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March 12, 1873.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Particular attention paid to COLLECTING.
20th, 1872.

FRED. E. CROCKETT, M. D.,
Successor to Dr. W. C. GORDON.
Eclectic Physician & Surgeon,
NORWAY, ME.
Special attention paid to Female Complaints.

C. E. EVANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Dr. E. will pay particular attention to diseases
of the KIDNEY AND BLADDER.
Office at his residence. Office hours from 9 a.m.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BUCKFIELD, ME.
Dr. Irish has been appointed EXAMINING
SURGEON for Penobscot, and will attend to the
duties of that office.
July 10, 1872.

DR. G. P. JONES,
DENTIST,
NORWAY VILLAGE, MAINE.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanite
Rubber.
June 10, 1872.

DR. N. GAMMON,
DENTIST,
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.
Will visit BUCKFIELD the first Monday in
each month and remain through the week.
No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give
perfect satisfaction.
Mar 24, 1873.

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(NOT COLD WATER CURE).
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids
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S. B. Allen treated with pleasure and for cure of
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Proceeds from abroad promptly attended to
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FREELAND HOWE,
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Fire, Life and Accident Insurance - in favor
of the insured.
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S. R. C. represents only first-class Companies
will issue Policies at favorable rates as any
Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars
insurance, promptly answered, and any part of
the County visited if requested. April 1

B. WALTON,
DEALER IN
SPECTACLES, JEWELRY, WATCH-
CHAINS, SEALS, KEYS, PICTURES & FRAMES.
Also on hand and for sale a lot of TIGER-WALK
and other things.
22-Clocks, &c. REPAIRED - &c.

If you wish to buy the
ELIAS HOWE SEWING MACHINE,
AND SAVE \$15.00, send for Circular to
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Maine.

INSURANCE!
THE Subscriber, recently associated with the
late H. F. HOWARD, of South Paris, in the
Insurance Business,
will continue to do the business formerly occupied
by Mr. HOWARD, where he will be happy
to be the patrons of Mr. H. and transact business
for them.
He has all the Policies and papers of M. H.,
and is authorized to continue the business.
South Paris, Me., Dec. 19, 1871.

Poetry.

MY CHOICE.

BY JESSIE HARRISON.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet—
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing
All spiced, with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing
All fresh in its purity stands!

Yes, I know my "black walnut" is battered
And dented by many small heels;
While your own polished stairway, all perfect
Its smooth, shining surface reveals!

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in the highest order,
Unhindered by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly, all hours of the day;
While your own is in the highest order,
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know I have jackets (that wear out,
And buttons that never will stay;
While your own may sit down to your novel,
Or turn the last magazine near!

Yes, I know there are four little book-shelves
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While your own may go out to your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman—
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty surroundings—
Yet I would not change places with you.

Select Story.

"I WILL IF YOU WILL."

The Kay House is a pleasant little
hotel, standing half way up the side of a
mountain in New Hampshire.

In the parlor there, one July evening,
were four people—Mrs. St. John and her
daughter Elly, Miss May and Mr.
Milburn. As Elly St. John went to the
piano, those two last slipped out on the
balcony, and stood listening as Elly sang:

"Could we forget, could we forget
On that Lark's wing, the morning dream,
The past should fade like a morning dream,
In a single drop of the holy stream,
Ah! we know what you would say,
But we were too tired to hope or pray;
For, hark! with ceaseless jar and fret,
Body and soul cannot forget."

"Can they forget, will they forget
When they shall reach the boundary stre?
When with the final pang and strain
They are parted never to meet again?
Ever to them shall rest be given,
Sweetness in earth or happy in Heaven?
That which has been it might be yet
If we could only learn to forget;
But the stars shall cease to rise and set,

And fall from Heaven ere we forget!"
Elly sung with an intensity and pathos
which borrowed none of its force from
within, for she was a good-natured in-
consequent sort of girl, who had never
had a trouble in her life. The gift of im-
mortal expression is often quite inde-
pendent of feeling or experience. Elly's
music hurt Emily cruelly, and stirred
and roused the old sorrow which had just
begun to fall asleep for a little. She had
loved deeply and fondly a man who had
grown tired of her and left her, because
he was greatly her inferior.

Much as she had suffered, I rejoiced
when her engagement with Lewis Leigh-
ton was broken. I had known Lewis
from his earliest childhood, and I had al-
ways disliked him as a selfish, conceited
prig. The last I heard of him he had
turned Catholic, and joined the Jesuits;
and I only hope he got well snubbed
during his novitiate. Had Miss May
married him, her disappointment would
have been unspeakably greater than it
was. As she leaned over the balcony
while Elly sang, and looked out into
shadows and twilight, her heart was
wringing with the first anguish of loss,
the sickening sense of her own blind in-
fatuation. Oh God! she said to herself,
when will the bitterness of this death be
past? Then she became conscious that
Mr. Milburn was speaking to her; but he
had more than half finished what he had
to say before she realized that he was
asking her to be his wife.

He spoke at a very unfortunate mo-
ment. He and Emily had been very good
friends that summer. They had wandered
around Mount Washington, and been to
Glen Ellis together. She had liked him,
but she had never dreamed of him as a
lover, and when he presented himself in
that light she was shocked and startled,
and the little provoked.

"Oh hush!" she said sharply. "It
never can be—never!"

"Do you then dislike me so much?"
said Elly Milburn, trying very hard to
speak quietly.

"No," she said, making an effort to
collect her thoughts. "I have liked you
—you have been good to me; but all the
love I had to give is dead and buried and
there is no resurrection."

He made no answer; but she felt she
had hurt him.

"I am very sorry," she faltered; "I
perceive—"

"I understand," he said quickly. "It
is no one's fault but my own. Good
night." And they touched hands and
parted.

