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Poetry.

Written for the Oxford Democrat.
BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO A FRIEND.

O, beautiful dreams of my youth!

Will they never come to me again?

As in those days of innocence and truth,
When my heart was free from care and pain?

O, happy, happy hours that are past!

When in woodlands sweet I loved to roam,
Or, when the evening shadows gathered fast,

I hastened to my own sweet cottage home!

O, mother darling! thou hast passed away,
And with thee went the sunshine of my life.

From early morn until the close of day,
Are ghoully thoughts within my spirit rife.

Thou art alone—the whispering breezes sigh,
No earthly hand to guide thee on thy way.

Behind the clouds no silver linings lie,
O, God! wilt thou not send some cheering ray?

Oh! will the angels ever come to me,
To raise my drooping spirits up?

For I am blind, and long to see,
Why I should drink the bitter cup.

The good within me seems to say,
Why should I feel the chastening rod?

It is that I may learn to pray,
And draw me nearer to my God.

O, Thou who madest thy children all,
And gavest them life, and light and love,

Will Thou not heed my earnest call,
And send me blessings from above?

I ask for neither gems nor gold,
Nor fame, which mortals oft desire;

But that my heart may never grow cold,
In Thy service—to which I aspire.

J. M. T.

Select Story.

LED OUT OF DANGER.

BY JEAN INGELW.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently, and he goes on the top of it, and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney-tops behind them; his eye wanders with delight over the harvest fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great warm pile on the top of it; then the chequered shadows of the trees lying across the white road, and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and hallow, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The other passengers were delighted with his simplicity and childlike glee; and they encouraged him to talk about the sea and the ships, especially Her Majesty's—wherein he has the honor to sail. In the jargon of the seas, he describes her many perfections, and enlarges upon her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain midshipman, having been ordered to the mast head as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the topmast cross-tree, something uncommonly like the sea serpent,—but finding this hint received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that some day, he shall be promoted to have charge of the poop. The passengers hope he will have that honor; they have no doubt that he deserves it. His cheeks flush with pleasure to hear them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honor may happen to consist."

The coach stops; the midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for in the spring her husband went up to London to seek for work. He goes for work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas! a fellow workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very bad, and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But she has two children, and is destitute; she must walk all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband.

The midshipman knows nothing about that—and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going. But there is one who has never joined in the conversation; he is a dark looking and restless man—he sits apart, he sees the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more closely than he did before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with his pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the others that his father's house is five miles off, and he means to get out at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run, over to his home, through the great woods.

The man decides to get down, too, and go through the woods; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out and struggles, he will do worse. The

boy, he thinks, will have no chances against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seemed indeed little chance of escape; the half-fledged bird just fluttering down from his nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor boy will have against him.

And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "Good evening!" and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has also got down, and is following.

The path lies through the village churchyard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up the porch, looks in and listens. The clergyman has just risen from his knees, in the pulpit, and is giving out his text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was in a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure induced him to stand still and listen.

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks on what the clergyman said of the care of our Heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which he supposes he shall be some day, he hopes that then the providence of God will watch over him and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood. "Are not two sparrows," he hears, "sold for a farthing?" and one shall not fall to the ground without your Father's notice. But the hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy stake; he suffers the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path, and follows him. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty rods from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish, for home makes him dash off suddenly after his suitor, with a whoop and bound. On he goes as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; he cannot keep up the pace long. The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he puts up a white owl, that can scarcely fly, as it goes whirling along close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment and it will be his. Now he gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow it is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the track he has left; it is only to run a little faster, and he shall be home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right—the man takes the left, and the faster they both run the farther they are asunder. The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed altogether, and his feet are on the safe ground. He flounders about among the trees and stumps, vexed with himself and panting after his race. At last he hits upon another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground beneath him seems to descend; he has lost his way—but he keeps bearing to the left; and though it is now dark, he thinks he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but runs on. Oh, little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept that path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might outrun him; or if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running straight on to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. O that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds, and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes against a stone, stumbles and falls. Two minutes more and he will fall into the black water.

"Heydey!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn-bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I shouldn't have cared for rolling down if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray away in a wood at night again. There, free at

last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!"

With a good deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which had arrested his progress when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble to the bank and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snow drift. But the boy is in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that the boy is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes, it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will pass the cottage in the wood directly, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but as he sees the cottage, he is thirsty, and so hot, that he thinks he must ask the inhabitants if they can sell him a glass of ale.

He enters without ceremony. "Ale?" says the woman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no ale; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in and shuts the door, and while he sits waiting for the milk, foot-prints pass. They are the footprints of his pursuer, who goes on with the stake in his hand, angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to the dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is gone a long time. He drinks it thanks her and takes his leave.

Fast and faster the man runs after him. It is very dark; but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is plunging up a furrowed mass of grey clouds, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with his weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyful whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops and listens noiselessly. Yet, it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake, when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a gig. "Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What, benighted, youngster?"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. D—?" says the boy: "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the woods."

The man drew farther back among the shrubs. "Why bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in this time of night."

"Lone?" says the boy laughing. "I don't mind that; and if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of the reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing robbery. He determined still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down. "I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend!" the farmer replies, "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every step.

And now the little midshipman is at home; the joyful meeting has taken place, and when they have all admired his growth, and decided when he is like, and measured his height on the window-frame and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.

