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## MISCELLANY.

### BACHELOR BROWN'S COURTSHIP.

Richard Brown had lived a bachelor for forty years, and declared his intention of continuing in the state of his life—blessed to the satisfaction of his relatives the Hinkles, with whom he resided, for he it known Uncle Richard was worth a cool half million, and the Hinkles were his only living relations, and unless, as Mrs. Hinkle said, some "nasty charity" came in for his property, who should he leave it to but to his own cousins or their children?

Hopeful as poor human nature is of longevity, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle scarcely expected to survive their cousin, who was their junior by ten years, but Adelaide, and Rose, and Charles, and William, might in all probability be his heirs, and to this end the parents labored. Uncle Richard had the best room in the house, the best chair, the most particular consideration. His wishes were deferred to and his advice taken on every occasion, and he actually came to be loved; for, with all his quaint, old-fashioned ways, and his habit of sitting as utterly silent as though he had been deaf and dumb, he was a lovable man. Matters progressed smoothly enough until it was habit and not hypocrisy which made Cousin Richard actually master of the house.

He was very obliging—wonderfully so in most respects. He would attend to anything for anybody—match ribbons when nobody else could—escort the girls to places of amusement—go dutifully to church with their mamma—attend to marketing and the posting of letters, and the gas-meter, and the turning off of the water in frosty weather. He was always ready to search the house with a poker at the dead of night, when any one "heard a noise."

He went to the dentists with people who wanted their teeth drawn, and always seemed to have sugar-plums in his pocket. But one thing Cousin Richard would not do, and that was to exhibit the least sign of politeness to lady visitors.

He never saw any one home. He never even spent the evening in their company. He invariably shut himself up in his own room and had his tea there when one of these individuals was reported to be in the house, and, when traveling, had been known in a train to shut his eyes tight when a young lady entered, and remain with them closed until she left the carriage. As a general thing, indeed, he always chose a carriage where he need not be intruded upon.

It was just as well after all, said Mrs. Hinkle, but it was a peculiarity not quite as agreeable to Mr. H. when he found the pleasant task of "seeing Miss Smith or Miss Jones home" imposed upon himself. He argued that such duties were Cousin Dick's though he never told him so. It would not have been pleasant to provoke him, and if anything could have offended Bachelor Brown mortally, it would have been to insist upon his offering any gallant attentions to a lady sex.

However, a softer case at last which set the household in commotion.  
Miss Amanda Dove had been invited to spend a week with the Hinkles, and Miss Dove being a stranger, was to wait at the station until some one came for her in a carriage.

The Hinkles resided some miles out of town, and had not occupied their residence for many months, so that people were not always properly directed by the neighbors. It was decided that Mr. Hinkle should escort Miss Dove, but before the day of her arrival dawned business had called that gentleman to Sheffield. Moreover, Mrs. Hinkle had the influenza, and the two boys were at boarding school. No one was to be found to drive, and neither Rose nor Adelaide could handle the reins. Miss Dove was to come at nine, and what would she think of him if no one came for her?

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hinkle, "it would be shocking treatment for the dear girl. I must ask your Cousin Richard."

"You never dare, ma," said Rose agast.

"In such a case, you know—"

"He'll not do it," said Adelaide.

"Of course not," said Rose.

Mrs. Hinkle shook her head.

"I fear he will not," she said, and assuming an expression which would have done credit to Joan of Arc, mounted the stairs to Cousin Richard's study.

"Are you busy, Richard?" she asked as she entered.

"Not at all—sit down," said Bachelor Brown.

"You see how ill I am," said Mrs. Hinkle; "I can hardly hold up my head, much less drive, and Mr. Hinkle is away, and the boys too, and no one can handle the reins, and—"

"Well," said Bachelor Brown.

"And there is poor Miss Dove at the station with her trunk by this time," said Mrs. Hinkle, with a gasp.

"Ah!" said Bachelor Brown; "what a pity!"

Mrs. Hinkle felt she had not begun yet. Bachelor Brown could not understand what she wanted.

"It's a favor—a great favor to ask, I know," she said, "but couldn't you just for once do it?"

"Do what, Maria?" asked Bachelor Brown.

"Go for her," said Mrs. Hinkle.

"For Miss Dove?"

"Yes."

