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Tooths inserted on gold, silver or vulcanite
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DENTIST,
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.
See Will visit BUCKFIELD the first Monday in
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No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give
perfect satisfaction.
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(NOT COLD WATER CURE).
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids,
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See Precepts from abroad promptly attended to
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A. B. GODWIN,
Deputy Sheriff & Insurance Agent,
Office with B. A. FRYE, Atty. at Law, corner of
Main and Broad Streets.
Bethel, Maine.
Nov. 14, 1871.

FREELAND HOWE,
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NORWAY, ME.
Office—Over Post Office.
See Fire, Life and Accident Insurance on favorable
terms.
May 13.

SAMUEL R. CARTER,
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3. H. C. represents only first-class Companies
and will issue Policies as favorably as any
other Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars
or insurance, promptly answered, and say 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 things.
See Clocks, &c. repaired.

Pottery.

Old Men's Grant Meeting.

BY JOHN H. HAYES.
Well, wife, we've had a meeting at the school
house on the hill,
And I was chosen Chairman, to keep the old men
still;
But I found I couldn't do it—each man down his
cane would plant,
And shout with a voice he had, "I'm going
in for Grant."

We have talked about the past for years, what
great things have been done;
How the nation's debt has melted like the snow
before the sun;
We said, to keep it melted, do better things we
can't
Than stick and hang together, and sit in for
Grant.

We all looked through our spectacles upon the
naked facts.
Then drew a veil of charity over giant Sumner's
acts.
We said, "We like you Sumner, but go your way
we can't!"
Then we made the school house ring with a rousing
shout for Grant.

We didn't have much charity for Trenchard or for
Schurz;
They stand around the party gate, a pair of snick-
ing curs;
Each specious cannot harm us, nor make Grant
lose his mark—
He's an old Galena tinker, and knows how to
work the bark.

We talked about Grant's smoking—we thought it
no great sin;
To vote that out of office we might vote a worse
one in;
And we're here smokers, two don't do for us
to quit.

So we lit our pipes together, and smoked the
hearts of Grant.
In the days of the rebellion none of us could go
to fight;
But we read from morning till evening how he
battled for the right;
He has been the nation's servant in the days of
peace and war,
And his words before him like the smoke from
his cigar.

After I'd adjourned the meeting I gave each the
friendly grip;
We, every one, determined to stand by the war-
ranted ship.
We will not tattle over, we will not even slant,
But we put our causes down firm and strong, and
stand up straight for Grant.

Select Story.

"LIZ."

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

"What are you up to, Liz?" and Dick
Saunders, the tin peddler, stalked into
the large, well-ordered country kitchen,
and with only this salutation, drew off
his grey yarn mittens, and proceeded to
warm his almost numb fingers by the
roaring fire that spluttered and
crackled under Liz's large boiler of
clothes.
"I'm up to my eyes in the wash-tub,"
replied the individual thus addressed, not
over politely.

"That's what I was a thinking," said
he. "The boiler holds out good, don't it
now? The last time it got to leaking, I
thought it was all day with the patriarch
—battered if I didn't. No wonder that
folks blow on my war!"

"I was telling Miss Avery the other
day," interrupted Liz, "that when she
wanted any more tin things I hoped she'd
send for John after you. Your stuff has
lasted to your gab and brag so long,
that somehow it's got a bad education.
Now them pans never behaved like the
pans Tim Buck used to bring round.
They're always a bending and springing
a leak. To speak a little plainer, I am
afraid to trust 'em especially when it's
the unusually important that they should
hold in."

"What in nature are you driving at,
Liz?" inquired poor Dick, a genuine
look of wonder overspreading his face.
But before his companion could have
time to reply, the door of the sitting-
room softly opened, and a young lady
apparently very deep in thought, and
very much troubled in spirit for her eyes
were red, and heavy with weeping, ap-
peared on the threshold.

"What is it, Flory?" said Liz, scoop-
ing the white suds with her strong, red
arms, and with such a little thrill of ten-
derness in her voice that the peddler in-
voluntarily turned to see what it could
mean, and then remembering his man-
ners, said hastily:
"Good morning Miss Avery! Hope
you are well."

The young lady gave a little start of
surprise, and then recovering herself,
said, with considerable annoyance in her
tone:
"I'm quite well, thank you, Dick. I
thought you were alone, Liz," and im-
mediately left the kitchen.

"Now, what's the matter with her?"
inquired the tin merchant. Golly! ain't
she been bawling though! I tell you
what 'tis, Liz, if a fellow wants to know
the secrets of families, all he's got to do
is to turn tin peddler."

"And lie," added Liz, punching the
clothes in the boiler with such force as
to send the scolding suds in Dick's in-
timate neighborhood, causing said ge-
ntleman to change his quarters without
loss of time.

"Say, now, what is it that ails the gal,
Liz? I won't say a word about it to no-
body. If I do, about me?"
"How long did you say you'd been
traveling round this country?" asked
Liz, with a comical smile of her comical
eyes.

"Nigh about twelve years. Why?"
"Because it seems to me pretty near
time that you should a learnt that women
folks is women folks; and when you find

me a woman that don't have her crying
spells, I'll find you a tin peddler that
minds his own business."

"Thanks, marm," replied Dick, dryly.
"Have a queer sort of an idea, somehow
that last remark is intended for me. All
day, Liz! Hope the next time round
you'll be better natured."

Not a word answered Liz. The ped-
dler jumped into his cart and drove away;
and in and out of the suds went those
stalwart arms, the muscular and ungainly
form keeping time to the quick defiant
music of the rubbing board.

"Oh, he's gone. I am so glad!" And
now the graceful figure came softly out
again and crept close to the side of the
busy woman.

"I want you to read my letter, Liz—
the one I have written to him."
"Well, whose him? There are two on
'em, you know," replied Liz quietly, and
with great self-possession.

"Yes, Liz," and now the beautiful
brown eyes again overflowed, and the
sobbing child drew still nearer as she
whispered:
"But there is only one I could write to,
of course, even if I knew where he was,"
with an accent on the personal pronoun
which told the whole story.

"Then what you mean to tell me is
that you have just written a letter to
Hiram Scoville?"

"Yes, Liz."
"Well, go on."

"Don't look at me, Liz, while I read it.
I just said this. You know how father
and mother have been taking on lately—
calling me undutiful and headstrong, and
obstinate, and saying that I meant to
break their hearts—"

"Is this in the letter?" queried Liz.
"No; I am saying this to you. You
know dear, how hard my life has been
for the last six months—well, ever since
—"

"Yes, Flory, I know all about it. Now
read the letter before anybody comes in."
"Dear friend Hiram," came tremulous-
ly from the sweet lips.

"Humph!" grunted Liz.
"What else could I say?" said poor
Flory, despairingly. "He is my friend,
isn't he?"

"That depends pretty much on your
idea of a friend. My friend don't torture
me. He saves me from suffering if he
can; and if he can't, bears it with me,
carrying as much of the burden as God
will let him. No friend will ever ask a
woman to marry him the second time
after he has been once refused."

"But Liz—"

"There are no buts in the case."
"Love makes me bold, and sometimes
reckless. You must think of that."

"Love never does no such thing," said
Liz, who was never known to be gram-
matical, save in the moments of excite-
ment.

The trembling girl commenced again.
"Friend Hiram. Now, don't speak
again, please, Liz, till I finish," as the
strange woman gave unmistakable in-
dications of inward rebellion. "It is the
wish of my parents that I write you, and
say it is their desire I should accept you
as my future husband. I don't love you
one single bit, and I am sure I never
shall; but if you want me under these
circumstances I have nothing more to
say, save that I utterly refuse to receive
any special attention from you preced-
ing our marriage."

"Well, now, I vow, Flory Avery, I
should laugh if anybody was a laying
dread in the house. Tell a man you've
made up your mind to marry him, and at
the same time inform him that all the
courting has got to be postponed until
after the wedding. Do you suppose be-
cause a minister has mumbled over a
few words—nothing in the least disre-
spectful to the minister intended—that
on this account kisses and courtship will
be any more welcome than now?"

"No, Liz, no! The thought of it drives
me wild; but there is nothing left for me
to do. Mother is crying up stairs now;
and father has hardly spoken to me for a
whole week because of my wilfulness.
I have been reading the Bible for an
hour, Liz, dear, and that is what has
deceived me. The command is, 'Children
obey your parents'; and there is no way
I can dodge it."

"Just like the rest of educated folks,
you have choked yourself to death with
the letter and thrown the spirit over-
board. Now my common sense tells me
that you don't understand the meaning of
what you have been reading. It is:
'Wives, obey your husbands in the Lord';
and it is, 'children obey your parents in
the Lord.' Now the Lord is love, Flory
dear, and he gives you these very feel-
ings of like and dislike, this liking to be
with a person, to guide you through life.
They are weapons that the poor carnal
flesh couldn't get along without. Now
if you take the pistol that God puts in
your hands to keep the wild animals
away, and lay it down side of you, and
let the critics come in and devour you,
who's to blame, I wonder? You mustn't
think that your father in heaven didn't
know what kind of timber he was putting
into you when he got you up. As far as
I'm observed—and I haven't lived to be
thirty years old without learning some
things—there is nothing that brings so
much misery with it as marriage without
love. Don't do it, Flory dear, don't you
do it."

