

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 39.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1872.

NUMBER 38.

The Oxford Democrat.

Published Every Tuesday Morning, by
F. E. SHAW,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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in advance.

Circulation Over 1,000—Postage in the
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Potery.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

They jokingly hint, my husband
His love has given away.
To a younger, fairer woman,
While I keep house, and pray—
And, chiding the wifely weakness,
They bid me go forth as free!
But I will be true to him,
For he may be true to me!

I knew their words were wanton,
And held a poisoned dart
Of jealousy, to rattle
Forever in my heart.
But, though I cry and question
Heaven,—human hearts, how free?
Yet I will be true to him,
For he may be true to me.

In fancy, I see her running
Where oft I have lunged to go.
Through halls of art and beauty,
With my lover of long ago!
But though bright scenes and places
With him I may never see,
Yet I will be true to him,
For he may be true to me!

And, while to the jealous country
They gaily may ride away,
I sigh for the breath of the daisy;
They whisper, "she's had her day!"
Well, hark! he had his, also?
And why should the difference be?
But I will be true to him,
For he may be true to me!

And, when earth's journey ended,
We enter the land of rest.
It is for the purest and truest
Love's choicest flowers unfold!
And so I will be patient
As loving heart can be,
And I'll be true to him,
Though he may not be true to me!

MATTIE MOOR.
Washington, D. C., Sept. 25th, 1872.

Select Story.

A MIDDLE-AGED LOVE STORY.

They had come, a little group of friendly
faces, to watch me off, with waving
handkerchiefs and kind good-bys; and I
stood on the stern nodding and waving
and waving back, till the steamer swept
down the river out of their sight.

I knew I should have their prayers
that the sea might be gentle with me; I
knew they would watch the weather, and
look for the telegram of the arrival of
our ship; yet I knew I was taking
nothing from their lives, and that they
each would go home hardly missing me,
so it was with no great wrench of heart
that I saw the pilot put off from us, and
took the last look at my native shores.

During most of the passage I was just
comfortably seasick, so I sat all the day
long in a reclining chair on deck, watch-
ing the white caps on the purple and
green and blue waves that mounted and
fell down and up and up and down,
away out to the far horizon. I saw the
shining nautillous floating by, and now
and then a whale, or a shoal of porpoises,
or a sail, speeding white and full across
the water.

I saw also a good many things near
by; for I didn't put my eyes in my pocket
along with my short sighted glasses; and
nobody was much likely to mind a middle
aged woman in hood and water-proof.

The first thing I saw was a young girl
with dark eyes and brown hair that
rippled itself into a tangle of rough
curls whenever she took off her net. She
was not so very pretty, nor so very
brilliant; but there was a piquant charm
about her that attracted half the passen-
gers before the first day was over. By
the end of the second day, from the cap-
tain to the ship's surgeon, and from the
surgeon to the cabin boy, every one was
eager to show her attention; and every-
body was met by the same genial smile
and lively retort.

She won her way at once into my heart
by the kindly thought that led her to
bring little trifles from the table to
tempt my sickly appetite, and to soothe
my forehead with bay-water and gentle
touches of her shapely brown hands,
where a great emerald glittered, encircled
by diamonds. Very soon she got into a
habit of drawing her rug beside my
chair, and sitting on the deck leaning
against me, so that I might "pet her," as
she said.

This was how it happened that my
quiet out-of-the-way corner came to be
the centre of the life and gaiety and ro-
mance of the whole shipboard.

It seemed this young girl, Rosa Ar-
mour, was an only child and an orphan,
going to an uncle in Germany, her near-
est of kin.

"Dear heart! I hope her uncle will be
wise as well as loving," said I to myself
very often; for she seemed too fragile a
bubble of humanity to drift on through
life alone.

The tips of her brown curls were
lighter than the rest; and here and there
were little bright tangles all over her
hair, as though the sun was shining in
spots on it. One morning I sat coiling
these gleams of sunshine around my
fingers, and watching a flock of Mother
Carey's chickens skim restlessly over the
restless water, thinking these thoughts
about Rosa, and having her soft presence
alone to myself for a few moments. Not
many, however; soon, up came a New
Zealand, or an Australian, on our boat.

"You are very lowly, Miss Armour,"
said he. "Let me bring you a chair."

"Thank you; I prefer to sit here on my
rug, and have Miss Wells pet me," re-
plied Rosa, turning up her eyes languidly.
The deck is my favorite seat, if I
can only have an excuse to sit on it.

"But you need something over you,"

persisted the New Zealander, going
away, and coming back directly with his
own heavy wrap. Then he seated him-
self on a low camp stool beside her,
folding the wrap over the two. "I never
saw so rough a sea as this all the way
from Honolulu to San Francisco," said
he, looking out upon the gentle swell of
the lazily-mounting waves.

"Rough!" cried Miss Armour. "I am
sure the ocean is as smooth as a mil-
lion!"

"Oh! but not as compared with the
Pacific—peaceful; it was rightly named.
We never have such gales on that as
sweep the Atlantic, but only the gentlest
westerly breezes." The New Zealander
shivered as he spoke, and drew his wrap
closer over his knees. "We have the
most charming climate in New Zealand,"
he went on; "we are never too hot, and
never too cold. In fact we never think
of the weather. And the soil is the most
fertile in the world."

