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MISCELLANY.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

Pretty Mrs. Atkins was jealous! Not of any one in particular, for there was no one in particular to be jealous of, but she lived in a chronic state of suspicion, which made her, to say the least, a rather uncomfortable companion to the honest, good-natured husband, who, though he did sometimes devote his time and attention to other matters, gave her the first place in his heart and affections. She was not only jealous of every woman, with any pretensions to good looks, to whom he chanced to pay any attention, that was a matter of course, but of all his male friends and acquaintances also; in short, of everything that attracted his thoughts from her. Even the newspaper came in for a share—in which he would sometimes be so absorbed as to forget, for a time, even her presence, to her silent if not expressed indignation.

This peculiarity was partly owing to her excessive love for him, and partly to a morbid state of feeling induced by the secluded life she led. Unfortunately, at least in his wife's estimation, John Atkins was not only uncommonly good-looking, but one of those genial, whole-souled men who are liked by everybody. He was domestically inclined, and yet dearly liked, occasionally, to mingle in general society, where his pleasant smile, and frank, engaging manners, made him a general favorite. But as for his wife, her feelings were too exclusive and concentrated to shine in society, and it was absolute torture to her to see her husband, even in public, so monopolized by others as to be unable to give her more than an occasional word or smile; so she went out as little as possible.

John had the good sense to perceive that his wife was too much by herself, and, as he could not persuade her to mingle in society more, often urged her to invite some lady friend or acquaintance to spend a few weeks with her. But this suggestion was received by Mrs. Atkins with instant suspicion, who declared, with a sigh, "that however he might feel, she was satisfied with his society, and desired no other!" which had the effect of making her husband look rather foolish, and wish he had held his peace. Indeed, it was a matter of self-congratulation, and which she did not attempt to conceal from him, that he was devoid of the ties of near kindred; he being the only child of a widow, who, marrying again, removed to a distant State. She died three years before John's marriage, and though she left children by her second husband, there had been, necessarily, but little intercourse between them.

Being firmly convinced that there was not an unmarried woman of her acquaintance that did not envy her the possession of her handsome, agreeable husband, Mrs. Atkins kept a sharp eye on her property; but though John often, unconsciously, wrong her heart by the smile and pleasant word that it was so natural to him to give to every woman that approached him, not all her vigilance was able to discover any tangible cause for complaint. So she was obliged to content herself with sundry hints and insinuations, of which, if her husband understood them, he wisely took no notice. But at last, one eventful morning, while engaged in the wifely office of mending her husband's coat, she found a letter in one of the pockets which confirmed all her previous suspicions. It was written in a delicate, feminine hand, and ran as follows:

"DEAR JOHN:—From what you tell me of your wife, I have no doubt, could we once get acquainted, that I could easily win her love and confidence, so that everything could be satisfactorily arranged; still, I think that it will be better for me not to seem to force myself upon her. You know Uncle White, father's brother, is now in Bethel; I think I had better go there, at least for the present. I shall be near by, so that I can see you often, and, also, have an opportunity of getting acquainted with Ellen. In this way, I am confident that I can bring about a better state of feeling than if I accepted at once your kind invitation (to which my heart gratefully responds) 'to consider always your home as mine.'"
"I shall come Wednesday, on the last train. Be sure to be at the depot to meet me, as I have something to tell you that I cannot very well write."
"HATTIE."

Now there happened to be a young lady by the name of Hattie Burns, to whom Mr. Atkins had paid some attention before he met his wife, who was said to be highly accomplished and very beautiful. This was all Mrs. Atkins knew about her, as the young lady in question resided in a neighboring State, but that she was the author of this letter she had not the shadow of a doubt, and that she (Mrs. Atkins) was a deceived and injured wife, she was equally as sure. Her first impulse was to confront her husband with this proof of baseness, and then leave him forever; but she finally concluded that she would wait until she had

obtained further evidence, and which would prevent, on his part, even the attempt at denial.

"The sly, artful creature!" she exclaimed, after reading the letter the third time, and crushing it in her hand as she spoke. "Worm herself into my confidence, will she, so as to further her designs upon my husband? We'll see!"

Here the little woman compressed her lips, and put down her foot in a very decided manner.

Mrs. Atkins was too unused to disguise her thoughts and feelings to conceal the effect that the mental conflict she had undergone had upon her looks and manner. Her husband noticed it, when he came home at night, though he seemed himself to be more than usually thoughtful and pre-occupied. Once he inquired "what ailed her?" To which she replied, shortly:

"Nothing."

