. Wilson, of Billerica, Mass., formerly principal of the Academy, spent a day here, this week.

Memorial services for General Grant under direction of the G. A. R., will be held in the Congregational church, Saturday p. m.

The fair held by the ladies of the Congregational Society, in their vestry, on Thursday, August 6th, was a success in every way.

Rev. S. H. Haynes of Boston, wife and daughters, are in town. Mr. Haynes will preach for Dr. Mason on the next Sabbath.

Mrs. Mary Swan Fifield, of Peabody, Mass., is at Dr. Lamson's.

RUMFORD.

Rev. Mr. Hayden, of Lewiston, is expected to preach at the Point, next Sabbath.

C. M. Hutchins is to begin a fall term of High School at Rumford Point, Aug. 31.

Rev. Albert Donnell and wife start for their home, at Haverhill, Saturday.

There was a pleasure party from Milton Pl'n to Bethel Hill, last Thursday. The county will be asked to settle the bills.

Swapping horses is now the craze. C. N. Martin traded his white mare for a fine bay Knox colt. A. H. Price has exchanged the well known trotting horse, Nemo, for a bay horse, and as it is near Fair time, there is just a bit of suspicion that it may be a ringer. Who knows? Some other horses have also changed hands.

Last Tuesday we had the greatest rainfall for the season; and there was a sudden and unprecedented rise of water, for so short a rain, over the intervales. Some hay was seen floating down river. Mr. Ray had some hay put up, on his meadow, that was carried by the water into Harry Hutchins's meadow.

DIXFIELD.

There are many persons from the cities and other places now in the village. A number of regular summer boarders are now at the National Hotel—from Boston, Minneapolis, Old Plymouth (famed as the landing place of the Pilgrims), Providence and various other places, and some families boarding with private families for the summer; besides, a large number of visitors who have come to visit their friends here and enjoy a few weeks among the romantic hills of Old Oxford. They are too numerous to mention individually, so must omit nearly the whole.

Charles W. Wilson, esq., formerly of Mexico, who read law in Randall's office, and was admitted to the Oxford Bar some ten years ago, now a very successful and popular lawyer in Providence, R. I., has been visiting his relatives for a few days past, and who is one of the Governor's staff of the State of Rhode Island, was notified that he was wanted to attend the funeral of General Grant at New York, as one of his staff, and left this morning for New York.

Today we have had a bit of a trial or tribulation here before Justice John Ellis, esq., of our village. Yesterday afternoon. O. F. Trask, Deputy Sheriff, brought a man from Phillips by the name of William Soule down here for trial on a complaint and warrant for resisting J. F. Toothacre, who is a Deputy Sheriff and Fish Warden, and who was endeavoring to arrest said Soule on a complaint for violating the Fish and Game Laws. The defendant Soule brought with him Prince A. Sawyer, esq., from Phillips, as his counsel to defend him. The complaint was signed by H. O. Stanley, Fish Commissioner; John R. Trask, esq., drew the complaint and warrant. On the trial, H. A. Randall was associated with Trask for the State, and P. A. Sawyer for defendant. After a full hearing of the case, Justice Ellis bound him over to appear at the next October term of Court in the sum of two hundred dollars; also to give bond for keeping the peace in a like sum: from both of which he appealed.

The G. A. R. and citizens in this section held memorial services at the church, Saturday, at 10 a. m. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Thatcher and Col. W. T. Eustis.

P. A. Sawyer of Phillips was in town, Thursday, on business.

J. F. Stanley of Paris has gone to Lake View Cottage, Weld, with his brothers, Henry O. and Frank Stanley, and W. W. Smith, and Wilson of the New England House, Boston. x.

OXFORD.

John Bracket, formerly of Harrison, died at the residence of his son, Merrill Bracket, on the 4th. He was buried in Harrison.

Mrs. Amos Wardwell has rented her house to Mr. Gould and has moved into Bracket's rent. Mr. Eaton of Bridgton, has moved into one of Robinson's houses. C. M. Chapman is to move into Frank Lord's rent.

Orrington Hanscomb and family, of Boston, have been visiting his father.

Mrs. White and Mrs. Wood of Boston are visiting their father, Joseph Robinson.

Mrs. Corning and her daughter from Hartford, Conn., are spending some time here.

A good many people went to Mechanic Falls, Sunday, to the grove meeting.

Mr. Read, of Augusta, was in town last week.

The heavy rain has caused the grain and corn to lodge badly.

This long continued wet, followed by intense heat, will be likely to cause sickness, unless people take care that no refuse of any kind is left around the premises to become unwholesome and poison the air.

The heavy shower, Saturday, Aug. 1st, was followed by a beautiful rainbow—the "triumphal arch that spans the sky."

"How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast
A hundred fathoms down.

"As fresh is yon horizon dark,
As youtg thy beauty seems,
As when the eagle from the ark,
First sported in thy beams.

"For, faithful to the sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man."

MASON.

Had the greatest rain of the season, Tuesday. Low meadows are under water—haying will be delayed some days. Oats that looked finely last week are almost ruined; they lay as flat as if rolled—cannot fill, and will be ruined if not cut and made into hay.

Wm. P. Putnam and wife from Lewiston are visiting friends in this town. Putnam is a subscriber to the DEMOCRAT; he and his wife said they could not get along without it. It seemed like a letter from their old home every week.

Our school closed, last week. Miss Wheeler proved herself a success and fully sustained her reputation as a teacher.

Last Saturday the grass on the Abner Bennett farm was sold at auction; the English hay sold for about four dollars a ton and the natural meadow grass for one dollar.