Elly went up to his own room, where
his friend Dick Bush was sitting in the
dark. Dick was a boy of nineteen. He
had been trying to work his way through
college, and had worn himself out in the
effort, and Mr. Milburn had brought him
to the mountains for his vacation. Dick
made a hero of Elly, and he had been
mortally jealous of Emily May.

"Dick" said Mr. Milburn, after a while,
"we will go over to the Glen to-morrow."
And then Dick understood the case and
mentally abused Miss May as a "cold
hearted flirt," which epithet she did not
in the least deserve.

Elly and Dick went away early in the
morning. Elly had heard the stage
drive away, and turned her face to her
pillow and thought bitterly of the horri-
ble perverseness of things in this world.

She knew that Elly was good, and
manly, and sensible. He was in a fair
way to win reputation at the bar, and if
not just handsome, was attractive and
gentlemanly.

There are thousands that would be
proud and happy to accept his love; and
nothing would do but he must throw it
away on me, thought Emily impatiently.
But it's never worth while to pity men
very much. They mostly get over their
troubles very easily, if there is no money
lost. From which it may be inferred
that Miss May was perhaps a bit of a
cynic.

Emily May had lived with her mother,
in an inland town in New York. She
had a little property of her own, and
with what she could earn by her pen, she
managed to dress herself, pay for a s m
men's journey now and then, and keep
her own house over her head.

It was her way to look after her sis-
ters, poor or not; to visit, now and
then, at the hospital and the county
house, and to do what her hand found to
do. She made no fuss, and laid no rules,
and was under no ecclesiastical direction
in particular; but I am inclined to think
she was as useful and far more agreeable,
than if she had made herself hideous in a
poke bonnet and committed mental
suicide.

When her holiday was over that sum-
mer, she came home and settled quietly
down to her work.

She was busy at her desk, one day in
October, when a carriage drove rapidly
up the street, and stopped at the door,
and Dick Bush jumped hurriedly out and
rang the bell. Emily went to the door
herself, upon which Dick's hurry seemed
suddenly to subside; and when he came
into the parlor, he appeared to find great
difficulty in expressing himself, and Em-
ily greatly wondering, asked after his
friend, Mr. Milburn.

Dick's tongue was unloosed.
"Oh, Miss May," he said, with a shak-
ing voice, "Elly is dying."

"Where? How?" said Emily, startled,
and sincerely sorry.

Now Dick had been rather melodram-
atically inclined. He had meant to say
like a hero of a lady's novel, and to ad-
minister a severely inflexible reproof to
the woman who had trifled with Elly; but
this plan impracticable, and wisely refrained.

"He went out shooting with a load of
a boy, and he, the boy, fired wild, and
Elly was badly hurt, and never set in;
and oh! Miss May, he keeps asking for
you, and he won't be quiet; and the doc-
tor said, if you would you ought to come,
for it might make a difference. There's
his note, and Mrs. Milburn's."

The doctor wrote, succinctly, that, con-
sidering the state of the case, Miss May's
presence might possibly keep the patient
quieter, which was all important. Mrs.
Milburn's note was an incoherent blotted
page, begging this unknown young
lady to come and save her boy.

Emily could not refuse; her mother
buried her off, and in two hours she was
seated beside Dick, on her way to Spring-
field. Her reflections were not pleasant.
Every one would talk, and suppose there
was a romance. Elly St. John would be
sure to know about it, and Elly was such
a little chatterbox; and to try to make a
mystery of the matter would be still
worse.

Then she had "nothing to wear," and
how should she get along with Elly's
mother and sister? And who would take
her Bible class on Sunday? And what
was to become of her little book prom-
ise for the spring trade?

I dare say it's all nonsense, his wanting
me, she thought. People never mean
what they say in a fever. I remember
Pat Murphy insisting that he would have
a hippopotamus handy in the house; and
if Mr. Milburn comes to himself, how
horribly embarrassing it will be!

On the whole Miss May's feelings were
rather those of vexation than of romance.
They rode all night, and when Emily
reached the door of the handsome old-
fashioned house in Springfield, she was
conscious of looking like a fright, and
wished herself anywhere else.

The dog was no sooner opened than
she was embraced by an old lady in
black, and a pretty girl in an elegant
morning dress. Both were in tears, and
had evidently been for some time on the
verge of hysterics; and Emily at once
set them down as the sort of women who
were never of any use.

"Oh, my dear! it is so good of you!
so very good of you!" said Mrs. Milburn.
"I am sure you will be my guardian
angel," said sentimental Hattie.

"Not at all. Mr. Milburn and I were
very good friends, and I shall be very glad
if I can do him any good, said Emily, in a
very matter of course tone; and then
the doctor made his appearance, and he
begged her to come up stairs.

"If he could be kept quiet there might
be a chance for him," said the doctor;
"but so much depends on nursing"—and
the doctor ended with an expressive si-
lence. Elly was moaning and sobbing
and begging that some one would send
Emily May with one drop of water.

The nurse, who, to Emily's critical
eyes, looked anything but capable, was
fussing over him in a way that was
enough to drive a sane person mad.
Emily poured out a goblet of water with
a steady hand, and as the ice tinkled
against the side of the glass she held it
to his lips.

"There is water," she said, in her or-
dinary sweet cheery voice. "Now if you
will try to be quiet, I will stay with you."

She could not tell whether he recogniz-
ed her or not, but the nervous, feverish
distress and excitement seemed to sub-
side; and, after a time, he was compara-
tively quiet.

Now nursing a wounded man in a fever
sounds very romantic in a novel; but, in
its real details, it is anything but a ro-
mantic business.