Mr. Atkins scrutinized closely his wife's countenance as she said this.

"No wonder you look melancholy," he said; "shut up here all day, without a soul to speak to. Now if you only had some one of your own sex and age, to laugh with you when merry and cheer you up when sad, how much pleasanter it would be!"

Mr. Atkins said this with the air of one feeling his way in the dark, and as if rather doubtful as to how his proposition would be received, but he certainly was not prepared for the outburst that followed.

"I tell you, once for all, Mr. Atkins, that I never will consent to any such arrangement! I wouldn't, to—no, not if it was to be my own sister!"

Having given vent, in these words, to her indignation at this fresh evidence of the plot against her peace, Mrs. Atkins precipitately quitted the room, leaving her husband in a state of amazement and perplexity difficult to describe.

The fateful Wednesday came, for which Mrs. Atkins "bided her time." As Mr. Atkins arose from the dinner table, his wife said, with a demure countenance that gave no token of what was passing in her heart:

"John, I wish you would come home early to-night; I am going to make some calls after tea, and want you to go with me."

John looked slightly disconcerted, saying:

"My dear, I would very gladly, but I have an engagement, which cannot be postponed. To-morrow evening I shall be at your service."

Mrs. Atkins made no reply, but a peculiar expression passed over her countenance as she watched her husband's departure. About six she went to the attic, and overhauling an old chest that had belonged to a maiden aunt some years deceased, she took from it a grey dress, a large old-fashioned shawl, a thick green veil, and a bonnet so enormous in its dimensions that her little head was quite lost in its ample shade. Having attired herself in these, she drew the veil over her face, and slipping from the house unobserved, took her way to the depot, so transformed that her most familiar friends would not have known her.

Entering the "Ladies-room," she went to the window and looked out. Yes, there was her faithless husband. Whatever evil designs he might have harbored, he certainly did not have in the least the air of a "villain," and bitter as Mrs. Atkins felt towards him, she could not avoid admiring his frank, handsome face, as well as the unconscious grace of his attitude, as he stood leaning against one of the pillars of the awning apparently absorbed in watching the smoke of his cigar, as it curled up from between his bearded lips. "How happy they had been together! but she should never know a moment's peace again!"

She was aroused from these reflections by the whistle of the coming train. Among the crowd that stepped upon the landing was a graceful, girlish form, attired in a dark travelling dress and a brown hat tied with cherry-colored ribbons.

As soon as Mr. Atkins saw her he threw away his cigar, and, springing forward, not only grasped warmly the extended hand, but kissed the dimpled mouth that was raised smilingly to his. Then, having looked up her baggage, he gallantly escorted the young lady through the crowd to the back that was waiting for them.

In the meantime, Mrs. Atkins, determined not to lose sight of them, followed close behind, and was fortunate enough to secure a seat in the same carriage.

"Did your wife have any idea that I was coming?" inquired the young lady, as soon as the carriage door closed.

"Not the slightest. And I don't know but what your plan is the best after all, Hattie; for Ellen has some of the strangest notions; and though one of the kindest hearted little women in the world, if you only could get the right side of her—"

"Didn't you mean to say the blind side, Mr. Atkins?" said a voice that sounded strangely familiar. And here Mrs. Atkins unable longer to restrain her indignation,

threw back her veil and turned her flashing eyes full upon her husband's face.

There was no guilty confusion upon Mr. Atkins' countenance at this unexpected vision, though it certainly did express undisguised astonishment. The next moment he comprehended it all, and the merriest of smiles danced in his eyes became almost irrepressible as they fell upon his wife's strange and outre appearance.

"Quite an unexpected meeting, my love," he said coolly. "Allow me to introduce you to Miss White. Hattie, my wife."

The young lady cast an astonished look upon the curiously attired woman, opposite to her, who returned it with one far more expressive than amiable.

"Miss Burns, my dear," said Mrs. Atkins, significantly, who was determined to let her husband see that she was not to be deceived by a mere change of name.

"Just as you please, my dear. White is the young lady's name, to the best of my knowledge and belief; but, as Shakespeare says, 'what's in a name?' And certainly, to slightly improve upon, Miss White by any other name would be as fair!"

The provoking nonchalance with which her husband spoke, whom she had expected to see overwhelmed with confusion, increased Mrs. Atkins' indignant and resentful feelings, and to Hattie's polite though rather constrained greeting she replied only by a scornful look, and muttered something in an undertone, all of which that could be distinguished above the rattle of the wheels was, "some people's brazen assurance!"