"But, Liz, you know that I shall never
love anybody. Oh, why did he go and
get married!" And again the beautiful
head was bowed upon the faithful bosom
of the servant and companion.

"Why did you cut up so with him,
Flory? Why did you grieve him by
flirting with a fellow you could hardly
bear in your sight? How long do you
suppose a man with ordinary self-respect
is going to stand that sort of work? 'Sow
the wind and reap the whirlwind!' There
is nothing truer than this between the
two covers of the Bible. If he has mar-
ried without love, he'll have the same
kind of a crop."

"What shall I do with this letter, Liz?"
"Burn it up!"

"What shall I do with with father and
mother?"

"Let 'em quit!"

"What shall I do with my own aching
heart?"

"Put a rousing big poultice of faith
and love on it, and then make yourself as
useful as you can to other folks. There
is nothing like helping another to forget
yourself. You have made a mistake;
that is, if there is any such thing as mis-
takes—sometimes I ain't clear on that
point—but anyhow, it won't help that to
put your foot in it again, so long as you
know better you see. There can't be no
real sin, I suppose, until knowledge is
born. Give me that letter!"

Flory, with a wistful look in her brown
eyes, passed over the document, and in a
moment more it was ablaze under the
boiler.

It was very plain to the watchful Liz
that a storm was brewing which threaten-
ed to bring things to a crisis without loss
of time. Never was work got out with
such speed. The day passed on, dinner
and tea were over. Liz's clothes had
been brought in and nicely folded down,
when Flory ran hastily into the kitchen,
saying:

"Liz, father has sent for me in the
sitting room, and I do wish you could
come in some way. I'm so afraid I shall
give in, if you are not there to strength-
en me."

"I'll dodge in after a while," said Liz.
"Keep a stiff upper lip and make a good
fight. No father or mother has a right
to command a child to marry; a man she
don't love. The Lord God Almighty is
on your side, Flory Avery! Now go
along and behave yourself."

At that was a stormy scene. Farmer
Avery, who had firmly decided that his
daughter should marry the man he had
selected, was as hard and cold as stone.
Bitter words fell from his lips—words
that Flory never supposed he could utter.

"Do you think," said he, "that I am
going to permit you to go pulling around
the house like a sick kitten, because you
are wicked enough, mean enough, to be
in love with a married man?"

"How do you know he is a married
man?" inquired Liz, with such a strange
earnestness in her voice that Flory caught
her breath, and grew pale and crimson
by turns.

"I saw it in the newspaper with my
own eyes."

"Well," said Liz, quietly, "I saw in the
newspaper the other day that Squire Bill
Avery was worth seventy-five thousand
dollars, and I heard that same Squire
Avery swear it was the biggest lie that
ever was told."

"That's neither here nor there," roared
the farmer. "I've made up my mind,
and Flory must make up her's. It is
Hiram Scoville or no home here any
more."

"No home here any more!" moaned
poor Flory.

"That's what I said. To-morrow
morning will be time enough to give your
decision."

"And you, mother?" said the poor
child dashing the tears from her eyes.

"We know what is for your best good,
Flory. I quite agree with your father."
Not a word was spoken.

A few minutes after Flory and Liz met
again in the kitchen.

"What are you going to do about it?"
inquired Liz, in the most matter-of-fact
manner.

"I am going to pack my trunk to-night
and get ready to leave this house to-
morrow," replied the almost distracted
girl.

"And you won't marry Hiram Scoville?"

"I will never marry Hiram—so help
me Father in heaven!"

"That's the talk!" said Liz, with an
ominous shake of the head; "that's just
the cheese! Now, just you let your
trunk alone to-night, and watch this
pumpkin for me. I've got to go out for
an hour or two, and I wouldn't have it
burn for considerable. I calculate to
spread myself on them pies."

"Shall I have to sit here all the time,
Liz?"

"Well, I guess you better. The tarral
stuff sticks sometimes when you least ex-
pect it."

And with these words Liz shut the
back door and hurried out of sight.

"It's good five miles there and back,"
said she to herself. "I can't walk it and
get back in any kind of season. Now if
this ain't a case of special Providence,
then I don't know. There's Dick Sand-
ers' tin cart this blessed minute! He is
inside getting his supper with old marm
Chase. I'll borrow that vehicle; and if
I'm half as smart as I ought to be, he'll
never know where in the world it went
to or how it got back, unless I'm a mind
to tell him—which, just as likely as not, I
shall be."

The tin pans rattled and clattered, the
bells around the horses neck jingled mer-
rily, but Liz saw nothing, heard nothing
but the object of her errand.

Leaving her strange train a block or
two from the principal hotel of the town
she had entered, she made her way to
that establishment.

"A woman to see you on the steps, Mr.
Moreland," said a servant in waiting.
"Looks like a washwoman. Says she
can't come in."

"It's Liz," whispered the gentleman to
himself. "Bless the dear creature's heart,
what can she want to-night, I wonder—
Oh, Flory! Flory!"

And with a heavy heart Mr. Moreland
walked quickly to the door.

Here was a face for an artist—a face
upon which true nobility sat enthroned.
No need of acquaintance to tell what
manner of man he was. He had come to
Watertown on business, and had informed
Liz of his whereabouts. Indeed these
two individuals had been in correspon-
dence since the trouble between the said
gentleman and Flora, and Liz had always
known that Philip Moreland was not mar-
ried, but she wisely kept her council,
believing that this lesson was needed for
the entire subjugation of the rebellious
little Flory. Not that there had been any
falseness in this connection. A Philip
Moreland had been married, but not
this one.

"I've come for you, Mr. Moreland,"
said Liz.

"For me? What for?" inquired the
gentleman, in bewilderment.

"Get your great coat and come along;
we'll talk afterwards," said the woman in
a tone of authority.

"But Flory?"

"Don't know nothing at all about it—
Has put her foot down that she won't
marry Hiram—confesses that she loves
you better than any one else in the cre-
ated world; and if she can't have you,
she'll live single till Gabriel blows his
horn, and then look up Philip Moreland."

"Liz, you have taken away my breath."

"Well, what if I have?" replied the
strange woman. "You refused to budge
til I did."

The tin cart was a little too much for
the anxious lover's risibilities even. He
laughed till the tears rolled down his
cheeks and froze on, and then laughed
again until others came to melt them.

Over the hard, uneven ground they
went, bumpy bump, while the bells
sounded out a merry peal, which sound
Liz declared just as welcome to her ears
as any wedding chime she ever heard.

The tin cart was left in the lane, old
Dobbin carefully covered, and Farmer
Nevins's wife was sent to tell Dick Sand-
ers where his establishment could be found.

"Just look here now; ain't that a pret-
ty sight?"

And Liz brought her companion to a
sudden halt by the kitchen window.

There stood Flora, one foot on the stove
hearth, her elbow on her knee, her head
resting in the palm of her left hand, while
with the right she diligently stirred the
pumpkin to keep it from burning.

"Set her to work to keep her from
thinking," said Liz, softly. Stay here in
the porch while I sort of prepare her like;
it won't take but a minute," she contin-
ued, as the impatient man would have
rushed in.

Oh, Liz, you got back—how glad I am.
It's been awful lonesome here. Where
have you been?"

"Well, I had a little errand about Mr.
Moreland. I wanted to find out whether
—well, you see, whether he was married
or not, and I find out he ain't."

"Liz! Liz! Liz! who told you? Speak
quick, dear old Liz, or I'll choke to death."

At this juncture Liz opened the porch
door, and with a burst of tears that the
poor soul couldn't restrain another mo-
ment sobbed out—

"He did."

What's the use of going on? Flory
was in the gentleman's arms, of course,
and the whole affair was lovingly and
satisfactorily settled.

When, a few days after, Dick Sanders
pulled up to the door, Liz's merriment
was entirely beyond control; and when
he commenced to rehearse the story of
the lost tin cart, it can be safely said that
no such peals of laughter ever echoed
through the old farm house before or
since.

"I heard those bells with my own ears,
Dick Sanders, and I never heard 'em
ring so fast before. Do you believe in
spirits, Dick?"

"Golly! No, Liz; I should be afraid of
my shadow if I did. You don't believe
in 'em, do you Liz?"

"There was a spirit of a woman in that
tin cart, Dick Sanders, as true as you're
alive, chasing after a man. I'd be willing
to take my affidavit to it."

Dick left.

A Word to Fathers.

