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(Office opposite the Atlantic House),
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Particular attention paid to COLLECTING.
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Special attention paid to Female Complaints.
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Will visit West Paris the week following the
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DENTIST,
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Will visit BUCKFIELD the first Monday in
each month and remain through the week.
No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give
satisfactory satisfaction. sept. 27.
MAINE WATER CURE.
(NOT COLD WATER CURE.)
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids,
WATERFORD, MAINE.
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Superintending Physician & Operating Surgeon
N. B. All interested will please send for circular
sent by mail.
O. F. TRASK,
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Sept. 17, 1870.
A. B. GODWIN,
Deputy Sheriff & Insurance Agent,
OFFICE with F. A. FRYE, Atty. at Law, corner of
Main and Broad Streets,
Bethel, Maine.
Nov. 14, 1871.
FREELAND HOWE,
INSURANCE AGENT!
NORWAY, ME.
Office—over Post office.
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance on favor-
able terms. sept. 13.
SAMUEL R. CARTER,
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LIFE & FIRE INSURANCE AGENT
—FOR—
OXFORD COUNTY.
S. R. C. represents only first-class Companies
and will issue Policies at as favorable rates as any
other Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars
or insurance, promptly answered, and any part of
the County visited if requested. April.
B. WALTON,
DEALER IN
SPECTACLES, JEWELRY, WATCH-
CHAINS, SEALS, KEYS, PICTURES & FRAMES.
Also on hand and for sale a lot of TIN-WARE
and other articles.
Sept. 13, 1870.

Poetry.

LOITERING YEARS.

Ah! years have loitered by, mother,
A weary, weary while,
Since last I saw thy gentle face,
With its sweet, patient smile;
Since last I felt thy fingers light
Pass fondly through my hair,
As at thy knee I knelt at night
To say my evening prayer.
Into the world I've gone, mother,
The old home left behind—
New ties of friendship and of love
About my heart have twined;
Yet in its saddest recess,
All day and joyless, still
There lies one well of tenderness
No earthly love can fill.
The self-forgetful care, mother;
The counsel ever near;
Thy sympathy with every joy,
Thy grief for every tear;
The loving glance, thy tender tone,
The warm kiss on my brow—
Gone from my life, forever gone!
I know their value now.

Select Story.

JOHN'S JEALOUSY.

They were married! After a long
courtship, and many conjectures, and
lengthy discussions, John Courtney, in
his fortieth year, led to the altar, Ada
Snowden, in the early dawn of her nine-
teenth year, and the two were one.
There was a bridal tour, a round of
parties, and then the mansion on Murray
Hill became the abode of a pair, well
married and settled, and began married
life in earnest.
"Time will hang heavily on your
hands to-day, Ada; I cannot return to-
morrow," he said, one morning in the
early days of his return to business.
"Oh no!" she said, looking carelessly
up from her cup, and rattling her silver
spoon on its edge, "don't mind it at all,
I'll go driving in the Park after awhile."
"In the Park? Alone? You shock me,
Ada."
"I'll call for Tilly Ogden."
"That fly away? Take my sister, Mrs.
Hale."
Ada's pretty red lips shaped themselves
into a pout.
"You know I do not like her, John."
"Very well, then suit yourself," and he
imprinted a very cool kiss on her white
forehead and walked away.
The Murray Hill mansion was a gor-
geous one. The parlors were grand sal-
oons, where French plate, lace, satin,
bronze and gold, all vied with each other
in splendid force.
The library contained a fortune, bound
in Morocco. There was a picture gallery
where hung the rarities of art. There
was everything within that house. There
was enough to make a Heaven for sensi-
ble work-a-day people, like you and I.
But Ada Courtney had been born to
luxury. All her life, she had known
nothing else, so this elegance did not at
all feel any more than it was all new,
and fresh, and a trifle different in pattern
from elegance at home.
So she sauntered up and down her
room, in a graceful cashmere wrapper,
paused once in a while to twist a curl
over her finger, and to admire her own
pretty face in the mirror, and wondered
with all her heart, how she could do
away with this day.
Even as she wondered there was a
rumble of wheels in the street below, and
in a trice the door flew open, and Tilly
Ogden, her confidant, and girl love,
swept in from her silken carriage robe,
and nodded and laughed, making her
plumes and laces dance in the air, and
said,
"Hurry up! The Park will be full of
splendid people about this time."
John had forbidden the Park but—
pshaw! he didn't know what else to
say. Besides, there was her purple silk
basque, just home from the manta-
maker's and that love of a hat, with its
snowy plumes, and purple trimmings.
She had never worn one of them, and
she couldn't and wouldn't resist the
temptation, for a thousand Johns.
An hour later, she ran down to the car-
riage, and with gay Tilly Ogden, was
borne away up the street.
It was delicious. There was not a
cloud to mar the perfect serenity of the
skied heavens, and there was a crisp
freshness in the atmosphere, that exhilar-
ated like a glass of old port wine, and
sent the blood dancing and sparkling
through the veins as if touched up with
electricity; as a matter of course, Mrs.
Courtney and her friend, drank in the ex-
hilaration, and grew radiant, and charm-
ing as only pretty women can, so that
many a passer, looked after them, and
was filled with admiration.
All at once, Tilly Ogden flushed a little,
and said, "Oh, Ada! Do look! There's
Hal Archer. Isn't he magnificent? Every-
body is crazy about him. Pete drive
slower."
A gentleman came riding leisurely
down the bridge path, mounted on a su-
perb animal, and as his great, languid,
lazy eyes caught sight of the carriage
and its occupants, they fired up into a
splendid brilliancy, and he rode through
the opening, that occurred just then, and
lifted his hat, with the grace of a court-
ier.
"Stop, Pete!" said Tilly under her
breath. "Ah, Mr. Archer! You are tak-
ing advantage of this glorious weather,

Mrs. Courtney, allow me to present Mr.
Archer."

That noble hat was again lifted, and
the brilliant eyes flashed into Ada's face.
"I am happy to meet Mrs. Courtney.
I believe it is quite the fashion to know
her just now," he said, with a smile, that
displayed a handsome set of teeth.
"Yes, brides are always the fashion,"
said Tilly, with a pretty, affected pout.
"When they are pretty, and charming,"
he said, giving Ada another sharp, ad-
miring glance.

Ada was a natural flirt, so she dexter-
ously tossed the ball to him, and for sev-
eral minutes it went back and forth.