D. B. and O. D. Grover have been cutting their grass on the Putnam farm in Mason. O. D. and the boy camped on the place; when fair weather they would hay, and when it was dull pick berries, when it did not rain too hard.

Nobody done haying yet; some will finish this week.

Asa Prescott has moved to West Bethel and Dana Hall has moved into this town.

Good hay weather today.

PARIS.

Miss Carrie E. Small of Plymouth, Mass, will deliver her lecture entitled "A Talk about Holland," at the Academy, next Friday evening. Miss Small read this essay at the Chautauqua Grove meeting at Fryeburg, last week, and has been invited to read it in various places by those who there heard it. Miss Small is a sister of Mrs. Dr. Evans of Norway. We trust that she will be greeted by a large audience. It is seldom that our people are invited to such a literary treat, now-a-days, and they should show an appreciation of such things as to induce others to visit us with a higher order of entertainments.

The Andover men who have been here haying, have mostly returned to their homes. D. A. Marston called and paid a year's subscription on the DEMOCRAT, as usual. He remarked that he had hayed it on Paris Hill for fifteen consecutive summers.

Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin is visiting Mrs. Ann Brown. Senator Hamlin is expected here early in the week.

Hon. Geo. F. Hammond treated us to a mess of full green corn, last Sunday. It is the first of the season at our house.

The Baptist church was well filled, last Sabbath, with citizens and visitors. Mr. Cochrane gave a very interesting discourse on the life and character of General Grant. At the close of the service, a collection was taken for the Grant monument fund. As there was no service in the Universalist house, this collection will be returned as from both societies. Persons who wish to contribute to the fund may leave their money at this office, before Thursday, when it will be forwarded to the Treasurer. About eight dollars have been contributed.

Dr. A. S. Thayer and wife of Portland, are visiting at O. A. Thayer's.

J. F. Stanley, our popular Register of Deeds, has gone on a fishing excursion with a party from Dixfield.

J. C. Marble, esq., has a fine lot of grapes on his vines. The yield promises to be immense, and the fruit is already far advanced for the time of year.

The concert by the Band, Saturday evening, was exceptionally fine. The following selections were rendered: 1—march, "Drum Major"; 2—quickstep, "Normal"; 3—polka, "Poco"; 4—march, "Calumet"; 5—march, "Better than Gold."

NEWRY.

Tuesday, the heaviest rain-fall of the season,—almost a freshet.

A good deal of grass is still standing in this section.

Grain is beginning to ripen. Early potatoes, I notice, are looking quite rusty; the potato bug has not been so destructive as in former seasons.

Parties are now scouring the mountains every day in search of blueberries.

The plums are yet very green.

The general use of the blueberry rake, at least until the berries are well ripened, is a nuisance—as both green and ripe are stripped from the bushes, destroying all chance of an after picking.

A Mormon Elder has been holding forth in this section; some say he has made a few converts.

The news of the week is rather meagre in this section.

Haying is progressing finely; an average crop will be secured with us.

A timely rain, Wednesday, has revived the drooping crops.

Hayers who have been down country are now on their return.

Blueberries are said to be very plenty on Puzzle Mountain, though quite green as yet.

E. B. Knapp is the champion trapper of of these parts. He has ten traps set for bears; the traps are of his own manufacture, and are very nice and strong ones.

DENMARK.

The Rev. Mr. Jordan, who has preached at the Congregational church here for a number of years, has withdrawn on account of ill health, and the pulpit will be supplied by Mr. Hauge of South Bridgton. Mr. Jordan retires with the respect and confidence of the entire community.

Rev. O. F. Alvord has completed his engagement of one year with the Universalist Churches at Hiram and Denmark, and will soon return to his home in New York.

George W. Lord and his sister, May E. Stuart, of Lawrence, are visiting friends in Denmark and Fryeburg.

Sweet corn is looking finely and soon there will be lively times at the corn shop of Burnham & Morrill. The amount to be taken here was limited to 150 acres, and filled soon after the books were opened; much more could have been contracted for if the Co. had wished for more.

There has been quite a sale for oxen, for the last two weeks.

HARTFORD.

The Line School District, in Hartford, includes the farm where the first birth and death took place—the farm where Simeon and Roanna Carey lived, the home of Nelson H. Carey (my schoolmate), the paternal parent and grandparents of Louise Carey, the world-renowned singer—the farm where the parents of Mrs. Persis Watson lived; the mother, wife of Zenus Mitchell, was fifty years old when her daughter, Mrs. Lincoln Watson, was born; she has had six daughters, all living now save one, who died in youth; four are now married. Her parents had seven sons and four daughters, whom I knew,—all but one schoolmates.

Poor hay weather of late, which is improved by gatherers of berries.

I rejoice to notice many editors and their wives are having a vacation, which will prove a blessing to their many readers.

I notice the ranks of the postal card brigade in the DEMOCRAT of the 28th were alive for the prosperity of that paper.

At ten, the sun called the farmers to work again, the 31st. Hay and oats that were cut had to be seen to; much thunder since ten, no rain at four p. m.

I notice in the *Wilton Record* that Rev. O. H. Johnson of Jay is dead. I have known him since a young man. He to me was a friend indeed. I reported the Canton discussion between Rev. O. H. Johnson, Universalist, and Rev. Miles Grant, Second Advent, which lasted a large part of two days in Feb'y, 1866, for the *Gospel Banner*, Augusta. It was before a large audience.

I knew Rev. L. Cummings and family well, while teaching in his school district, Sumner. He was a Free Baptist, ever faithful in the gospel of the Savior.

The remains of the sister of the late Hon. Timothy O. Howe arrived at Turner, the 29th. I have been well acquainted with the Howe family many years. He wrote me saying he believed his father was the noblest Roman of them all. He always honored his father, like a faithful son. The Howe family were near and dear to each other.