"Pity it is such an out-of-the-way part
of the earth that nobody can live there,"
said Miss Armour.

"Beg your pardon, Miss: there are
several English towns of thirty thousand
inhabitants each; and we never think
of ourselves as being out-of-the-way, but
rather feel sorry for those who live so
far off," returned the other, bending his
tall figure earnestly forward.

Rosa leaned her pretty head towards
him in a confiding attitude of interest,
and laughed: "Oh, so you are the peo-
ple, and wisdom is going to die with
you!" said she. "But what do you do
out there in the heart of the universe?"

"We dig gold for one thing, and raise
sheep for another,—millions and millions
of them: from thirty to forty vessels are
constantly plying to England with the
tallow and pressed wool."

"What do you do with all that mutton?"
asked Rosa, looking idly at the light in
her ring, and then as idly at the light in
the speaker's eyes.

"We use what we can," was the re-
ply. "And sometimes, I am sorry to say,
we bury the flesh,—not usually; but
sometimes an order will come to one
farmer for a thousand sheep if you
please; and all he can do is to clip off
the wool, get out the fat and bury the
carcasses."

"What a pity the meat can't be sent to
the hungry poor at home! Why don't
somebody condense it as they do the
beef in Texas?" I said in my practical
way.

"In good time I dare say somebody
will; but we can't do everything at
once," replied the New Zealander, look-
ing with sudden interest at the game of
shuffle-board being played beside us.

Just then along came the ship's sur-
geon, a blonde youth in uniform, with
his hair parted in the middle.

"Miss Armour," said he, "The gun is
to be fired at the bow; will you come
and see it done?"

Miss Armour started up at once,
turning the same half-confiding glance
and ready smile upon him she had been
giving us.

"I am going to leave my rug with you;
I shall come back," said she, beaming
over her shoulder upon me as she took
the surgeon's arm and went away.

The New Zealander looked after her,
tried to console himself by drawing up
his wrap in another fold across his knees,
did not succeed, and finally got up and
went away. Of course it was not worth
his while to make himself agreeable to a
middle-aged woman in hood and water-
proof. So I sat and looked at the like-
ness of a lake among the sunset clouds,
and tried to decide whether I had better
take out meal-gum or biscuit-tea for my
supper: wondering the while, half un-
consciously, about the old chord in my
memory that was always being struck
by a certain musical ring in the New
Zealander's voice.

After an hour or so the gun was fired,
and presently Miss Armour came back,
with the disorder of the strong sea-wind
in her hair, and its freshness in her pretty
pink cheeks.

"I've come as I said," she murmured,
dropping at my feet again, and smiling
up, as though she had got where she
best loved to be—just such a smile as she
would have given to the stokers down
in the engine-room, or to the ship's cat.

But it was lovely to look upon while it
lasted; and we middle-aged people have
learned to warm ourselves in any chance
ray of sunlight, without stopping to con-
sider whether it is likely to be perpetual.

This time the bit of sunshine did not
stay long; for there came an artist with
his sketch book; and when Miss Armour
had sufficiently admired his graphic pen-
cillings of the captain and the quarter-
master, and the sea-sick occupant of an
upper berth, it was time to throw the
log; and so he bore her off, to find out
by her own eyes whether we were actu-
ally going at the rate of thirteen knots, or
only twelve and a half.

That was how the days went. The
passengers read, and paced the deck,
played games and guessed riddles, and
were always hungry; the pilot stood
steady and firm at the wheel; the sailors
ran up and down the rigging like over-
grown spiders, and were forever scur-
rying and scrambling, tying and untying,
drawing up and letting down. Thus at
last we had come safely almost to our
desired haven. With fair sailing, we
were only one day out of port; and, fond
as we had grown to be of each other,
we were getting impatient to part.

Miss Armour, during all the voyage,

had kept on as she began, beguiling
every one with her trick of lip and eye.
They ran after her like boys at the string
of a kite. Well, they had nothing better
to do just then; and when she had faded
out, as a rainbow fades, I made no doubt
she would be as easily forgotten, or only
remembered as a midsummer's day-
dream, by all, unless it might be a solitary,
warm-hearted man like the New Zealander.

To tell the truth, I was sorry for
him. Evidently, life had not brought
him all it might; and he was hungry for
the love and confidence that had never
been his. So I was afraid he would miss
this little sparkle of girlhood and warm
youth, and find the void deeper when it
had gone out.

To the very last day, Rosa kept her
place by my chair; and to the very last
the New Zealander kept his place by her,
when no younger one stepped in to carry
her off, which was pretty often, to be
sure. Then, he always quietly went
away himself, with a kind of grave re-
gret in his face. On this morning, Miss
Armour had just left us along with a
young lawyer, to drop oranges and
lemons among the steerage passengers,
when I noticed the New Zealander look-
ing after her with a sadder regret than
usual—almost a pain—in his eyes. He
had such handsome dark eyes! I could
see that without my glasses.

"Now," said I to myself, "I hope he
isn't going to get soft,—a sensible, gen-
tlemanly, agreeable man like him, and
quite old enough to be her father!" And
so I looked at him to see if he was, when
suddenly he turned upon me.