Then to give the ladies their drive, he
ordered Pete on, and rode along beside
them, until it was time to return.

"By the by, Mrs. Courtney, do you
shine to-night, at Mrs. Adams'?" he
asked.

"I would not miss it for worlds," she
answered.

"I shall claim you for the first waltz,"
he said.

"I will remember,"
And the two ladies drove home. Tilly
still laughing and chattering, and Ada,
with a bright flush on either cheek, and a
strange subdued feeling at her heart.

This was the beginning.
Mrs. Adams' rooms were all aglow that
night, and called forth words of admira-
tion from even the most blasé of ball
goers.

John Courtney came late, and all the
world was there to behold, and mark the
contrast, as they entered, between him
and his radiant young bride.

She was resplendent, in her pale blue
satin, with its shimmering folds, half hid
beneath a wreath of frosty, billowy
lace, caught up here and there, in snowy
drifts, by shining white camellias, and
with her splendid red gold hair, crown-
ing her head in massive braids, and
drooping one or two tresses far below
her waist!

There was a murmur all about them,
as they entered; a murmur which brought
a deeper tinge to Ada's cheeks, but John
walked on, as stolid, and unconcerned, as
if he was on "change," and after paying
compliments to the hostess, marched her
over among a crowd of dowagers, and
left her.

For five minutes she pouted and made
short answers to a neighbor. Then there
was a step near her, and a voice said,
"I feared you would not come," and
she looked up to meet Hal Archer's dan-
gerous eyes fastened upon her face.

She held out her hand, and he clasped
it in his warm strong fingers, with a pres-
sure which sent a thrill to her heart.

"The next dance is a waltz. Do you
remember?"

"Oh yes. I never forget."
John had said it was a sin to waltz
with other men, and she remembered
that as well, but—the hand struck up a
wild, enchanting strain, and he looked
down into her eyes, and led her out.

What followed was like some sensations,
luxurious dance. His strong arm around
her waist, his eyes, great, heavy, latho-
mous, were looking into hers, his warm
breath fanned her cheek, and his voice
low and melodious, was sounding in
her ear like a sweet accompaniment
to the dreamy music.

Then with an effort she turned her
head away, and the long performed tress-
es of her golden hair, swept across his
lips, and on they whirled, with flying feet
as if intoxicated with the glorious mo-
ments.

When the music ceased, he swung her
round, in the shadow of a curtain, and
bending his head, whispered,
"I could have kept on forever, yet—I
should have lost my soul."

"She looked innocently up.
"Why?"
"I dare not tell you. It would be a
sin."

She turned her head away, with crimson
blushes dyeing her cheek, brow and
neck, and a fire burning in her blue eyes;
and saw John, with his face a trifle grave,
and forbidding, standing a little way off,
regarding her with his cold, strange
eyes, and looking verily like a cross,
irritated father.

"Hush! You mustn't speak so! There
is my husband yonder. He is looking at
me."

Archer shot a quick, sharp glance at
the stout, business looking figure of the
man she indicated, as her husband.

"He is jealous, is he? He will may-
be. I'll take you to him, but though I
lose sight of you, I'll never forget that
waltz."

A camellia, from the knot upon her
bosom, dropped apart from the others,
and seeing it, she lifted it in her gloved
fingers. As she did so, he caught it and
tore it away.

"Pardon me. I'll keep this as a memo-
rials of as beautiful dream as I ever
had," and he hid the snowy flower within
his vest.

Then he led her back to her husband,
politely bowed, and vanished.

"Who was that fellow?" asked John,
as he gave her his arm.

"A friend of Mrs. Adams."
"You waltzed with him?"
"Yes."

"When I forbade it?"
"How could I refuse? John, don't
scold! I am ill, and tired, and want to
go home."

So John wrapped her carefully, handed
her into the carriage, and they rode home
in silence.

Just inside the door, in the dimly light-
ed hall, John caught her arm, her bare,
white beautifully rounded arm, in his
great, strong cruel fingers.

"Do you dare to so defy me? I for-
bade you waltzing with other men. You
will obey me."

She glanced up at the rigid face, at the
gray sprinkled locks, which clustered
round it, then, over to a long mirror—
She saw the queenly head, with its shin-
ing crown of hair, the blue, lustrous
eyes, gleaming like stars, the piquant,
ruby mouth, the rosy, dimpled cheek,
the snowy throat, and the bare shoulders
rising like marble, from the filmy drapery.

"Why did he marry me?" she came into
her willful heart. "Ah, why?"

She shook his hand lightly away, and
ran lightly up two or three stairs and
turned a mocking face toward him.

"You should have thought of all this
three months ago, John," and then with
a saucy nod, she walked up stairs, her
costly robe trailing its heavy folds, in
graceful negligence, behind her.

And he hung up a fierce gleam and
said,
"Yes, yes, I should have thought be-
fore."

His voice struck her sorely, and hurt
her even more than his rough fingers had
done, but before the mirror, in her bou-
doir, she forgot him. She was rarely
beautiful. She possessed a magnificent
form, and one of those passion lit faces,
which drive men to madness, and with
these, she had a perfect knowledge of
their possession.

She idled away an hour before her mir-
ror, wondering why she had allowed
herself to be led into a marriage with
that stupid John Courtney, and thinking
of that dangerously handsome Hal
Archer.

"It was wrong! I'll not treat poor
John so, for he is kind to me," she said
after a while, and then went to bed.

It was late, on the following morning,
when she awoke, and the first thing her
eyes rested upon, was a superb basket of
fresh cut hot house flowers. She sat up-
right, her golden hair falling in a mist
about her.

"Oh my! How beautiful! Who sent
them? Not John, I'm sure. He would
think it such a silly extravagance."

She lifted the basket from the table
which had been wheeled close to her bed-
side, and peeped in among the fragrant
blossoms.

Ah! A little pink perfumed slip of pa-
per, fluttered from beneath a great creamy
lily. It read:

"I have hunted the city over, to find
an offering worthy of your acceptance.
This is the only one I can find. Pray
accept it, and the admiration of the donor,
H. A."

"Ah, Hal Archer!" and the silly wife
hid her face, and laughed "John would
tear his hair out by handfuls."

John had risen hours before, like the
man of business he assuredly was, and
taken himself away to his office, so she
had no one to disturb her pretty dreams
over those sweet, pure buds and roses,
until—there came a ring at the bell, and
a visitor was announced.