As Mr. Atkins' house was the nearest, the hack stopped there first. After seeing his wife safely out, for she disclaimed his proffered assistance, Mr. Atkins extended his hand to the other lady.

"John," interposed his wife, with a desperate air, "do you really mean to invite that—that woman to stay here?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Atkins," he replied, his amused look changing to one of quiet dignity. "What better or more fitting house could my sister have than her brother's?"

"Your sister?"

"My mother's daughter, Mrs. Atkins, and therefore my half sister, Hattie White. I had hoped to bring about a pleasant meeting, but can console myself by reflecting that it is not one of my arranging!"

Hattie's kind heart pitied the shame and confusion depicted upon Mrs. Atkins' countenance at this unexpected announcement, and unwilling to add to her humiliation, she said quickly:

"I guess I won't stop to-night, John; you know uncle's people are expecting me. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you and sister Ellen in a few days."

As the carriage rolled away Mrs. Atkins retreated to the house, and from thence to her room, where her husband found her half an hour later.

She quickly averted her tearful eyes, as she caught a glimpse of his roguish smile.

"Don't laugh at me, John," she sobbed; "I can't bear it!"

"Well, I won't," he said, soothingly, kissing her cheek as he spoke.

Well did Mr. Atkins know the worth of that impulsive but loving heart, and felt no disposition to add to her grief and mortification by a reproachful word. He briefly explained his motives for acting as he did, ending by saying, with a grave tenderness that touched her heart as no reproach could have done:

"Painful as this experience has been to you, I at least, shall not regret it, if it will teach my wife to trust as well as to love her husband."

It did. And as this was the only serious fault in her character, there is not to-day a happier family in Bethel than that comprising Mr. Atkins, his wife, and "sister Hattie."

CLEANLINESS. The want of cleanliness is a fault which admits of no excuse. Where water can be had for nothing, it is surely in the power of every person to be clean.

The discharge from our bodies, by perspiration, renders frequent changes of apparel necessary.

Change of apparel greatly promotes the secretion from the skin, so necessary to health.

When that matter which ought to be carried off by perspiration is either retained in the body, or re-absorbed by dirty clothes, it is apt to occasion fevers and other diseases.

Most diseases of the skin proceed from want of cleanliness. These indeed may be caught by infection, but they will seldom continue long where cleanliness prevails.

Oliver Cromwell was a staunch Puritan, and could not brook the least approach to popery. "What are these?" he once inquired, as he saw a dozen silver statues in the niches, at a chapel. "The twelve Apostles," replied the trembling Dean. "Take them down," said Cromwell, "and coin them into money, so that they may go about doing good."

MODELS OF PRAYER. We have been interested—for the first time quite recently—in looking through the Scriptures for the purpose of comparing the prayers therein recorded with those which we hear from time to time in public, and we are astonished to see how they differ in point, expression, directness, and above all in length, from those heard in these days in the Christian pulpit. It is not exaggeration to say that we have listened to a single prayer longer than the whole ten that we find in the Bible, put together. The first is in Genesis 24: 12—14, and contains one hundred and ten words, and is not more than one minute in length. The next is in Exodus 33: 12—15, and has one hundred and eleven words, and is not over a minute long. The third is in Joshua 7: 7—9, and contains ninety words. The fourth is in 2 Kings 19: 15—19, the prayer of Hezekiah; it is composed of one hundred and thirty-four words, and two minutes would be ample time in which to repeat it. Another is found in Nehemiah 1: 5—11, and is about two minutes in length; and another is in 1 Kings 8: 23—61, an important dedicatory prayer, offered by Solomon himself, at the dedication of the temple, and it did not occupy more than six minutes; while that of Daniel 9: 11—19, was probably less than four minutes long. In the New Testament, the prayer of our Saviour, John 17, is well known; it is contained in twenty-six verses, and is five minutes long; while the model prayer—the Lord's Prayer—is far briefer still. Now here are ten prayers, from those who certainly knew how to pray, and they are all less than thirty-five minutes each; and yet we sometimes hear men pray thirty and forty minutes, and after wandering all over the moral universe, and wearing their fellow worshippers with vain repetitions, utterly fail of the prime object of all public prayer, to lift up the hearts of men to commune with heaven. It must be an extraordinary occasion, equal at least to the dedication of the Jewish temple in Jerusalem—an occasion that none of us shall ever see—to justify a prayer more than five minutes long. [Gospel Banner.