Emily May, at Elly Milburn's bed-
side, felt herself in an entirely false po-
sition; but she took care of him, for there
was nothing else to be done. The nurse
went off with Miss May and the doctor;
Mrs. Milburn and Hattie could only cry
and rustle about, and overset things with
their dresses. Elly would grow rest-
less as soon as Emily left him, so that
the change, in spite of herself, fell into
her hands.

Happily, Mrs. Milburn and Hattie were
not jealous. On the contrary, they ad-
mired Emily extremely, and were very
grateful and affectionate.

Before the end of the week, Elly came
to himself.

"I have dreamed that you were here,"
he said, with a faint smile. "Now I see
it is you, and no phantom."

The delirium had gone, but the doctor
said nothing encouraging. Elly insisted
on hearing the exact truth; and learned
at last that he might live a few days,
but not longer.

Then, to Emily's wonder and dismay,
Elly entreated, that, for the little time
there was remaining, she would take his
name. His heart was set on this idea,
and he pleaded, for what seemed such a
useless boon, with a vehemence that
seemed likely to hasten the last mo-
ments. Mrs. Milburn and Hattie see-
ded the petition with tears, and were
sure that darling Elly would not refuse
dear Elly's last request.

Emily did what nine women out of ten
would have done in the same case, and
consented.

What harm can it do? she thought, it
is only a mere form, but it gives me the
right to be with him to the end, and will
prevent any talk; and he is so good, and
has loved me so well; and if it comforts
him now to think that my name will be
Milburn instead of May why should I
refuse? And then it crossed her mind
that a widow's cap would be very becom-
ing to her, and she hated herself because
this silly notion had come to her unbidden,
and twisted up her hair tight and plain,
and went to meet the clergyman in her
old black mobcap, which had become con-
siderably spotted down the front in the
course of her nursing.

The time was made as short as possible,
and then Mrs. Milburn sent every one
away, and for two days the bride stood
over the bridegroom and fought against
death until she was ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient entire-
ly, and ceased to do anything, and, as
sometimes happens in like cases, he took
a turn for the better; and slowly the
balance trembled, the scale inclined and
life had won.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the doc-
tor, "your wife has saved your life."

Elly turned his head on the pillow,
and looked for Emily; but she had slipped
away into the next room, where she sat
down, feeling, for the first time, with a
strange shock, that she was actually
married. What should she do? What
could she say? How could she tell Elly
that she had only come to him as she
would have gone to Pat Murphy, if he
had sent for her, and consented to that
marriage tie as she had lent her silver
candlesticks to hold Father Flanagan's
candles when Judy Murphy died?

The doctor went down stairs; and
presently Mrs. Milburn and Hattie came
to her, and overwhelmed her with em-
braces and gratitude, and a point applic-
able, and fragrant talk about her
"things," and proposals to send for her
mother, all mingled together. Emily
resolutely put away thought for the time,
but she could not help feeling, in an odd
surprised way, that she was not unhappy,
and despised herself for having a sort of
ashamed, furtive interest in those "things"
which Mrs. Milburn and Hattie were
longing to provide.

A week after that day Elly was al-
lowed to sit up in his easy chair, white
and wan enough, but with a look of re-
turning health and life. Emily was
sitting almost with her back toward him,
looking out into the tossing leafless
branches of the great elm.

"Emily," said Mr. Milburn, at last.
"Yes," she answered quietly, but she
did not turn her head.

"Emily, I did not mean to get well."
No answer from Mrs. Milburn.

"I know how much you must feel that
has happened. Believe me, I will take
no advantage of your goodness; I will
set you free as soon as I can. I will take
all blame on myself. I know you are
longing to be away; and why should I
delay what must come at last? I dare
say Dick and Mrs. Macy, the nurse, can
do all I need now."

"Oh, if you prefer Mrs. Macy's attend-
ance, I am sure it is nothing to me," said
Emily, in a remarkably cross manner.

"You are angry with me, but there
need be no difficulty, dear. You came
away from home so hurriedly that it
would be perfectly natural for you to re-
turn to your mother now."

But here, to Elly's dismay, Emily hid
her face, and began to cry in a pas-
sionate and distressful fashion. Elly
rose with difficulty, and went to her,—it
was not more than three steps.

"Do you want to kill yourself?" she
said through her sobs, and she took hold
of him and made him sit down, and then
turned away, and laid her head on the
window seat.

"What can I do?" he said distressed.
"It is too bad! Oh, it's too bad!" she
said in the most unreasoning manner.

"I know it, Emily, you are as free as
if no word had ever passed between us.
Do you want to go to day? I will make
it easy for you with mother and Hattie,"
he said with a pang.

She went on crying, and then in a min-
ute she said, in a most incoherent
fashion:

"I—I didn't think I was so very dis-
agreeable." The words dropped out one
by one between her sobs. "But of course,
if you don't want me—"

"Emily! What do you mean? Will
you stay? Will you really try to care for
me?" he asked, with a sudden light in
his eyes.

"I don't know. I—I did think—as mat-
ters are, we might try to make the best
of it," she said in the faintest whisper,
while the color ran to her fingers ends.

"You will?"
"I will if you will," said Mrs. Milburn,
with a sweet, shy smile.
And she kept her word.—From the Al-
dine for April.

Alcohol, Whiskey, Brandy, Wine and
Ale.

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, one
of the oldest and most prominent phy-
sicians, in a recent address made the
following statement concerning the effect
of alcohol upon the human system:

For many years I was connected with
the care of inebriates and paid particular
attention to the character of those in my
charge, and I have arrived at the con-
clusion that drunkenness is a disease.
A man so affected cannot control his ap-
petite, and must have drink regularly,
and will have it at all hazards. A healthy
man can refrain from drinking, but a dis-
eased man cannot; and these men so ad-
dicted readily admit that. Men suffering
from the disease have been cured and
they will with tears in their eyes promise
to abstain, yet on passing a liquor store
they cannot help themselves, and will go
in and have their whiskey. Now the
question arises: What can be done? How
shall we go to work? Society has been
all the time trying to show what the use
of alcohol makes no use, and many will
reply it makes them feel good, and some
will say it makes them crazy, drives
them to desperation and to fight. Now
let us drop that mode, and ask what does
alcohol do to me, and not what it makes
me do. That is the great starting point.