A visitor! Nobody but that wild Tilly
Ogden with an invitation to join her in
her morning drive, and thinking it odd
that she did not come in as usual, Ada
peeped out.

Hal Archer was on the front step, toy-
ing with the silken tassels of Tilly's pa-
rasol. Should she go? He looked up to-
ward the window, and she ran away to
the richest carriage dress her ward-
robe contained.

Then she slipped one or two flowers
from her basket, and hustled them in her
bosom and went down.

He surely had no right, and no earthly
reason, for giving her such a hot, pas-
sionate gaze, and such a pressure of the
hand, as he lifted her in, but a mad in-
fatuation had taken hold of her, and she
did not resent it, as she should, blushed
like a silly girl, and trembled beneath
his touch.

"I don't pity you a bit," said Mrs.
Hale, John's only sister, who had a heart
like flint, and a face to match. "You
might have known better, than to have
married a brainless, unformed creature,
like Ada Snowden. There she sat, with
Miss Ogden, who is a perfect wild-cat,
and that Hal Archer, who everybody
knows to be a rake, and they were mak-
ing noise enough to frighten a body, with
their laughter. I was shocked, and
ashamed, that I could recognize them.
Everybody was in the Park, and if you
don't look out there'll be fine stories
afoot."

John drew a hard, long breath.
"I'll go home, Martha, and see about
it. I couldn't bear a disgrace like that.
But I'm afraid that Ada don't love me."
"Afraid! Did you ever imagine that
she did, you old dotard?"

John groaned, then got up in a great
hurry, and bade his sister good-bye.

His home was only a few blocks up the
avenue, but his mind was distracted be-
yond measure, and so he went a long
way round to collect his thoughts, and
make up an effective speech.

When he finally reached his door, all
the rugged lines in his face, stood out in
bold relief, and his mouth was chilly and
bitter.

He let himself in with his latch-key,
strode up the stairs, two at a time, and
flung open the door of his wife's parlor.
Then he paused, with something like an
oath!

She was sitting at a window, looking
as usual, like a picture. Her beautiful
hair was carelessly, but becomingly ar-
ranged; her fair complexion was well
set off, with the black silk dress, and the
elegant white jacket, and bright ribbons.

She was looking out of the window,
with a crimson blush on her cheek, and
handsome Hal Archer was standing be-
side her, holding her hand, and regarding
her as no man should regard another
man's wife.

As the door swung open, they both
turned, and for a moment, the trembling
wife, the half ashamed gallant, and the
angry husband, gazed mutely at each
other.

John broke the silence, by saying
harshly:

"So this is the way you spend your af-
ternoons, Mrs. Courtney. Ah, hum! I
think your name sir, is Archer!"

"It is!" answered Hal, in a freezing
tone.

"You will oblige me, Mr. Archer, by
leaving my house at once, and save me
the trouble of kicking you out."

Hal Archer was a dainty fellow, a per-
fect lady's man, and kicking, fighting, or
anything not strictly in keeping with a
lady's parlor, was entirely foreign to his
nature.

So he regarded John with a shocked
expression, and stood stock still.

"I hope you understood me, sir," said
John, moving a step forward.

"I—oh yes!" and the elegant fellow
walked out.

"Oh, John! I didn't mean to do
wrong, I—I—"

"Ada! You have dishonored me."
"Oh, John! My God, has it come to
this? You know not what you say, John.
Don't say that horrible word. I have not
wronged you. It was only a flirtation."

He looked fiercely at her, but said not
another word. He sat down, however,
and hastily wrote a few words, on a leaf
torn from his note book, and folded it up,
and laid it on her table.

Then he gave her another fierce hard
look, and walked out, leaving her sitting
a perfect wreck, in her easy chair.

What could she do? What would
John do? What had he written?

She crept over toward it, like a fright-
ened child, and opened it with trembling
fingers.

"Ada, I cannot speak to you. I love
you better than my own life, and you
have broken my heart. I am going
away, to Boston, and I may never, never
come back."

Had Ada been in her usual mood, she
would have laughed at this outburst, from
her methodical, sensible husband, but she
was half wild with shame and grief, and
could only wring her white hands and
cry aloud.

Meanwhile John stalked down the
street, with wild passion. He meant
when he wrote to Ada, to go direct to
Boston, but somehow his rage seemed
overpowering him, and he felt like walk-
ing up and down, until he walked a por-
tion of it away. He was very hot, and
stuffed, and after a little, he slacked up,
and found, breathing a painful difficulty.

He turned into Broadway, and quick-
ened his steps, to try to start the blood
that seemed to stand thick and still in his
swelling veins. He unbuckled his coat,
and tugged at his collar. He lifted his
hat, and walked on bareheaded, for a
block or more. There was a buzz, like
the whirr of machinery, and all the
passers lifted up and down; surged this
way, and then something—like the sud-
den closing of a door, shut out all the
light, and a crowd passed around, to look
at the prostrate form, that laid so still and
white, on the hard pavement.

For a long period, John's existence
was a blank. Then he awoke to a help-
less consciousness, and knew that he was
at home, in bed. He could not lift his
head, or speak, but he could see the
darkened windows, and familiar objects,
and hear soft footsteps near his bed.

Then he began to see the dim light,
a slight form with a white, wan face, and
a regal little head, covered with a mass
of golden hair all combed back plain, and
smooth, and knotted closely up be-
hind.

Little by little he began to know that
the white face belonged to Ada, and that
the soft hands that smoothed his pillow,
and tenderly fed him, were also Ada's.

As this helplessness dropped away from
his life, so a certain numbness left his
heart, and made him feel as he had felt
in his early boyhood,—not at all like the
worldly man he had been, when this ill-
ness came upon him.

He found, as he grew clearer that she
never left him. He could see her catch-
ing naps, in the easy chair, and growing
thin, and white, every day, with confine-
ment and care, but still she sat there.

Once in a while, his sister came, and
scolded, but Ada only grew whiter, if
possible, and cried after she went away.

But after many days, that spell was
broken, and one night, when the lamps
were lighted, and they were alone, he
looked up, and said "Ada?"

She sprang up with a glad cry,
"Oh, John!"

"Darling!"

"Oh, John! You won't die, will you?"
and then she fell back as lifeless as he had
been that day in the crowded street.