TRUTH WILL OUT. Once upon a time a nobleman gave a great supper. While the guests were at the table, two maskers came into the hall, who were not larger than children of five or six years old; one personated a lord, the other a lady. Their dress was as splendid as splendid could be, and they danced very skillfully to the great diversion of the guests. Everybody said they could not admire the dexterity of these polite children enough. Then an old officer took an apple and threw it between the dancing couple. Suddenly the lord and lady rushed after the apple as though frantic. In the struggle they tore off each other's masks, and behold! instead of children, a couple of monkeys. All the company at the table laughed heartily, but the old officer said, very gravely—"Monkeys and fools may dress themselves splendidly, but the day soon comes when it is known who they are."

KEEPING BABIES QUIET. A farmer who had passed innumerable sleepless nights has immortalized himself by discovering a method of keeping babies quiet. The modus operandi is as follows: "As soon as the squallor awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it cannot set alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into his hands, and it will set and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops to sleep. As soon as it wakes again, more molasses and feathers! and in place of the nerve-astounding yell, there will be silence and enjoyment unpeakable."

At a religious meeting, a lady intervened in standing on a bench, and thus intercepting the view of others, though repeatedly requested to sit down. A reverend old gentleman at last rose, and said, gravely:

"I think, if the lady knew that she had a large hole in each of her stockings, she would not exhibit them in this way."

This had the desired effect—she immediately sunk down on her seat.

A young minister standing by, blushed to the temples, and said:

"O brother, how could you say what was not the fact?"

"Not the fact!" replied the old gentleman; "if she had not a large hole in each of her stockings, I should like to know how she gets them on."

TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM WOOLEN CLOTH. The cheapest and most effectual preparation for extracting grease from woollen cloth may be made of one part of liquid ammonia and four parts of alcohol, mixed with an equal quantity of water. If kept on hand, it should be placed in a glass-stoppered bottle. Apply with a piece of sponge, soaking the cloth thoroughly when the grease has remained any considerable time in the fabric. [American Artisan.

BREVITIES.

The cloak of religion is to be known sometimes by the fine nap it has during sermon time.

In his Lancaster speech General Sherman said that "a man who did not support the war was no man." The Democratic papers ain't quoting this much. It's personal. [Prentice.

A London Merchant, lately advertising for a clerk, "who could bear confinement," received an answer from one who had been "upwards of seven years in jail."

Miss Lucy Stone, of Boston, a "woman's rights" woman, having put this question: "Marriage, what is it?" an Irish echo in the Boston Post inquires:

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

A father was winding his watch when he said playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up." No, said the child, "I don't want my nose wound up, for I don't want it to run all day."

A western editor complains that his poverty came very near being exposed to the world. A pickpocket relieved him of his purse, but unexpectedly and considerably refrained from saying anything about its contents.

Mother—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil with orange in it."

Doctor—"Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy; save some for me."

Tommy—(who has been there) "Doctor's a nice man; give it all to the Doctor."

The following amazing bull was lately perpetrated at Bristol, England; A magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "No," replied the man. "Then," rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter, "it's a good thing for your wife."

How Jed missed it.

Some folks are in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsey Wilson was of the number. This peculiarity she accidentally revealed to Jedediah Jenkins, in a careless, conversational way. Jedediah had just finished the recital of a matrimonial dream, in which the young lady and himself figured as hero and heroine—he having invented the same for the sake of saying, at the conclusion, it was "too good to be true," and by thus speaking parables, assuring the dandel of what he dared not speak plainly.

"I never dream," said Betsey, "but I sometimes talk half the night, and tell everything I know in my sleep."

"You didn't say so?"

"Yes; I never can have a secret from mother. If she wants to know anything, she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That's the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night. I knew she would find it out. It is awful provoking!"

Some days after this, Jed called at the house, and entering the parlor unannounced, found Miss Betsey, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen asleep on the sofa.

Now Jed, as the reader has surmised, had long felt an overwhelming partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned; but though possessed of sufficient courage to mount "the imminent dead breach," or breeches, (connubial ones, we mean,) he could never muster spirit enough to inquire into the state of her heart. But he now bethought himself of her confessed somnambulant loquacity, and felt that the time to ascertain his fate had come. Approaching the sofa, he whispered:

"My dear Betsey, tell me, oh! tell me the object of your fondest affections?"