We have read a story of a little boy
who when he wanted a new suit of
clothes, begged his mother to ask his
father if he might have it. The mother
suggested that the boy might ask for
himself. "I would," said the boy, "but
I don't feel well enough acquainted with
him." There is a sharp reproof to the
father in the reply of his son. Many a
father keeps his children so at a distance
from him that they never feel confiden-
tially acquainted with him. They feel
that he is a sort of monarch in the family.
They feel no familiarity with him. They
fear him and respect him, and even love
him some, for children cannot help loving
some everybody about them; but they
seldom get near enough to him to feel
intimate with him. They seldom go to
him with their little wants and trials.—
They approach him through the mother.
They have a highway to her heart on
which they go in and out with perfect
freedom. In this keeping off plan, fathers
are to blame. Children should not be
held off. Let them come near. Let them
be as intimate with the father as with the
mother. Let their little hearts be freely
opened. It is wicked to freeze up the
love fountains in the little one's hearts.—
Fathers do them an injury by living with
them as strangers. This drives many a
child away from home for the sympathy
his heart craves, and often into improper
society. It nurses discontent and mis-
trust, which many a child does not out-
grow in a lifetime. Open your hearts
and your arms, oh, fathers; be free with
your children; ask for their wants and
trials; play with them; be fathers to
them truly, and they will not need a me-
diator between themselves and you.

Henry Wilson's Boyhood.

William Milton, Esq., a native of Farm-
ington, gives the following interesting
incident in Gen. Wilson's history. It is
known that at a dozen years of age he
was put to service with a close fisted
farmer a mile from Farmington village,
receiving at his majority a yoke of oxen
including some schooling. When David
Barker, Jr., of Rochester, who was a
strong John Quincy Adams man, was in
Congress in 1827, he was accused by his
political opponents of having been con-
verted to Federalism by reading Chief
Justice Marshall's Life of Washington, a
work in five large volumes. Young Wil-
son being then about thirteen years old
and having attended the district school in
the winter, read what the Jackson
papers said, and was anxious to dip into
the volumes. He went to Hon. Nehemiah
Eastman, of Farmington, who was Bar-
ker's successor, in 1828, and sought the
books of Mr. Eastman, whose daughter,
now the wife of Rev. Corban Curtis, was
a schoolmate of Wilson's, the two being
the best scholars in school, was much in-
terested in Wilson and gave him a letter
to Barker, who had the work. Wilson
started one night in April, barefooted, it
is said, after having finished his day's
labor, went to Rochester, seven miles dis-
tant, procured the five volumes and re-
turned with them under his arm the same
night. Those books laid the foundation
of Gen. Wilson's political ideas and ear-
lier. The incident shows a

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 23, 1872.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

Ulysses S. Grant.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

HENRY WILSON.

"The people of the United States know Gen. Grant have known all about him since Donelson and Vicksburg; they do not know his slanderers, and do not care to know them."—*Horace Greeley.*

FOR GOVERNOR.

SIDNEY PERHAM.

FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

1st Dist. J. H. BURLEIGH.
2nd Dist. WM. P. FRYE.
3rd Dist. JAS. G. BLAINE.
5th Dist. EUGENE HALE.

COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

FOR SENATORS. Fryeburg: Enoch C. FARRINGTON.
Rumford: JONATHAN K. MARTIN.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS.

JAMES S. WRIGHT, Bethel.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

WILLIAM CHASE, Buckfield.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

FREDERIC E. SHAW, Paris.

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS (Eastern).

SUMNER R. NEWELL, Peru.

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS (Western).

ASA CHARLES, Fryeburg.

FOR SHERIFF.

LORENZO D. STACY, Porter.

FOR REGISTER OF PROBATE.

HERRICK C. DAVIS, Woodstock.

"General Grant never has been beaten, and he never will be."—*Horace Greeley.*

To Greeley Republicans!

Unquestionably there are many old admirers of Horace Greeley, who have been indoctrinated in his political views from the cradle, as readers of the New York Tribune, and who, when Mr. Greeley was nominated by liberal republicans and Gen. Grant by the regulars, were disposed to follow the bent of their minds and support their old admirer. They were led to regard it as only a question of men. But now that the democratic party has made him their candidate, and he accepts a nomination from his old enemies it is quite another thing. Mr. Greeley as a republican nominee and Mr. Greeley as a democratic nominee, are altogether two different men—that is to say, they have distinct and separate natures. Will it make Horace Greeley any less of a republican because supported by democrats? Not, perhaps, if he only received incidental support, and had an independent party of any considerable size behind him—but when he takes a nomination from the party which he has always opposed and which has always opposed him, and is now the principal and we may say the only antagonist of the party which he has heretofore been associated with and labored for, then supporting him involves an entire change of political principles, and includes the adopting of those of the opposite party. Horace Greeley, by taking the democratic nomination, has divested himself of his individuality—he is now a representative man. He stands for the democratic party—he is their standard bearer, and a vote for him, is not a vote for the man but for the party whose nominee he is.

The only other question to consider is, has the democratic party abandoned its name, odious principles and more odious character by their course in taking as their leader a Republican, even of the radical stamp of Horace Greeley? Who is so blind as to believe it? Who is so simple as not to see that their entire motive is found in the cry which they make the justification for their course, "anything to beat Grant." Is there any principle in this? Will not the election of Horace Greeley be the elevation to power of the democratic party? If they elect him, is he not committed to them and to their measures? He could not escape such a sequence, if he would. To whom will he commit the administration of affairs but to democrats? Possibly he might have a preference among the liberal republicans, when he could find them. But the matter of offices is of but trifling importance compared to the general policy of the government. Do Greeley republicans, who have contended so earnestly and strenuously for those principles for which the republican party fought through the war, desire to see them overthrown and thrown up again? Do they want to see the Constitutional amendments disturbed? What though the democratic party, for the sake of their votes, suddenly turn about and say they will sustain these amendments. Can you trust them? Bring them into power, and a new element—the old rebel one is revived. What will they demand? Repudiation of the National debt, unless the Confederate debt is included and placed in equality with it. The pensioning of rebels, and placing them on the same footing with Union soldiers? Can you go it? You say you don't mean to—but who will be in the majority—the liberal republicans or the democrats, in a new administration. "What are you going to do about it?" will be as significantly asked by Tammany then, as it was by his chief, Tweed, when his rascality was exposed.

We are only addressing candid, honest, thinking republicans, who are inclined to adhere to Greeley, because they have heretofore respected and followed him. Weigh the matter candidly, and see if the wrongs which you would redress, if you have any, can be cured by such a course. We do not expect to reach any who are disaffected because they have lost office, or failed to get it. They require to be taught, not reasoned with. They have their price—if they are indispensable, they may be taken, otherwise they will be allowed to go to their own place.

Our County--Politics.

Old Oxford has always been famed for its politics. Its bears were a power in the old democratic party—it was the cradle of republicanism—the first convention of the party having been held within its limits. It has given Governors to the State, and many lights of wisdom to State and National Councils. Every man is a politician, from nature, instinct, education and taste. Here it was said the third party was mustered, and now it appears that here is found the germ, the cocoon, the original Greeley element, and the strength of the whole movement in the State, and singularly enough to the uninitiated, the two towns; and about the only towns in the County where the third party movement existed—Buckfield and Norway—are the same places, and about the only places in our County where the Greeley republican party has a foothold! And, perhaps not so remarkable, the individuals engaged in the one are the same engaged in the other—we mean generally, not entirely. Now who can divine the cause? Is it owing to the freedom of our hills, generating an exuberance of life, which overflows into ambitious aspirations for distinction and political honors, or is it due to a habit of *bitting*, which has been engendered in our borders? The politicians of old Oxford are not all of one stripe. We have Bourbons amongst us. The very head-centre of democracy—the anti-diluvian specimen and defender of the resolutions of '92, covered all over with the barnacles of conservatism, dwells among us, and is a power still, in "bridging the chasm," and grasping hands with the young Greeley liberals! And Theodore Tilton, the free love admirer of Demosthenes, Victoria Woodhull and Anna Dickinson are coming in to Oxford County to nurse this new matrimonial alliance of Paris old-togism and Buckfield and Norway Liberalism! Verily! the days of wonders have not passed.

Lying as Well as Bragging.

The political canvass upon us, from present appearances, will abound in the most extravagant statements and falsehoods, as well as bragging, by the opposition. The last *Oxford Register* has a specimen, in the account of a Greeley and Brown flag raising at Bangor, recently. It relies upon the democratic paper there published by Marcellus Emery for its authority—that is to say, Emery lies, as usual, and the *Register* relies. The statement is as follows:—

"At half past 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, two thousand people were assembled to cheer the Greeley and Brown flag raising on Broadway. At the same hour the announcement of two U. S. Senators, the speaker of the House of Representatives, and two members of Congress, had not drawn together 500 voters, in Norumbega Hall. Behold how the current moves!"

Garbling, as Well as Lying and Bragging.