"At least you might have written,
Agatha Wells!" said he sharply.

I started, as you may think, to hear my
own name spoken so familiarly by a
stranger; when, looking again, behold!
I saw beneath the bronze, and under the
wrinkles and behind the beard, a face
that twenty years before was the dearest
in the world to me,—the face of Duncan
Ashley! We parted one day expecting
to meet on the next; but that evening
he was called away, and wrote instead of
coming. In the letter, he said, what he
had said before with his eyes,—yes, those
same beautiful eyes,—that I was the
choice of his life.

"Answer me," said he: "I cannot
wait till I see you."

So I answered,—a long, foolish letter,
though there was no need of writing;
for he had read all I could say long be-
fore, with those eyes of his. Then I
watched and waited for him; but I never
saw him or heard one word more. If
you are young, you can imagine the
slow dying-out of hope and expectation;
and if you are old, you know how such
things can be lived over, and hidden in
secret graves.

But now, as though the graves had
been opened, and the judgment set, came
this sudden reproachful question up from
the buried past. I fairly caught my
breath, as I turned back my eyes, and
looked him in the face again.

"Forgive me," said he directly, in a
gentler tone. "I did not mean to speak.
You brought it out with your eyes: that
questioning turn was so familiar. Of
course you were quite right, and I never
blamed you. I never meant you should
see me again; but the temptation to feel
myself beside you, only to be in the
soothing charm of your presence was too
great. It has been a blessing I shall
carry with me all the rest of my life."

He was rising to go away, but I put
out my hand. "I did write, Duncan
Ashley," said I; "the letter must have
gone wrong."

"You did! You wrote!" he cried,
sinking back in his chair again, and look-
ing at me eagerly. "What did you say?"

There was only one thing I could say;
and I said that. I answered, blushing
as though I had just written the letter.

A middle-aged woman in hood and
water-proof! But dear me! it was only
my face that was middle-aged, after all;
my heart was as young and as silly as
ever. And as for Duncan's face, the
marks of care, and thought, and time,
fell off, leaving it only the eternal youth
of love.

It was the old story of a lost letter,
and the older story of a proud man be-
lieving himself rejected and humiliated,
and fleeing to the ends of the earth with
his pain.

"Twenty precious years wasted!" said
my New Zealander. "We will not be
separated another day while we both
live. There is a clergyman among our
passengers; and we will be married this
very hour."

That was so like his headlong deci-
sions! Certainly he did need a sober
second-thought like me for ballast.
"That cannot be!" I cried. "The cere-
mony wouldn't be legal without a license
or something. And I would by no means
do anything so sensational and con-
spicuous."

But bless your heart! I might as well
have tried to wipe up the Atlantic with
my pocket-handkerchief. He was so
grieved, and so impatient, and so reso-
lute (and, indeed, when one comes to
think of it, twenty years is long enough
for an engagement), that I finally dropped
off my water-proof and my sea-sickness,
and stood up behind the binnacle and was
married that very morning—ring and
all. Duncan produced it from a small
wallet, where he had carried it in his
waistcoat pocket for the whole twenty
years.

"I could never bear to put the whole
thing away," said he, looking at it ten-
derly.

The next day we came to port, with
the sun shining and our flags flying.
There was a flurry of good-bys, a hoist-
ing of trunks, a welcoming of friends on
the shore, and a glad hurrying to and
fro.

Among the rest was an instant's nest-
ling of Miss Armour's lips on my cheek,
and a little cling of her hand in mine,
the vanishing of a smile,—and she was
gone, like the flash of a fire-fly, out of
my sight forever. But wherever she is
and however she fares, she has the daily
blessing of two middle-aged hearts,
whose way to each other she unconscio-
usly lighted.

Why Reformers can't Support Greeley.

Extract from a Speech by Judge Hoadley.

Judge Hoadley, who was one of the
leaders in the Cincinnati movement, be-
fore it was captured by the politicians,
in a speech at Avondale a few days since,
told why true reformers could not sup-
port Mr. Greeley. He said:

"Now, why can't I support Greeley? I
have got to talk in the first person. I
can't help it; but I am not a candidate
for Congress. Why, in the first place, I
can't support him, because in the history
of the past four years there is not any-
thing in the Cincinnati platform by way
of complaint; there is not anything
wrong that General Grant has done
which Horace Greeley has not either in-
dorsed or procured. He is the father of
almost all that is odious in the action of
the administration, and what he has not
procured he has indorsed, and he stands
in the position to-day either of an access-
ary before the fact, or an accessory before
the fact, and I don't care which. By the
rule which lawyers call the rule of es-
toppel, it don't lie in his mouth to com-
plain of Ulysses S. Grant, not a bit of it.

Why, these gentlemen from the Southern
States, Gov. Hamilton told me 'I am not
going to vote for your Missouri call, but
I am a free trader. We don't care any-
thing about your tariff, but we want to
be delivered from the centralizing legis-
lature at Washington—from your Ku-
Klux laws?' Congress. Who approved
them? Grant. Who induced Congress
to legislate? Horace Greeley.