"Oh dear, no," said Cousin Richard.

"But—"

"Maria," said the old bachelor, "young ladies, my little cousins excepted, are my abomination. An affected, conceited, absurd set of creatures. I never had anything to do with 'em, and I never will. No doubt she is capable of finding her way here. They all appear to be. I shan't go for her."

Mrs. Hinkle retreated.

"What will she think of us?" she said sobbing.

"Don't cry," said Bachelor Brown, "I'll see if any of the hands over at Oat's place can drive over for her."

And out he went; but all the hands on Oat's place were busy with the hay, which stood in danger from a coming shower. Richard returned without the least success.

"A shower, too," said Rose. "Poor dear Amanda, I'll try what I can do with my cousin."

And in the study she spent an hour, teasing and worrying without effect.

"Let her get lost," said Bachelor Brown.

"No doubt she'd like it. And as for her trunk, why can't girls travel with a portmanteau as we do?"

And Rose departed, pouting. She found Adelaide in an extremely merry mood.

"Don't laugh," she said, "I think of poor Amanda."

"I am thinking of her," said Adelaide, "and cousin Dick shall go. I'll tell a fib."

"For shame," said Rose.

"One ought to make some sacrifice for a friend," said Adelaide. "I'll tell him she's a child. He's always good to children."

"It will never do," said Mrs. Hinkle, "he'll never forgive you."

But Adelaide ran up to her Cousin's study and burst in with an exceedingly theatrical laugh.

"What a mistake!" she said, "and so stupid of them all. You think Amanda is a grown up young lady, don't you?"

"Isn't she?" asked the bachelor.

"As if a child of nine years could be!" said she. "Poor little thing!"

"Poor little thing, indeed," said the old bachelor, hurrying on his coat and hat.

"Bless me, why didn't you mention it! Poor little soul!"

And in a few minutes the light wagonette was driven down the road, and the Hinkles stood looking after it.

"I'm half frightened," said Rose.

"So am I," said Adelaide. "But it's done, and cannot be helped now. I'll manage to coax him to forgive me, and it wouldn't do to leave a friend in such a position, you know; and I didn't say she was a child."

Meanwhile Bachelor Brown drove to the station. It was a long drive over a bad road, but he kept on his way very cheerfully. He was extremely fond of children.

When on reaching the station, he saw no signs of her presence, he grew alarmed. If she had been lost through his neglect, he could never forgive himself. He ran his fingers through his curly hair, and peeped into the ladies waiting room. Only a very fine, full-grown young woman sat there, and he retreated. The woman who waited in the apartment came out of her room with a courtesy as she saw him, and he addressed her:

"Have you seen a little girl waiting for some one?"

"No, sir," said the woman. "There were two, some time, but they are gone."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Bachelor Brown; "I hope there's no mistake. It's a little Miss Dove, and if the dear little soul has gone astray I'm entirely to blame. Please make inquiries—there's a good woman!"

"As he uttered these words the full-grown young lady in the waiting-room was seen to blush violently."

"I'm Amanda Dove," she said, "and I expected some one from Mr. Hinkle's."

Bachelor Brown stood agast. He had spoken of this lady as a "dear little thing," his face turned scarlet.

"I—I beg your pardon, ma'am," he began. "I expected to find a little girl—I wouldn't have used such expressions for the world—I—"

"I comprehend," said the young lady; "don't mind in the least. I—"

"Is this your trunk, ma'am?" said Bachelor Brown, in a hurry.

"Yes, sir," said the lady looking down.

And in a few moments the two were driving towards the Hinkle's country seat. Never had Bachelor Brown found himself

so close to any young lady, save his cousins, before. He was woefully confused, but somehow he liked it. How pretty she was, he thought. How pink and white; how golden her hair was. How the blue ribbons of her bonnet set it off. Then he began to wonder what she thought of him. Wondering thus he forgot the road, and suddenly found that he had lost himself. To add to the dilemma, the storm, which had been threatening for hours, burst at the very moment when Bachelor Brown found it impossible to tell whether the left road or the right led homeward; and the horse was afraid of lightning, and grew restive. Miss Amanda Dove was afraid of lightning also. She gave a little scream, and clung to Bachelor Brown's coat sleeve.

Bachelor Brown looked down at her. It was such a soft, plump hand. Her eyes were so round and so blue in her terror that he forgot she was a young lady.