The *Oxford Register* and other Greeley papers are guilty of resorting to deception by garbling letters, as appears from the following, taken from the last *Register*:—"Summer Declares Himself for Greeley." "The St. Louis Times of July 16th, publishes the following letter from Chas. Sumner, addressed to L. M. Reavis, of this city."

"I think that on reflection you will not think it advisable for me to write a public letter on a matter to which you call attention. Mr. Greeley and myself have been fellow laborers in many things. We were born in the same year, and I honor him very much. Between him and another person who shall be nameless, I am for him earnestly."

It appears that the letter from Charles Sumner to L. U. Reavis of St. Louis, telegraphed from that city Saturday night was garbled by leaving out the two closing sentences. The full letter is as follows:—

"WASHINGTON, June 27, 1872.

"Dear Sir,—I think that on reflection you will not think it advisable for me to write a public letter on the matter to which you call attention. Mr. Greeley and myself have been fellow laborers in many things. We were born in the same year, and I honor him very much. Between him and another person who shall be nameless, I am for him earnestly. I shall be here for ten days longer. The republican party must be saved, and what I can do shall be done for it.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Another bad feature of this affair, is that the letter was written over a year ago, and the dates changed, so as to appear as a recent production.

What can be thought of a party or a cause that require such support?

Mother Greeley!

A friend has sent us one of those precious Campaign documents used by the democrats last year and furnished, it is said, by Mr. C. P. Kimball, representing Mother Greeley dandling a high tariff brat on her knee! If we mistake not, this flattering likeness of the old Philosopher will return to plague the inventor. We want it lithographed, for extensive use. It is our turn now!

—Our friends also think that Mr. Greeley means well. Perhaps he meant well when he encouraged and justified secession—when he "nagged" President Lincoln to buy a peace—when he promoted foreign intervention—when he perplexed Mr. Lincoln by his Niagara performances—when he complained to Mr. Seward long ago that he had not been rewarded with an office—when he half apologized for Sweeney and Tweed—when he has done anything that showed his fatal want of judgment. Had he been President instead of Lincoln, he might have meant well in surrendering to the rebellion. Do our friends think it enough to mean well, if you have no judgment?—*[Harper's Weekly.]*

To the Republicans of Oxford County.

Your attention of late has been called to the different National Conventions, and more particularly to that recently held at Baltimore, where, as represented by Mr. Greeley, the bloody chasm was bridged over by the clasping of Northern and Southern hands—and as he claims, peace is to be restored. These things read well on paper, but do not for a moment compare with the great political peace gathering Friday evening last held at Cummings's dining room, Paris Hill, where the great liberal party of Oxford County, represented by Col. A. D. White and the two Whitmans of Buckfield, and S. Fayer and Dr. F. E. Crockett of Norway—five in all—met some twenty of the old schemes of the democratic party, including Virgil D. Parris, Alvah Black, Stephen D. Hutchinson, and others, of Canton, and Kimball of Waterford.

Imagine the scene, when Col. White and Virgil D. Parris closed the bloody chasm by clasping hands! It seems to the writer that there could not have been a drier eye in the room—tears must have been prevalent. Oh the forbearance of Virgil D. when he took the Col. to his bosom!

It seems that after the party got together, they were so agreed upon political economy and other party measures, that it was hard to distinguish the so-called Liberal Republican party from the old Democratic party, and in order to really maintain a show of two parties, a happy expedient was resorted to, viz: to seat the five liberals on one side of the dining-room table, while Virgil D. and his associates occupied the other side—thus an expression could be obtained from both parties at short notice. The object of the meeting was not to discover the best way to elect Greeley—but to concert a plan to carry Oxford County and the State over to democratic rule by the election of Kimball. *Glorious! this liberal republican movement, isn't it!*

Now if you should visit the street-corners and stores of Buckfield village almost any day, you would see this same Col. White arguing against all rings and all political organizations whereby political parties, as he claims, are taken out of the hands of the people. Now you find him in the dead hours of the night, far away from home, in solemn conclave with the old apostles of Democracy, trying to sell out the Republican party for a political nomination. Magnificent, isn't it?

But this thing will not work. If there are any true Republicans in Oxford County who are hesitating as to what their action shall be in November, they will not be traded off by Col. White and his four associates, to Kimball and the Democracy in the September election. The Republicans are thinking men—they have seen the workings of both parties in Maine, and will not be delivered, no matter what the terms of Col. White's sale may be.

They have tried Governor Perham and the Republican party, and are determined to sustain them. The whole movement is induced by the democracy merely for political gain. They have no idea of carrying Maine for Greeley and Brown, and so they lose nothing by their votes, while if they can induce you to go with them on State and County matters, it is a visible democratic gain. But the shadow is too thin; no true republican can be caught with any such political chaff.

There are but two ways, viz: those who endorse the principles of the republican party, and the honest and economical administration of Governor Perham, will vote for his reelection, while those who believe in Maine democracy as expounded by Virgil D. Parris and Marcellus Emery, now a liberal nominee for Congress, will vote for Kimball.

A Touching Incident.

An old Democrat, a delegate from Orange County, Indiana, was seen leaning against the wall of a building a few minutes after the adjournment of the Baltimore Convention weeping bitterly. When interrogated by a kind-hearted gentleman as to the cause of his trouble, asking at the same time if he could serve him in any way, the mortified and deeply humiliated old man replied: "No, my good man, you can't do me no good. God knows I wish I was dead; forty long years I've been votin' the Democratic ticket, and I've made an affidavit that I'd stand by the party, and they've gone and passed orders to vote for Horace Greeley, and I have got to do it or break my affidavit! And that ain't all, Mister; I've raised nine sons, and they're all a livin'. I've spent many and many a night reading Hendricks' and other Democratic speeches to them children—and very lately, too—to teach 'em what an everlasting old nigger thief and lyin' hypocrite old Greeley was, and now they're all gone back on me, and I've got to go home and tell 'em their old dad's been lyin' to them all his life, and that old Horace Greeley is one of the Lord's anointed."

—What a galaxy of recruits is that now rallying around the Greeley banner. Here they are as enumerated and labeled by the Albany N. Y. Evening Journal: "Andy Johnson, the political traitor; Jeff Davis, the national traitor; Admiral Semmes, the pirate; Gen. Beauregard, the inventor of the cry of 'body and beauty'; Oakey Hall, the ring plunderer; Winans, the corruptionist; Andrews, the rioter; Cochrane, the dead beat; Wood, the gambler; Morrissey, the sporting man, et id omne genus—all that crowd."

—The Boston Globe says: "A well-known gentleman who has just completed an extensive tour through North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama and Virginia, and who has endeavored to inform himself thoroughly concerning the political situation, says that Greeley will not obtain an electoral vote from any of the States named."

Betting.

Betting as to the result of an election settles nothing, though it is sometimes a test of the sincerity of a man. It is always resorted to by political gamblers, sometimes to make public sentiment and sometimes for gain. The democratic party has always had a large share of these betting men—but notwithstanding the game of brag prevailing in the party everywhere, hardly any men can be found willing to make good their statements by plunking the hard cash. A democrat in the *Argus* offered to bet a hundred dollars on the election and the bet was promptly taken the next day in the *Press*, with the intimation that as many more would be taken as were offered. But there was no response.

The Kennebec Journal publishes the following for the benefit of enthusiastic democrats:—

"A reasonable gentleman noticing the loud boasts in Democratic papers about carrying Maine for Greeley, authorizes us to offer the following bets, viz:—\$100 that Grant carries Maine."

An additional \$100 on every thousand of his majority up to and including 25,000, making in all \$2500. The money is on deposit at the Granite National Bank. Will any Democrat dare to take it?

Will Democracy and Republicanism blend?

Horace Greeley, in his remarks to the Committee who waited upon him to advise him of his nomination, said:—"The time will come, and I trust in God the opportunity too, when the world will see that you are no less Democratic because you have pursued the course you have, and that I am no less a Republican because I accept your nomination."

So, then, the democratic party are not required, by Mr. Greeley, to give up any of their odious principles, not to change in any respect—and as for him, he is to remain a republican with all his intense hatred of democracy, and all his *isms*, high tariff views, free love and social theories, and everything else which the democracy have denounced him for. The remark is an unfortunate one for Mr. Greeley, as it cuts both ways, and it gives much trouble to the "old liners."

—The New York Herald thus describes the visit of the Maine delegation upon Mr. Greeley: "They leaned over chairs and peered under one another's arms, intent upon catching every word he said. They gazed and gazed like children at a country school-teacher, wondering how he knew so much and where he kept it all; and when finally he rose to go they accompanied him out into the hall and investigated his hat, his coat, his gait, his every point. They seemed to be satisfied as to each particular, for when they came back to see the committee, some threw up their hats and others cheered, while old Mr. McNeill of Maine rapped on the table for order, and Gov. (F) Pillsbury, who is a correct looking gentleman, with side-whiskers, accompanied by ex-Governor (D.) Kimball, who is as big and sounding as some of the lakes of Maine, and Mr. Roberts sang campaign songs."