Now let me read a little. Just take
this platform: 'Local self government, with impartial
suffrage, will guard the rights of all
citizens more securely than any central-
ized power. The public welfare requires
the supremacy of the civil over the mili-
tary authority, and the freedom of per-
son under the protection of the habeas
corpus. We demand for the individual
the largest liberty consistent with the
public order, for the State self govern-
ment, and for the nation, return to the
methods of peace and the constitutional
limitations of power.'

What does that mean? It means, re-
peal all your Ku-Klux laws; take from
the President the power to suspend the
Writ of Habeas corpus at the South.
That's what it means. Who gave that
power to the President? Horace Gree-
ley.

Let me read you what Mr. Greeley
said in his Tribune not longer ago than
June of last year:

"I hold our government bound by its
duty of protecting our citizens in their
fundamental rights to pass and enforce
laws for the extermination of the execrable
Ku-Klux conspiracy; and if it is not
the power to do it, then I say our gov-
ernment is no government, but a sham.
I, therefore, on every proper occasion ad-
vocated and justified the Ku-Klux act.

I hold it especially desirable for the South,
and if it does not prove strong enough to
effect its purpose, I hope it will be made
stronger and stronger."

And the man that wrote those words is
now the candidate of the men who are
heaping curses upon Grant, because they
say he has failed to keep the promise of
his election—"Let us have peace."

Now, I say that Mr. Greeley stands in the
position of an accomplice who has turned
State's evidence to escape punishment.
He is a man who stood outside while the
burglary was committed, to watch
against the police, and now that the bur-
glar has been caught, he has turned
State's evidence, and is not only seeking
to escape the Penitentiary, but actually
wants to be Governor. In the last days
of Aaron Burr, he entered a church, one
day, where Jedediah Burchard, the great
revivalist, was preaching. Burchard
spied him as he entered, and said:
"There comes one sinner, the chiefest of
sinners, against whom I, even I, will
bear witness in the day of judgment."

Burr stopped in his tracks, and replied:
"Yes, in fifty years of criminal practice
I have found the greatest scoundrel
turning State's evidence." There is too
much centralization at Washington. Local
self-government and impartial
suffrage are going to do it. We have
had our newspapers full of the methods
of war. The country wants to return to
the methods of peace, and to give up the
bayonet bill. What did Mr. Greeley say
on that subject?

"It is urged by the Democratic organs
that the law is to be enforced in States
and municipal elections. This is done
to make it more obnoxious, if that be
possible, to their party. But, unfortu-
nately, this is an error. The law applies
only to presidential and congressional
elections, though we heartily wish it
could be made to apply to all others."

That is Mr. Greeley on the methods of
peace; and the platform, which he says

is the concentrated essence of wisdom,
says that "a return to the methods of
peace and the constitutional limitations of
power" is demanded by the exigencies
of the nation—that exigency being the
election of this chronic office seeker to
the presidency.

Now, what else has Mr. Greeley done?
A great deal else. In the first place, he
helped to elect Mr. Grant. Didn't he
know that Gen. Grant had received large
gifts at that time? What else? Why,
as soon as Gen. Grant was elected he be-
gan to flatter him. I am going to read a
little more at the risk of boring you.
On the 13th of February, 1869, Mr. Gree-
ley wrote these words of Gen. Grant,
after his election and just before his in-
auguration:

"Gen. Grant is as thoroughly a citizen
to-day, as perfectly civilian in his habits,
as any man in the country. We think of
no one in public station who represents
more fully the idea of the American
gentleman. Unostentatious, unassuming,
brave; without ambition, forbearing,
resolute in doing what he deemed to be
right, but never offensive in asserting
himself. Gen. Grant is a man of the
people; one in heart and feeling with
the men who dig, and plow, and weave."

Now, that was what Grant was in Feb-
ruary, 1869. Has he changed since? I
am not so sure he was that. I am one of
those who didn't go that, and have never
been able to believe it since, but Greeley
did. Well, it got along to the 19th of
February, 1869, and the subject of Santo
Domingo was up, and Mr. Greeley said:

"We believe that the people of San
Domingo would be greatly benefited by
the annexation of the little republic to
the United States. We believe they
think so, or soon will—that annexation is
their manifest destiny. And we are
quite willing that our government shall
say, in such a fashion as may seem best,
that whenever they shall evince a wish
to share our future fortunes, we will
gladly receive them."

That is Greeley on San Domingo. We
will have another expression by and by.
Then, in June, 1869, when the Democrats
were beginning to tell about Babcock
and Dent, and the other military men
about the White House, Mr. Greeley
said:

"We have never been in less danger of
imperialism than we are now. There
never was a time in the history of our
country when the people exercised a
more direct control of the government,
or the force of public opinion was more
generally recognized by our chief ex-
ecutive officers. There is abundant in-
dubitable in public trusts, and corruption of
private morals; but these evils are all
bred by long wars and inflated currencies,
and time will work a reformation. The
present administration has already made
a long advance [this was in June, and
Grant had been in office since March] in
the direction of public economy, and
economy is the parent of many virtues.
On the other hand, we were never in so
much danger of drifting into an aristoc-
ratic form of government as under the
rule of the infamous slave oligarchy of
which Mr. Fillmore was the facile instru-
ment. The liberties of our country
never were seriously threatened, except
by the mis-called Democratic party,
which, unable to find a vulnerable spot
in the administration of President Grant,
is now trying to frighten the people by
the silly cry of 'imperialism.' It is of
no use; Americans have two much com-
mon sense."