The first Sabbath in August was a lovely day. Those who went from this vicinity to Mechanic Falls on that day for public worship enjoyed all they anticipated.

On the 4th of August, in the midst of the most powerful rain of late, the full Board of the County Commissioners, including the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Hartford, met at my residence, called the meeting to order on time, and proceeded to business and viewed the road for which they were called together. Otis Howard, who had done all in his power against building the road—which has proved a blessing to many hundreds—was not at the meeting seen that day. He might have influenced one of the Selectmen to work for him.

I have not received my DEMOCRAT of the 4th, owing to the rain of yesterday—look for it today, which is beautiful.

I am so pleased to learn what the County Commissioners had done by locating a road and not discontinuing south of my residence, that I have a holiday on the 5th. HARTFORD.

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

LEMUEL W. JACKSON, late of Paris,

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

July 21, 1885 LEWIS L. JACKSON.

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

DANIEL G. KENDALL, late of Bethel,

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

July 21, 1885. RUTH S. KENDALL.

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

THOMAS J. COX, late of Dixfield,

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

July 21, 1885 HIRAM M. COX.

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

LYDIA K. CHADBOURNE, late of Oxford,

in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; she 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

July 21, 1885 FRANCES E. WILSON.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that she has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of

JACOB WASHBURN, late of Oxford,

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

July 21, 1885. MARY M. WASHBURN.

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

BARNES WALKER, late of Lovell,

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

July 21, 1885. EDWARD C. WALKER.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of July A. D. 1885.

TOBIAS I. EASTMAN, Guardian of Hattie G. and George F. Eastman, minor heirs of Nathan Charles, late of Lovell, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of guardianship of said wards for allowance:

Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of Aug. 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.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1885.

On the petition of ALBERT M. GROVER, Guardian of Caleb Goodnow, an insane person, of Bethel, in said County, praying for license to sell and convey certain real estate described in his petition on file in the Probate Office, to Henry Goodnow, at an advantageous offer of fifty dollars, the proceeds to be put on interest for the benefit of said Goodnow and wife.

Ordered, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing an abstract of his petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county on the third Tuesday of Aug. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1885.

On the petition of SARAH E. GRAY, of Sumner in said county, praying that James S. Wright of Paris be appointed Administrator on the estate of Orin Gray, late of Paris in said county, deceased:

Ordered, That the said Petitioner 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, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of Aug. next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

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

8 Per Cent. INVESTMENTS!!

School Bonds and Carefully Selected Farm Mortages in the "corn belt" of Dakota—the best and most fertile part of the Territory. Interest paid semi-annually at your home. Safest, best and most prompt paying investments obtainable. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Write us for copy School Bond Law and full particulars. First class references. **THE CITIZENS' BANK, Grand View, Dakota.**

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NORWAY.

VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Universalist Church, Rev. Caroline Angell, Pastor; Sabbath school, 1 P. M.; preaching service, 2 P. M.; evening service, 7.30 P. M. Sabbath school concerts once a month. Circles twice a month, on Wednesday evenings.

Second Congregational Church, Rev. Alex. Wiswall, Pastor: Sunday preaching service, 10.30 A. M.; Sunday school, 12 M.; Sabbath evening service, 7 P. M. Prayer meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7.30 P. M. Circle meetings once in two weeks, on Wednesday evenings.

Methodist Church, Rev. O. S. Pillsbury, Pastor: Sabbath school, 12 M.; church service, 1.30 P. M.; Sunday evening service, 7 P. M. Prayer meetings, Wednesday evenings, 7.30 P. M.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Union R. A. C. No. 36, in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening on or before full moon.—Oxford Lodge No. 18, Monday on or before full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Widdey Encampment, No. 21, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, at Odd Fellows' Hall.—Norway Lodge, No. 16, every Tuesday evening.

K. OF P.—Pennesseewassee, No. 18, Wednesday evening each week, in K. of P. Hall.

I. O. G. C.—Norway Commandery, No. 247, first and third Friday evenings of each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

P. OF H.—Norway Grange, No. 84, Saturday afternoon on or before full moon.

G. A. R.—Harry Rust Post, No. 34, at Grange Hall, first Friday evening of each month.

I. O. G. T.—Redfield Lodge, No. 55, at Grange Hall, every Saturday evening.

The village schools begin Tuesday, Sept. 1st. F. I. Brown of Bethel, a recent graduate of Bowdoin College, will teach the High School, with Miss S. A. Leonard as assistant; the other teachers will be the same as last term, we understand.

J. F. Devine and three others went to letter C, this week, and caught 230 trout; most of them would weigh half a pound apiece.

The condition of our streets is excellent. The road machine was recently used to a purpose in scraping off the mud. It appears to be down to "hard pan" now and we can have a rain storm without having to wade through mud and water.

We noticed Simon Stearns, who is over 80 years of age and one of the oldest citizens in town, on the street Saturday. He is in his usual good health.

Green corn has appeared in the market.

Our friend Sanborn, of the *Advertiser*, is the liveliest "sick man" I have seen lately.

Ceylon Watson says he prefers the *Argus* to the *World*, and principally on account of the Oxford Correspondent's articles.

The storm did considerable damage in the grain fields; several pieces were laid flat.

Miss Lizzie Mason is giving lessons to a dozen pupils in music.

According to our leading statesmen of Maine, Oxford County used to have enough politicians "hanging around loose" to fill nearly every position of profit in the country, to say nothing of positions of honor. On taking a hasty inventory I am convinced that they were as nothing compared to those of the present generation. There are lots of sons among the hills of Old Oxford waiting for the time when "Cornelia" will point to them as her jewels.