—On July 3, 1871, the Hartford Times, the leading Democratic daily in Connecticut, in an article suggested by its friends being then put off by his personal friends to secure Greeley's nomination to the Presidency, said among many other severe things: "Greeley is a clumsy and impetuous manager, and utterly without the means of bringing his own party to his support. He is what the first Napoleon called an ideologist—a man with a busy, teeming brain, but with an infirm, erratic and impracticable judgment! With all his experience, it is safe to say that he is the poorest judge of character of any prominent man in this country. He is forever being gulled and imposed upon as he has repeatedly shown by his Quixotic support of public and worthless characters of his own party." And yet the Times now supports Greeley for the office of President!

The New Reformers!

It is announced that that precious brace of reformers, Theodore Tilton and Anna Dickinson are going to stump Maine for the democrats and their new candidate. Has Tilton given up his new love, Victoria Woodhull, whom he nominated for President? It will be laughable to see the old fashioned democrats come out of their holes, to hear these women's rights rangers advocate the claims of their old chum, Mother Greeley! It will be letting out their harnesses to the last hole!

—Horace Greeley, in his Trumbull County (Ohio) speech, last fall, said:—"If the Democratic party were called upon to decide between Grant and myself, I know that their regard for what they must call principle would induce nine-tenths of them to vote against me. Why? I am a decided enemy of that party, even in its most respectable aspects."

Buckfield Democrats Betting.

A democrat of Buckfield, well acquainted in town, openly made the remark, since the nomination of Greeley, that he knew twenty democrats in town who went vote for him. This will offset the Greeley Club!

—Brick Pomeroy still holds out against the "Greeley madness," but recognizing his inability to stem the current, and perceiving that it dooms the party to destruction, he counsels "every democratic voter to sell his vote to the highest bidder, and take his pay cash in hand."

—The New York Nation says:—"Our objection to Greeley is not that he is bad, but that he is totally opposed to the principles he undertakes to represent. It is like taking Satan as Superintendent of a Sunday-School."

—The Tribune wishes the Ku-Klux to "lay low" just now. If, in their zeal for Mr. Greeley, they should murder a score or two of Republicans, it would hurt "the cause." If the Democrats succeed, they can make up for lost time.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Democratic Brag.

Hon. W. W. Bolster of Dixfield, formerly President of the Maine Senate, arrived in this city last evening from a two months tour of the Western States, during which time he traveled extensively and spent several days in every State between Ohio and the Territory of Dakota. His business brought him in contact with men of all classes and his report of the political status of affairs in those States is most cheering and at the same time decidedly amusing. So far as the great North West is concerned, there was no doubt expressed by men of either party that it would go solid for Grant and Wilson by larger majorities than ever, but he was informed that a great "tidal wave" had started from New England, which was to overwhelm the country—that Maine was sure for Greeley by 15,000; Massachusetts by 25,000 and Vermont by 10,000—that Gen. Butler and many other prominent men had taken the stamp for the philosopher of the white hat and that the *d—l* was to pay generally in New England. This kind of talk is the staple of Democratic sheets of the West, and even the Republicans begin to fear it may be true. He met scores of old Democrats who denounced Greeley and say they shall vote for Grant. On every train votes were being taken to gather the popular sentiment, and he says he never saw a vote where Grant had less than three to Greeley's one, and on one train out of 30 votes in the car which he was riding, Greeley had but one vote and that was from a delegate to the Baltimore Convention. He says he was never more amused than when he read Gratz Brown's cheeky speech at New Haven, wherein he tells of the great wave coming from the West for no such wave exists—but it is the terrible New England wave they are looking for out there.

What an eye upon the West will get in September, when Vermont and Maine roll up their old fashioned majorities, and bury, with their Republican wave, the hopes of the Greeley copperheads—since the creation, no such game of brag has ever been attempted on an intelligent community.—*Portland Press.*

The Stokes Trial Farce.

Stokes has been tried and virtually acquitted—the jury being unable to agree. We call the trial a farce, for never was a more open, defiant murder committed, than Fisk's, albeit he deserved his fate. The first farce is the empanelling of a jury under the present law which forbids a man to be taken who reads the papers. None but ignoramuses or idiots can serve, and what can be expected of the verdict of such men.

The following particulars disclosing the proceedings of the jury room, show how the result was reached:

On Saturday evening when they retired to deliberate, a ballot was taken which resulted in seven for murder in the 1st degree, three for acquittal and two for manslaughter in the 3d degree.

The names of the seven for murder are Meyer Howbarger, Bennett Williams, Nehemiah M. Cornick, Byron Stone, John F. Bond, Peter Hopkins and M. A. Leferts.

The jurors for acquittal were Roderick Hagan, M. H. Thompson, and John Tucker, and the two for manslaughter in the 3d degree were Theodore Flammer and Henry C. Whittle.

This state of affairs continued until the jury came into court and got Col. Fisk's clothes.

The clothes were all tried on one of the jurors and they arrived at the conclusion that Fisk had both arms in the military eagle at the time that Stokes fired, and consequently that the theory of Fisk's drawing a pistol was a humbug.

This influenced the three for acquittal to veer round for manslaughter in the 3d degree. The medical testimony was thrown out altogether, all believing the wound mortal from the first, and the question of insanity was barely referred to. There was a long discussion as to premeditation. All the jurors were of opinion that Stokes never went to the Grand Central Hotel with the premeditated design of meeting and killing Fisk.

The seven jurors who were for murder, believe that when Stokes met Fisk, in a moment he forged in his mind the design of killing Fisk, and that this second was sufficient time for premeditation. The other five jurors stoutly maintained that Stokes pulled the pistol in the heat of passion, being stirred to frenzy by the sight of Fisk and that his crime was only manslaughter in the third degree.

The debate on this point became quite excited and some harsh words were used on both sides. Time and again a poll was taken, all to no purpose. Finally their opinions they all remained, and at last fell asleep, but woke up in the same state of mind. Finally they gave up the dispute seeing there was no hope of altering their opinions.

It is the opinion of several jurors that if they were allowed to bring in a verdict of murder in the 2d degree, or manslaughter in one of the higher degrees, they would have arrived at a verdict, but this was not allowed them, as the judge charged that they either find a verdict of murder in the first degree, manslaughter in the third degree, or acquittal.

An application for bail will be made in a few days.

—The Bowdoin College crew row in the regatta at Springfield to-day. They have been on the ground, practicing for several days. A. L. Crocker, age 22, weight 156, from our village, is one of the number. It is represented as a powerful, muscular crew, but it has hardly had experience enough to compete with the old crews, though we hope to hear that they acquitted themselves creditably.

Massachusetts Correspondence.

Weymouth, Mass., July, 1872.

I wish to say a word to the farmers of Oxford, Paris and Norway, as well as the fraternity in general. I name these towns because I am better acquainted with the men, and that word is, that I think your calling a most honorable one and I would like if possible to give you "more light" as well as a word of encouragement in a work that I so much love. That farming and farmers are taking a place that rightfully belong to them, no one will deny, and that there is still room for improvement no one will question. The question for us, as farmers to ask, is this, "How are we to improve, with the demands of the times?" I will answer according to the knowledge I have. We must study the wants of the different soils. For instance, what would be good for one kind of land, would not be good for another. This I believe to be one move in the right direction. I have said, we must study, yes, and read, for I believe much in book farming; and another thing, we should not expect to do, at this enlightened age, just as our fathers did. "This I believe one source of failure; we should step out from their foot prints, not that I would under rate the good and noble of these dear ones that are gone, only we should let their banners, our profit.

There are many things that I could say under this head of improvement, but I will refrain, lest some one that reads this will guess who wrote it, will think me sometime and practice do not go together. I have been much interested in the last few years, in reading the letters in the Boston Journal written by the "Young Farmer," so much so that I made him a visit a week or two ago my object more particularly, was to see his flock of sheep. Let me say here, that I think no one that has read his letters but what has been interested and pleased with the practical common sense that these letters exhibited. I feel very much, as I have said, interested in raising sheep, partly because my land seems to be well adapted to this branch of farming. I am satisfied that there is nothing of so much profit as the flock of sheep rightly cared for, unless I except the hens on the farm; of course I would not have any farmer keep nothing but sheep, all land is not well adapted for them; we know they do not like wet, and another thing, the new wall is next to nothing as fence. So every man must use his own judgment in this direction, whether his land, fence, and buildings are the best adapted for the keeping of sheep. The visit I made was into the State of R. I. I found there a sheep growing country it was very nice one, some of which were imported thoroughbred, South Downs, Cotswold, and Oxford Downs. It would make this letter longer than any of the readers would like, if I should tell you what I think of the different breeds. I will only say that I like for our country, everything considered, the South Down best.