"I'll take care of you," he said; "a flash of lightning, a roar of thunder, an attempt on the part of the horse to run away, interrupted him."

Miss Dove turned pale. Bachelor Brown looked terrified. He cast a glance about him. Near the road was a parsonage, connected with its church by a garden.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll ask for shelter until the storm is over. A clergyman ought to be Christian enough to take us in."

And, driving to the gate, he assisted Miss Dove to alight. As he did so two hired men rushed out and began to attend to the horse and vehicle, and an old lady and gentleman appeared upon the steps.

"So glad you're early enough to escape the worst of the storm," said the gentleman.

"Do come in," said the old lady. "We were expecting you—for on such an occasion people always keep their appointments, rain or sunshine, I believe."

"What on earth does she mean?" said Bachelor Brown. "But it's very kind of them, and so, while the old lady hurried Miss Dove away to dry her things, he sat with the old clergyman in the parlor."

"Do you feel at all nervous, sir?" said the old gentleman, after a pause.

"No, sir, thank you," said Bachelor Brown.

"Yes, my dear, sir," said the clergyman. "Most lightning is a nervous sort of thing," said Bachelor Brown.

"I did not allude to the storm."

"Indeed, sir."

"But to the approaching ceremony."

"Eh?" said Bachelor Brown.

"In your note, you know, you told me that you were too nervous to stand before the whole congregation in church, and preferred a quiet wedding at my house," said the old man.

Bachelor Brown stared at him in astonishment. The truth dawned upon him.

"You expected a—young couple?" he said.

"Oh, you are quite young enough, sir," said the innocent clergyman. "And I must say the young lady appears a very charming person."

Bachelor Brown felt himself blush.

"Should you think she'd make a good wife?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly," said the clergyman.

"And you think a man is—happier—for—entering the nuptial state?" he inquired.

"No man can be happy without so doing, and it is every man's duty," said the old gentleman, believing every word he said.

"She is a dear little thing," thought Mr. Brown to himself. "I never liked a girl so much. It's very awkward to explain. I wonder whether—"

And just then Miss Dove entered the room, looking angelic without her bonnet, to Mr. Brown. Bachelor Brown bowed her aside.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Dove," he said.

"Dear me," said Miss Dove.

"They've made a mistake," said Bachelor Brown. "They think we—we are—are people they expect—a young couple, you know, about to—"

"Oh, dear, do they?" whispered Miss Dove.

"Yes," said Bachelor Brown. "Now it would be very awkward to explain. And I like you so much. Couldn't you like me, too, and let him do it—eh?"

"Do what, Mr. Brown?" said Amanda.

"Marry us," said Bachelor B.

"Of course not," said Amanda. "What would the Hinkles say?"

"They'd be delighted," said Richard, growing bolder. Then he put his arm around her waist.

"I don't know much about this sort of thing, but you are the only nice girl I ever saw. Please do. I'm not such a bad fellow. I'll be good to you."

"I know you are good," said Amanda, "but—"

"But then I'm ugly, eh?" asked Richard.

"Ah, no, not at all."

"Well?"

"It would be so odd."

"Well," said Bachelor Brown, "that's my fault, and they know I'm odd, my dear."

Four hours after the Hinkles heard the light wagonette drive to the door, and rushed out to greet Amanda.

"We've been so alarmed," said Mrs. Hinkle.

"Such a storm," said Rose.

"Were you frightened?" asked Adelaide. But Amanda said nothing.

Uncle Richard, too, shrank back, as though he was afraid of something.

"Tell 'em, Amanda," he said.

"No; you tell them, Richard," said Amanda.

The Hinkles listened in amazement.

"What is there to tell?" asked Mrs. Hinkle.

"What is all the mystery about?"

And Cousin Richard answered, sheepishly:

"Nothing—only we've been getting married. This is my wife, Mrs. Brown."

It was the only explanation ever offered. The Hinkles never comprehended it. It was always a mystery to them; and though they were profuse in their congratulations, and always continued the best of friends, the fortune which might have been Rose's or Adelaide's rather troubled Mrs. Hinkle; and she always declared in secret family councils that she was perfectly sure Uncle Richard married out of spite to punish Adelaide for the trick she played upon him.