"It's no wonder," they said, when they
came in to her. "She's been up night
and day, and never let you stir, for a
single moment."

And then that great, selfish John knew
how true his girl wife had been to him.

in spite of handsome Hal Archer, and his
waltzing, and flirting.

It was not many weeks before he was
almost himself again, and the very mor-
ment he was able to sit in his easy chair,
Ada crept up into his arms.

"John, forgive me," she said; "I did
love you all the while, but I wanted to
be petted, and made love to, and when
you didn't pet, and love me, I got vexed,
and listened to that hateful Hal Archer.
He is going to marry Tilly Ogden, next
month."

The grand house on Murray Hill, now
holds all that is best in Ada Courtney's
life, and when she waltzes, it is with
John, and her morning drives are taken
with the babies.

Who are the Disaffected.

This question, as to the character and
sources of disaffection, is answered by
the Boston Journal in the following ar-
ticle:

It is an evident, and most significant,
peculiarity of the Cincinnati movement
that just in proportion as you go from
politicians to the people, you find the
strength of the movement diminishing
and disappearing. We know it is often
said that politicians are only indicators
of the popular current; they are so to a
certain degree, but as the pivot on which
they turn consists of their own notion of
public sentiment, shaped by an excep-
tional pressure of personal biases, griefs
and resentments, they are apt to be like
a vane with a twist in it, or a compass
lying in contact with an assortment of
magnets. Hence some of the most un-
popular parties have had the greatest
proportion of politicians, and hence the
clear distinction between the politicians
and the people. In fact, in enumerating
the sources of political influence and
strength in this country, it might answer
most purposes to keep in mind a three-
fold distinction, namely, politicians, the
press and the people. How does the
Cincinnati movement stand with regard
to these severally—we mean, of course,
on the Republican side of the country?

Perhaps the state of New York will
afford us a fair instance. Several well-
known Republican politicians—though
but few of them are of respectable stand-
ing in their line—have endorsed the Cin-
cinnati project. Yet of the two hundred
republican newspapers in the State, not
more than half a dozen have taken the
same direction, while the leading inde-
pendent journal and a decided majority
of the religious and neutral papers of
the State concede and favor the re-elec-
tion of President Grant. Among the
Republican masses the evidences of dis-
affection are still fewer and feebler. In
Iowa, where a Liberal Convention met
on Tuesday, and—in the true spirit of
"centralization"—appointed a formidable
list of 130 delegates to Cincinnati, there
is not a single Republican paper out of
the 235 in the State, which opposes
Grant's re-election! The voice of the
Republican people is apparent from the
fact that in the recent State Convention
there were in attendance only five anti-
Grant men, and the instructions to the
delegates to Philadelphia to vote and
work for Grant were not opposed by a
single vote! Of the Republican papers
in Illinois, only two have thus far de-
clared their purpose to oppose the Phil-
adelphia nomination.

The same peculiarity crops out every-
where. In localities where politicians
are numerous, as in St. Louis, Chicago,
Philadelphia and New York city, Cin-
cinnati demonstration are tolerably im-
posing; where the people directly manifest
themselves, in absence of all office-seek-
ing middle-men, as in Maine, Vermont,
and throughout New England generally,
the movement has no existence as a polit-
ical force. This is particularly true of
moral elements of our community, as it
is in New York, where the Albany Jour-
nal says: "There are several thousand
clergymen in the State, and not one, to
our knowledge, has taken ground in favor
of the Cincinnati movement; and our ad-
vices are that all of them who are Re-
publicans stand in solid array, or nearly
so, for Grant's re-election."

It is obvious, therefore, that the Cin-
cinnati project begins at the wrong end
of the political scale. What strength it
has is chiefly among the politicians, it
comes weaker with the press, and disap-
pears among the people. It is unces-
sary to say that every true reform, every
great successful movement, has come up
by an entirely different

Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, MAY 28, 1872.

Campaign Papers.

Will our Agents and friends return lists of subscribers to campaign paper by June 1st that we may make up our lists? Those not in season for the first No. in June, will receive a No. extra, at the close of the subscription.

Mr. Greeley's Acceptance.

It is a trite remark that a lawyer has a fool for a client when he has himself. Mr. Greeley has written a letter of acceptance, and if he had not been obliged to write it for himself, no one doubts but he could have written a good one. As it is, it has several weak points, which are noticeable by the most casual reader. We refer to those where self appears, and where good taste and good judgment give way to overbearing vanity. Take this for instance: "The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased, and unsolicited utterances satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as a harbinger of a better day for the republic."

"The unconstrained, unpurchased and unsolicited utterances" that Mr. Greeley has received, since the nomination, satisfy him his name has received the stamp of public approval, and has been hailed by a majority of his countrymen, &c. Verily, if the great philosopher's head was never turned before, it is now. In the first place, he hasn't the evidence, and couldn't have gathered it, from any source, but by a vote, and in the next place, how vain to announce it.

Then the sentence which follows: "I do not misinterpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly esteemed gentleman with whose name I thank your Convention for associating mine."

How long has Mr. Greeley been an admirer of B. Gratz Brown? He has all ways been in controversy with his views, and holds to nothing, and never did, in common with him—excepting this nomination, and yet he has thanks to give for associating his name with his.

Then he asserts, besides, that the platform has "commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen," &c. We should sooner think this were nearer the truth, than the former statement, that a majority of the people had adopted the candidates. Most of the principles enunciated are very well, because fixed republican facts—but everybody knows that more importance was attached to the nominees at Cincinnati, than to the platform adopted.

Mr. Frye Re-nominated.

The nomination of Hon. W. P. Frye, our M. C., by acclamation, was but the spontaneous feeling of all sections of the District, as expressed by delegates who were elected without any party machinery or solicitation. Mr. Frye has not only served the District acceptably, but also taken pride in his ability and talents. He has wisely refrained from speech-making his first term, giving his attention to Committee work, but he will be ready, in the next Congress, to discuss measures and draw lines with the ablest. Indeed, he has shown his metal, in a slight brush with Mr. Holman, of Indiana, an old stager and able parliamentarian, which occurred recently. It was in relation to a report from the Committee on Claims. The correspondent of the Boston Journal, referring to it, says: "The debate between Mr. Frye of Maine, and Mr. Holman of Indiana, on the grant claims, is spoken of as the most interesting intellectual contest of the session, and Mr. Frye had decidedly the best of it. Mr. Holman contested the passage of the bill step by step, with his usual ability and adroitness; but his eleven years' experience did not enable him to make a point, and he finally acknowledged himself beaten by not insisting on a final count."