The fair sleeper gave a faint sign, and responded: "I love—let me think—(here you might have heard the beating of Jed's heart through a brick wall)—I love heaven, my country, and baked beans. But if I have one passion above all others, it is for roast onions!"

The indignant lover didn't wake her, but sloped at once, a sadder, but not a wiser man.

A Baptist paper says: "At an examination of girls for the rite of confirmation in the Episcopal church, in answer to the question, 'What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?' the reply of a bright little theologian was, 'The baby, sir!'"

A grave-stone in the cemetery at Newburyport marks the resting place of an estimable lady, who, according to the inscription, "was in state of health suddenly summoned to the skies, and snatched from ye eager embrace of her friends by swallowing a sweet at her own table, when in a few hours she peacefully breathed her soul away."

Dickens, in speaking of a friend, says he was so long in the legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.

SEND ORDERS FOR JOB PRINTING, to
the DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, and closely linked together, are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICOLA.

From the Ploughman.

Facts About Eggs and Laying.

Eggs differ a good deal in weight. This difference is to be found not only in the eggs of different breeds or races of fowls, where it might be expected, but often, also in the eggs of the same individuals, both among hens and the smaller and wild birds.

We have, in our collection, the eggs of more than sixty species of birds, and at the State Cabinet there is still larger collection, and the eggs of a large number of species. We have two eggs of the Meadow Lark, found, we believe, in the same nest, but the size of one is very much greater than the other. A person that was not aware of this great variation could hardly believe they were laid by the same species. We have two eggs of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo in which the difference is most remarkable, and so in those of the Ground Robin. In those of the Purple Grackle, both the shape and the size, as the markings, differ greatly.

We have two barn Swallow's eggs, the size of one being very nearly, if not quite, double that of the other. So with those of the House Wren, and those of the Black-capped Titmouse, and of the Crow Blackbird.

It is thought by naturalists that the eggs of our domestic hen of the present days are, on an average, very nearly a third larger and heavier than those of the hens of the ancients.

The proportions of the yolk to the white of the egg are very nearly the same in each of the different races, but in proportion as the egg diminishes in size, does the relative proportion of the white to the yolk of the egg diminish; that is, small eggs have more yolk than large ones in proportion to their size, but the weight of their shell is also greater in proportion.

Eggs which contain the largest yolk or yellow, like those of the Bantam and Cochins, China hens produce the largest chickens.

The weight of sterile, or unfecundated eggs, is less than that of those that have been fecundated; and their nutritive qualities are less.

The eggs of the wild hen have a superior flavor. The proportion of the yolk to the white is greater than in the eggs of ordinary domestic fowls; they have a higher color, also, and cooks esteem them on this account for the preparation of certain sauces in the proportion of one to three.

Barley is said to increase the proportion of the yolk of the egg, and rye is said to favor the development of the white.

Eggs lose a slight portion of their weight day by day when left to themselves, the contents becoming dried up gradually and reduced, so that there is left a solid residuum withdrawn towards the small end of the egg, the opposite end being filled with air. Eggs which weighed two and a half ounces when fresh, weighed but a very small fraction over an ounce at the end of two years. During incubation the diminution of weight is pretty rapid.

Aristotle taught that round eggs contained male chickens and elongated eggs females. Scientific men have both combated and sustained this opinion, but the general opinion of naturalists at the present day is that both males and females come from both round and elongated eggs. Fecundation exercises no control over the figure or form of the egg. The most exact and scientific experiments upon these points, conducted recently at the Jardin d'acclimation at Paris, have led to those conclusions.

The natural presentation of the egg in laying is with the large end first, but it is not very unfrequently occurs that the small end is presented first. From this cause it sometimes happens that the ovicell is blocked up, the eggs pressing upon each other become broken, causing death to the bird.

Eggs according to different conformation of the ovicell and accidents, often present anomalies in form. Sometimes they are flattened, sometimes much more elongated than usual, sometimes nearly round. Eggs with double shells, and those with the appearance of horns or bottle necks, sometimes occur. Such eggs are usually unfecundated, or else the embryo is abnormal or unnatural, a monstrosity. Acting upon a knowledge of this fact M. Saint Hilaire found that by compressing certain parts of the egg, and keeping the light from it, stopping up the pores of shell, which serve the purposes of respiration of the embryo, he could produce monstrosities at will.

The period of laying of the hen is ordinarily about five months in the year. The Asiatic fowls will often begin to lay somewhat earlier than other breeds, but they usually stop earlier.