"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa. "Why, na, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—at least nothing particular."

"You came by the coach, we told you of!" asks his father.

"O yes, papa; and when we got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar while we were changing horses, and I threw down (as I thought) a shilling; but as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you know, mamma, it is a long time since I gave anything to anybody."

"Very true, my boy," his mother answers; "but you should not be careless with your money, and few beggars are worthy objects of charity."

"I suppose you got down at the cross roads?" says his elder brother.

"Yes, and went through the woods. I should have been here sooner, if I hadn't lost my way there."

"Lost your way?" says his mother alarmed; "my dear boy you should not have left the path at dusk."

"Oh, ma," says the little midshipman, with a smile, "you're always thinking we are in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main-top mast-cross-tree, you would be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well, my boy," she answers, "I don't wish to be over-anxious, and make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?"

"Only to catch a little owl, mamma; but I didn't catch her, after all. I got a roll down the bank, and caught my jacket against a thorn bush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again and got into the path, and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a long time the woman kept me to be sure. I thought it would never come. But very soon after, Mr. D—drove up in his gig and he brought me on to the gate."

"And so, this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover there were no adventures to tell."

"No, papa, nothing happened—nothing particular, I mean."

Nothing particular. If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of the jib-boom's end and the main-top-mast-cross-trees. They did not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but for the greater portion our eyes behold that we cannot see. We walk securely under his guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that nothing has happened—at least, nothing particular.

It is not well that our minds should be much exercised about these hidden dangers since they are so, and so great that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflections should make us both happy and afraid—afraid of trusting our souls too much to any earthly guide or earthly security—happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest or be at peace? But with it we may say with the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou Lord, only makest me dwell in safety!"

A Sailor's Love.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact:

A sailor, rough garbed, was strolling through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from recent rain and rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk, with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or an admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with impulsiveness, exclaimed, "That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of the lane; wait for a moment, only, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquetish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merely "Thank you," and roguish smile making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else would make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home. She twice performed the ceremony of walking the plank and each time thanked him with one of her eloquent smiles! Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance. For a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh turned away, disposed of his draw-bridge, and wended his path back to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement. He had not dreamed of being elevated to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent; for instead of spending his money for amusement, visiting theatres and bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books, and had become quite a stu-

dent, but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge, and in a year the handsome gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart black-eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaubin and tidy bundle, as the cabin boy.

One night the young man with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps, that two years before, the brightest vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart as he was ushered into the parlor, and, like a sledge hammer it beat again when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile said, "The young lady was once indebted to your kindness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were ablaze, and his brown cheeks flushed hotly as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affection of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness toward his child had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion, so that now the old man has retired from business Henry Wells is captain, and Grace Hume is according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact the honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes perhaps the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing a street.

Where our Furs Come From.

Since the transfer of Alaska to the United States, numerous small traders have taken the place of the great Russian company. These skin along the coast and pick up what they can in traffic and furs. The Russians maintained very strict regulations with regard to the killing of fur-bearing animals, which constituted, as the chief resource of the country, their exclusive object. Such animals are peculiarly sensitive to the report of fire arms, from which they flee, and disappear from a whole region of country in a most mysterious manner. The valuable sea-otter is pre-eminently singular in this respect, and for that reason is, as before stated, hunted with spears. It is fast becoming a very rare animal, and its skin, in the first hands, is worth from twenty to eighty dollars in coin.

The Russians placed upon various islands certain choice varieties of the fox, and these were not allowed to be taken until they had well stocked the islands; but these preserves are no longer respected. For the taking of these foxes the natives use a trap, most efficient in its object, and simple in its construction. It consists of a stick of wood about the size of an axe handle, into one end of which are fastened three strong iron bars, about four inches long. The other end of the stick is twisted into a cord or wire sinew, which is fastened to a block. The stick is brought back as a lever, which tightens the cord as a spring. The fox, touching the bait, springs the trap, and the lever flying over transfixes him through the head by the bars. Being always struck in the head, the skin is not injured, and once struck he never escapes. These traps are a most diabolical thing for a man to get into, for the bars striking the leg about the knee, fix themselves into the bone, and cannot be extracted without a most painful surgical operation. The natives themselves frequently get caught in them. The season for taking the fox is from November to March. There is the "black" or silver grey, the skin of which as it passes from the hand of the trapper, brings from five to twenty dollars.

The marten, or sable, as it is often called, abounds on the main land, but is never found on the islands. This, together with the beaver, occupies a considerable place in the fur trade, and like the mink and land otter, is taken in the common steel trap.

The beautiful and classical little ermine—brown in summer, but snowy white in winter, with its jet black tipped tail—is taken in dead falls, as the boys take ground squirrels. The annual catch of this animal in the whole territory is about two thousand, but as the skin brings only twenty-five cents it has but little commercial importance. In a commercial point of view, the fur seal holds the first place. This animal—similar in habits and general appearance to the common hair seal—is found only in a few localities upon the globe, and the island of St. Paul, in Bering Sea, is one of these localities. This island lies northwest of the extremity of the peninsula of Alaska, distant there from about two hundred miles. It is a rocky, barren island, about twenty miles long by four or five broad. To this desolate and isolated spot, resort seals in great numbers. They appear in the spring of the year and leave again in the fall, going no one knows where, unless they enter "Symmes' Hole," which was located by

that visionary philosopher not far from the northern extremity of Alaska, and become for a season denizens of the concave surface, which Symmes supposed to be within the earth. Those who pursue them do it more for their beautiful pelts than for the solution of any enigma regarding their habits. July, August, and September are the months in which they are taken. Upon the island they have certain places to which they resort, and where they lie around on the rocks. But at these places they are never killed, for the reason that from instinctive dread they would never return again, and thus would be driven away entirely; but are driven from these haunts, in droves of from five to twelve thousand, to the interior of the island, where the slaughter takes place. They are as harmless as sheep, and are driven as easily; only, as they have no legs, but propel themselves by a sort of jumping motion over the rough rocks by means of the tail and flippers, considerable time

The Earthquake.