We have to teach the people what al-
cohol does to them, and how it acts on
them. It is as poisonous as arsenic or
belladonna, and produces its deadly effect
on these who use it; but then it is used
in an adulterated state. Whiskey is a
poison, but some believe and have the
idea it we get pure spirits that it is all
right, but that is a mistake. Alcohol is
a poison, and the purer it is the more
deadly it is in its effects, and if I were
going to partake of it I would prefer that
which is adulterated. With regard to
ales, beer and cider, it is believed that
they are harmless, but with the presence
of alcohol there is always danger. Those
who partake of it become drowsy, and
those who drink wines become stupid.

In larger beer there is 3 or 4 per cent.
of alcohol, in ale 7 or 8 per cent., wine con-
tains 23, gin 51 per cent., and brandy 53
per cent. of alcohol. Even in cider there
is 2 or 3 per cent. of the poison present.
—Scientific American.

Little Things.
A Newark, N. J. newspaper recently
gave some striking facts showing the val-
ue of little things. It states that one of
the jewelry manufacturers of that city re-
cently put down new flooring in their
workshops, and the gold that they obtain-
ed in burning the old flooring not only
paid for the new one, but for putting two
coats of paint on the entire factory. In
another—Carter, Hawkins & Dodd—the
hands all work on a sort of bracket
standing out from the bench in front of
them, so that the filings of gold may fall
on a tin-plate below, and be returned to
the melting-room. The greatest care is
exercised to prevent waste. The floors,
benches and seats are carefully swept
every evening, and the sweepings put
away to have the gold removed from them
by a chemical process. Every now and
then aprons, benches, stools and even the
flooring are burned to get the gold out of
them. Even brushes, clothes, cotton,
wool and rags are burned. The average
quantity of gold saved annually in this
way, in the factory, is about \$50,000
worth. All the water in which the fire-
hundred employees wash their hands is
carefully filtered four times, and the
amount of gold recovered from it aver-
ages about \$15,000 a year. A barrel of
sweepings will fetch four dollars and a
half a pound; and even after they have,
as they think, extracted all the gold from
them, they sell the refuse to the melters
at nine cents, and even as high as eleven
cents a pound.

Those Carpets.

The annual ceremony of taking up,
and whipping, and putting down carpets
is almost upon us. It is one of the ills
which flesh is heir to, and cannot be
avoided. You go home some pleasant
spring day at peace with the world, and
find the baby with a clean face and get
your favorite pudding for dinner. Then
your wife tells you how much younger you
are looking, and says she really hopes
she can turn that walking dress she wore
last fall, and save the expense of a new
suit, and then she asks you if you can't
just help her about taking up the carpet.

If you are a fool, and you generally
are by that time, you tell her, of course
you can, just as well as not. Then she
gets a saucer for the tacks and stands
and holds it, and you get the claw, and
get down on your knees and begin to
help her. You feel quite economical
about the first three tacks, and take them
out carefully and put them in the saucer.
Your wife is good about holding the sau-
cer, and beguiles you with an interesting
story about how your neighbor's little
boy is not expected to live till morning.

Then you come to the tack with a crook-
ed head, and you get the claw under it
and the head comes off, and the leather
comes off, and the carpet comes off, and
as it won't do to leave the tack in the
floor, because it will tear the carpet
when it is put down again, you go to
work and skin your knuckle, and get a
silver under your thumb nail, and tell
your wife to shut up about that overlast-
ing boy and make up your mind that it
does not make any difference about that
tack, and so you begin on the corner
where the carpet is doubled two or three
times, and has been nailed down with a
single nail. You don't care a centimen-
tal about saving the nail, because you
find that it is not a good time for the
practice of economy; but you do feel a
little hurt when both clauses break off
from the claw, and the nail does not
budge a peg. Then your manhood as-
serts itself, and you rise in your might,
and throw the carpet claw at the dog,
and get hold of the carpet with both
hands, and the air is full of dust and fly-
ing yarn, and there is a fringe of car-
pet yarn all along by the mop-board,
and baby cries and the cat goes anywhere,
anywhere out of the world, and your
wife says you ought to be ashamed of
yourself to talk so,—but that carpet
comes up.

Then you lift one side of the stove,
and your wife tries to get the carpet
from under it, but can't because you are
standing on it. So you try a new hold,
and just after your back breaks, the car-
pet is clear. You are not through yet.
Your wife don't tell you any more little
stories, but she gets your old coat and
hangs it on you, and smoothes you with
that carpet, and opens the back door and
shoves you out, and intimates that the
carpet needs whipping. When you hang
the tormenting thing across the clothes
line the wrong way

Republican State Convention.

The Republicans of Maine and all others who support the present National and State Administrations, are invited to send delegates to a State Convention to be held at

Norumbega Hall, BANGOR, THURSDAY, June 19th, 1873.

At 11 O'clock.

For the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor and transacting any other business that may properly come before the Convention.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each city, town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate and an additional one for every 25 votes for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1872. A fraction of 40 votes additional to the full number for a delegate is also entitled to a delegate.

Delegates are authorized to fill vacancies only with actual residents of the County to which the town belongs.

The State Committee will be in session at nine o'clock the morning of the Convention for the reception of credentials.

May 1, 1873.

Political Capital.