Without giving your valuable paper, free, Shaw, the cold shoulder I will say that I have been much interested in reading the *Democrat* the last winter, and I have been pleased, and somewhat amused with the questions at the farmers club meetings, especially those, I think you had in Paris, in relation to "Bread and selling trotters," or, is it for the interest of the farmer to raise a horse, or colt, that there is a chance of getting a good price for. To this question I can see but one side, and I think it some of my Norway and Paris friends had been with me last week, some of them would have changed their minds. I refer to the race at Mystic Park, when Goldsmith Maid went a mile in 2:16 3/4. I thought when I saw that little piece of horseflesh going at that rate, it would pay if some of the farmers had some such ones to sell. I tell you, Mr. Editor, and the farmers in Maine, that *nothing* will ever sell a horse for the price that his *speed* will bring. The enthusiasm I saw that day can not be mistaken; men want fast horses, and as long as speed is such demand I consider the farmer that does not take such things into consideration, is only one half awake to his own interest, and the demands of the times.

L. I. B.

HOW'S THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS AND SANGER'S BRITISH MENAGERIE OF TRAINED WILD BEASTS.—By reference to the attractive advertisement in another column, it will be seen that this large and popular establishment will visit South Paris, on Wednesday, August 7th, and give two exhibitions. It will be its first visit here, as this is its first trip through New England, and if we may credit the opinions of the Press, expressed everywhere it has been, it is of unusual excellence in all its departments. It brings four hundred men and horses, a novel collection of trained wild beasts, including Tigers, Hyenas, Elephants and Zebras, and a circus company of one hundred male and female performers; besides a Menagerie—not a mere "blind" composed of a few sickly, mungy animals of the more common sort, announced as a "menagerie" for the purpose of affording a flimsy cloak to disguise the circus performances and help peek sniffling people to an excuse for visiting an exhibition, which, if announced honestly as a "circus," alone they would not attend, for fear of giving offence to their neighbors, but a well selected menagerie, of the rarer sorts of animals, full of interest and instruction. The great street procession, the finest in the world will take place at nine o'clock in the morning on the day of exhibition. Don't fail to see it!

—The Republicans of Buckfield have thrown to the breeze a splendid Grant and Wilson flag, 65 by 20 in size.

The Republicans of Canton have also raised a nice Grant and Wilson flag.

Other villages in the County are getting flags ready, and ere long old Oxford will be beautified by numerous emblems of our Nation's glory and honor. "Rally round the Flag, boys!"

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Bethel Items.

The farmers at present, in this vicinity are busily engaged haying, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, and scarcity of help, a large part of the crop has been secured. The apple crop is not as promising now as it was a few weeks ago, although there will probably be more than an average crop.

A short time since we had the pleasure of being present at an exhibition given by the students of the school at West Bethel, a very interesting entertainment. The programme consisted of dialogues, choruses, declamations, &c. Many of the characters of the plays were personated very well indeed; also the declamations were well delivered, some of the speakers displaying talent of high order. The music was most excellent, consisting of solos, duets, quartets, &c., by Miss Abbie Needham and Miss Blanche Stuart, Mr. Allen and another gentleman whose name I have forgotten, all of whom are very fine singers. Miss May Whiting, the present instructor of the school is an accomplished teacher, and gives unusual satisfaction.

A few days since, being in the town of Waterford, we inquired of a gentleman with whom we were acquainted, if the "great and good Morris" would receive any support from republicans in his town. "No," he replied, "I do not know of a single man in our ranks who will vote for him. However great may be his abilities as a journalist and a statesman, H. G. is an ambitious, inconsistent, pettylogging demagogue, with neither integrity nor honesty, and totally unworthy of so high a position."

In Stoneham we met our correspondent, "Shall you," we asked of him, "support Grant in the campaign coming?" "Most certainly," he replied, "although we are bitterly hostile to the election system. We believe Grant to be a man of manifest integrity, and of great executive ability. Sometimes perhaps he may have been governed too much by his prejudices, but no man is perfect, not even the 'Great Philosopher' himself." We never did carry a democratic ticket, and we do not propose to this Fall. Greeley, since he has received the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, is a democratic candidate, and a supporter of the principles of the Democratic party.

STEARNS.

Antover Items.

We are having a beautiful growing season—warm weather and refreshing showers in abundance. Tuesday, the 16th, was our hottest day yet, the thermometer standing at 95 in the shade, and several persons were very much overcome with the heat, nearly amounting to sunstroke.

The hay crop will be far in excess of last year's, and of a good quality. The Grasshoppers are very plenty, but so far seem perfectly harmless.

Wild fruit of all kinds is very plenty, and of excellent quality.

We are having a splendid catch of trout in all our brooks and at the lakes. This reminds us of a present of a nice string of lake trout from our friend E. E. Cushman; not one of those political trout dinners, but the gift from a genuine Republican, for which he will please accept our thanks.

We are happy to inform the friend of our early childhood, the venerable Erasmus Poor, that he will hear a good account of us at the September and November elections. We see no "Greeley hats," and no pants with the left leg tucked into the boot.

Dixfield Items.

Dixfield was visited Wednesday last, with one of the heaviest showers of rain, accompanied with heavy thunder and vivid lightning, that ever visited the town. It seemed as though the old Sugar Loaves would tumble down, but we were all saved with all of our crops, which look unusually well. We had some fine hail, but it did no damage, for which we are indebted to a kind Providence.

Farmers are busy haying. The grass in this section is very good.

Agricultural.

Agriculture in California.

In California the grain begins late in October. The grass is green all winter; plowing begins on the first of December; wheat, barley, oats, and other crops are sown as soon as the land can be made fit; and sowing and planting are continued as late as March. Thus the husbandman has three or four months to put in his crops. Trees are also transplanted in this season. South of San Francisco, and in the great San Joaquin Valley, the winter is rarely known, roses bloom all the winter through, the flower garden is constantly full of flowers, and many shade trees, like the acacias, the pepper-tree, and the live-oaks, keep their foliage green the year round. Corn is planted from March to May, and harvested as late as December. In the southern counties, and in the San Joaquin Valley especially, many farmers take two crops from the same field—wheat or barley for the first, and corn for the second; and I have seen fields which yielded, in a good season, ninety bushels of corn for this second crop. Wheat and barley are commonly sown for hay, and cut before the heads fill, in April or May. Where this is the case it is usual to plant corn on the same ground, when the hay crop is cut. Thus the farmer gets two valuable crops from the same field. The harvest season for wheat, barley, and oats is the latter part of May and in June.

After the middle of April the rains cease, and the whole harvest season is absolutely without rain. Thus the farmer is not hurried, and the harvest proceeds with none of that haste and anxiety about the weather which trouble the Eastern farmer. The small grains are usually gathered by a machine called a "header," which clips off only the heads of grain stalk. Wheat, oats, and barley are threshed on the field, put into bags, and left either on the field or along the railroad, for weeks often, in the open air, and until the crop is sold and shipped. The grain does not sweat, nor is it liable to injury from this exposure. Hay, too, is baled or stacked on the field, and left there until wanted. Potatoes are often left in the ground long after they are fit for digging. Thus it is evident the farmer has, in the long, dry California summer, an immense advantage over his Eastern competitor. He needs fewer hands, he is not hurried, and he requires no costly granaries or barns to contain the products of his fields.

Nor does he need to put away much food for his cattle. A quarter of an acre of beets, replanted as they are used, will support a cow during the whole year. Work-horses receive barley and hay, but sheep are never fed; market cattle fatten in the pastures and horses not at work get no food except what they pick up in the fields, in winter as well as summer. The alfalfa, or Chilian clover, which is now beginning to be largely sown, does well to feed to pigs, to cows, and even to plow-horses, and bears enormous crops. On low ground, or where it can be irrigated, as much as twenty tons have been taken from an acre; it is not cut from December to April, but yields from six to eight cuttings in a year. Cattle and horses are more easily kept in good condition in California than elsewhere in the United States, and the former need no such substantial stables as in the Eastern States.

Fruit trees bear much earlier than in the East. The peach bears a peck in the second year from planting the pit; the apple gives a crop at five years, and begins to bear at three; the currant is unknown; and such perishable fruits as plums and cherries keep far longer than with us. I have eaten cherries and strawberries in Colorado which had been brought from Sacramento—a four day journey—and they were in perfect order. The growth of fruit and other trees is extraordinary. The eucalyptus, a fine Australian evergreen shade tree, has made twenty feet in a year, (I have seen one, eight years from a small cutting, which was seventy-five feet high and two and a half feet in diameter at the base); the apricot becomes almost a forest tree in size; and in the southern parts of the State it is the custom to make fences of sticks of willow, sycamore cotton-wood, cut to the length of eight feet, and stuck into the ground in December. These strike root at once, and grow so rapidly that in the second year the farmer cuts his fire-wood from these living fences.