Thursday forenoon of last week at eleven and a half o'clock, there was distinctly experienced in this State, throughout New England—as far north as Quebec and west as Ohio, the shock of an earthquake. In this village it was quite perceptible. The compositors in the Printer's Exchange, Portland, on the 11th floor, were not a little alarmed; the cases rattled, gas fixtures oscillated, and piles of loose papers were thrown down. The children in the large, stable, brick school house of that city were alarmed by the apparent instability of their rooms, became panic-stricken, and were dismissed. In one school the teacher told the children to stop shaking her platform, but the next moment she was thrown slightly forward. Houses on Pearl and Franklin streets shook so that the bells rang, doors slammed, water was upset out of the kettles on the floor, cradles rocked, and in one house a lady who was sitting on the sofa was deposited on the floor. On Back Cove door bells were rung, and crockery thrown down.

A portion of one of the chimneys of Adams Hall, Bowdoin College, was thrown down: Prof. Goodale writes that the general direction of the movement was north-easterly and south-westerly, and the duration of the shock from 30 to 40 sec. Bricks were thrown off from chimneys in Lewiston and other cities. South Paris, Sumner, Saco, Gorham, Waldoboro', Wiscasset, Belfast, and towns in every direction, felt the vibration. The children in schools in Rockland, Gardiner, and Augusta were greatly alarmed. In the latter city the Court House suffered such a shock as to drive the court alarmed into the open air—quite ready to enter a *Nol Pro*. In this new *casus fortuitus*. In Bath various clocks were stopped; Bangor seems to have been favored with three shocks—and, as in a similar visitation, a year ago (Oct. 22, 1869), had a more sensible experience than neighboring towns. In Boston the effects were equally manifest. Near the corner of State Street and Merchants Row a block of granite in a building was cracked and another block forced outward from the wall three or four inches.

The shock was felt throughout eastern New York and northern Pennsylvania, the manifestations being substantially identical. Prof. G. W. Hough of Dudley Observatory in Albany thus describes the phenomenon: "A shock of earthquake was felt here at 11:15 A. M., Oct. 20, and lasted about one minute. The walls of buildings had a very marked vibration, the open doors were made to vibrate, objects hanging on walls put in oscillation, and even tables and chairs on the ground floor had a sensible tremor. At the time of the shock a rumbling noise was heard, clock pendulums swinging north and south were made to vibrate east and west, showing that the earthquake passed in an eastward direction. Since 9 A. M. yesterday the barometer has been falling rapidly, the total fall amounting to 7.10 of an inch. During the shock the mercury in a registering barometer was in violent agitation."

Fair Play.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in the Oxford Register of Oct. 14th, an article in which I think the writer intended to give a wrong impression, and to excite prejudice against an innocent party. The article I refer to was in relation to the two candidates for Representative from the Bethel District. Now the facts are, that Mr. Foster never entered the service, was not mustered in, and is not responsible for false reports. The person referred to in the Adjt. Gen. Report was from another town and not from Bethel. The candidate for Representative has been a resident of Bethel nearly eighteen years, and, as I am informed, came from Portland to Bethel.

I know both candidates, and did the best I could to elect Mr. Hastings, but I admire fair play. They are both of them gentlemen of integrity and influence, and worthy the position to which they aspire. I think no gentleman would ever write such an article as appeared in the Oxford Register, and we do claim that the Democratic party is not responsible for any such low personalities, and hope we shall see no more of them. A DEMOCRAT.

Bethel, Oct. 26th, 1870.

—At a meeting of the subscribers to the fund to furnish an engine for the steam mill now being built by the Messrs. Willis, in our village, on the 22d inst., it was voted to collect the funds forthwith, and A. Black, Esq., was chosen agent for collecting the same. Another meeting was held last Tuesday evening, and Mr. Black reported that of the \$275 subscribed, he had collected \$243.80, and all done in two days. Wm. Chase Esq., with the Messrs. Willis started Wednesday morning for Portland, for the purpose of buying the engine, and they are in hopes to have it on the Hill this week.

Maximo, Davis and Hathaway, have contracted with the Steam Mill Co. for power to run machinery for the manufacture of furniture doors, sash and blinds, and intend to put up a building for the purpose immediately.

Reported for the Oxford Democrat.

West Oxford Agricultural Fair.

The twentieth exhibition of the West Oxford Agricultural Society was held at Fryeburg, on the 11th, 12th and 13th inst. At the annual meeting held in the Hall, Tuesday morning, the following officers were chosen:

President, James Walker, Fryeburg; Vice President, John L. Kimball, Hiram; Secretary, D. Lowell Lamson, Fryeburg; Treasurer, T. C. Ward, Fryeburg. Trustees, Andrew Buzzell, and Lewis Howe, Fryeburg; James E. Hutchins, Lovell; Sam'l Stickney, Brownfield; T. I. Pingree, Denmark; T. J. Haley, Stow; I. Wentworth, Hiram; James Garland, Porter; Aaron Jones, Sweden.