A Washington correspondent says: "The House, for a wonder, paid particular attention to his remarks, crowding around his desk and showing by their manner their appreciation of his eloquence, and when he finished his remarks he was congratulated by many of the oldest and best republicans of the House."

Mr. Frye's popularity in the District will ensure him a triumphant election. We have assurances that we shall hear his voice on the stump, during the canvass.

National Workingmen's Convention.

At the Convention held in New York, the 24th, thirty States were represented. Col. Gibbons on taking the chair eulogized Grant's recent action in regard to the eight hour system and said he was the only man who could be trusted by the working classes. A series of resolutions were reported, embodying the following principles:

The reduction of the national debt; unconditional settlement of the Alabama claims; enforcement of the eight hour law; low rate of interest as a common national law; encouragement of ship building; giving the U. S. mails exclusively to American built ships; and sympathy with nations struggling under oppression.

Mr. McGee of New York recommended President Grant for re-nomination and the Missouri delegation Horace Greeley. On taking the ballot Grant received 24 votes and Greeley 5 votes. The nomination of Grant was then made unanimous. Senator Henry Wilson was nominated for Vice President by the following ballot: Wilson 160; Edward D. Morgan 25; Colfax 24.

The friends and supporters of the great farmer of Chappaqua, at Sacarappa, have through a prominent merchant of that place, sent to New York for a supply of small handkerchiefs, Horace Greeley said, and announced their intention to wear them for Greeley.

An Oxford County Liberal.

We do hear of one Greeley Republican in our County, and but one, and we presume he has "let his light shine" by contributing to that liberal republican paper, the Portland Argus. At any rate, there is an article in that paper, purporting to come from a "Liberal Republican" of Oxford County, but which has the "earmarks" of an old fashioned democrat so well defined that we cannot help doubting its genuineness. He represents that there is unbounded enthusiasm in his locality for Mr. Greeley—but fails to inform us where this interesting locality is! But see how liberal he is. He says:

"Let the most perfect liberality prevail! As Republicans, we do not intend to be outdone in liberality. If Democrats can vote for Greeley, we can vote for your Bradbury, Roberts, Adams or many others of State fame. Once united on the Cincinnati platform, we can sweep in victory country, districts, and State. Meanwhile the life of the liberal movement hangs on the nomination at Baltimore."

We have italicized the last sentence of the paragraph, because it contains the milk in that Cocoa-nut! It shows its authorship, and for whom it was intended. It is too then. It is nothing more than the effusion of a dyed-in-the-wool, Greeley democrat, anxious for fear the democrats will not endorse Greeley, and trying to show his own party that it is their only hope. "Meanwhile, the life of the liberal movement hangs on the nomination at Baltimore." Excellent advice to republicans!

While at Lewiston, last week, with Gen. Kimball, and W. W. Bolster, Esq., we were the recipients of a ride and polite attention from M. T. LUDDEKE, Esq. (formerly of Turner) now in successful practice in the city of spindles. We visited the famous Bates Mill, and were shown through every department by the accommodating Superintendent, Mr. C. I. Barker. It took us over an hour to go through this vast establishment, and we are entirely inadequate to the task of describing the wonderful processes by which the raw material of Cotton and Wool were worked up into such splendid fabrics as were shown us in the packing rooms. We were most interested in the production of the superior Marseilles Quilts for which this Mill is famed.

Mr. Barker is a practical man, and perfectly familiar with all the details of the business, having commenced as a bobbin-boy. His services are now worth about \$12,000 a year. He is also the inventor of some of the best machinery in use. The Company make Calicoes, Ginghams, and Woollen goods, and the process is extremely interesting to a novice. The machines in use were complicated and very intricate—some of them as "intelligent" as life. We could see into them a good way, as they were not so opaque as a grind-stone, but did not fully comprehend all their movements! One gets an exalted idea of the capacity of the human intellect by viewing the smooth working of complicated machinery. And this is but one of the many large and prosperous Mills of this thriving and growing city, which is destined to rival Lowell and Lawrence in the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods.

Lewiston has been very deficient in good stores. Lisbon street being lined with a set of cheap buildings, which have paid well to the owners, no doubt, but which are not up to the enterprise of the place. Messrs. Richards & Merrill, prosperous clothing dealers, erected half of a fine block of stores, last year, nearly opposite the Journal office, which is a credit to the place, and to their enterprise. They have got one of the best stores in the State for their large and increasing clothing business, and have some fine offices in the second story. One of the nearest hall in the State, called Lyceum Hall, has been completed in the building, which meets a much needed want of the place. The hall will accommodate a thousand, and is said to be constructed on principles of acoustics, which is such a failure of many halls. We have seen nothing in the State that compares with this hall in style of finish, beauty, &c.

Messrs. Richards & Merrill are reliable, agreeable men to do business with, and we advise all our Oxford County people who want anything in their line, to find the store under the pretty hall, and they will get suited.

A Singular Story.

The New York World mentions a singular coincidence. For a season prior to the Cincinnati Convention the New York Tribune made furious and persistent assaults on the "Brooklyn ring," accusing it of perpetrating various frauds and rascalties. All of a sudden it became dull as an oyster on this topic; and by a singular coincidence, the Brooklyn Eagle, the organ of the aforesaid "ring," and conducted by a leading democratic politician, comes out at the same time in warm advocacy of Greeley as the Democratic candidate for President. The World alleges that the Tammany ring is strong for Greeley, and recalls how softly the Tribune opposed them last fall. The World appeals to its democratic contemporaries, asking if that is the kind of "reform" they are going for.

The Republican State Convention.

The Commencement of Bates College coming on the day fixed by the State Committee for the State Convention at Lewiston, and as on the week preceding, the Peace Jubilee occurs, calling the utmost facilities of the railroads into requisition, it has been agreed by the committee that the Convention shall be held in Lewiston THURSDAY, JUNE 13th. Arrangements will be made for the usual half fares on railroads and steamboats.

The Republicans of the third Congressional District unanimously nominated Hon. J. G. Blaine for Representative to Congress. This is Mr. Blaine's sixth nomination. Col. James Erskine of Bliss was nominated for elector; H. Bliss, Jr., and H. Knowlton were chosen delegates to the Philadelphia Convention.