Let us "return to the methods of
peace." It is a good deal like Jimmy
McMaster's way of swearing "so help
me God—one shilling." Read them to-
gether and they run together about as
pat as Jimmy's oath and his demand for
fees.

Take the platform and the Tribune,
and read them together. One is black
and the other is white; one is figure and
the other is zero; anything that you
choose to express the most lucid con-
trast will not more than paint the an-
tagonism between this man and this
platform.

Well, what else has he done? Why
he has done a great deal else. I am go-
ing

Editorial and Selected Items.

—There is to be a Cattle Show and Fair at East Bedford, Oct. 22d.

—Mrs. Cobb, widow of the late Sylvanus Cobb, D. D., of Boston, is to speak in the Universalist church at Hallowell, Sunday evening.

—Hon. E. K. Smart died at his residence Sept. 30th, of soling of the brain, at the age of fifty-nine years.

—The elections, this week in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, will be looked to with great interest. We are hopeful of results.

—J. R. Pulsifer of Poland, this season has put up 600 barrels of cucumber pickles. Mr. P. raises 50 bushels of cranberries this year.

—The Androscoggin Artillery organization of Friday evening by the choice of the following officers: Captain, A. S. Perkins; Senior 1st Lieutenant, G. S. Perkins; Junior 1st Lieutenant, J. R. Perkins, Jr.; Senior 2d Lieutenant, A. A. Miller; Junior 2d Lieutenant, T. R. Mennally.—*Leviathan Journal.*

—The Bangor *Whig* is informed that J. M. Lunt, Esq., who relinquished the superintendency of the Maine Central railroad, has been offered the position of Superintendent of the Boston, Hartford and Erie railroad, and also the position of General Superintendent of the Central Railroad of Iowa, the latter with a salary of \$15,000 per annum. We are informed that his successor on the Maine Central has not yet been appointed.

—The Press says that Deacon Benj. Stearns dropped dead in church at Centre Lovell, Sunday. He was about 75 years of age and well known and generally respected in that section.

—The descendants of Edward Rawson, who was Secretary of Massachusetts Bay from 1660 to 1686, are to have a social reunion at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, on Wednesday, Oct. 9th. Many ancient documents, portraits, etc., interesting to the descendants, will be presented at the meeting.—*EE.*

—The *Times* says a young man from Kittery had a gentle reminder of a power of the law recently. He was summoned to Alfred as a witness in a criminal case, but refused to come unless tendered his traveling fees before starting. The officer returned the summons, stating the fact that he refused to come unless his traveling fees were first paid in cash. The Judge made out an ex parte, had the offending witness brought before him and fined \$15 and costs.

—Our Island Pond correspondent says: A very pleasant surprise awaited G. G. Waterhouse, the general proprietor of the Island Pond House, on his return from Maine, where he has been delayed by illness. Soon after his arrival he found himself in one of his pleasant parlors, which was filled with his employees and quite a number of his other friends. On looking around for the cause of this confusion among the workers, he found he was being presented with a nice gold-headed cane by his employees. This is a very neat and appropriate recognition of the fact that Mr. Waterhouse never used any living thing in any other manner than as a means and the most generous kindness. He is a model hotel keeper.

Buckfield Items.

—The Rev. Mr. Haggart of Livermore, will preach a discourse at East Buckfield, Oct. 6th, upon the death of Thomas J., only child of Cyrus and Martha Bartlett, aged 27 years, who left this place three years ago for Minnesota, to provide his parents with a home in the decline of life. On the 4th of September, while in company with a young man in a boat on Moose Lake, after half an hour in the act of moving a pikehook and gun after the latter in his left side, and exclaiming "I am shot, carry me home quick," died immediately upon his return. I learn from his father, that a letter from his employer states that he was a man of integrity, and that a life insurance of \$10,000, and a like sum in the bank, awaits his order.

—The threshing machine has proved that an extra crop of grain has been raised, being one of the best seasons for wheat for twenty-five years. Corn excellent, potatoes well decided, owing to the rust, rot, and weathers; apples in abundance, free from worms; cranberries good, but difficult to gather in many places on account of water; pumpkins are all vines and no dividends; fall feed never better, stock in good plight and good demand; the quick demand for all kinds of merchandise encourages the farmer to be up and doing. The most tender and beautiful flowers have not yet been meted by frost.

Benjamin Hodgdon of East Buckfield, is setting one and one-half acres of superior land for the same to cranberry plants of the best varieties, including the Belle.

Rumford Centre Items.

—Our correspondent "D." writes: Mr. P. Ellingwood, carriage maker, has opened a coffin warehouse and keeps everything in the undertaker's line.

—Benj. Jackson, Jr., is building a nice two-story house, and Chaplin Virgin is repairing his saw and shingle mills and planning them in good condition for business.

—Our correspondent (M. D. L.) writes: W. D. Abbott and wife of the Union House, Rumford, entertained their friends to the number of sixty or more on the evening of the 27th inst., the occasion being the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding life. The presents were pretty and appropriate, embracing almost everything useful in glass, besides other elegant and valuable articles. The show of flowers in bouquets was an object of general admiration. With an oyster supper with the accessories, after the style of mine host, and music, vocal and instrumental, and dancing, "All went merry as a marriage bell."—*Register.*

Mexico Items.