The first day was almost entirely devoted to the entering of stock and articles for exhibition, with a little horse trotting in the afternoon. The show of good horse stock was rather meager—much more so than usual. The cattle department was very well filled, mainly with animals from Lovell and Denmark—Fryeburg not placing in competition to any great extent, though not from any lack of good animals, but rather from lack of energy or ambition on the part of owners.

The regular programme for Wednesday, the second day, was broken by the violence of the storm, and the time was extended to the following forenoon for entering articles in the Hall, in consequence. The rain came in such torrents, and so few persons appeared to make entries, it was feared the exhibition would prove an entire failure; but on Thursday the clouds had cleared, and the day was pleasant. The accustomed crowd began to gather, and teams lined the roadside, and occupied the available hitching places in adjoining fields and wooded lots.

Although the usual throng appeared, the damaging effect of the storm upon the show was noticed by the fewer number of articles brought in for exhibition. Scarcely anything in the line of household manufactures was placed in competition—except a few quilts, a number of rugs and one or two pieces of carpeting. This department is usually very full. The needlework and fancy department was not much better represented.

The butter, cheese and bread class was very well filled, and with articles of first rate quality.

The vegetable department was fair—not as good as in some previous exhibitions. The effect of the long and severe drought was here noticeable.

Fruit was in great abundance, as it always is at this Society's Show. The remark has been made at former exhibitions, that West Oxford's exhibition of fruit, exceeds that of the State Society.

The receipts at the gate came in some what fuller than last year, when a like storm occurred. The amount of premiums awarded exceeded that of last year—also, in consequence, mainly, of raising some classes. Below, will be found a full and authenticated list of premiums awarded the several classes.

LIVE STOCK—HORSES.

Randall Libby, Hiram, stallion, \$4 00; J. G. Swan, Denmark, breeding mare, 3 00; Eben I. Fossenden, Fryeburg, 2d best do, 2 00; Daniel Smart, Fryeburg, 3d best do, 1 00; Henry W. Walker, Fryeburg, family horse, 2 00; Caleb Frye, Fryeburg, 2d best do, 1 00; Appleton Knight, Fryeburg, horse of all work, 2 00; W. H. Frye, Fryeburg, matched horses, 3 00; Chas. W. Waterhouse, Fryeburg, 2d best do, 2 00; N. Andrews, Stow, matched colts, 2 00; A. Heald, Lovell, 3 years old colt, 2 00; Daniel Smart, Sweden, 2d best do, 1 00; John C. Southern, Fryeburg, 2 years old colt, 1 00; Frank Willey, 1 year old colt, 1 00; J. G. Swan, Denmark, 2d best do, .75; M. O. Warren, Hiram, trotting horse, 5 00; do, do, sweepstakes, 10 00; Daniel Smart, Sweden, trotting 3 years old colt, 2 00; H. Ross, Conway, N. H., draft horses, 3 00; N. T. Stillings, Jackson, N. H., matched horses, 3 00; Richard Chandler, Chatham, do, 1 00; Dexter Charles, do, matched colts, 1 00.

Amount awarded, \$63.25.

NEAT STOCK, SHEEP, SWINE, &c.

Nathan Charles, Lovell, grade bull, \$3 00; Aaron Jones, Sweden, 2d best do, 2 00; do, do, 3d best do, 1 00; M. M. Smart, Fryeburg, yearling bull, 2 00; H. Wentworth, Chatham, do, 2 00; Abel Heald, Lovell, bull calf, 2 00; John Weston, Fryeburg, 2d best do, 1 00; Abel Heald, Lovell, milk cow, 3 00; do, 2d best do, 2 00; M. M. Smart, Fryeburg, 3d best do, 1 00; Abel Heald, Lovell, fat cow 2 00; do, do, 2 years old heifer, 2 00; do, do, yearling steers, 2 00; Wm. Kelley, Fryeburg, yearling heifer, 2 00; S. H. Jones, Fryeburg, matched oxen, 4 00; Joshua Warren, Denmark, 2d best do, 3 00; R. Hamdon, Denmark, 3d best do, 2 00; A. Ingalls, Denmark, working oxen, 4 00; Moses Berry, Denmark, 2d best do, 3 00; Wm. Davis, Denmark, fat oxen, 4 00; T. I. Pingree, Denmark, 2d best do, 3 00; Caleb Warren, Denmark, 3d best do, 2 00; Stephen Jewett, Denmark, town team, 16 00; J. W. Davis, Denmark, team of 3 years old steers, 12 00; A. Heald, Lovell, 3 years old steers, 3 00; J. W. Davis, Denmark, 2d best do, 2 00; I. Wentworth, Hiram, matched 3-year-old steers, 3 00; Nathan Charles, Lovell, 2d best do, 2 00; J. W. Colby, Denmark, 3d best do, 1 00; Abel Heald, Lovell, steer calves, 1 00; do, do, 2 years old, 1 00; James Walker, Fryeburg, sheep, 3 00; do, buck, 2 00; do, ewe, 4 00; do, sow, 3 00; Thomas Seavy, Brownfield, chickens, 1 00; do, ducks, 50; do, geese, 50.