Mr. Greeley's Letter of Acceptance.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1872. GENTLEMEN:—I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d inst., till I could learn how the work of your Convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge of the effect of the work was approved, and ratified by the mass of our fellow citizens.

Their response from day to day has reached me, through telegrams, letters and the comments of journalists, independent of official patronage and influence, to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased and unsolicited utterances, satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as a harbinger of a better day for the Republic.

I do not misinterpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly esteemed gentleman with whose name I thank your Convention for associating mine. I receive it and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable platform of principles which our countrymen so tersely, so lucidly, so forcibly set forth the convictions which impelled, and the purposes which guided its course—a platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of a worn out, outmoded and bygone system, embodies in fit and few words the needs and aspirations of to-day.

Though thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or caviar has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows:

First—All the political rights and franchises which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed and respected forevermore.

Second—All the political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should and must be promptly restored and re-established, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our union, whose long estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty with impartial suffrage.

Third—That subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self-government, and not at centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over the military; that the writ of habeas corpus should be jealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with the public order, and that there should be no federal subversion of the internal policy of the several States and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce the rights and promote the well being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

Fourth—There shall be a real and not merely a simulated reform in the civil service of the republic, to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from the main temptations of greed and selfishness, by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his re-election.

Fifth—That the raising of revenues, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, and that the representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to furnish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not.

Sixth—That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on the projects of railroads for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

Seventh—That the achievement of these great purposes of universal beneficence is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of past affiliations.

Eighth—That the public faith must at all hazards be maintained and the national credit preserved.

Ninth—That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow citizens, who as soldiers or sailors upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered, and honorably rewarded.

These propositions so ably and forcibly presented in the platform of your convention have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen, who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the basis of a true, beneficent, national reconstruction of a new departure from jealousies, strifes and hates which have done longer adequate motives or even plausible pretexts, in the sphere of public policy, and which are now a good will. In vain do its drill sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly their truculent and angry insinuations that the files shall be closed and straightened.

In vain do the whippers-in of parties once vain, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting; denounce men nowise their inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin, if they consent to the American people have already made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph.

In this fact, and with the distinct understanding that if elected I shall be the President not of a party but of the whole people, I accept your nomination in the confident trust that the masses of countrymen North and South are eager to grasp hands across the bloody chasm which has too long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are and must henceforth remain brethren.

Yours, gratefully, HORACE GREELEY. To Mrs. Carl Schurz, President; Hon. W. Julian, Vice-President and others.

The universal testimony of the delegates at the Congressional Convention held at Auburn last Wednesday, was, that there were no Greeley republicans at home. The testimony was equally strong that the democracy was being rent and disorganized by the question of supporting Horace; but that rank and file follow their leaders wherever they may go; of course, they always do.

The legislation of the Senate in its all night session of Tuesday had some important results. It made the Amnesty bill, which has long been before Congress, a law, thus meeting the wishes of President Grant as expressed in his last annual message, and smashing up one of the plank in the Liberal platform. The bill restores to the privileges of office-holding all rebels, except those members of Congress and other high civil and military officers who deserted their trusts to join in the rebellion. This is going far enough at present, and will meet all the requirements of the South. Thus the Administration generously rises above "worn out contentions and by-gone feuds," as Mr. Greeley says, though we have no idea that Mr. Greeley will give it any credit therefor.

The grass is looking finely.

Second District Republican Convention.

The Second District Congressional Convention assembled at Auburn Hall, Auburn on Wednesday, 23d, at 10 o'clock A. M. Robert Martin, Esq., chairman of the District Committee, read the call, and called to the chair Gen. Wm. K. Kimball, of Paris, when the following temporary organization was effected:—

Gen. Wm. K. Kimball, Paris, President; A. H. S. Davis, Farmington, Wm. D. Haley, Bath, Secretaries.

Gen. Kimball, on taking the chair, briefly thanked the convention for the honor, and expressed the utmost confidence in the success of the republican cause.

Geo. Barron of Topsham, moved that a committee of four be raised on credentials. The following gentlemen were appointed by the chair:—

Geo. Barron of Topsham, G. P. Jones, of Norway; R. Prince, Turner; N. C. Goodenow, Farmington.

Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of the Lewiston Journal, was called upon to make a few remarks while the committee on credentials were out. His remarks were full of good cheer, and he predicted the triumphant re-election of President Grant.

The Committee on Credentials reported credentials of 83 delegates from Androscoggin, 97 from Oxford, 62 from Franklin, 46 from Sagadahoc, Total, 288.

On motion, the temporary organization was declared permanent.

On motion of Col. F. E. Shaw, of Paris, Hon. Wm. P. Frye was nominated by acclamation, Representative to Congress from the Second Congressional District. In presenting Mr. Frye, Col. Shaw took occasion to highly compliment Mr. Frye, and express the high confidence reposed in him.

On motion a committee of one from each county was appointed to receive, sort and count votes for a candidate for elector. They reported

White No. of votes, 133
Necessary to a choice, 67

C. D. Sewall, Farmington, had 64
John H. Kimball, Bath, 69

On motion of Mr. Sewall, the nomination was declared unanimous.

On motion, F. E. Shaw of Paris, and A. H. S. Davis of Farmington, were nominated by acclamation, delegates to the Philadelphia Convention.

The following Committee on Resolutions was raised: Perry of Oxford; Goodenow of Franklin; Baker of Sagadahoc; Dingley of Androscoggin.

The following District Committee was then raised: Robert P. Carr, Bowdoinham; Reuben Fenderson, Farmington; Geo. D. Bisbee, Buckfield; Robert Martin, Auburn.

The following were chosen Alternates to the Philadelphia Convention: Seward Dill of Phillips; Wm. A. Bradley, Fryeburg.

The Committee on resolutions made the following report:

Resolved, That the unexampled prosperity of the country after a long and exhausting war to preserve the life of the Nation; the universal feeling of stability which encourages enterprises of all kinds; the steady diminution of the national debt; the large reduction of taxation; the enhancement of the public credit; the rapid extension of every right to every citizen; and the confession of the democratic party that they are doomed to perpetual defeat unless they can convince the people that they have adopted (in part at least) the republican platform and a republican as a candidate for President, are the satisfactory proofs of a national confidence in the republican administration of the government.