The minority party are as vigilant as ever in turning everything to a political account. All the troubles which afflict the body politic, or which individuals realize in this world of care, are attributable to the administration. If a luckless merchant, by some unfortunate venture, becomes a bankrupt, it is owing to the miserable financial policy of the government. If a thoughtless trader is snipped up because he has failed to take out a U. S. Revenue license, the only remedy is in the ballot. If half as many defaulters in public life are found as in private life, it is all owing to the corruption of the party. If the government exacts forfeitures for violation of law, it is all chargeable to pimps and informers—if it fails to do this, it is imbecile and unfaithful. There is no suiting the waspish natures of those who are scoured and made cross by disappointment—who can see no virtue or merit in the acts of political opponents. Members of Congress who voted against the salary steal are indiscriminately denounced with those who voted for it—those who refuse to draw their back pay are accused of an intention to draw it, and if they refuse to take it and turn it back into the treasury, they are accused of doing it from political considerations.

It is far easier to find fault than to bestow praise, and little more can be expected, the next three years, of the great negative disappointed democratic party, than to grumble and find fault. It is a privilege which they have earned by their misfortunes, and so long as they enjoy their misery, let them pursue it to their heart's content.

Doctors Disagreeing.

The doctor of the Oxford Register, of the straitest sect a Bourbon in politics, has always been an ardent admirer and supporter of the "mobbed Marcellus"—he of the *Danvers Democrat*—but now they are at loggerheads about the appointment of Judge Peters. The Register man wants to make some political capital out of it, and shouts at the top of his voice, "a Ring, a Ring," while Emery says: "The nomination of Hon. John A. Peters as a Justice of the Supreme Court is an instance of the power of petition and popular demand over political intrigue."

"Is Bro. Emery gone entirely deaf?" asks the Register, which word daff, we "rise to explain," means insane, foolish, &c.

The Belfast Journal, democratic, thinks the appointment an excellent one, while the Argus thinks otherwise. Witnesses in Court, to help their case, must agree—such conflict of testimony is unpardonable. Settle your differences, gentlemen, or you must go out of Court.

After the appointment of Judge was settled, Hon. John A. Peters telegraphed to Washington notifying the Sergeant of Arms that his back pay would not be drawn by him. Messrs. Frye and Hale only waited for this question to be settled, to do the same, as the three had agreed. Had Mr. Peters done this while the appointment was pending his motives would have been liable to misconstruction. It is even now said that his appointment was conditioned upon this act of his. We have reason to believe this is not true. Mr. Peters' course in relation to the increase of salaries, has been misrepresented, we understand. After the repeal of the Franchising Privilege, he voted for an increase of Congressional pay to \$6,500, believing it to be right, but when the amount was fixed at \$7,500, and the back pay was inserted, he expressed himself in opposition to it. The reason his vote was not recorded in the negative, on the final passage, was that he was engaged in a committee of Conference, and not present.

The public sensibility on the Salary steal question is a hopeful sign of the times, but let justice be done also.

The Portland Press says: Many people and some journals are mentioning Hon. John Lynch as a candidate for Governor. If he were a candidate he would receive much and warm support from his many friends, but he is not a candidate and never has been. He does not desire the place and would not under any circumstances accept it.

Congressman Dannel of Minnesota, who also took the back pay, sent \$75 of it to the Baptist church in Ovatonna, of which he is a member, with a note to the pastor explaining the matter. The latter declined to become a receiver of stolen goods, and returned the money.

Maine Congressmen and Back Pay.

The Portland Press says that our Maine Congressmen are taking such a course in reference to the back pay which they did not vote themselves, as is highly honorable to the State. The Bangor Whig learns that Messrs. Frye and Hale long ago notified the office of the Sergeant at Arms that they declined their back pay. Senator Hamlin has declined taking his back pay and will turn it into the Treasury. Speaker Blaine insisted upon an amendment to the bill that struck out the back pay for his office. Mr. Peters had already sent a draft for the amount due him on this account to the Secretary of the Treasury, but at a date that was intended to prevent its publication in Maine until after the then pending judicial appointment was settled. There can be no doubt but what Messrs. Morrill and Lynch will unite with their colleagues in this action so creditable to themselves and gratifying to the people of Maine.

P. S. Since writing the above, we learn that Messrs. Hale and Frye have ordered their back pay to be turned into the U. S. treasury—the delay in so doing having been simply from the fact that Mr. Peters could not join with them so long as his taking such a course might be construed improperly.

The Tobacco Tax.

A correspondent of the Register complains that several traders in the upper part of the town have been compelled to pay fines for not paying the revenue tax required for selling tobacco, and he wants to remedy this by resort to the ballot. We know nothing of the matter—whether the revenue officers have acted according to law or not. If we understand it, the law is the same that has existed for several years. We regret that any have suffered by failing to comply with it, though inadvertence or otherwise. If any one is trying to extort money, through official power, in any petty, sly way, let it be known, and no republican will shield the party. That there may be no further misunderstanding, the Collector for this District gives notice through our columns of the law, as it is. We hope this will come to the knowledge of all interested, and serve to protect them from liability to fines or costs, for noncompliance with law.

A fuller report of the hearing of the Eastern and Boston and Maine railroads on the consolidation bill, before the Committee of the Massachusetts legislature, leads to the conclusion that the Boston & Maine only became a party to the bill in order to secure as unobjectionable a measure as possible, and that the managers of the road are opposed to the scheme. The Boston & Maine opposed the bill when it was referred to the Committee, but seeing that a permissive bill was likely to be passed, they having given a tacit approval in order that the objectionable features may be kept out. The fact that their counsel opposed the section relating to the leasing or consolidation of the lines between Portland and Halifax, is taken as an evidence that the Boston & Maine as strongly oppose the scheme of uniting those competing lines now as ever.—Portland Press.