Amount awarded, \$111.00.

CROPS.

Asa O. Pike, twelve-rowed seed corn, 1 00; C. Chandler, Fryeburg, 2d best do, .75; E. I. Fossenden, 3d best do, .50; I. Frye, do, 4th do, .25; do, do, sweet corn, .25; J. L. Kimball, Hiram, 2d best do, .75; J. L. Richardson, 3d best do, .50; James Walker, Fryeburg, 4th do, .25; J. W. Emery, Stow, seed wheat, 1 50; Thomas Seavy, Brownfield, 2d best do, .75; John L. Kimball, Hiram, ruta bogas, 2 00; Sam'l Stickney, Brighton, crop potatoes, 3 00; Thomas Seavy, Brownfield, crop wheat, 4 00.

Amount awarded, \$22.50.

HONEY, SUGAR, PRESERVES, &c.

Wm. Walker, Fryeburg, maple sugar, 1 00; F. N. Frye, Fryeburg, 2d best do, .75; do, do, maple sugar, .75; Mrs. Wm. Walker, Fryeburg, catsup, .25; Mrs. H. Walker, do, do, 20; Mrs. M. Frye, do, 20; Mrs. E. C. Farrington, do, preserves, 1 00; Mrs. Wm. Walker, do, do, 25; Mrs. Margaret Howe, do, pickles, .20; Mrs. Emma C. Farrington, do, do, 20.

Amount awarded, \$5.80.

BREAD AND DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Mrs. Hannah Kelly, cheese, 2 00; Mrs. Jos. Walker, Fryeburg, 2d best do, 1 00; Mrs. E. Kelly, Conway, N. H., 3d best do, .75; Mrs. D. R. Hastings, Fryeburg, June butter, 3 00; Mrs. Thomas Seavy, Brighton, 2d best do, 2 00; Mrs. Henry Walker, Fryeburg, 3d best do, 1 00; Mrs. D. R. Hastings, Fryeburg, Fall butter, 2 00; Mrs. Jos. Walker, Fryeburg, 2d best do, 1 00; Mrs. Henry Walker, Fryeburg, 3d best do, .75; Mrs. J. O. Stickney, Brownfield, wheat bread, 1 00; Mrs. Mary Ann Frye, Fryeburg, 2d best do, .50; do, do, brown bread, 1 00; Mrs. E. A. Stickney, Brownfield, 2d best do, .50; Mrs. E. Kelly, Conway, cake, .50.

Amount awarded, \$17.00.

AGRICULTURAL OPERATIONS.

A. Warren, Denmark, drawing on drag, 3 00; A. Hutchins, Denmark, (less than 7 ft.) do, 3 00; Stephen T. Jewett, do, 2d best do, 2 00; A. B. Warren, do, 3d best do, 1 00.

Amount awarded, \$9.00.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

J. O. Crooker & Co. plows and cultivators, 2 00.

FRUIT AND GARDEN PRODUCTS.

T. I. Pingree, Denmark, winter apples 1 00; S. Stickney, Brownfield, fall apples 1 00; James Walker, Fryeburg, seedlings 1 00; H. Saunders, Sweden, variety, 2 00; S. Stickney, Brownfield, 2d best do, 1 00; S. Geo. Ballard, Fryeburg, grapes, 1 00; S. Stickney, Brownfield, 2d best do, .75; H. Saunders, Sweden, pears, 1 00; S. Stickney, Brownfield, beets, .50; do, do, onions, .50; do, do, potatoes, .50; I. Frye, Fryeburg, carrots, .50; do, do, parsnips, .50; do, do, turnips, .50; do, do, tomatoes, .50; Paul Chandler, Chatham, N. H., onions, gratuity .50; S. Charles, Fryeburg, pumpkins, .50; Sam'l Stickney, Brownfield, variety of vegetables, 2 00; Isaac Frye, Fryeburg, 2d best do, 1 00; W. H. Eastman, Sweden, garden seeds, 1 00; Isaac Frye, Fryeburg, 2d best do, .50; H. F. Lord, Denmark, watermelons, .50; Edward E. Hastings, Fryeburg, crab apples, .25; Isaac Walker, Stow, potatoes, gratuity .25; E. Weeks, Chatham, N. H., variety of apples, &c., 4 00.

Amount awarded, \$22.75.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

Mrs. Mary P. Wentworth, Brownfield, tow cloth, 1 00—Mrs. J. L. Stickney, do, blanketing, 1 00—Mrs. A. M. Kelly, Conway, N. H., filled cloth, 1 00—Mrs. Chas. W. Waterhouse, Fryeburg, carpeting, .40; Mrs. Sam'l Charles, do, 2d best do, 3 00—Mrs. Eben I. Fossenden, do, bedspread, .50—Miss Lovilla Stevens, do, drawers, 1 00—Mrs. S. B. Charles, do, skirt, .50—Mrs. Eben I. Fossenden, do, stockings, .50—Mrs. P. E. Stickney, Brownfield, 2d best do, .25—Mrs. J. O. Stickney, do, ladies' hose, .50—Miss N. Charles, Fryeburg, mittens, .50—Mrs. E. I. Fossenden, do, 3d best do, .25—Mrs. Phoebe Stickney, Brownfield, cotton hose, .25.

Amount awarded, \$14.25.