**POOR SEWING GIRLS OF NEW YORK.**

Everybody has heard of the oppressions of poor sewing girls.

In large cities many are obliged to work for extremely small pay and suffer much from the selfishness of landlords and employers.

A lady in this city keeps a shirt establishment in Broadway, and has employed a large number of girls in making shirts at small prices. She is a highly educated woman and has thriven in her business. She was recently complained of by one of the girls for retaining and refusing to pay back \$6, which she demanded of all the girls employed, as security for the materials. The case was carried into court, and excited much interest among the sewing girls, many of whom were present at the trial. The judge asked all those girls present who had been cheated out of \$6, deposited money, by the defendant, to rise in court. Immediately thirty girls rose to their feet. Thereupon the highly educated and refined shirt-maker of Broadway was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary! The case affords a very fine illustration of the healthy results of the stern and inexorable administration of justice.

**THE PROSCRIPTION OF THE JEWS.**

We have already noticed the fact that certain New York insurance companies had decided not to grant policies of insurance to Jews. The ground could only be guessed at, but the reason of proscription is thus specified in a letter to the Jewish meeting held in New York on Monday evening last, from the President of one of the city insurance companies:

"It is a fact which is abundantly proved by the insurance experience of the last fifteen years, that losses have occurred in the premises of Jews of German origin, doing business in a small way, during that period, far out of proportion to their numbers as compared with the business community; that they are for the most part persons of no known business antecedents, of no social standing or pecuniary responsibility, and that whenever any effort is made by the companies to defend themselves against the most bare-faced and extortionate demands, the claimants have generally been found to possess a reserve corps of witnesses of like faith, by whom they are always able to prove any fact necessary to support their own views of the case."

**MARK TWAIN'S LAST.**

He says: "Bum-mer Jim was a good-natured, illiterate, companionable vagabond, who made his living by devious inscrutable ways in San Francisco for years, but he came East finally and old friends got him a berth in Washington as a sort of general superintendent of the Capitol building. There was a steam engine in his department and it was the joy of his life. He had never been officially connected with a steam engine before, and so he was justly proud of his new and distinguished position. He never threw away a chance to lure visitors, by various and specious pretexts, into his engine-room, and then expatiate on the wonderful machine to them."

One day a visitor said, "It is a pretty fine engine—no doubt about that. How many horse-power is it?"

"Horse-power, your grandmother! It goes by steam!"

Mr. Greeley having declined to recommend woman suffrage, on the ground that "public sentiment" does not demand it, the pertinence of that expression is now thrust upon him by a petition presented in favor of such an innovation, signed by Mrs. Horace Greeley and others.

## BREVITIES.

If you undertake to oversee too many jobs, you will overlook a part.

It is said there is preserved in the London museum the skull of Napoleon, the Emperor, when he was an infant.

"I am rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good health," said Edwin to his Julia. "Health! I have had the plague ever since I was married," was Julia's response.

A lady of intense maiden attachments coming down stairs one morning, was addressed by a niece, with a good morning, "yes," said she, "it is a lovely morning, and only man is vile."

A school committee man in New Hampshire, in the course of his report, said "the school committee will be obliged to take some active measures to prevent the increase of pupils in our schools."

Mrs. Partington says: "Ike has the very same stockings he wore when he was in the Sapheads and Minors regiment, only she had to darn them a little by putting two feet on them one season and two legs the next."

An old revolutionist says that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally, that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please; for they can do us no injury although they may think they have found a flaw in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our injury.

A morning contemporary seem to have overlooked Mrs. Partington for anniversary week as one of its composers. The report of the meeting at Park Street Church on Sunday evening was made to say that "the doxology was sung and the audience dismissed with the abnegation."

**BASE BALL.** The following, which we find an exchange, illustrates aptly the mania for base ball playing, which is so prevalent in our midst:

"What is the matter with your fingers?"

"Struck with a ball and drove up, but it is a noble game," was the reply.

"Precisely—and your thumb is useless, is it not?"

"Yes—struck with a ball and broken."

"That finger joint?"

"A ball struck it. No better game to improve a man's physical—strengthens one's sinews."

"You walk lame; that foot, isn't it?"

"No; it is the—the—the—well, a bat flew out of a player's hand and hit my kneecap. He had the innings."