Moreover, the variety of fruits cultivated in the farmer's orchard, especially in Southern California, is much greater than with us. I have seen, commonly, in orchards, the apple, pear, peach, cherry, quince, plum, nectarine, pomegranate—a most lovely tree or tall shrub when in bloom; the fig, which bears two crops a year; the orange, lemon, almond, olive, English walnut and apricot; and you may eat strawberries, whenever care is bestowed upon them, in every month of the year. Fruit trees are all free from disease, though the pear-sin begins to be troublesome in some places; and the finest varieties of fruit known in the East grow freely here.—CHARLES NORTHROP, in Harper's Magazine for July.

Arabian Horses.

No Arab dreams of tying up a horse by the neck; a tether replaces the halter, and one of the animal's hind legs is encircled about the paster by a light iron ring, furnished with a padlock, and connected with an iron chain two feet or thereabout in length, ending in a rope, which is fastened to the ground at some distance by an iron peg; such is the customary method. But should the animal be troublesome, a fore leg is put under similar restraint. It is well known that horses in Arabia are much less frequently vicious or refractory than in Europe, and this is the reason why geldings are so rare, though not unknown. No particular prejudice that I could discover

exists against the operation itself; only it is seldom performed, because not otherwise necessary, and tending, of course, to diminish the value of the animal. But to return to the horses now before us, never had I seen or imagined so lovely a collection. Their stature was indeed somewhat low; I do not think that any came fully up to fifteen hands; fourteen appeared to be about their average, but they were so exquisitely well shaped that want of greater size seemed hardly, if at all, a defect.

Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of the Arabian poet, "go raving mad about it," a little, very little, saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness; a head broad above, and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of "drinking from a pint pot," did pint pots exist in Nedjee; a most intelligent and yet singularly gentle look, full eye, sharp, thorn-like ears, legs fore and hind that seem as if made of hammered iron, so clean, and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out at a perfect arch; coats smooth, shining and light, the mane long, but not heavy, and air and steps that seemed to say, "look at me, am I not pretty?" their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry. The prevailing color was chestnut or gray; a light bay, an iron color, white or black, were less common; full bay, flea-bitten or piebald, none. But if asked what are, after all, the specially distinctive points of a Nedjee horse, I should reply, the slope of the shoulders, the extreme cleanness of the flank, and the full rounded haunch, though every other part, too, has a perfection and a harmony unattained, at least by my eyes, anywhere else. Nedjee horses are especially esteemed for great speed and endurance of fatigue; indeed in this latter quality none come up to them.

To pass twenty-four hours on the road without drink and without flagging is certainly something; but to keep up the same abstinence and labor conjoined under the burning Arabian sky for forty-eight hours at a stretch, is, I believe, peculiar to the animals of the breed. Besides they have a delicacy, I cannot say of mouth, for it is common to ride them without bit or bridle, but of feeling and obedience to the knee and thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, far surpassing whatever the most elaborate *manège* gives a European horse, though furnished with snaffle, curb and all. I often mounted them at the invitation of their owners, and without saddle, rain or stirrup, set them off at full gallop, wheeled them round, brought them up in mad career at a dead halt, and that without the least difficulty, or the smallest want of correspondence between the horse's movements and my own will; the rider on their back really feels himself the man-halt of a centaur, not a distinct being.—Pulgrave's Travels in Arabia.

Health Talks.

NERVES.

I have sometimes heard the body compared to a steam engine, and though the analogy is not perfect there are many points of resemblance. The food was to the fuel, the nerve power to the steam which moves the machinery. You may clog your engine with too much fuel, as the body with too much food. You may use too little, and get up such a poor head of steam as to do little work; you may clog the whole, as the boilers of some of our Mississippi steamboats, with dirty water, when they have to send men in to scrape off the mud and incrustations. You may let the ashes gather and fill up the grate and shut up the draft, and choke the fire. For the body, as for the steam engine, you want good fuel, pure water, brisk fires, clear grates, clean boilers and a rapid clearing off of all the refuse matter.

The fuller analogy might be with a steam engine that is used to propel several pieces of machinery, but never all at once. It may not be equal to that, and so they take it in turn. The nerve power does the work of the body, propels our legs, moves our arms or tongues; works the brain, digests the food—for it is turned on to the stomach when food is put into it, and therefore can't as well be spared for brain, or hands, or feet. Hence the advantage of a little rest after a full meal. It is not laziness, it is wisdom. Men see it for their horses, and no man who is wise will drive or ride a horse hard, directly after feeding him. But they sometimes utterly disregard the rule for themselves.

The nerve power varies, like the pressure of steam, so many pounds to the square inch, though it can not be regulated in the same way. Our supply is rather weak in the morning; we can't do much hard work before breakfast. One minister who distinguished himself by long hours of work in the early morning, distinguished himself by losing his sight. The wear and tear went to the weakest part. We grow stronger toward noon, going up with the sun; and after two o'clock begin to wane. Work done late at night is a greater tax upon the life than that done at noon. Turning night into day, does not answer the purpose. There is wonderful power in the light, wonderful virtue in the sun's rays.

Brain work is more exhausting, uses up the nerve power faster than any sort of manual labor. And the brain is not as apt to complain of exhaustion. When one is very tired with hard work, the body will ache, that is, the nerves which carry the power. The brain will bear a great strain, but it finally gives way. And in these days of driving business, and long continued strain upon the nerve power, with all at the highest tension, so many men and women break! Apoplexy, paralysis, insanity, and other forms of disease of the nervous system. The engine is worked with too many pounds to the square inch, and the weakest part gives way.

One of the busiest men of the age, and one who did an almost miraculous amount of work, was a wise man. He took recreation and rest even in the time of highest pressure. If he could, he slept. Even five minutes' sleep will sometimes give time for the nervous energy to relax the strain. If he could not sleep, he lay down flat, relaxed every muscle and let himself alone, even for a few moments. No one who has not tried it can understand the relief and refreshment that may be found in this. And many an overworked mother, working woman, working man, man of business, might save life, or health, or reason, by these bits of timely rest.

Rest is the one thing to restore exhausted nervous energy. The Saviour said to his disciples, "Come ye apart . . . and rest awhile." Stimulants are a mistake. They deaden feeling and act like whip and spur to a tired horse; the nerves start up angrily and go on again, but they are none the less tired. Food, even, in large quantities is no help. Some one wrote a wise caution, with the title, "Feasting after Fatigue." A heavy task of digestion is only a new tax upon the nerve power, a new call upon the engine when the fires and the steam are low. A little simple refreshment is better, until rest has done its work. Some traveler in the desert tells the tale. The caravan halts after a long and weary day's march. All stop; a fire is made, water boiled, a little tea made and a cup passed around with a small quantity of a liquid, greenish and rather uninviting. After a few minutes' rest they begin to revive, fuel is gathered, tents are pitched, the meal prepared, and by the time it is ready, all are ready to enjoy and to digest it.

The nerves are curiously distributed over the whole body, and the nervous power and energy seems to run over or through them like an electric current. And the similarity to electric or galvanic action is confirmed by the effect of the application of cold water to the surface. It seems to act like fresh acid in a galvanic battery, setting the current in motion with fresh vigor, renewing not exhausting. Wisely used, there is no more safe or refreshing stimulus.

Granted that there is something like electric action through the nerves, it would seem that any undue pressure at any one point interrupts this current. A learned Professor was writing a book. His work lay on a table, always ready for the hours he could spend in writing. Before the table stood a chair which was sunken in the seat, leaving a bar across the front, which came with some pressure across the under side of the thigh.

Before he was aware of it, from this continued pressure on the nerves at one point, came partial paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered. He was a very wise and learned man, but he knew many things better than the laws of his being.

In these days of much writing and stiff pens, many people lose power in their hand and arm. The disease has taken a name; they say, "Scribner's Paralysis." The remedy lies in prevention. Pressure on the under side of the arm is one cause, as on the edge of a desk or table. Have a care of that, and don't always write at the same place, or in the same position; and the other preventive remedies are a soft elastic pen—a quill is best—pen handle light and elastic, not too small, a yielding surface to write upon, and no constriction from the sleeve, especially at the shoulder. The arm should not be raised unnaturally, the whole position as easy as possible.

Some one, inspired by the spirit of mischief, invented a pen that would hold ink enough for the work of hours. It is a satire on the haste of the age, that one can not spare time to dip his pen into the ink-stand—and yet that very motion and relief to the nerves and muscles, may save many a one from the consequences of long and undue pressure.

There is bitter truth in the proverb, "The more haste, the less speed."—The Advance.

A Simple Cup of Tea.

Since July 1st the duty on tea and coffee is abolished, and people can get their morning and evening cups filled at considerably lower rates. Every drinker of these beverages will hail the change with sincere satisfaction. But just as the duty comes off, out comes an English physician—no matter about his name—who says that tea drinking is a pernicious habit, flooding the stomach with hot water, disturbing the action of the heart, deranging the nerves, ruining the digestion, and being "as distinctly sensual, extravagant and pernicious as beer drinking or gin swilling." Our compliments to that English doctor, but we make free to assure him that we don't believe a word of it. A cup of tea is a good thing and no mistake, even of a hot afternoon. We decline to discuss the matter, but appeal to the unanimous judgment of the fair sex, mothers and daughters alike.—[Ploughman.]