LEATHER AND ITS MANUFACTURES.

John Evans, Fryeburg, double harness, 3 00—do, do, single, 2 00—P. C. Wiley, Conway, N. H., boots, .50—David Sawyer, Fryeburg, do, .25.

Amount awarded, \$5.75.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

J. O. Crooker & Co., Fryeburg, stoves, 2 00.

NEEDLEWORK AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Mrs. Wm. H. Stickney, Brownfield, variety, 1 00—Miss Annette Fossenden, Fryeburg, 2d best do, .75—Miss Annie Walker, do, 3d best do, .50—Miss M. E. Swan, do, tidy, .25—Miss Annie Barrows, do, dolls' clothes, .25—Miss Lucy Brickett, Chatham, N. H., pin cushion, .25—Mrs. E. C. Farrington, Fryeburg, drawn rug, .75—Mrs. E. Fox, Lovell, 4 00—Mrs. N. R. Hardy, Fryeburg, woven rug, 1 00; Mrs. Martha Day, do, do, 25—Mrs. Osborn Stickney, Brownfield, quilt, 2 00—Mrs. E. C. Farrington, Fryeburg, do, 1 00—Mrs. Hannah Farrington, do, do, .75—Mrs. John Buckholder, do, do, 1 00—Mrs. Mary Lewis, Conway, N. H., worsted wreath, .50—Miss Carrie Lovett, Fryeburg, wax wreath, 1 00—Miss Sarah Muldregt, Conway, N. H., wax cross, 1 00—Miss Etta Haley, Stow, antiquarian collection, .25.

Amount awarded, \$13.50.

FOOT-RACE.

Ward Brackett, foot-race 1.3 mile, time 1:35, 2 00—Edward Flavin, do, do, 1:36—1 50—Mial Warren, do, do, 1:39, 1 00—Joseph Keiff, do, do, 1:45, .75.

Amount awarded, \$5.25.

Bethel Cattle Show and Fair.

Mr. Editor:—In making up a report of our annual Fair, we feel that neither time nor space allows us to do justice to the contributors, still, with the hope that all will judge leniently, we will note as far as possible, the proceedings of the day. The weather, as though the day was arranged for our special benefit, was warm and pleasant.

The exhibition of Cattle, Horses, Colts, Sheep and Swine, was good; the numbers may have been less than on some previous occasion, but the quality never was better. Our farmers are turning their attention to stock of good breeds. For sheep, we noticed the South Downs to be the favorite. Some very fine Chester pigs were to be seen, and one bull of the Hereford stock attracted considerable attention. The entries of oxen was good, and their appearance showed that good care had been taken of them. For horses and colts, there were the following stock represented: "Morgan," "Morrill," and "Cleveland Boy." It seems, as said the Committee, that farmers and owners of nice breeds of horses, should bring them together at these times, compare and note the differences, and so judge which is the best.

The only entry of Agricultural Implements, was one of the Wood Mowing Machines, and one Bay State Horse Rake.

For poultry, there was a pair of the "Golden Pheasants," so highly spoken of as "superiorly hatched," and a fine lot of ducks.

The trotting was said to have been good. There were two entries for the first purse of \$10.00—Mountain Maid, by H. H. McKee, and Sorrell Jim, by S. F. Gibson—the purse was won by Mountain Maid. Also, three entries for second purse of \$5.00, by J. C. Billings; we hear the time was not taken.

There was an exhibition, a Carriage and Sleigh from P. Barnham's Carriage Manufacturing, and one Carriage from Messrs. Whitman & Libby's shop at Bryant's Pond. We fail to see any reason why persons desiring either carriages or sleighs should go outside our own County when such good ones are made at our very doors. Thus, hastily have we taken up all, I believe, of the exhibition out of doors, excepting the Black Bear and Gingerbread Stalls, all of which showed good ability to blow their own trumpets. In the Hall we do not think there has

ever been so good a display. The people of not only this, but adjoining towns, brought out their fruit and vegetables, also their fancy articles. The display of fruit and vegetables has, perhaps, been larger, but the quality was never better. While we must pass over this hastily, we would say that we regret that we can not present each variety and remark upon them; but here as elsewhere, the contributors must take the "will for the deed." There was a large display of rugs, quilts, rag carpeting, and woolen goods. We saw one quilt composed of 3580 pieces, and no two alike; also, one of 2062 pieces, and one of 1302 pieces, made by a girl 14 years of age. We saw some children's stockings knit on the Hinkley Knitting Machine well done. One of the machines was on exhibition, and was very much admired by all. There was one of the "Fireside" stoves from S. A. Brock's Hardware Store, which was highly spoken of by the ladies who examined it.

A case of jewelry, watches, clocks and silver ware from G. A. Martin's Jewelry Store, was neatly arranged and very attractive.

We saw a suit of clothes, custom made, from S. R. Sheehan's tailoring establishment, that showed good work, some cloths for gentlemen's wear, and ladies' cloaking that were good, from the new Tailoring Establishment of Geo. W. Coolidge. Also some cloths and ladies skirts from Chas. Mason's Dry Goods Store. A case of Millinery and some handsomely made Hats from the Fancy Goods Store of Misses E. & E. Curtis. All of these things deserve more than a passing notice, but this is all we can now bestow.