Mr. Gilbert, of Bath, mortifies his friends and exhibits his folly by publishing a card in the Bath paper, using the following language: "Although again overthrown in my person, in this, your last effort, by extraordinary circumstances, you are not slain. The record of the people of this County in every duty as citizens, and for heroic patriotism in every period of dismay and distress, can not be surpassed by that of any community. Remain steadfast. Be true to God and your country, and true to your manhood, and the day of the redemption from the partisan bondage, which has hitherto held us, will at length come."

"Oh! wad some power, the gittie gie us," &c.

Hon. Horatio King, ex-Postmaster General, is in town for a few days. It is rumored that the Berlin mission and Mr. King are discussed significantly together. If Grant should delegate Mr. King to represent the nation at that court, we would have not only a diplomat but a gentleman there—and that's worth something.—New York Star.

As Mr. King was not a supporter of the administration last year, we think there can be nothing in the above rumor.

Portland Safe Deposit Vault.

While in Portland recently, we examined the new Safe Deposit vault constructed in that city, which is advertised in another column. It is a massive thing, composed entirely of burglar proof material, weighing over fifty tons, and is entirely surrounded and covered by fireproof walls. It is secured by immense double doors, with the "Damon" combination locks, capable of millions of changes. Besides this, watchmen constantly guard day and night, the exterior of the vault. In the vault are several hundred safes, with the best of locks, which are rented at from \$15 to \$60 per annum. Valuable papers are also received for safe keeping, at rates from \$1.00 upwards. The advantages for such a safety vault are not confined to the city, but are more valuable to parties in the country who have no protection for their useful. The manager, R. A. Bird, Esq., is well qualified for his duties, and we advise all desiring security to avail themselves of this institution.

Cotton Acquired.

Elisha T. Cotton, of Brownfield, was tried before Judge Shepley, of the U. S. Circuit Court, last Wednesday. The charge was, that Cotton, on the 30th of March last, passed to Moses Black a counterfeit ten dollar bank note on the Mutual National Bank of Troy, knowing it to be such. The character of the note was not controverted, but the defence rested upon the question of knowledge on Cotton's part as to its being counterfeit. Verdict not guilty. Webb. A. A. Strout.

Another Horror!

Murder and Lynch Law in Maine. In the carnival of crime so common in our times, Maine seems to be "taking a hand," and outstripping all its horrors. Only week before last two murderous assaults in Portland in one day, one of which is fatal, but now the country is startled by an affair in one of our northern Counties, Aroostook, which for enormity is unparalleled. The particulars from the Bangor Whig are as follows:

On Saturday night, April 26th, the store of David Dudley at Presque Isle, was broken into, and a pair of boots and some other small articles stolen. Circumstances transpiring which unmistakably pointed to one James Cullen a native of New Brunswick, but a resident of Mapleton for some two years past, as the burglar, a warrant was sworn out and placed in the hands of Granville A. Hayden of Presque Isle, Deputy Sheriff, to be served. Knowing Cullen to be a hard character, Mr. Hayden took with him two men, Messrs. W. H. Bird and Thomas Hubbard, and on Tuesday morning started out to find their man. They traced him to a shingle camp, occupied by a man named Swanbeck, in Chapman Plantation, which they reached late in the evening. Cullen saw that open resistance against so many would be useless, and surrendered himself without trouble, promising to go with them peaceably, as he thought that on returning matters might be satisfactorily arranged with Mr. Dudley, whose store he acknowledged breaking into. The hour was late, and it being some four miles to Presque Isle, over a hard woods road, the Sheriff and his party concluded to remain in the camp until morning, and accordingly arranged themselves for the night as comfortably as they could, and went to sleep, little thinking what a terrible fate awaited three of the party.

Some time after midnight, Swanbeck and Bird were awakened by a noise in the camp, and on arousing themselves were horrified to see Cullen chopping off the heads of Sheriff Hayden and Mr. Hubbard, with an axe he had found in the camp. Being nearer the door than the murderer, Swanbeck and Bird jumped up and ran for their lives, pursued for some distance by Cullen, who, seeming to be crazed by his infernal crime, brandished the axe recking with gore and yelled like a madman.

Neither of the escaping men was armed and they made their way through the woods to the settlements as best they could in the darkness, to give the alarm. The word spread like wildfire, and the community was soon aroused by the terrible news. A party led by Mr. B. J. Hughes started from Ball's mill for the camp, which they found to be a pile of smoking ashes under which lay the charred and shrivelled bodies of the Deputy Sheriff and his companion, Cullen having applied the torch after committing the awful deed, in order to conceal the evidence of his crime.

The most intense excitement was created by the news, and several parties of men armed themselves and started in pursuit of the murderer. One party went directly to Cullen's house in Mapleton, Wednesday morning, but Mrs. Cullen declared her husband was not in. Search was made, however, and he was found secreted in the cellar. He was dragged from his place of concealment, securely bound, and his captors started to bring him into Presque Isle. On their way they were met by a party from that village, who took possession of the prisoner, led him under a tall tree, gave him a few minutes for prayer, put a noose over his neck with a rope they had brought with them, threw the other end of the rope over a limb, and all taking hold swung him up and left him hanging until he was dead.

We do not know who were the members of the party who thus took the law in their hands, as our correspondent was unable to obtain them. They have assumed a fearful responsibility, however, though we are informed that their action is sustained by the approval of a large portion of the community in which the murdered men resided. We learn that steps are being taken to thoroughly investigate the matter.

Mr. Hayden was a young man, much respected and widely known. He had been in business at Presque Isle for some years past, and has had extensive transactions with several firms in this city, all of whom bear testimony to his good qualities. He leaves a wife and one young child.