The latest expression we have from the poultry breeders of France in regard to the comparative merits of the Asiatic breeds and their own, is that the former as layers, as sitters, as nurses and as table birds are inferior to the native French fowl; that it would be a mistake to substitute the one for the other; that the crosses take from the French races more advantages than they confer upon them, and that it is most useful for them to return to the indigenous races, and spend their care and their experiments in improving them by better keeping, by better selections and by crossing them among themselves.

Haven't we carried our Asiatic proclivities a little too far?

There are many other curious and interesting facts which we hope to get time to present before long.

Frog Hoppers. Every body has observed the spots of foam, on the grass. The Massachusetts Ploughman says that is one stage of a little insect called frog-hoppers. They pass their whole lives on plants, laying their eggs on the stems in the fall of the year. "The following summer," says Harris, "they are hatched, and the young immediately perforate the bark with their beak, and begin to imbibe the sap. They take in such quantities of this, that it oozes out of their bodies continually, in the form of little bubbles, which soon completely cover up the insects. They thus remain entirely buried and concealed in large masses of foam, until they have completed their final transformation, on which account the names of cuckoo-spittle, frog-hopper have been applied to them.

We used to call them foam bearers. There are at least three or four species to be found in New England. The spittle with which they shelter themselves from the sun and air, may be seen in great abundance, not only on the grass, but often on the stems of alders and willows in summer. In the perfect state, or when fully grown at the latter part of summer, they lose this protection and lay their eggs on plants. They then possess the power of leaping to a remarkable extent, the tips of their hind shanks being surrounded with little spines and the first two joints of their feet having similar spines on their extremities. These insects belong to the order aphidophora, which means spine-bearers.

GRAPE VINES. Now is the time to pinch back the grape vines if you have not done it already. We like to head back soon after the fruit is finely set, but in our stroll about the country we notice a great many have neglected this work. We headed ours back before they were fairly out of blossom, and the manner in which they have filled out since astonishes everybody who sees them.

Leave two eyes at least above the cluster, many leave three or four. If you cut back to one eye above the topmost cluster, the bud will push out when it ought not to. Leaving two or three, the last eye will generally push out, thus leaving one or two for next year's growth.

We think it best to pinch in the runners on all vines that are in bearing. It stops them from making superfluous and useless wood and sends the force of the vines more into the fruit. Mr. Bull ought to give us a few more practical directions on these points just now when the plants are in full blast. Grapes are looking well and promise a fine crop. [T. W. Man.]

LOOK OUT FOR THE LEMONETER. At the Trenton, N. Y., Cheese Factory this little instrument told a tale which excited suspicion against the fair dealing of two "patrons" of the association, and detective were set to watch, when both parties were seen to add water by the pailful. The matter created quite a stir, but was hushed up so far as private claims are concerned by the payment of \$50 each, and an agreement that one-eighth should be deducted from all the milk they had delivered this season. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard. [N. E. Farmer.]

In reply to an inquiry in the Canada Farmer in reference to a sick cow, two correspondents write who think that "the disease is Hollow-born, caused by a worm which gets in at the end of the tail and goes up the back bone to the horn,—neither more nor less than tail-ail." Of course, the editor tells them they are entirely ahead of veterinary science, which knows no such specific disease, and that the popular notion is based on a mere "cock-and-bull story," which is a poor apology for the barbarous remedy of cutting off the tails of the poor brutes.

WOOD ASHES. From careful experiments on his farm, six miles from Rochester, N. Y., Mr. Harris, Editor of the Genesee Farmer, can see no benefit from the application of ashes to his corn; while on the black slate lands of Herkimer county Mr. Willard, of the Utica Herald, is sure they are decidedly beneficial, and suggests as a reason for the different effects, the less amount of potash in the soil of the latter than in the former locality.

LARGE CURRENTS. H. J. Rhodes, Brighton, Ia., writes that he raises the common currant as large as the cherry currant, by keeping the ground rich, and the bushes open so that light and air can have free access to them. He renews the wood every two years; the young plants grow until that time without much pruning; afterwards he cuts out all wood over two years old.

Early attention to weeding the garden will do much to forward the growth of plants, as well as prove a great saving in labor hereafter. Weeds should never be allowed over three days' life in any garden.

The Baltimore Agricultural Society has subscribed eleven thousand dollars, to aid Southern farmers in sections commercially connected with Baltimore.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of July A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of ELIZABETH M. STEARNS, Guardian of the Person of Stephen Stearns late of Lowell, deceased, praying for leave to sell at public or private sale the real estate belonging to said minors, described in said petition.