Don't Die That Day.

This comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is inimitable for its point as well as eloquence: "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough, but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much. They don't die that way. Brethren, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do, just let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to that church, and I'll climb by the soft light of moon, up de moss-covered roof, and I'll stand dar, and lift my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed are the dead that die in de Lord?'"

A man having fallen into a slough, an Irishman standing by called to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, leisurely inquired, "How deep is he in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time." "No, there is not," replied the first; "I forgot to tell you he's in head-first."

BOOK AGENTS

Now at work, or looking for some new book, will make it if they do not write for direction of the best selling book published. Extraordinary inducements offered. Profits more than double money. Write free. Address F. M. BARN, 181 Eighth St., New York.

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For GOODSPEED'S Presidential Campaign Book. EVERY CITIZEN WANTS IT. Also CAMPAIGN LEAFLETS, Address, Goodspeed's Empire Publishing House, 107 Liberty Street, New York.

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And the leading men of all parties. Over 40 Steel Portraits. Just the book wanted by the masses everywhere. Agents meet with wonderful success. Send for Circular, and secure territory at once. Address, ZIEGLER & McBRIDE, 247 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

NEW TURBINE in general use throughout the U. S. A. SIX INCH (the source of all other turbines) in the Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Its simplicity of construction and the power it develops in the smallest size, and its style of execution, make it the most perfect of all turbines. Wheel ever invented. Pamphlet free. N. F. BURNHAM, YORK, PA.

HEALTH! The most popular medicine for nervous troubles (the source of all other ailments) is DODD'S NERVE, and Invigorator. For sale by all Druggists. Price One Dollar.

OUR DIGESTION; or MY JOLLY FRIEND'S SECRET. DIO LEWIS' law and great work. This invaluable common-sense book should be read by every man and woman in the country. Three-fourths of all the sickness in our midst may be avoided by a knowledge—and practice—of our Jolly Friend's law. The author's style of expression is in the land's best literature. For its great common-sense, ready-understood, glowing pictures of mankind, and its witty and witty style of expression, AGENTS WANTED to make money fast. Illustrated circulars, terms, &c., free, address Geo. Macdonald, Pub. School St., Boston.

"Buy Me and I'll do You Good." DR. LANGLEY'S ROOT AND HERB BITTERS. This medicine, without the possibility of a doubt, the very best remedy known for the following and all kindred diseases: Indigestion, Nervousness, Liver Complaint, Piles, Headache, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Scour, Stomach, Lungs, Larynx, Debility, Scurvy, Catarrh, Pimples, Skin, &c. By the timely use of this medicine, the blood is purified, the system is restored, the liver is invigorated, the breath is sweetened, the complexion is beautified; and the general health is restored.

The best Root, Herb and Bark, enter into the composition of this medicine, making it a simple and safe remedy for all diseases of the blood. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston. For sale by all Druggists.

House and Lot For Sale

At South Paris. Said house is located about forty rods from the depot at South Paris, is two stories high, contains thirteen rooms, is suitable for two families, or a boarding house; is well finished. The lot contains three-fourths of an acre of land, well supplied with fruit trees—a good well of water at the house. Said premises are offered for sale at \$10,000. Inquire of BOLSTER & HASKELL, Real Estate Agents, 100 W. W. MOORE, the Broker, June 25.

THE CHICAGO, DANVILLE AND VINCENTS RAILROAD

Runs through one of the richest portions of Illinois and Indiana, connecting Chicago by the shortest route with the celebrated Rock Island, Indianapolis and St. Louis, and Evansville and Nashville, and the entire south. Its mortgage debt is \$18,000 to be paid. The road is already earning, after all operating expenses are paid, much more than the entire interest on all its bonds. While railroad bonds may be plenty, those upon PAYING LINES and for so small a sum to the mile, are seldom in the market.

WE DO NOT HESITATE TO RECOMMEND THEM AS UNUSUALLY SAFE. THEY ARE NOT ATTENDED BY THE UNCERTAINTIES OF PROGRESSIVE ENTERPRISE, AND OUR PROMPT PAYMENT OF THE INTEREST, AND THE FINAL PAYMENT OF THE PRINCIPAL, ARE AS CERTAIN AS ANY FUTURE FINANCIAL EVENT.

The bonds are a First Mortgage and are for \$10,000 each, have forty years to run, and bear interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, payable on the first of April and October, and the principal and interest being payable in gold in New York.

WE HAVE SOLD OVER ONE MILLION IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS TO TRUST COMPANIES, AND FOR THE INVESTMENT OF TRUST FUNDS, and to the most careful investors, and have built a small amount remaining.

Particulars furnished on application in person or by mail, to A. E. DENNISON, Cashier New York National Bank; H. M. BRARRE, Treasurer Norway Savings Bank, or W. B. SHATTUCK & CO., Bankers, GENERAL AGENTS, 25 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

HATHAWAY, DAVIS & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF FURNITURE, PARIS HILL, MAINE.

Are now prepared to furnish, at their Manufactory or at their Ware Rooms, South Paris, (in charge of A. Shurtliff & Son.)

ASH AND PINE CHAMBER SETS.

Extension Tables, Parlor & Dining Suits, Chairs, Lounges, Mattresses, Spring Beds, &c., &c., &c.

All kinds of Furniture Repaired. S. P. MAXIM, T. F. HATHAWAY, PARIS HILL, Jan. 29th, 1872.

Musical Notice. The Bryant's Pond Cornet Band are prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Celebrations, or for any occasion where the services of a Band are required.

All communications addressed to FREELAND YOUNG, Bryant's Pond, Me., will receive prompt attention. may 7th

Bethel Savings Bank.

[INCORPORATED FEB. 1872.] OFFICERS. OLIVER H. MASON, President. ELMOR W. BOSTON, Treasurer & Sec'y. MELVILLE C. KIMBALL, Asst. Treas.

TRUSTEES. RICHARD A. FRYE, OLIVER H. MASON, SAM'L B. TWITCHELL, SAM'L D. PHIBBS, JOHN M. PHIBBS.

DEPOSITS received as well as twenty-five cents. ALL MONEY received on or before the first day of May next, will draw interest from May 1st, 1872.

This bank is under the same regulations and pays the same dividend as all other Savings Banks in the State. Bethel, March 25th, 1872. April 3rd

Brighton Nurseries.

T. B. YALE & Co., Proprietors. ONE DOLLAR SAVED is worth as much as two earned, is one of Dr. Franklin's maxims.

Purchasing Your Fruit Trees OF RICHARDSON & CHILD, of Milton Plantation, who are appointed Agents for the sale of all the fruit trees in the State, established in 1857.

All trees bought of us will be warranted as good as any raised or brought into the State. We have the General Agency of Oxford and Franklin County, and sell good apple trees for \$20 per hundred, and other trees in proportion. All persons wanting trees can call on us or write, and save the expense of calling on them, which expense we will allow to the purchaser. B. RICHARDSON, JR., Milton Plantation, July 10th, 1871.

WM. SWETT, South Paris, Milton Plantation July 10th, 1871.

JOB PRINTING. Neatly executed at the Oxford Democrat Office.

ONLY \$50.00!

The Wilson New Under-Feed, Shuttle

SEWING MACHINE!

FOR SALE BY GEO. W. HAMMOND, Snow's Falls, Me.

Be Sure and See This Before Purchasing. Jan. 30th 72

D. H. YOUNG, OXFORD COUNTY

Sewing Machine Agency

SINGER, FLORENCE, GROVER & BAKER, WHEELER & WILSON.

and all standard Machines constantly on hand. Threads, Oil, Needles, and all kinds of Trimmings for Sewing Machines, at

Noyes' Block, Norway, Me. Nov. 27, 1868.

THE MEADOW KING

MOWING MACHINE.

Manufactured by GREGG & CO., Trumansburg, N. Y.

This mowing machine has been in use six seasons—has been found to be the most perfect and perfect machine for the most simple and practical mowing in use.

The representations and voluntary letters of recommendation from all sections where used, speak of this mower in highest terms.

We refer to Parties who Used the MEADOW KING

For strength, simplicity of construction, lightness of draft, durability and ease of management, it cannot be surpassed.

The mowing machine is without hinges or joints. Primarily protected from obstructions of any kind or size.

Kills alfalfa in a line with the flume.

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NATURE'S REMEDY.

VEGETINE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully selected herbs, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectively eradicate from the system every element of Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Lesions, Eczema, Faintness at the Stomach, and all diseases that arise from impure blood. Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Lesions, Eczema, Faintness at the Stomach, and all diseases that arise from impure blood. Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Lesions, Eczema, Faintness at the Stomach, and all diseases that arise from impure blood. Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Lesions, Eczema, Faintness at the Stomach, and all diseases that arise from impure blood. Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Lesions, Eczema, Faintness at the Stomach, and all diseases that arise from imp