Among the teachers who have taught first-class schools in town, this summer, are Maggie Baker, Helen S. Swan, Agnes Morton and Ella F. Moulton.

The South Paris Band gave an open air concert here Friday evening. A large crowd listened to the music, which drew forth hearty applause. After playing several pieces at the upper hand stand, the Norway Band "joined the circle" and several fine selections were played by the two bands. We could hear the leading cornet of the South Paris Band, above all the rest.

Memorial services on the death of Gen. Grant at Norway Hall, Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of Harry Rust Post, No 54, G. A. R. Rev. Mr. Pillsbury delivers the

Tobacco! Tobacco!

—AT—

G. H. PORTER'S,

South Paris, Me.

40 Different Kinds,

From 30c. to $1.00 a Pound.

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The Best Assortment of

CIGARS

In Oxford County.

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Splendid Assortment

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WINDOW SHADES

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FIXTURES,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

BRUSHES, &C.,

At Low Prices.

Papers Trimmed Free and Shades Made and Put Up To Order.

TRY A BOTTLE

—OF—

Noyes Spring Bitters,

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NORWAY, MAINE. March 3.

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To be Found in Oxford County.

All kinds of Plain and Fancy Hooks Flies, Rods, Lines, Reels, etc., etc.

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LARGEST STOCK IN OXFORD COUNTY

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In all colors, to the trade, with Cords, Tassels, Lewis, Rings, etc., to match. Spring Balance and Common Fixtures. Window Shades Mounted and Hung at Short Notice, for which no additional charges are made. Our facilities for Fitting and Hanging Shades are unsurpassed. Have usual stock of

Drugs, Patent Medicines,

And all medicines usually found in a First Class Drug Store.

S. L. CROCKETT,

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SPORTING GOODS,

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols, Shot, Powder, Caps, etc.

All at Lowest Prices.

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CROQUET SETS,

In All Styles and at Low Prices. Call and see them.

Steel Cultivators & Horse Hoes.

I X. L., Iron Frame; Iron Age, Iron Frame; Iron Duke, Iron Frame; Champion Horse Hoe and Cultivator; Perry's Spring Tooth Cultivator; Clark's Patent Ridger and Cultivator; Solid Steel Cultivator Blades and Steel Blades with Iron Standards; Cast Iron Cultivator Teeth, etc.

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—Take all the Kidneys and Liver *Medicines.*

—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,

—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and Indigestion *Cures,*

—Take all the *Ague,* Fever, and bilious *specifics.*

—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force restores.

—Take all the *Great* health restorers.

In short, take all the best qualities of all these and the—*Best,*

—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *Hop*—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all—*concentrated* in them.

—And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—*combined.* Fail!!!

—A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MORRY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it" —A WORKINGMAN.

☞ 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.

Boston Steamers.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Day and Night Trips.

FARE ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

The elegant New Steamer **TREMONT,** and the favorite Steamer **JOHN BROOKS,** will, on and after June 23d, make DAY and NIGHT TRIPS, leaving Franklin Wharf, Portland, every morning at 9 o'clock, and every evening at 8 o'clock (Sundays excepted.)

RETURNING, leave India Wharf, Boston, at 8 A. M., and 7 P. M.

The DAY PASSAGE gives opportunity for a splendid **OCEAN TRIP** and of viewing the charming COAST SCENERY.

State Rooms secured in advance.

J. F. Lidstone, Gen. Agt.

Grand Trunk Railway

Summer Arrangement.

On and after June 20th, 1885, and until further notice, trains will run as follows:

MONTREAL TO PORTLAND.

	Pass. A. M.	Mixed. A. M.	Mixed. P. M.	Pass. P. M.
Gorham,	9 00	4 35	1 00	5 05
Gilead,	9 23	4 40	1 40	.....
W. Bethel,	9 40	4 58	2 00	.....
Bethel,	9 47	5 12	2 15	5 40
Locke's Mills,	9 58	5 27	2 32	.....
Bryant's Pond,	10 07	5 37	2 45	5 52
West Paris,	10 20	5 55	3 07	6 00
So. Paris,	10 40	6 25	3 37	6 15
So. Paris, (leave)	10 45	6 30	3 42	6 20
Norway, (arrive)	10 56	6 35	3 47	6 25
Norway, (leave)	10 30	6 15	3 27	6 00
So. Paris, (arrive)	10 35	6 20	3 32	6 10
Oxford,	10 55	6 45	4 02	.....
Mechanic Falls,	11 03	7 00	4 20	6 30
Lewiston Junction,	11 20	7 40	4 10	6 40
Portland,	12 05	8 30	7 20	7 30

Trains leave Lewiston for Portland at 7 15 7 55 and 11 35 A. M., and 12 5 and 4 55 P. M.

PORTLAND TO MONTREAL.

	Mixed. A. M.	Pass. P. M.	Mixed. P. M.
Portland,	9 30	1 30	3 30
Lewiston Junction,	10 12	2 00	6 35
Mechanic Falls,	10 47	2 37	6 44
Oxford,	10 55	2 29	7 10
So. Paris,	11 08	2 37	7 22
So. Paris, (leave)	11 15	2 42	7 55
Norway, (arrive)	11 20	2 47	7 40
Norway, (leave)	11 00	2 27	7 25
So. Paris, (arrive)	11 05	2 32	7 30
West Paris,	11 25	2 00	8 10
Bryant's Pond,	11 37	2 16	8 20
Locke's Mills,	11 45	2 23	8 32
Bethel,	11 51	2 37	8 47
W. Bethel,	11 58	2 48	9 03
Gilead,	12 10	3 00	9 23
Gorham,	12 30	3 35	10 00

Trains leave Portland, for Lewiston at 7 15 and 9 30 A. M., 1 15, 1 30 and 5 30 P. M.