The show of Fancy Articles was never so good as this year, and there being so many articles of so many varieties, we are obliged to pass by many. We saw on this table some of the finest needlework we ever had the pleasure of examining. There were tidies of all forms and descriptions, mats without number, and many other fancy articles. There were some fine specimens of wax work, some fine collections of pressed leaves and flowers, some pencil sketches that gave credit to the executor, some rustic work that showed both skill and ingenuity, some fine plants and flowers, some very handsome chromos, and last, but not least, in workmanship was the display of oil paintings.

A lover of the beautiful had here a chance to feast himself or herself, and when it is known that all of the paintings on exhibition are the work of our own towns people, then have we just cause to be thankful that we have talent that will command attention wherever their handiwork is seen.

The address in the evening was delivered by Henry F. Howard [of Dixfield. Agriculture was his subject, and without confining himself to any particular branch he touched upon all. Being greatly interested in the subject, and with a mind well stored with useful knowledge upon it, a clear pleasant voice and easy manner, his address has taken a deep hold upon the minds of the hearers, and while regretting that we cannot, as so many desire, have the address published, we do not feel like making any extract from it, for we cannot do it justice, but say to those who were unable to attend and hear him, that if the opportunity should present itself again, do not fail to be present and listen, as we did, for one hour, to an address both interesting and instructive.

To the Bryant's Pond Brass Band a word of praise should be spoken, for by their presence they contributed greatly to the occasion, and their music is of a good order and well executed.

In closing, let us say to strangers, our Fair is in the hands of no organization, it is controlled by the citizens of this and adjoining towns, as citizens. With no funds to draw from, we have no premiums to offer; but still we can gather once a year, show our stock, our fruit, our vegetables, and our fancy articles, compare with our neighbors, and enjoy a social day together. Hoping that with another year's return the citizens of adjoining towns will join us in making arrangements for a better show in all directions than even this has been, we submit this report for the Bethel Cattle Show and Fair for 1870, and in behalf of the committee of arrangements would thank all for their generous contributions.

BETHEL.

Waterford Cattle Show and Fair. Was held Oct. 18. Although the notice given was short, and the day not the most favorable, we were surprised at the large number of people present and amount of stock on exhibition. Some very fine oxen were exhibited, and it was somewhat difficult to determine the best among so many, but we believe the Committee reported those of Eben M. Willard, as best workers; Jonathan R. Longley, best matched; Amos Flint, 2d, do, John N. Baber, best 4 year old steers; John C. Pike, best 3 year old do; Wm. Green, best 2 year old do; Gideon B. Ellis, best 1 year old do. T. S. Saunders, best stock ewe; J. H. Chadbourne, best milk cow; H. Maxfield, best 2 year old heifer; C. Houghton, best 1 year old do. A fine herd was exhibited by George Kimball, Saunders, Warren and Chadbourne best Durham bull; J. Woodward, Jr., best 1 year old colt; Wm. Green, good do; S. S. Watson, do, do; Eben F. Bell, best 2 year old colt; D. G. Pride, 2d best do; D. G. Pride, best 3 year old colt; F. M. Atherton, 2d, do, do.

The Committee on drawing, awarded the 1st prize of \$5.00 to Eben M. Willard; 2d prize of \$4.00 to Jerome A. Johnson; 3d do, \$3.00 to Warren B. Whittier. The Committee on trotting, awarded the 1st prize of \$5.00 to Horace Maxfield; 2d, \$3.00 to Eugene A. Nelson.

Foot racing; 1st prize of \$5.00 to Charles W. York; 2d, \$3.00 to Charles G. Knight; 3d, \$2.00 to J. J. Maxfield.

The show on dairy products was fine. Among the best, we noticed some very fine cheeses, made by Mrs. E. P. Saunders, and butter made by Mrs. J. R. Chadbourne. Several other fine specimens were exhibited. The display of apples was very fine—being a large variety of large size and great beauty. The largest display was by Mr. John Shaw, who presented 20 varieties; Rev. J. A. Douglass, 8 varieties, and others too numerous to mention. Fine specimens of squashes, pumpkins, grapes and cranberries were presented by different individuals. LADIES' DEPARTMENT. About 300 articles were presented in this department; a few of these were of ancient date, such as wedding slippers of 80 years ago, a quilt made and the cloth woven by a lady—one of the first settlers in town—but most of the articles were of home manufacture. Thirty specimens of carpets and rugs, exhibiting great variety of design, patience, and industry were presented; while among the more than 20 quilts, the variety was so pleasing, the patterns of some so unique, the design and finish so nice, that each might be called beautiful in itself. One was spread by a lady of 80 years; one white spread was knit by another lady of 77 years; a pair of long hose by a lady of 77 years, who, herself, carded and spun the yarn. Other things might be named which were sent in by those advanced in years, but these are sufficient to show that the aged as well as the young, were interested in this movement. Among the fancy articles were a variety of hand-made tidies, mats, cushions, beadwork, brackets, paper-masks, &c., which exhibited much taste and skillful handiwork. Beautiful bouquets, plants and pictures, added interest to the scene. Oil painting, monochromatic, crayon and pencil drawings, hair-work, shell-work, mosaic work, wreaths, and cone-frames of superior finish, testified that the young ladies of Waterford are not wanting in ingenuity, taste, or talent. Some fine specimens of axes were exhibited by A. S. Miller; buckets by A. Stanwood; knitting machines, sewing machines and patent bedsteads, were on exhibition. The day was very pleasantly and satisfactorily passed.