—Last spring the youngest son of J. W. Richards of this place, planted several squash seeds in his garden; but only one seed came up and grew; but that vine grew until several of its branches had extended between 2 and 3 rods from where it started, and the whole vine with all its branches measured seventeen rods and two feet in length, and its yield was twelve nice large squashes. I do not know the kind of squash, but it is somewhat similar to the Marrow and is one of the best for cooking purposes.

—This story has one thing in its favor, that it is all true, and if any one doubts its truth he may go to Mr. Richards and have the privilege of seeing the squashes and measuring the vine for himself.

S. A. B.

Rumford Items.

J. C. Farnum raised this season a lot of Western corn that was 14 feet in height. How is that for high?

—Mr. Leonard also raised this season, four apples that measured respectively 12, 12 1/2, 12 3/4 and 13 1/2 inches in circumference. Best that if you can.

Kearz Falls Items.

The Register's correspondent says: We learn that Mr. George Kenison of Brownfield, a laborer in a powder-mill at Gorham, was very shockingly burned one day last week. The circumstances, as we are informed, are as follows: He left the mill in his work suit of clothes, went to his boarding house and seated himself by the stove. A spark from the fire flew on to his clothes, set them on fire and burned them entirely from his person. At last accounts he was not expected to live. The buildings owned and occupied by Mr. Levi Stone, situated in Cornish, was consumed by fire last Friday evening, 27th ult. A portion of their contents were saved. Loss estimated to be \$1000. Insured for \$400.

The "Housekeeper" of Our Health.

The liver is the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system. Set the great housekeeper of our health at work, and the foul, corrupting, which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is pre-eminently the article needed. It cures every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimples, spots or eruptions. Great eating disorders, indigestion, and its mighty curative influence. Violent, blood poisons that lurk in the system are by its robbed of their terrors, and by a persevering and somewhat protracted use of it, the most tainted system may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings, develop away and disappear under the influence of this great solvent. It is sold by all druggists.

BRONCHITIS.

FREEMONT, DORSET COUNTY, N. S., January, 1868.—MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.—Sir:—In the winter of 1866, I was afflicted with a severe attack of Bronchitis, and although our doctors were very attentive, and used all the means in their power, they failed to afford me much relief. I obtained your Compound Syrup of Hydropneumonia, and took it until it made a permanent cure.

I am in perfect health and free from Bronchitis. Respectfully yours, MENDALL CROCKER.

A LARGE VOLUME would not contain the mass of testimony which has accumulated in favor of Dr. Foster's Balsam of Wild Cherry as a safe, efficient, and reliable remedy in curing coughs, colds, and pulmonary disease. Many of the cures are truly wonderful.

Feverish sleep makes an attack without warning; and may often be thrown off by soaking the feet in warm water, wrapping up warm in bed, and taking two or three of "Parson's Purgative Pills."

A Missionary just returned, says he regards Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as beyond all price, and efficacious beyond any other medicine. It is adapted to a great variety of special cases, and is the best pain killer in the world.

VERGILIN is the great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength, quickens their nerves and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

THE LAST DAYS of ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Jones' Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. Let him in our position as his physician, and from Mr. Van Buren himself, express much gratification with the results of its use.

Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV, page 272:

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment, what I have suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his visit, 'Jones' Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma,' a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give prompt relief, and in many cases a permanent cure has been effected. No danger need be apprehended from its use. An infant may take it with perfect safety. (See Circular.)

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON, Sole Proprietors.

MARRIED.

In Norway, Sept. 20, Daniel Green, of Oufield, and Miss Anna P. Knightly, of Norway.

In Boston, Sept. 25, by Rev. C. W. Morse, Mr. Charles A. Abbott and Miss Ella E. Davis, both of Bethel.

In South Sumner, Sept. 25, by H. A. Coburn, Esq., Samuel E. Lord and Miss Addie Churchill, both of South Weymouth, Mass.

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Agricultural.

STATE FAIR.

The following address was delivered by the President, at Bangor:

PRESIDENT WASSON'S ADDRESS.

This Society, on its Tenth Annual State Exhibition for the encouragement of Agricultural and Mechanical Industry, opening to-day, has no reason to doubt the propriety of its coming together, or the wisdom of those who organized these annual assemblies, which serve to stimulate into greater activity the farming interests of the State, and upon which all classes of society depend for their prosperity.

Notwithstanding the progress of the Society under whose auspices we meet, may, at times, have been impeded by illiberal legislation, or belittled by casualities, yet its course has been steady and onward; each succeeding exhibition giving it a character of greater prominence and importance.

To bridge over that disastrous "break down" at Augusta in 1870, made such inducements to pay the premiums at a *pro rata* reduction of 50 percent. Aside from the "free-will offering" of the locality where the exhibition is made, the Society's only source of revenue is the admission fee, the fifty cents entrance money paid at the gates, with which, cost of fixtures, premiums and incidental expenses are met. Sixty the holding of the State Fair in this year in 1887, the price of labor and lumber has more than doubled, which has correspondingly enhanced the cost of preparation. Reference to my memoranda shows the expenditures for "fitting up" grounds and halls to be \$10,000; adding to this \$6,000 to be paid in premiums, will give the sum of \$16,000, as the aggregate outlay for the present exhibition. With resources so uncertain, while the present penurious legislation continues to withhold State aid or stipend, even with the most prudent management, there can be no great width of margin "left over," to cover accidents.