IA MAN

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

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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, is the most important and indispensable link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West and Southwest.

The Great Rock Island Route

Guarantees to the public that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted roadbed, smooth tracks of continuous steel rail, substantially constructed bridges, culverts and trestles, and a service as near perfection as human skill can make it, the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air brakes, and the use of the Pullman Safety Vestibule which prevents the possibility of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are: Transfers at all connecting points in Union Depots; and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

The Fast Express Trains between Chicago and Peoria, Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth and St. Joseph are composed of well ventilated, finely upholstered Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers of the latest design, and sumptuous Dining Cars in which are elaborately cooked meals are luxuriously eaten. Between Chicago and Kansas City and Atchison are also run the Celebrated Reclining Chair Cars.

The Famous Albert Lea Route

is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Dominions. Over this route Fast Express Trains are run to the watering places, summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Northern Iowa and Minnesota. It is also the most desirable route to the rich wheat fields and pastoral lands of interior Dakota.

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CATARRH

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head

Allays Inflammation. Heals Sores

Restores the Senses of Taste, Hearing & Smell. A Quick Relief. A Positive Cure.

CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril: no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Housesnake, Inflamed Sucking Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Cures for 25 cts. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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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. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Montmorelia, Fla. "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennison, M. D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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.** 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, $1.25. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

I.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in blister,
So painful and sore;
My next is in knocker
That hangs on the door;
My third is in pencil—
By artists 't is used;
My fourth is in able,
In bee, in abused;
My fifth is in uncle,
'T is also in aunt;
My sixth is in turkey,
In fat, and in brant;
My seventh is in angel,
Bright being of heaven;
My whole is a token
Of services given.

ROSA DARTLE.

II.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose a part of the body, and form to disfigure; transpose again, and form an animal.
2. Transpose a male relative, and form what the lark does in the morning.
3. Transpose to walk with long strides, and form a garment.
4. Transpose to strike together as the teeth, and form suspends.
5. Transpose to tarry, and form one who labors.
6. Transpose to take for granted, and form pleases.
7. Transpose an ancient writer, and form emptiness.
8. Transpose the cry of an animal, and form an article seen in the dining-room.

FARMER JOHN.

III.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter from Pensacola.
2. A small, pointed instrument.
3. The appearance of one in a fainting fit.
4. The egg of an insect; reversed it is a mineral.
5. A letter from the interior of Bridgewater.

LITTLE MAY.

IV.—COMBINED FRACTIONS.

1.

One-eighth of schooner, one-third of tug, one-fifth of canoe, one-third of ark, one-fifth of smack, one-sixth of barque, and one-fourth of dory form what kind of a vessel?

2

One-fifth of Rocky, one-fifth of Atlas, one-fifth of Green, one-tenth of Appalchian, one-fourth of Ural, one-fifth of White, one-ninth of Alleghany, one-sixth of Sierra Nevada and one-tenth of Adirondack form what mountains?

BONNIE BEE.

V.—ENIGMA.

Composed of 28 letters.

My 15, 19, 13, 20 is a mineral.
My 9, 4, 6, 24, 7 is a kind of bottle.
My 12, 2, 17, 3, 18, 16 is a woolen hammer.
My 10, 5, 11, 7 is a bird.
My 8, 1, 14, 22 is to agitate.
My 8, 23, 21, 28 is frozen water.
My 25, 26, 27, 25 is a kind of drink.
The whole is an old saying, relating to the origin of certain large trees.

LUCY AIKEN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF LAST WEEK.

1.—Cashmere.

2.—1, Stable, table, able. 2. Swan, wan, an. 3, Blend lend, end. 4, Struck, truck, ruck. 5, Scare, care, are.

3.—The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus in fourteen hundred ninety-two.

4.—

R	ustic	C
E	rat	O
V	iolo	N
O	utle	T
L	oung	E
U	nlo	N
T	omli	T
I	ndr	I
O	ntari	O
N	otio	N

5.—1, Beet. 2, Turnip. 3, Horseradish. 4, Celery. 5, Radish. 6, Tomato. 7, Pea. 8, Bean.

—Dr. Holmes's "Two Anniversary Poems" are the most striking feature of the Atlantic for July. One is addressed to James Russell Lowell, and was delivered at the last Harvard Commencement; the other is "To the Poets who only Listen," and was read at the recent Phi Beta Kappa Dinner at Cambridge. Both are charming. There is some more unusually excellent poetry by Edith Thomas, Andrew Heilbronn, and Kathleen Wright. "The New Pentabolo" has developed a startling incident, Mrs. Oliphant's story is on the eve of its denouement, and Miss Murfree's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" comes to a strangely pathetic ending. Warner's "On Horseback" is continued, and is amusing enough. The three more solid articles of the number are "The Port Royal of Mere Angelique," by Maria E. MacKaye, "Should a College Education?" by E. R. Sill, and a critical article by Harriet Waters Preston on Miss Ingelow and Mrs. Walford. Philander Deming has a characteristic bit in Bell, Wong and San Foo relates "The Story of San Tsang," a legend of Buddhism, and there is a pleasant little conceit about Shakespeare. Reviews of Ormsby's "Don Quixote," "Sergunk's" book on Russia, Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," Hutton's and Walford's books on London, an unusually lively Contributor's Club, and minor criticism, finish a number which is up to the Atlantic's usual standard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

—Stockbridge's *Musical Journal* offers a story, items of musical interest, &c., for music "Motly's London Bridge," and "When You're Afloat," by F. Clay; vocal, "Love's Sweet Dream," by Chas. D. Blake. Illustrated. $1.00 per annum. Ira C. Stockbridge, Portland.