Oxford County News.

The Gospel Banner says that widow Hannah Thompson, mother of Rev. Zenas Thompson, was at the Oxford Association, in company with her son, and attended all the meetings. She is now 85 years of age and is still very smart for one of her years. She resides with her son, Mr. John Thompson of Hartford, Me., and still keeps up the habits of industry acquired in her youth. She says she is still "able to cut and make the boys"—and even men's—clothes, the same as I used to fifty years ago, and within the last year and a half I have knit sixty-five pairs of men's stockings."

It has been stated by Moore, one of the robbers of the Norway Savings Bank, and the Rock Bank of Rockland, that he had settled the robbery of the Savings Bank with the officers of the Bank. Mr. Upton, Secretary of that institution, pronounces the statement to be false. He says, in a note to the Gospel Banner, "that no settlement was ever made by the officers of this bank, and not one dollar was ever received by the bank from, or on account of the robbers, except \$300, hallowell bonds that had been deposited in the bank by Rev. N. Gunnison, and stolen therefrom. These were returned. This is all the bank has ever received. I now have a copy of a letter written or dated at Boston, offering \$2,000 by way of compromise, and the officers of the bank declined making any compromise at all."

Correspondence of the Lewiston Journal: The Gale at Mexico, Tuesday of last week, was very heavy, blowing down trees, and frightening those exposed to its fury. While the gale was at its height, an alarm of fire was raised from the burning out of a chimney in George H. Gleason's house. It required considerable labor to keep the roof from taking fire. The injury to fruit trees, fences, &c., is considerable. During the evening Samuels Stevens house caught fire on the inside; having no water near, the family took refuge from the cellar and luckily stopped it before it had made more progress than to break some glass, and badly deface one room of the house. A portion of Peter Thompson's barn in Rumford was blown down.

Wednesday, H. H. Wyman's buildings were burned, with nearly all their contents—some thirty tons of hay, potatoes, grain, a nice lot of corn, &c., &c. These buildings were good ones, on what is known as the Isthmus road in Rumford. Caught in the barn—cause unknown; no insurance.

Barleigh Smith killed a young bear, on Wednesday, in Mexico. He fired at another one but failed to kill him. These two cubs are undoubtedly the two seen by Ayers, Little and others.

A very high wind, accompanied with a little rain, swept over the northern part of Oxford Co., Tuesday afternoon and evening 18th. In Andover it overturned fences and partially unroofed the large barn of Mr. Asa West, stripping the steeple of the Methodist church there building, from its erect position, and demolished its lofty stappings. It is also said to have damaged the new and expensive toll bridge at Bethel, but how extensively, it is not known. The next morning the ground was slightly frozen, for the first time this season.

Rev. Mr. Titus of Bethel, First Church, is now absent in Massachusetts hoping to improve his health. In his absence the pulpit is supplied by Rev. Mr. Tolman. The church in Andover is still looking for a Pastor. It very pleasantly and, we trust, profitably received the Oxford Conference, the 18th and 19th insts.

The barn of Mr. Asa West in East Sumner, and the new Methodist Church in progress there were materially injured by the late gale. The earthquake shock was quite heavy.

—On Wednesday of last week the first snow of the season in New England fell at Lancaster N. H.

Porter Items.

Mr. Editor:—In the Democrat of the 14th inst., your correspondent, "V.", undertakes to contrast the votes of this town for the year 1869 and 1870, and as the article is full of *misrepresentations*—to use no term more severe—I deem it not just, to the Republican party of this town to notice and correct some of them.

The object of "V.", for taking 1869 and 1870, to show the relative strength of two political parties is too apparent to deceive any one who is familiar with the political history of Mr. "V.", which we may notice more fully hereafter.

The Republican majorities for the years 1866-67-68-69 and '70, in this town were as follows: 20, 5, 17, 72 and 34, respectively. Thus it will be seen that the Republican majority for 1870 was five and one-half above the average for the previous four years, notwithstanding your office-holding correspondent "V.", and an ex-office-holder of less ability, perhaps, openly tolled the nominees for Governor, Sheriff, and Representative.

Mr. "V.", says "Edward's name was erased from 7 Democrats, and inserted in 6 Republican ballots," which is a *misrepresentation*, for Mr. Edward's name was not inserted in a single Republican ballot. Again he says "Stacey's name was inserted in 7 Democratic and erased in 27 Republican ballots," which is *another misrepresentation*, for Stacey's name was "inserted" in but six Democratic and "erased" from but 22 Republican ballots, giving him 117 votes against 92 for Edwards; a majority of 25 instead of 15 as represented by "V."

The Republican vote for Governor was 130, for Senators, 133. The Democratic vote for Governor was 101, for Senators, 99. Majority for Perham, 29, for Senators, 31.

And again he says, "65 of our supposed residents did not vote, 40 of the 65 being reputed Democrats," which is *another gross misrepresentation*, for at least 38 Republican voters of the town (20 of whom were absent from the State) were not at the polls upon the day of election. The Republican vote being 133, to which if we add the 38 absentees, we have the full Republican strength; and if the whole number of votes are 299 as shown by "V." figures then we have a Republican majority of 43.

It is well known that "V." is a man of wealth, and has been a reputed leader of the Republican party in town, and the *ungrateful recipient of many of its best offices*; and if the majority of the party has been reduced he and the ex-office holder referred to above are responsible for that