"One of your front teeth is gone?"

"Knocked out by a ball—an accident."

"Your right hand and your nose have been peeled—how's that?"

"Slipped down at a second base—only a mere scratch."

"And you like this sort of fun?"

"Glory in it, sir. It is the healthiest game in the world, sir!"

The Boston correspondent of the New York Evening Post tells the following anecdote of General Meagher:

"The last time I met him was at Nashville, Tennessee, before he came out in favor of the republican party. He was full of anecdotes of the war, especially of his Irish brigade. One story that he told is to good to be lost, and has never been published. He said he was leading his men to the front, in one of the Seven Days' battles, I believe, along the wet and miry roads of Virginia, when an aide rode by and gave him the news that our army had carried a certain strategic point and captured several colors."

"D'ye hear that, boys?" shouted Meagher; "Our men have won the day and captured the enemy's colors!"

"Just as I said that," remarked Meagher, "a private, who was plunging along, out of one muddy hole into







MEXICO NEWS. Advice from San Luis to the 15th inst. gives the following intelligence:

Gen. Vialva was shot in the City of Mexico. He desired just before his execution to have an interview with Gen. Diaz which was refused. He then asked that he might be allowed the privilege of seeing his son before he died, but this request was also refused.

M. Schaffer, counselor of Maximilian, has been imprisoned.

The Liberal Generals at Queretaro, who have not already been shot, will be sent to their respective States for trial.

Gen. Marquez was leaving prestissimo in the capital until the very hour before he left. The Liberal government has decided that all the Imperial prefects shall be sent into exile for six years and their secretaries for two years.

Gen. Juan Alvarez died at Iguala in the latter part of April.

Gen. Escobedo made the following address to the subaltern officers of the Imperial army before releasing them. The Supreme government has the right to dispose of the lives of those who, forgetting they were Mexicans, fought for a foreigner elevated to power by an invader but the government, always magnanimous forgives those who until now have been enemies of their country because it expects their future conduct will correspond with the clemency used towards misled sons of Mexico. You are at liberty and you may ask your passports for any point where you choose to reside.

A Kansas paper, alluding to the manner in which Indian agents accumulate a "pile," says:

"An Indian agent's salary is about \$1500. By being economical in the saving of his salary, he manages to retire at the expiration of a four years' term with about \$40,000, and in the meantime supports his family in a style that corresponds with the dignity of an official and representative of the best government the sun ever shone upon."

It is also added that "a superintendent who undertakes to say that an agent shall not make forty thousand dollars out of an income of six thousand dollars," is apt to get himself into trouble. This state of things is eminently satisfactory—to the agent.

The terrible whipping reported to have been inflicted upon a man at Fort Sedgewick, for selling liquor to a soldier, is supposed to be a sheer fabrication. It is found to have been invented by a discharged driver.

Recent experiments prove that the heavy California coal oil can be burned in the furnaces of steam engines, with the new patent feeder. This fact is of great importance, since it gives an abundant and cheap fuel for running steam engines in that State.

Another trial between Dexter and Brown George and mate took place at Riverside Park, Tuesday, and the race was won by Dexter. Next time, 2.19—on a half mile track.

The name of Cologne is not more closely associated with its incense-breathing water, or of Brussels with its tapestried carpets, than the name of Portland with its unrivaled Steam Refined Soaps.

Dr. True will open on the 12th, an Institute for the instruction of students in Geology and Mineralogy. It will afford a splendid opportunity for persons in this vicinity to post themselves in these interesting studies.

Gen. Schofield has issued a general order regulating appointments to fill vacancies, removals from office, etc., in the first military district under the reconstruction act of Congress.

Hon. Henry Stevens, a distinguished citizen of Vermont, aged seventy-five years died at Barnet, his residence Tuesday night.

The Tennessee election occurs to-day. The canvass has been very strong, out-breaks being an almost daily occurrence.

A Good Ouse. The telegraph reports that Bates College conferred the degree of D. D. upon Franklin Simmons.

Blindness, Deafness and Catarrh.

From Solicitations of persons in the country who have been unable to consult him during "The Haying Season," Dr. Carpenter has been induced to prolong his visit at the DeWitt House, Lewiston, until August 24th, and no longer, positively, Dr. C. can be consulted at the Stoddard House Farmington, three weeks on after August 13, 1867.