TWO MORE RASCALS TURNED IN.—The next man who ought to "Go" is clerk Barbiere of the Philadelphia pension agency. General W. W. H. Davis, the recently appointed pension agent, gave the chief clerkship to Joseph Barbiere, formerly lieutenant colonel in the Confederate Army, and author of a book in which he speaks of Abraham Lincoln as "a scavenger" and "a hog," and Wendell Phillips as "that dirty dog and fanatic." The book containing this vile string of insults to the dead and the living was printed by W. W. H. Davis at Doylestown, Pa., in 1868, therefore it cannot be said in extenuation that it was given to the public in the heat and fury of a great civil war. Moreover, Barbiere alludes most insultingly to the Union soldiers, the comrades of the very men to whom he is to pay out their pensions in his new office. Two more deserving victims of the political ax than Barbiere and his chief it would be hard to find. Barbiere should be removed for being Barbiere, and General Davis should be turned out for appointing Barbiere.—*Boston Transcript.*

ADVANTAGES OF TWIN SISTERS.

A young man courting a girl who had a twin sister was terribly imposed upon. She went out of town three weeks and employed her sister as a substitue in the sitting up business during her absence. The young man called five times a week, as usual, and didn't leave until after midnight, without detecting the imposition. When he learned of the trick that had been played upon him, he got mad and broke off the engagement. The twins looked as much alike as two capital P's, and he said he might be fooled into marrying the one he didn't love. It was certainly a narrow escape, though, come to think about it, we can't see what difference it would have made as long as ignorance was bliss and the twins didn't object. Having young lady twins in the house is rather a neat arrangement. When a young man is so infatuated that he calls seven nights a week, they can take turns sitting up with him, and thus look fresh and wide-awake every other evening alternately, anyway. No sensible young man should object to such an admirable health-preserving scheme.

MOWING AROUND HIM.—A Massachusetts farmer took his stand with his men in the middle of the field. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't want any help on my farm to do more work than I do. I'll begin to mow in the centre, and mow round in a circle all the time growing bigger, and you, you just fall in behind me and mow round after me."

It was well toward noon before the "boys" found that their circles were all larger than the old man's, and that if they kept up with him, as he constantly urged them to do, they must cover more ground. It would, however, have been more work to convince the old farmer of this fact than to do the extra mowing.

THE HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

"Some weeks ago I promised some hints for picnics, but now I fear the season is nearly over.

"The great mistake in putting up a lunch is that too many sweetmeats are provided and not enough solid food to satisfy the appetites sharpened by the fresh air. Then the food is not always carefully packed, and sometimes the result is anything but appetizing.

"Sandwiches are a strong point with me and I find it better to chop any meat used, season it and spread between the slices. By this means a little of the fat ham adds to the relish, while otherwise it would not be pleasant to have one mouthful all lean, the rest clear fat.

"Eggs boiled hard, chopped fine, well buttered, and seasoned, put with the bread while warm, make fine sandwiches, and these are quite as popular as the eggs with their shells on, which one must needs shell and perhaps not be able to reach any salt, and after one mouthful scatter the pieces of yolk about.

"Marion Harland says: 'Sardines are better to remove the bones, mince and season with lemon juice and put with bread or cracker.' Judging from the numerous accidents that result from opening sardine boxes and spilling the oil, her way is the better. After the sandwiches are prepared, wrap in a damp napkin to keep them fresh. Pack all carefully, for what is more disagreeable than bread partially sweetened by too close contact with cake. There is no room for more this time, but some other I have something to say on another matter." BEE.

—Some correspondent for the Homemakers' Column, has mentioned ice cream for dessert in place of the eternal pie and inevitable pudding. We invested in the early summer in a three quart White Mountain freezer, and by the following receipt have been able to provide the table with smooth, fine-grain ice cream whenever desired. The method is so simple and yet so sure I am glad to give it to the ladies who worry over what to have to eat in hot summer days:

Scald two and one-half pints of milk until it bubbles. Stir one full tabl-spoonful flour with one cup of sugar, and pour into the hot milk and let cook five minutes. Pour into the hot milk three eggs and one cup of sugar, well beaten together, and let cook one minute; let it cool and strain. Flavor with lemon, strawberry or vanilla. Pour into the freezer and add fresh milk to two-thirds full.

The freezer we use was purchased of Walker, 83 Cornhill, Boston, for two dollars and forty-seven cents. About twenty-five pounds of ice are needed to freeze and pack the cream. It is easy to make, inexpensive, wholesome and generally liked. We usually serve sponge cake with it; made by the following rule: To three eggs beaten one minute, add one and one-half cups of sugar and beat five minutes, and add one-half cup of water. Sift into two full cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of cream-tartar; stir with eggs and flavor with lemon. Great care should be taken to have the oven the right degree of heat.

If white cake is preferred this receipt is found satisfactory: Rub and beat one-half cup butter in a warm bowl until it is like cream; add gradually one cup sugar and one-half cup milk. Sift one teaspoonful cream tartar and one-half teaspoonful soda into two cups of flour, and add finally add the whites of four eggs, well beaten.

So much for labor making, now for labor saving. I am anxious to speak a good word for the Perfect Carpet Sweeper as most excellently adapted for that purpose. Sweeping is a laborious and disagreeable occupation, especially to persons whose lungs are sensitive to dust, but with this apparatus, light, convenient and thorough, the task is speedily and easily accomplished. It proves equally serviceable whether used on wool, straw or oil cloth carpets, and is indeed The Ladies' Friend. BRISKY TROTWOOD

FOR THE CAKE BASKET TO SERVE WITH ICE CREAM.