Resolved, That in our judgment Gen. Grant has been a faithful and patriotic in cabinet, as he was in the field; that his earnest efforts to administer the government with fidelity and economy, and introduce long-needed reforms into the civil service, merit and receive the approval of his honest heart and firm purpose; his re-nomination to the Presidency, as the re-nomination to the Vice Presidency of that true and tried republican statesman, Schuyler Colfax, are earnestly desired by the republicans of this District.

Resolved, That in presenting to the people of this District Hon. William P. Frye as the republican candidate for Representative to Congress, we are assured that his ability, eloquence and fidelity are such as to eminently fit him for this position; and we do not but that this nomination will be triumphantly ratified at the polls.

Adopted amidst great enthusiasm.

W. K. Kimball, President.
A. H. S. Davis, Secretary.
W. D. Haley, Secretary.

EDITORIAL EXCURSION.—The Editors and Publishers from the western section of the State, with their ladies, will take the steamer Lewiston at Portland, Tuesday, July 9th, arriving at Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, at noon on Wednesday, the 10th, and members from the eastern part of the State, can take the same steamer on her return trip from Machias the next day. It is intended to pass a week at Bar Harbor where the hotel accommodations will be ample.

THE JUBILEE CHORUS. Eight musical societies from this State will take part in the World's Peace Jubilee Chorus in Boston. They are registered as follows:

No. 13—Bangor; Penobscot Musical Association; organized Oct. 9th, 1848.

No. 54—Rockland and Damariscotta; Knox and Lincoln Musical Association; organized 1864.

No. 63—Lewiston; Androscoggin Musical Society; organized Oct. 25th, 1866.

No. 74—Augusta; Choral Society; organized Feb. 21st, 1872.

No. 93—Farmington; Musical Society; organized Dec. 1871.

No. 111—Biddeford; Choral Union; organized Sept. 9th, 1869.

No. 131—Portland; Haydn Association; organized Jan. 27th, 1857.

No. 140—Fryeburg; Jubilee Club; organized Feb. 28th, 1872.

At a meeting of the Baptist Church and Society, Paris Hill, held the 19th inst., it was unanimously voted that the Pastor, Rev. A. A. Ford, be requested to withdraw his resignation of the pastorate of the Church; and it was also voted with equal unanimity, that he be allowed a vacation of such length as is needed for the restoration of his health.

OXFORD CONVENTOR will meet with the church in Turner, Tuesday, June 11th. First sermon by Rev. D. Garland, Bethel. Second, by Rev. G. A. Lockwood, Oxford. Questions for discussion:

Have we Divine authority for prohibiting women from preaching? Opened by Rev. D. Garland.

What should be the doctrinal basis of church membership in our Congregational churches? Opened by Rev. A. Loring.

How shall Christians most effectively recommend religion to the world? Opened by Rev. J. B. Wheelwright.

What is the true relation of the Sunday School to the Church? Opened by Rev. G. A. Lockwood.

The different churches will be entertained as follows, viz: Gorham and Andover at Den. J. E. Talbot's. Gilead at D. C. Dresser's. Bethel 2d at Mr. Barrell's. Bethel 2d at D. B. Robinson's. Rumford at R. S. Bradford's. Dixfield at N. W. Adams'. Sumner at Albion Ricker's. South Paris at S. S. Hough's. Norway at J. S. Hale's. Oxford at M. & J. Cary's.

A. B. JORDAN, } COM.
DAVID GARLAND, }
JESSIE BRADFORD. }

—The Maine Farmer pays the following tribute to the worth of Miss Goodenow:

We record with regret the death of Miss Emily A. Goodenow, which occurred at Washington last week. She was a native of Paris, and daughter of the late Hon. R. K. Goodenow formerly member of Congress from that District. When the war broke out Miss Goodenow was governess in the family of Hon. Humphrey Marshall, afterwards a Confederate general. With much difficulty she succeeded in coming north, leaving most of her wardrobe and pay for her services behind. Reaching Washington she was for some time engaged in teaching a freedman's school, depending for compensation on voluntary contributions. She was devoted to her arduous, and in many respects unpleasant duties, as she was in every good work she undertook.

When her services were no longer needed in the schools, she obtained a situation in the Treasury department which she held till the time of her death. She possessed a finely cultivated taste and was a graceful and ready writer. For a year or two past, until her health failed, she was the Washington correspondent of the Lewiston Journal and her letters were very acceptable to the numerous readers of that paper.

Frost's Corner Items.

The fields and the forests are taking to "a wearing of the green."—The prospect for a fair crop of hay, is the best for three years, the frequent rains doing wonders for the grass lands. The farmers are getting their seed in, in good season. Mr. F. S. Gammon has planted five acres of potatoes. The apple trees are all going to blossom. Bad for the cider law. Beans are very scarce in this section. Meat dealers are now sending to Auburn, for a supply of beef. According to our diary, the snow fall in this town, the past winter was 2 feet 2 inches, in December, 1 foot 5 inches, in January, 2 feet, in February, and 1 foot 5 inches, in March; making in all a total of 7 feet 7 inches. There was no fall of snow in April, and but little rain. Mr. Sumner Frost has taken his nice horse to Boston, for sale. Mr. Jacob Bradbury and wife intend starting for "down east" next week, to spend the summer with their son, Dr. O. N. Bradbury of Springfield.

Mr. Frank A. Danforth, the well known cider manufacturer of Norway, has appointed Agents in Auburn and Portland, to retail his cider.—Norway Advertiser.

Albany Items.

A North Waterford correspondent of the Register says that the mills in Albany owned by Hon. John Lynch and A. C. Barker, were built and are superintended by Mr. D. H. Talbot, and are now in full operation, with a full head of water. The power is about 150 horse, and Mr. Talbot has so arranged the propelling power as to use the water twice, transmuting the power back to the mill by a wire rope 300 feet long, attached to an overhead water wheel fifteen feet in diameter. One hundred thousand of spool timber and two thousand feet of pine lumber have been cut, and seventy-five thousand feet of lumber have been manufactured into boxes. The mills are run day and night, leaving off at five o'clock Saturday afternoons and commencing at seven o'clock Monday mornings, thus avoiding working on Sunday as is so much practiced by mill owners throughout the country. Twenty men are employed, all of good steady habits, not one of them using intoxicating liquors of any kind.

Denmark Items.