THE MASON & HARRIS CARNET ORGANS. The highest musical authorities of the land have pronounced in their favor, as meeting a want which has long been felt, and combining more reliable qualities than any other instrument of the character now before the public. Among other advantages in their favor, they occupy little space, are gotten up in highly ornamental style, are remarkable for their great volume of sound, the ease with which they are played, the simplicity of their construction, and their adaptation to all kinds of music.

Pure Saleratus. Everybody wants it, and they who find it are they that buy Pyle's Saleratus, which has no equal. It is the standard throughout Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York. All first-class grocers keep it.

Agents for the sale of Sheridan's Cavalry Cream Powder are hereby authorized to refund the money to any person whom they believe to be honestly dissatisfied after giving them a fair trial.

## Special Notices.

### DR. SCHENCK ON DYSPEPSIA.

**Symptoms, Causes and Remedies.**  
Dyspepsia, or indigestion, is a common ailment, and one which, if neglected, may lead to serious consequences. It is characterized by a feeling of fullness and discomfort in the stomach, accompanied by flatulence, acidity, and a general feeling of weakness. The cause is often a disordered state of the stomach, which may be brought about by irregular eating, drinking, or by the use of indigestible food. The remedy is to be found in the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicine, which acts upon the stomach, and restores it to its natural condition. It is a powerful purgative, and will cleanse the system, and remove all the impurities which may have accumulated. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and will cure all cases of dyspepsia, whether the case be old or new. It is sold by all druggists, and may be ordered by mail from the publisher, J. C. Schenck, 151 Broadway, New York.

### HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT.

**BUCHU**  
To a certain cure for diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSY, GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, and all diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating, and no matter how long standing. It is a powerful purgative, and will cleanse the system, and remove all the impurities which may have accumulated. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and will cure all cases of the above diseases, whether the case be old or new. It is sold by all druggists, and may be ordered by mail from the publisher, J. C. Schenck, 151 Broadway, New York.

### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having been afflicted with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, he is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of recovery. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they may send to him, or to the publisher, J. C. Schenck, 151 Broadway, New York. For sale by all druggists, or sent 25 cents in O. P. Schenck & Co. Boston, Mass., and receive a copy by return mail.

### HELMOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

HELMOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame, and is a powerful purgative, and will cleanse the system, and remove all the impurities which may have accumulated. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and will cure all cases of the above diseases, whether the case be old or new. It is sold by all druggists, and may be ordered by mail from the publisher, J. C. Schenck, 151 Broadway, New York.

### WHY SUFFER FROM SORES?

Wash by the use of the **Arnica Ointment** you can easily be cured. It has relieved thousands of **Burns, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Boils, Sprains, Warts, Itch,** and every complaint of the skin. Try it for it costs but 25 cents, be sure to ask for **HALE'S ARNICA OINTMENT** For sale by all druggists, or sent 25 cents in O. P. Schenck & Co. Boston, Mass., and receive a copy by return mail.

### MANHOOD AND YOUTHFUL VIGOR.

are restored by **HELMOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU** is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediately in its action.

### The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, etc., by one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable suffering, by the use of a postpaid advertisement, single copies, free of charge, may be had by mail from the publisher, J. C. Schenck, 151 Broadway, New York.

### SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

**CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. And Rheumatic Difficulties.** Price \$1. Sold Everywhere, J. A. BURLEIGH, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent.

### ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A gentleman who suffered for years from various diseases, and who had been unable to consult him during "The Haying Season," Dr. Carpenter has been induced to prolong his visit at the DeWitt House, Lewiston, until August 24th, and no longer, positively, Dr. C. can be consulted at the Stoddard House Farmington, three weeks on after August 13, 1867.

### BOEN.

In Auburn, July 25th, to the wife of Mr. F. N. Gorton.

### MARRIED.

In Hartford, July 25th, Mr. Charles J. Tracy, of Peru, to Miss Melissa J. Farnum, of Woodstock.

## PANIC PRICES!

### No More Combination.

The Subscriber would respectfully announce to the citizens of SOUTH PARIS and vicinity that he has lately purchased a large and well-selected stock of choice **GROCERIES!** which he will now offer to them at **wholesale prices!** By always keeping the best articles, and selling them at the lowest possible margin above the Wholesale Prices, he hopes to merit a fair share of your patronage.