Mr. Hubbard was a young man and unmarried. He too bore an excellent reputation and leaves many friends to mourn his untimely death.

Cullen, the murderer, had a wife and one child, who, as we before stated, reside in Mapleton.

Trout Breeding.

J. M. Kimball Esq., of Portland, is fitting up the Dr. Buzzell place in Cape Elizabeth, which he has recently purchased, as a trout farm. He is building three small ponds which are to open into each other. He has also made artificial streams running out from and into the ponds. Here he proposes to place the fish until they are in a proper condition for the market. His plan is to sell no fish before they are three years old. The eggs from which the fish are derived are to be kept in a house specially arranged for their reception and preservation. This house is to be artificially heated at a given temperature. Mr. Kimball has twenty-five thousand fish already out of the egg, and the little fellows are swimming about lively. A visit to this establishment will furnish an interesting and profitable recreation.—Press.

It is reported that 20,000 men have been reclaimed from intemperance by the Reform movement. Dr. Brickett stated in the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, at the late session, that the \$100 personally contributed by the members of the last Legislature, had been the means of saving one hundred drunkards.

Porter Items.

Mr. Editor:—Our lands are again relieved of their snowy burden, and once more we can feel the invigorating breezes of spring. Our farmers are commencing to be quite busy with their spring work. Some are sowing, some plowing, and others are drawing fence timber, manure, stones, &c. Grass is looking very promising for the season.

We have not had a very high pitch of water in our rivers this spring, considering the vast amount of snow that was on the ground. We hear of no damage done by the water anywhere in this vicinity this spring.

The mail carrier on the mail route here refuses to carry our mails any longer in consequence of his not being paid by the contractor, so we are hardly connected with the rest of the world at present. We have had no mail since Monday, April 28, but we hope the thing will soon be righted, so that we can again receive our daily mails. X.

Norway Items.

We glean from the Advertiser the following: All the machinery for the shoe factory will be shipped from Lynn on Saturday of this week, and arrive here on Wednesday of next week, when Mr. Gilman, the machinist of B. F. Spinney & Co., will commence setting it up. We hope to hear it buzzing before many weeks.

The engine and piping for the shoe factory have arrived, and will be set up this week. Preliminary meetings for the Symposium have been held, and the whole matter has been placed in the hands of A. E. Denison Esq., who we think will get up something that will be creditable to the occasion. A general good time is anticipated. Thursday, May 23d, is the time fixed for the opening.

The examination of the Norway Liberal Institute occurs on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday forenoon, May 7th, 8th.

Messrs. L. and I. A. Denison have sold their house on Dantorth St., formerly occupied by Dr. Jesse Howe, for \$2,000.

Messrs. James and C. N. Tubbs have purchased two lots of land of Capt. J. Blake, near the shoe factory, on which they will commence to build up a large store and dwelling house.

Mr. L. B. Weeks, the popular landlord of the Beals Hotel during the winter months, has surrendered to Mr. O. H. Greene of Gorham, N. H., who comes to Norway with the best of recommendations as a landlord.

It is rumored that the play "Payable on Demand," which took so well when presented last winter, is to be repeated next week, for the benefit of the Maine General Hospital. If it is, we trust our citizens will patronize it liberally, as the object is a most worthy one, and other towns in the vicinity are making preparations to help on the good work. Let Norway do her share in so laudable an enterprise.

Mr. Denison has removed the covering from the fountain in his front yard, and the trout attract as much attention as ever. They have thrived finely during the winter.

Arrangements have been made for making brick in the Webber yard this season, by the Norway Brick Manufacturing Company.

It is calculated that there will be about 30 new buildings erected in the village before the "crystal flakes" fall.

Dr. Geo. P. Jones has purchased another slice of the Whitman property, making him one of the most building lots in town. He paid Mr. Howe \$250.

There is an excellent water privilege at Steep Falls. The fall is 50 feet in a distance of 200 feet. The paper manufacturing company, the clothes pin factory, the grist mill and shored hand factory, are all supplied with power by this privilege.

Charles B. Cummings is one of our most enterprising citizens. Besides the furniture business, he operates the Clothes pin factory at Steep Falls. He employs 16 hands, and uses per annum 400 cords of birch, 200 cords of poplar, 35 cords of cedar and the same of pine. 75 boxes of clothes pins containing 5 gross per box, are turned out daily.

Suicide at Fryeburg Center.

I am pained to record the death of Frank W. Chandler of Fryeburg, a young man eighteen years old, of good habits, and son of Moses Chandler, a respectable and well to do farmer. Some days ago he went to Dr. Lamson and bought ten cents worth of morphine. Monday he came again and called for fifty cents worth, asking the Doctor how much it would take to kill a man. The Doctor replied there was enough to kill half a dozen. No suspicions were aroused from the fact that he had been in the habit of using considerable morphine during the winter for neuralgia, from which he had been a great sufferer. Not appearing at the usual hour Tuesday morning, parties went to his room where they found him conscious, but under the influence of a large dose of morphine. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but he could not be restored, and died in the evening.

The reason for this act may be drawn from the following fact: Some two or more years ago Moses Chandler, his father, buried his wife, and afterwards hired a Miss Gupitil, a poor but smart and prepossessing young girl, as housekeeper. Frank soon became enamored of the girl, who, being older, artfully encouraged him. After a few weeks he took her into New Hampshire where they were married. The father was naturally very indignant at this, and immediately sent the wife of his only son to her father's house and made an attempt to secure a divorce, which has not been accomplished. The unpleasant complication in which the young man found himself, aggravated by a new intimacy supposed to have led to the sad termination of his life, says a correspondent of the Portland Press.

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Paris Hill.

Repairs on the brick School-house were commenced on the 1st of May.