Ice Cream Cake.—Half a cup of butter, one of sugar, half of milk, two of flour, three eggs (the whites beaten separately), one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half of saleratus. Flavor with lemon. Bake in thin sheets in a quick oven. This is nice to eat, while fresh, with ice cream.—*Miss M. Parlon's Recipes*

Jelly Roll.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of flour; pour it thin into a baking pan; bake slowly; spread jelly over it, and roll it up while warm. Wrap it in a cloth.

Ladies' Fingers.—1 cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter beaten together, 1 egg, one-fourth cup of milk, 1 pint of flour, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, 1 and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Cut in little strips, roll in sugar and bake in a quick oven. Use your hands to roll them, instead of a rolling-pin.

Butternut Cake.—Four eggs, beaten separately; two cups sugar, one of butter, one cup butternut meats, one-half cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour, (heaped,) one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar. Rub the black scales off from the meats before putting them in the cake. Bake in two loaves.

Sponge Drops.—Beat to a froth 3 eggs and 1 teacup of sugar; stir into this one heaping coffee cup of flour, in which one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of saleratus are thoroughly mixed. Flavor with lemon. Butter tin sheets with washed butter, and drop in teaspoonfuls about three inches apart. Bake instantly in a very quick oven. Watch closely as they will burn easily. Serve with ice cream.

The above recipes were selected as suited to accompany those given by one correspondent if one wishes for a greater variety. One or two of these are similar to the rule for sponge cake she gives, but are baked in different forms. It is an excellent plan to have one rule for cake that never fails us, and then we can vary it indefinitely much easier than we can experiment with new recipes.

ALL SORTS.

Dried Apple Pie.—One coffee cup of stewed and sifted apple, one coffee cup of milk or cream, two-thirds cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Bake with one crust.—*Eva, in the Household.*

Apple Cake.—Take two cups dried apples, stew just enough to cut easily; chop about as fine as raisins, and boil them in two cups of molasses, till preserved through; drain off the molasses for the cake; then add two eggs, one cup butter, one cup sour milk, two teaspoons soda, four cups flour, spices of all kinds. Add the apple the last thing.

Nun's Pie.—Soak one pound of salt codfish in cold water for two hours; put it on the fire to boil, adding a small red pepper and the skin of an orange. Boil eight good-sized potatoes, and, when ready to mash, pick up the codfish, squeeze over it the juice of one orange, and mash all together; add a large lump of butter, put the mixture in a bake-tin, and cover with bread crumbs; scatter a few small lumps of butter over it, and cover the whole with milk. Bake one hour. If well made, it will be as light as a meringue pie, and, altogether, enjoyable.

The orange is not a necessary ingredient, though some would prefer its flavor.

Peach Cake.—Bake three layers of sponge cake, cut ripe peaches into very thin slices; prepare some sweet, thick cream by whipping, sweetening and flavoring it; spread the peaches, with the cream poured over, between each layer as also over the top of the cake.

—No kitchen should be without scales to test the integrity of things purchased by weight, and to measure the quantity of various recipes.

—If starch is cooked sufficiently it does not need anything to prevent its sticking. So a successful laundress says.

Bread cake of any kind is so much better and more healthful than rich cake, that we should make more of it. The following recipe makes a good substitute for doughnuts, with coffee for breakfast:

Take light dough, roll thin and spread butter evenly over the top; then sprinkle with sugar and ground cinnamon; roll up as you would a jelly roll, and cut off slices about half an inch thick; lay them in a greased pan; let them stand half an hour, and bake in a moderate oven.

The name Swedish Rolls is sometimes given to this form of bread cake:

Muffins without soda. If baked in a hot oven will be light and excellent. Take one cup of sweet milk, one cup of flour, 1 egg well beaten, about a third of a teaspoonful of salt. Have your gem pans very hot, fill about half full, and bake. These are nice with butter alone, or with maple syrup.

For the DEMOCRAT.

THE ADIEU.

By a member of the class of '85 on leaving Hebron Academy.

Farewell, ye famous hills of Hebron,
O'er whose brows so oft we've strayed;
Lingering here in search of knowledge,
Which our minds so long have craved,
Though upon your shaded summits,
We again may never stand,
Often in imagination
We shall walk your classic land.

Adieu, thou bower of learning,
With your tower so old and gray,
And your bell in tones so solemn
Ringing out at close of day.
Many hallowed recollections
Clinster round your classic walls,
But before another sunset,
We as students leave your halls.

Adieu, our friends and school-mates all.
Fate bids us sever friendship's ties,
And should we never meet again,
Until we meet beyond the skies.
We oft shall think of Hebron scenes,
When here we roamed so gay and free,
And in our dreams of vanished days,
Each well remembered face we'll see.

Adieu, our teachers kind and true,
We leave you now for other scenes.
But we pray for heaven's blessing
O'er your path to shed its beams.
Soon upon time's surging billows,
We shall launch our frail canoe.
May the lessons you have taught us
Help to guide us safely through.

HANK.

SARAH JANE.

BY H. E. S.

Far to the north, where pines and snow-drifts be,
There is a realm of rigor known as Maine.
All winter there the fierce winds whistle free,
And people shovel snow with toil and pain.
And yet it has an interest for me,
Because it is the home of Sarah Jane.

A very charming girl is Sarah Jane,
But prouder, loftier, chilliler, none can be.
Whether it is because she dwells in Maine,
Where girls, like pines, grow strong and st aight and free,
I can not say; I only know with pain,
That though so charming, she is cold to me.