### THE BEST FLOUR FOR AN ADVANCE OF CTS. OVER THE COST.

### PROVISIONS.

### FRESH MEATS!

As well as a stock of Canned and Salted Meats, Hams, Tongues, etc., which will be sold at favorable prices.

### TANNING!

Having purchased the Tannery of Messrs. Shattuck & Co., and secured the services of that veteran in the line CHARLES McFADDEN, I am prepared to tan, in the old fashioned manner, Wax Leather and Calf Skins in the best possible manner. Also, constantly on hand, Wax Leather and Calf Skins. Call and examine the Stock and prices. SAMUEL F. BRIGGS.

### Fryeburg Academy.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence

Wednesday, September 4th, 1867,

and continue eleven weeks.

U. W. CUTTS, A. B. Principal,

with competent assistants.

D. B. SEWELL, Sec'y.

Fryeburg, July 26th, 1867.

### North Paris High School!

THE FALL TERM will commence on Tuesday,

Sept. 3, 1867, and continue eleven weeks,

under the charge of

J. P. PACKARD, Principal.

with the assistance of the interests of the school may require.

tuition Common English, \$3.50; Higher English, 4.00; Languages, 4.50.

Good Board can be had at reasonable rates, or pleasant accommodations for self boarding.

July 18, 1867.

### Edward Little Institute.

THE FALL TERM will commence on Monday,

Aug. 26th, and continue ten weeks.

Send for a Circular.

CHAS. O. ROUNDS, Prin.

Auburn, Me., July 20.

### STATE OF MAINE.

JOSEPH EASTMAN, Justice of the Peace for the County of Oxford, State of Maine:

The undersigned, Proprietors of the North

Chapel in Fryeburg, hereby request you to call

on Saturday, the 24th day of August next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., to the act on the following articles, viz:

1. To choose a Moderator;

2. To choose a Clerk;

3. To choose a Treasurer and Collector;

4. To make an assessment on the polls in said house for repairing the same;

5. To choose a Committee to appraise said taxes;

6. To choose a Committee to assess said taxes;

7. To choose a Superintending Committee, and to appoint any other business deemed necessary.

Given under my hand and seal, at Fryeburg, this twentieth day of July, 1867.

D. R. HASTINGS, (seal.)

Just. Peace.

### CAUTION.

My friend and neighbor, my wife, has left

my bed and board without any just cause or permission, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account as I shall pay no debt for her contracting after this date.

Newport, July 25th, 1867.

### Pyle's Saleratus

Is Acknowledged the Best in Use,

Always put up in pound packages,

FULL WEIGHT.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

### WHEREAS,

it has been reported to me that

several persons or reports are in circulation at

West Bethel and vicinity, that I had been and

William Potter with reference to one of his sons

taking a ring from a letter sent by one to Alfreda

Ben daughter of John M. Bess; that I had sent

that Mr. Potter paid me Ten Dollars and his

note for Fifty Dollars in re to settle the matter

up. Now I hereby certify and declare that no

such transaction in kind or otherwise ever took

place between me and the said William Potter

that I never mentioned anything of the kind to

said Potter, and that I further state I never had

any reason whatever to even suspect that the said

Potter or any of his family had taken the ring sent

in said letter above referred to.

CHARLES W. WATSON.

STATE OF MAINE.

County of Oxford, ss.—July 17, 1867.

That personally appeared C. W. Watson

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and he acknowledged to me that the foregoing

statement by him signed is wholly true.

Before me

A. S. KIMBALL, Justice of the Peace.

I know make a further statement that I have

been out when the party parties are, and that none

of Mr. Potter's family had anything at all to do

with it, as I know them to be strictly innocent of

the reports circulated.

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### PARIS HILL ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence

Wednesday, September 4, 1867.

M. P. RICKER, Principal.

Miss MARY F. HOLMES, Preceptress.

Miss HELEN D. PARKER, Teacher of Music.

Miss SARAH J. PRESTON, Teacher of Drawing

and Painting.

For further particulars address the Secretary

at Paris Hill, or the Principal at North Livermore.

S. R. CARTER, Secretary.

### SEI D Orders for JOB PRINTING in the

DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

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