C. O. Pondexter, last week, dug full grown potatoes for dinner in the garden of G. W. Gray, at Denmark Corner.—Beat this who can!

Mr. Mial Jordan has brought from Chicago a relic of the recent conflagration in the semblance, but not of the specific gravity—of the finest unpolished black marble, but which in reality is charred floor, from the debris of one of the large ware-houses, a still smoldering mass, when he left a few weeks ago.

Hay is in lively demand, at \$35.00 per ton.

Early pigs are selling for \$4.00 apiece. Alzo Ingalls is doing a slaking business in his stove factory, running day and night, and frequently turning out two thousand per day.

Our Teutonic townsman, John Blake, has spring wheat growing, two inches high, and corn spikes making their appearance above ground, says the Bridgton News.

Both branches of Congress are now full, the first since the rebellion. Mr. Rogers, of North Carolina, was admitted to his Seat by the passage of the amnesty act. So the republican party has restored a full Congress again, which democracy rent asunder.

Norway Items.

We regret to chronicle the fact, that owing to the failure of Messrs. B. Y. Pippy & Co., of Boston, selling agents of the Clyde Manufacturing Co., of this place, they are obliged to wind up their business; we learn they are doing this in the most honorable manner, having placed their entire assets in the hands of their creditors, and the business will probably be settled as it should be, without the costs of any litigation. This loss does not reflect at all upon the present management, either of the Treasurer, or of their efficient Superintendent, Mr. A. P. Richmond. Under their but recent charge, the mill was never in so good running order, or making better goods, and it is hoped that parties may be found, who will take hold of this interest in our community, and that we shall still hear the hum of the loom, without any interruption. This will open a rare chance for anyone who wishes to engage in manufacturing.—Advertiser.

The room for the Norway National Bank has at last been completed, and the Bank is now occupying it. The counter is of pine trimmed with black walnut; the walls have been papered with a pretty paper, the wood work grained, and the windows enlarged. The location is one of the pleasantest in the village.

The editor of the Advertiser has been "trouting," and recommends all who wish to engage in the sport to visit Lombard Brook.

Rev. T. T. Merry acknowledges the receipt of \$84.50, as a present from the young ladies and friends of the Congregational Society. He has preached for the three past Sabbaths at Machias very acceptably, and the church has given him a call to settle, but he has not given his decision.

The first Universalist church of this village, will celebrate their anniversary Sunday, June 24th. Invitations have been extended to the Sunday Schools of Paris Hill, Bryant's Pond, Mechanic Falls, North Norway, and other neighboring towns, and a pleasant time is anticipated.

The friends of Dr. F. E. Crockett gave him a surprise party on Thursday evening. It was the fifth anniversary of his marriage. Many articles of wooden ware were presented, among which was a fine office chair.

Norway has the promise of a good hay crop the coming season.

Messrs. Plummer and Nevers are building dwellings at Steep Falls, which add much to the looks of the place.

Rev. Geo. W. Kelly, of East Deering, preached at the Congregational church in this village, last Sunday.

The Advertiser says: Mr. Charles L. Packard opened his new barber's shop, yesterday, and says he is full of business. He is filling up the front room with candy, nuts, &c.

Bethel Items.

During the past two weeks we have experienced a kind of weather sufficiently warm for comfort, though a portion of the time considerable breeze was stirring. Last Saturday at noon the thermometer was ninety degrees.

It is almost impossible to get across the river on account of the lumber that is running past.

The pomegranate, the sugar plum, the wild or bird cherry blossoms are expanding and turning up their delicate and beautiful lips for the connoisseur's kiss of spring. The putting forth of all Nature is wonderful to look upon these fine days.

The apple blossoms bid fair to be the most abundant and beautiful that the oldest inhabitants have ever seen. The question is now being asked, What can prevent a great crop of fruit this year. Can a drought? A severe fall drought may effect the maturation of fruit.

But little hay will be summered this season. As a general thing stock has been turned to pasture in good condition. We hear in few cases where farmers gave all their hay, straw, roots, grain, and even the contents of their straw beds to their stock, and if the winter had been twenty minutes longer their stock must have starved to death.

Mr. John D. Gossion owns a ewe sheep that dropped a lamb April 29th, and in just two weeks from that time she produced two lambs. Another offspring of the genus ovib; both are alive and doing well.

The people of Gilead intend to have their wire bridge completed the last of June next. The four wires that support the bridge weigh sixty tons.

Mr. Jesse Cross, lost a valuable cow last week, by breaking her leg. Mr. C. refused \$60 for her a few days before.

We recently with pleasure interviewed an ancient relic. Mrs. Olive Blake, of Gilead, has in her possession a wooden sugar-bowl, skimmer, and pewter platter presented her by an aged mother some thirty years ago, which was made for her about the time of her marriage, and is over eighty years old. They are in ancient and peculiar style. Mrs. John D. Gossion of this town, has a platter of the same stamp, which has been in use one hundred years.

The school at Gould's Academy closed last week. The school has been under the instruction of C. H. Hersey, Esq., who has given entire satisfaction. The summer term will commence May 28th. A good number of scholars is expected to be in attendance.

C.

Decorations Day will be celebrated in Bethel by ceremonies at Evergreen Cemetery, and addresses in the evening at one of the churches. The programme for the day's entertainment was sent, but failed to reach us.

H. M. Flaisted, of Bangor, formerly Col. of the 11th Maine, will deliver the oration and poem. From what we know of the General, a capital effort may be expected.

The Masons, Odd Fellows, Sabbath Schools and citizens, are to unite with the Soldiers, in decorating the graves at Bridgton on Memorial day, next Thursday.

Waterford Items.

Our Waterford Correspondent writes: Between two and three o'clock Wednesday morning, Mr. Liberty Kilgore of Waterford, was awakened by one of his children calling, "The house is on fire; I can hear it roar." Mr. Kilgore sprang out of bed, and ran out, without stopping to dress, when he saw that his cousin, Emerson Kilgore's house, about twenty-five rods distant, was on fire. He ran there, followed by his wife with his pants. When they got to the house they found one boy, about 16 years of age, had got out of the house; that Emerson was away from home, and Mrs. Kilgore and two boys, about eleven and nine years old, were in the house. They could neither see nor hear them, and feared they were

of Foreign and American Manufacture, including
that of Edward Harris.
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their houses.
Norway, Oct. 9, 1871.