And this, alas! is very hard for me,
Because I am so fond of Sarah Jane.
No suitor could more true and loyal be;
There beats not in the whole extent of Maine
A heart from guile and fickleness more free,
And her unkindness gives me keenest pain.

But yet she scorns and ridicules my pain,
And utterly contemns my love and me.
There seems no softer side to Sarah Jane;
Her native lakes can no more frosty be
When zero slips from Greenland down to Maine,
Binds every wave and leaves no ripple free.

Soon May will come and set the waters free,
And lift the winter's paralyzing pain;
But will the sunshine warm her heart to me?
Will even dog-days melt my Sarah Jane?
If I could but believe that this might be,
What rays of hope would radiate from Maine!

How with the bluebird would I fly to Maine,
With speed as tireless and with wing as free,
Forgetting all my former doubt and pain,
If only she at last would turn to me,
My radiant and relenting Sarah Jane,
Her heart's thawed side! But will it ever be?

Would it could be! Would I were now in Maine!
How would my pain depart and leave me free!
O Fate, give me to win my Sarah Jane!

—*Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine for August.*

THE SPOOK IN MR. SWEENEY'S ROOM.

The leading topic of conversation in a little corner grocery on Natoma Street, San Francisco, the other afternoon was the spook that had appeared in the bedroom of one of the oldest residents of that Street. Mr. James Sweeney, the gentleman who had seen the ghost, was not reticent in his description of the apparition.

"We was not more than a hour asleep," said Mr. Sweeney, "whin the old woman woke me up and told me there was something in the room."

"'Git up, Jim,' sez she, 'there's some wan in the room.' The lamp was lit, an' when I looked out, sure enough I saw a small black animal skipping across the flure. 'Tis only that cat,' sez I; an' faith I knew well it wasn't the cat or the dogither, for that mather. 'Git up,' sez me wife, 'git up, and don't be a dirty coward.'

"'Would you have me git me death of cowld, sez I, 'driving out the cat?'

"'Tis not the cat,' says she, 'tis too big for the cat; 'tis the divil himself, the Lord be good to us; I ken swear to the horns.'

"'If 'tis the divil,' sez I, 'why don't you pray; that's what you go to mass for, to learn your prayers. How could a poor laboring man like me be expected to dhrive out the divil?'

"You might think by this that I was joking, but I was thrimbling like a lafe, and afther the first glimpse of the spirit, I kep' me head undher the blankets, an' so did the ould woman. Thin I purtinded to go asleep, but 'twas no use. I was awful scared."

"'You're a white-livered snipe,' says the ould woman; 'ef you won't get up and dhrive it away. Will you piss me the holy wather?'

"'Thry a prayer, first,' sez I, 'an' if that don't do any good, I'll get the holy wather for you; but where is it?'

"'On the window,' sez she.

"Thin 'twill stay there,' sez I; 'for if the divil should nip me be the fut, who'd look out for you and the childer?'

"Wid that she got so mad that she jumped out of bed herself, gave a scream and then a sort ov a laugh.

"'Bedad,' sez I to meself under the blankets, 'the divil has got the old woman at last,' but I hed hardly the words out ov me mouth when she pulled back the clothes and shoutin', 'Ate him, Beelzebub,' slung the spirit into the bed wid me.

"I fell back stone dead, an' whin the ould woman brought me to, I lammed the stuffin' out ov little Jimmy for darin' to keep his pet kid in the only dacent room in the house."

CHEAP MONEY.

She pushed her way through the little crowd of ex-capitalists that was congregated about the "ticker" and set her shopping bag down upon the counter with a slam.

"I see by the papers that money is cheap," she began.

"Never so cheap as at present," replied the broker affably.

"How are you selling tens?" she continued.

"Tens, madam?" said the broker in surprise.

"Yes, ten-dollar bills. Where do you keep them?' This doesn't look at all like a bankrupt sale. I expected to find them in little baskets ticketed: "Anything in this basket $5," and so on. "Have you any remnants—quarters, halves, and all that—at a great sacrifice? What is the cause of this fearful reduction, anyhow? Must you close out your entire stock of money within the next thirty days, regardless of cost, to make room for fresh goods? Or is your stock damaged by fire?"

"We have some stocks that are damaged by water that we can let you have at a very low figure," said the broker.

"Yes? By the way, you didn't tell me what you get for the ten dollar bills."

"Oh, wine and cigars and theatre tickets," said the broker absent mindedly.

"I mean how much do you sell them for?"

"Ten dollars."

"Do you call that cheap?"

"Yes, I do," growled the financier. "I've seen the time when I had to pay $15 for the use of ten on my personal note at thirty days, and it was dirt cheap, too, considering the security. What did you expect to pay?"

"Oh, not more than five. I'm looking for bargains. Good morning."

—"There's one thing I envy England for," remarked Fogg, at the close of the Sunday service. "She always has a prime minister."

—It is remarked what a difference there is in the sensation when you get a letter enclosing a $10 bill and when you get one enclosing a bill for $10.

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Hoarseness	"	1 Hour
Colds	"	24 Hours
Sore Throat	"	12 "
Deafness	"	2 Days
Pain of Burn	"	5 Minutes
Pain of Scald	"	5 "

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The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of DR. SETH ARNOLD'S BALSAM. It is claimed that for fifty years it has been the most successful medicine for the cure of bowel complaints, and that it has a larger sale than any other article of its kind in New England. As the season is upon us when sudden attacks of bowel complaints is liable to occur, especially among children, a sure cure, which DR. SETH ARNOLD'S BALSAM is said to be, is an invaluable article to have at hand to give relief and save life.

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