But, gentlemen—this Exhibition enterprise has a higher market value than that of premiums paid. Its dividends are in better "stock" than greenbacks, diplomas or medals.

These yearly gatherings become the standpoints from which we can survey the labors of the year, and note the advance we have made as tillers of the soil. They become "points of departure" as well, from which new "courses" may be projected to avoid the failures of the past, and guide in the future to better results in that vocation in which science and skill find themselves taxed to the utmost.

These annual festivals become the sunny side of agriculture; after the wistful, anxious days are ended; after the perils of blighting drought and predatory insects are over, when we can relax from the heavy toils and cares which attend and heighten have laid upon us, and give scope to mirth and satisfaction in regarding our triumphs over the soil, and learn new lessons to benefit us for greater achievements in the grand old art—the base of the industrial column.

The Art of Agriculture cannot be moved, irremovable in the passing century. It must go forward in the tide or backward in the "eddy." One of the chief values of these annual State Fairs is to point out which of these ways our farming is going, and which of the branches of our mixed husbandry drop and waste, and which push the higher up the trails of practical value.

Those who have been close observers at these shows, have not failed to see the changes which are going on; some more slowly, others as if by magic, as in the cattle stalls, where, but a few years since a *thoroughbred* would have been a *rare*, or in "class horses," which from a puny scion, has grown into a towering interest. At the first Maine State Exhibition held in 1852, the "best time" on the track was 2:50; and at the Rhode Island Horse Show, the same year, 2:48. Thirty-nine and one quarter seconds are now slow in these exciting days of the annuals of racing. So the "class poultry," which in the infant days of the Society was hardly recognized as of sufficient importance to invite competition by the offer of premiums, has become a prominent feature in the show, and a leading interest in the husbandry of Maine.

A few years since—for the display of Fruit, but a limited table space was asked or needed; whereas, now, no product seeks or demands more room, and in no class is there a livelier or more closely contested competition; while the exhibition, in the class of cereal products, has been, and is decreasing in quantity, and it is alleged, in quality, also.

The annual exhibition, thus seen, becomes a sort of yearly profit, whereupon are sketched the various changes of the year, wrought out by steam intercommunications, cheapened transportation, new competitors, and other agencies, which are in active operation, and which make our system of mixed husbandry successful and profitable, in one direction and inappropriate, or a failure, in another, thus showing the farmer how he may govern his practice and not be disappointed in his expectations.

Gentlemen: need I remind you that the opening of the new lines of railroad, the advance in the price of labor, efficient implements and machinery for facilitating the labors of the farmer, are instrumentalities affecting the present and prospective economies of farm management, which must be studied and observed, would we give them their most potent influence to produce for us their best results.

As you witness the exhibition in its component parts, and see in the samples of the herds and flocks, farms, gardens and orchards, mechanical and handwork products, what an intelligent cultivation of brain and soil have achieved, may it prompt us to so harmonize our system of farming with the incoming surroundings,

as to lay the foundations for abundant and perpetual harvests, and to read the unfolding pages of the book of "Rural Life," which has no ending, and wherein the bliftest genius finds information and the highest intellect comes to learn that your labor may be more perfect and more productive.

That farming, as a business, has greatly changed within the last score of years is apparent. Not only does its successful prosecution require thought, labor and capital, but close geographical observation, and keen perception, to avoid collision with incoming competition, where our system of farming would be "displaced in the race," but to project new furrows which shall mark the way to the cultivation of products for which our surroundings, our soil and our climate, stand sponsor.

The agriculture of Maine seems to be in a transition state, and he is the successful farmer who from these exhibitions can elicit indicative texts of the passage that agriculture is making.

To be more explicit:

With the existing system of "making hay," we cannot grow beet to profit.

It costs more to grow our bread than it does to buy it.

Imported wools control the market because it can undersell in price.

When the great West can start butter for eastern markets, at eight cents per pound, there is little of *paying* music in the dash and splash of churning.

Such are some of the products, good for their day, which have come to the "here and yellow leaf."

No more can we make the past fill the garb of the present. Wool, beef, butter and bread, railroad lines and refrigerator cars have stricken from the staples of Maine.

What now does the market seek at your hands?

The market for fast horses, and the big prices paid for speed, present a subject worthy of the careful investigation of our stock-breeders. I stand before you, not to advocate the right or wrong of "trials of speed" at our Fairs; but an experience of nearly two decades, confirms the assertion that these "trials" have become an inseparable adjunct of State Shows and Fairs, and as such, the question of the period is how can we elevate the standard of racing, strip it of its jockeyism and make it not only reputable, but worthy the patronage of all.

The growing of nation for the two-fold purpose of replenishing soil and purse, either as a leading branch of farming, or as a supplement to it.