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 printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of July A. D. 1865.

JONATHAN EASTMAN, executor of the last will and testament of Daniel B. Clement late of Gosham, in the County of Cumberland, deceased, having presented his fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

Ordered, That the said executor 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 31st Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of July A. D. 1865.

JOHN W. DEMING named executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Benjamin Emery late of Rockfield in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered, That the said executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat a newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 31st Tuesday of August next, at ten of the 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.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of July A. D. 1865.

SULLIVAN C. ANDREWS named executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Benjamin Emery late of Rockfield in said County, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered, That the said executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat a newspaper printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 31st Tuesday of August next, at ten of the 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.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of July A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of EUNICE S. FOSTER, widow of Edwin H. Foster, late of Hartford in said County, deceased, praying for allowance out of the estate of her late husband.

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, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 31st Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of July A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of MATILDA R. CROSS, widow of Jonathan Cross late of Bethel in said County, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband.

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, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 31st Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 21st Tuesday of July A. D. 1865.

ON the petition of E. G. HARLOW, administrator of the estate of Stephen E. Corbitt, late of Canton, deceased, asking for leave to sell at public or private sale the real estate belonging to said deceased to the amount of \$200, for the payment of debts and incidental charges.

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, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the 31st Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

E. W. WOODBURY, Judge.

A true copy—attest: J. S. HOBBS, Register.

State Normal School—Farmington, Me.

THE FALL TERM will begin Aug. 23, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE M. GAGE, Principal, with the Messrs. Smith, Assistant.

DR. WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

and acknowledged by many prominent physicians to be by far the most reliable Preparation ever introduced for the Relief and CURE of all

LUNG COMPLAINTS.

This well known remedy is offered to the public sanctioned by the experience of over forty years, and when resorted to in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING-COUGH, HOARSENESS, PAINS OF THROAT IN THE CHEST AND SIDE, BLEEDING AT THE THROAT, LIVER COMPLAINTS, &c.

It is complete success in many cases of CONSUMPTION has recovered the opinion so long entertained, that this much dreaded disease is incurable.

It is those who have already made use of this Remedy, no appeal is necessary. To those who have not, we have only to refer them to the written testimonials of many of our most distinguished citizens, who have been restored to health when the expectation of being cured was indeed a "far-look hope." We have space only for the following

Reliable Testimony.

FAIRFIELD, Me., April 28, 1864.

Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & CO. Gentlemen:—Seeing numerous certificates in the Maine Farmer endorsing the merits of that great Lung Remedy, WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, I am induced, and I am great pleasure in giving publicity to the great cure it accomplished in my family. My son, Henry A. Archer, now Postmaster at Fairfield, Somerset County, Me., was attacked with spitting of blood, cough, weakness of lungs, and general debility, so much so that his physician declared him to have a "STATED CONSUMPTION."

He was under medical treatment for a number of months, but received no benefit from it. At length I was induced to purchase one bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM, which benefited him so much I thought another, which in a short time restored him to a sound state of health. I think I can safely recommend this remedy to others in like condition, for it is, I think, all it purports to be,—THE GREAT LUNG REMEDY FOR THE TIMES!

The above statement, gentlemen, is my satisfactory offering to you in favor of your Balsam, and is at your disposal.

As ever, Yours, ANDREW ARCHER.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Singers.

and all those whose occupation requires an unusual exercise of the vocal organs, will find this the ONLY REMEDY which will effectively and instantaneously relieve their difficulties. This Remedy, which is not a stimulant, is not only most efficacious, but is extremely

Pleasant to taste.

A small quantity allowed to pass over the irritated part at once removes the difficulty.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry

is prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO. BOSTON.

and is for sale by all druggists.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE CURES RUSSIA, SCALDS, CUTS.

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American and Foreign Patents.

R. H. EDDY, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,

Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington (under Act of 1837.)

76 State, opposite Kilby Street, BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of 20 years, continuing to secure Patents in the United States; also, in Great Britain, France and other Foreign countries. Caveats, Specifications, Bonds, Assignments, and all Paperwork Drawings or Patents, executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents or inventions; and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by returning one dollar. Assignments recorded at Washington.

This agency is not only the largest in New England, but through it inventors have advantages for securing patents, of ascertaining the patentability of inventions, unsurpassed by, if not immeasurably superior to, any which can be offered them elsewhere. The testimonials below given prove that none is MORE SUCCESSFUL AT THE PATENT OFFICE than the subscriber; and as SUCCESS IS THE BEST PROOF OF ADVANTAGES AND ABILITY, he would add that he has abundant reasons to believe, and can prove, that at no other office of the kind are the charges for professional services so moderate. The immense practice of the subscriber during twenty years past, has enabled him to accumulate a vast collection of specifications and official decisions relative to patents.

These, besides his extensive library of legal and mechanical works, and full accounts of patents granted in the United States and Europe, render him able to conduct all questions, to offer superior facilities for obtaining patents.

All necessity of a journey to Washington, to procure a patent, and the usual great delay there, are here saved inventors.

TESTIMONIALS. I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners, with whom I have had official intercourse.

CHARLES MASON, Commissioner of Patents.

I have no hesitation in asserting inventors that they cannot employ a more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of giving their applications in form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the patent office.

EDMUND BURKE, Late Commissioner of Patents.

"Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me THIRTEEN applications, on all but one of which patents have been granted, and that is now pending. Such unmistakable proof of great talent and ability and ability on his part leads me to recommend all inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, as they may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very reasonable charges."

JOHN TAGGART, During eight months, the subscriber, in course of his large practice, made on rate-rejected applications, SIXTEEN APPEALS, EVERY ONE of which was decided in his favor by the Commissioner of Patents.

R. H. EDDY, Boston, Dec. 19, 1866—51.

DIRIGO INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

Office, No. 28 Exchange Street, CAPITAL, \$200,000.

THIS COMPANY is now prepared to issue policies on all kinds of property insurable against fire at current rates.

A. K. SHURTLEFF, President.

JEREMIAH DOW, Secretary.

DIRECTORS. J. B. CARROLL, D. W. CLARK, S. E. SPRING, H. I. ROBINSON, JOHN LITCH.

TRUSTEES. St. John Smith, H. M. Payson, Andrew Spring, G. W. Woodman, Philip H. Brown, C. H. Hall, J. W. Dow, N. O. Grant, H. J. Libby, H. N. Jones, J. N. Winslow, H. I. Robinson, Alfred Conant, S. C. Chase, William Moulton.

Risks taken and Policies made by ALVA SHURTLEFF, JR., AGENT FOR South Paris and Vicinity.

Nov. 28, 1864.

Goods for Gents' Wear.

S. R. SHEHAN, MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND DEALER

Ready-Made Clothing, BETHEL HILL, ME.

Constantly on hand a full assortment of CLOTHS AND CLOTHING, OF THE BEST QUALITY.

Gentlemen made to order promptly, in the latest styles. Particular attention given to cutting goods to be made out of the shop.

All work entrusted to me will be warranted to a given entire satisfaction.

NEW ENGLAND Screw Steamship Com'y

THE splendid and fast Steamships CHESAPEAKE, Capt. Willard, and FRANCONIA, Capt. Sheehan, will, until further notice, run as follows:

Leave Boston's Wharf, Portland, every Wednesday and Saturday, at 4 o'clock P. M., and Pier 9 North River, New York, every Wednesday and Saturday, at 5 o'clock P. M.

These vessels are fitted up with fine accommodations for passengers, making this the most comfortable and desirable route for travelers between New York and Maine. Passage, with State Room, \$6.00. Cabin passage, \$3.00. Meals extra.

Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bangor, Bath, Augusta, Eastport and St. John.

Shippers are requested to send their Freight to the Steamer as early as 3 P. M., on the day that they leave Portland.

For Freight or Passage apply to FERRY & FRY, Portland.

H. C. CROMWELL & Co., New York.

Facsimile, May 29, 1865.

INTERNAL REVENUE NOTICE.

It is hereby given that the Annual Assessment of Internal Revenue Taxes is now being collected in the State of Maine, on or before the 1st day of August, 1865, by the Collector of the Maine Internal Revenue, in the several towns and parishes of said State, and will be received at the times and places hereinafter specified.

Those assessed in Androscoggin County will be received at my office in Lewiston, from the 15th of August, 1865, to the 15th of said month, inclusive.

Those assessed in Sagadahoc County, at the office in Rock Block, near First National Bank of Bath, on the 15th and 19th days of August, 1865.

Those assessed within and for the County of Franklin, by Deputy Collector Henry J. Geare, at the office of Hon. H. H. Hildesheim, in Farmington, from the 15th of August, 1865, to the