Winter apples, notwithstanding the hindrances to successful culture and the ravages of insects, may be grown with profit for the home market and for transportation, also, as a greater firmness of flesh, which Maine grown apples possess, gives them a great superiority for shipment.

Growing and canning sweet corn for the San Francisco market, promises a greater net profit per acre, than any other food crop.

The system of factory-making cheese, in its infancy in Maine, is deserving of a patient and thorough trial. It is commended to the sunny side of every objection which tends to shadow its progress.

That our winters, long, cold and cheerless, may be utilized to the farmer's benefit in the growing of winter grain on old farms, seems to be warranted by the success which is crowning efforts in that direction.

That an entire revolution is to be made in the method of curing and storing hay, by which its nutritive value will be doubled, is among the probabilities.

These are some of the things which the law of demand and supply, present for thoughtful consideration, some of the things which the course of events carry home to the isolated husbandman, and which challenge investigation at public Exhibitions, and in the solitariness of the farm.

As we meet at the yearly Show and Fair—meet we in sympathy or in collision—more or less of these considerations exhibit their practical text, to aid our judgment in distinguishing between the true, and false, and to befit us more efficiently, to stimulate and build up the Agricultural and Mechanical interests of the State.

May the occasion, with its exposition of results, and its registrations of all kinds of experience in all phases of farm life, prove to us each, and all, that the leisure of these appointed days have been most profitably occupied.

—It is with men as with trees, if you lop off their finest branches, into which they are pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough moss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimical, misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the untidy motion of a man whose best limb is withered.—George Eliot.

"We thereupon asked our contemporaries to state frankly whether the pugilists, black-legs, thieves, burglars, keepers of dens of prostitution, etc., etc. were in any way connected with the fair."—HORACE GREELEY.

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As you witness the exhibition in its component parts, and see in the samples of the herds and flocks, farms, gardens and orchards, mechanical and handwork products, what an intelligent cultivation of brain and soil have achieved, may it prompt us to so harmonize our system of farming with the incoming surroundings,

Non-Resident Taxes.

In the town of Byron, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, for the year 1871. The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Byron for the year A. D. 1871, in bills committed to A. O. Reed, Collector of said town of Byron, on the thirteenth day of July, 1871 has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 15th day of July, 1872, by the certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said taxes, interest and charges, the same will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will, without further notice, be sold at public auction, at the Town House, in said town, on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1873, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Name.	Description.	No. Lots.	Value.	Taxes.
Reed, Mark W.,	17	100	3000	2.15
Emerson, H. H., or unk.	10	100	2000	1.45
Reed, Mark W.,	10	100	2000	1.45
Maxwell, J. W.,	10	100	2000	1.45
Maxwell, J. W.,	10	100	2000	1.45
Maxwell, J. W.,	10	100	2000	1.45
Maxwell, J. W.,	10	100	2000	1.45
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DVERTISING.

AT LOW RATES!! For \$20 Per Inch Per Month. We will insert an advertisement in 20 1st Class Papers in Maine. List sent on application to GEO. P. HOWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 21 Park Row, New York City.

CAMPAIGN GOODS & 1872. Agents wanted for our Campaign Goods. Sell at Night. Pay 100 cent profit. Now is the time. Send at once for Descriptive Circular and List of our "Election Goods." We have the Candidates, Campaign Biographies, Charts, Photographs, Badges, Pins, Flags, and everything needed for the time. Ten dollars per day, ready made. Full samples sent for \$3. Address: GEORGE P. HOWELL & CO., 21 Park Row, New York.

Epilepsy or Fits. A SURE CURE for this distressing complaint is now made known in a treatise (of 64 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Hereditary Predispositions, published by Dr. O. P. HARRIS, New York. The prescription was discovered by him in his private practice, and has been used by him for many years, and has cured every case of Epilepsy, or Fits, never having failed in a single case. The treatise is sent free to all applicants by mail. Address: Dr. O. P. HARRIS, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Nothing like it in medicine. A remedy to which no disease is immune, a gentle stimulant to the circulation, a preparatory preparation, an anti-bilious medicine, a stomachic, a cathartic, a purgative, a blood purifier, a skin medicine, a cure for all skin diseases, a cure for all diseases of the blood, a cure for all diseases of the liver, a cure for all diseases of the lungs, a cure for all diseases of the kidneys, a cure for all diseases of the bladder, a cure for all diseases of the prostate, a cure for all diseases of the rectum, a cure for all diseases of the colon, a cure for all diseases of the stomach, a cure for all diseases of the intestines, a cure for all diseases of the pancreas, a cure for all diseases of the spleen, a cure for all diseases of the liver, a cure for all diseases of the lungs, a cure for all diseases of the kidneys, a cure for all diseases of the bladder, a cure for all diseases of the prostate, a cure for all diseases of the rectum, a cure for all diseases of the colon, a cure for all 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of the intestines, a cure for all diseases of the pancreas, a cure for all diseases of the spleen, a cure for all diseases of the liver, a cure for all diseases of the lungs, a cure for all diseases of the kidneys, a cure for all diseases of the bladder, a cure for all diseases of the prostate, a cure for all diseases of the rectum, a cure for all diseases of the colon, a cure for all diseases of the stomach, a cure for all diseases of the intestines, a cure for all diseases of the pancreas, a cure for all diseases of the spleen