The Universalist Society of our village are to have a May festival on Saturday night, at Academy Hall.

The Tuesday evening prayer meeting of the 1st Baptist church will be postponed to Wednesday evening, for this week.

The teacher's meeting of the 1st Baptist Sabbath School, for the choice of officers for the ensuing year, will occur on Saturday evening, at the house of F. E. Shaw.

The Paris Hill Academy, under the charge of C. R. Elder, Principal, and C. A. Ricker, Assistant, is having a successful spring term, there being over sixty pupils. "The Lyceum is well sustained. J. S. Wright, Esq., Clerk of Courts, delivered the first lecture of the term, to a full house on Wednesday evening last—subject, "Objects of Life." The lecture was replete with valuable suggestions for the students, and afforded instruction and entertainment to all. Dr. F. H. Brown, Alvah Black, Esq., and F. E. Shaw, will lecture during the term, which continues three weeks more.

H. C. Davis, Esq., the new Register of Probate, has metamorphosed the old Probate office, and made a neat, attractive room.

S. R. Newell, Esq., Register of Deeds, has so far convalesced from his recent serious sickness as to walk out to the Post office on bright days.

J. S. Hobbs, Esq., late Register of Probate, with his wife, was in town for a few days last week.

May day was lovely, and enjoyed as a holiday by the children. The "May banks," near the river, are still covered with snow, though some flowers were found.

The Cabinet factory of Hathaway, Davis & Co. continues to turn out some fine articles in the line of Chamber Sets. Their work, for cheapness, durability and style, cannot be excelled.

A look into the Sled and Carriage factory of Geo. B. Crockett & Co. is animating. They are getting out children's carriages in all styles, from the highest priced to the lowest, besides toy carriages of different grade. A very handy thing is a four wheeled cart for boys, very useful to keep them at play in the open air and to do errands with. The factory is also engaged in turning out the Morton Adjustable Hand Rake, which sells readily in the market.

At the Lyceum on Friday evening last, the question as to the extermination of the Modoc Indians, which had been discussed one evening, elicited considerable more debate. The interest was kept up till nearly 11 o'clock. There will be no Lyceum this week, but on Tuesday evening, a lecture on the *Siege of Petersburg* will be given by Mr. Shaw.

The fields are beginning to look green. A little plowing has been done on the side hills.

Buckfield.

Resolves on the death of Melvander G., youngest child of the late Arza and Rebecca Forbes, of East Buckfield, aged 43 years, 5 months, died March 27th.

WHEREAS It has pleased Divine Providence to remove by death Melvander G. Forbes, a charter member of our Lodge to a higher life, where the circle of love is never broken—

Resolved, That in the departure of our brother, our Lodge feels the loss of a faithful member, loved by all who knew him, and we will cherish his example in the career of temperance, virtue and morality.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our sisters, the wife and two daughters, who have, for five years with an unremitting vigilance, watched over and kindly cared for our brother, who was wasting away before the untimely hand of death, and we would commend them to Him who makes affliction prove the noblest instance of His love.

Resolved, That our Charter wear the emblem of mourning for thirty days, as a token of love for our brother, and a copy of these Resolves be presented to the afflicted family, and to the Oxford Democrat for publication.

Crystal Wave, L. O. of G. T. East Buckfield.

WILLIAM BICKNELL, } COM.
RUSSELL PRATT, }
LEANDER HODGSON, }

The following officers were elected on the 24th, by the Crystal Wave, for the next quarter:

Virgil P. DeCoster, W. C. T.; Miss Avoline R. Forbes, W. V. T.; Averill A. Crocker, W. S.; Mrs. Melvander G. Forbes, W. F. S.; Leander Hodgdon, W. T.; Wm. Bicknell, W. C.; Lines G. Atkinson, W. M.; Miss Ada L. Crocker, W. I. G.; Freddie M. Crocker, W. O. G.; George W. Shaw, recommended for L. D. Although an industrious independent farmer, living nearly a mile from the lodge room, was present at every weekly meeting for four years.

James DeCoster, the obliging Postmaster at the village, furnished us with the following, which speaks well for the taste of reading of a traveling community where most of them have the reading of interesting books: "Account of the Newspapers received at my office the last quarter: 333 weekly, 1 semi-weekly, 17 daily, 23 monthly, & quarterly, and 2 packages of small, religious monthlies.

Cartoon Items.

From a correct record of the amount of snow fall of the past winter, kept by A. E. Bradbury, Esq., he finds there were 170 inches. Mr. Bradbury has the dates, and each fall of snow as they occurred.

To day the 28th, has been a fine spring-like day, and the farmers have commenced plowing on dry ground. Grass is looking finely. We now need a warm rain and the feed will be abundant by the 8th of May.

J. M. Dushon, Esq., has offered A. E. Bradbury, Esq., fifty dollars for a bond of his farm for six months, for the sum of \$6,000. Mr. D. declines to give it.

H. A. Ellis, Esq., has recently sold his farm to his brothers, Gideon and Isaac A. E. finding it inconvenient to carry it on and at the same time attend to his official duties, says the Register.

South Paris Items.

The officers elect of Acadia Lodge of Good Templars, South Paris, for the quarter commencing the 1st of May, will be installed on Monday evening, May 5th.

Two cows owned by Mr. Ziba Thayer of our Village, dropped two calves on Thursday morning May 1st, one weighing 99 1/2 pounds, and the other 112 pounds. One of the cows with her calf has since been sold for \$100.

There was a Base Ball game on the Fair ground, May 4th, between Hebron and South Paris clubs. After several innings, owing to dissatisfaction with the Umpire's ruling, the game was not finished.

Mr. Wm. Stowell, of South Paris, the oldest man in town, we believe, aged 93 or 94, died May 2d. He was a bachelor, and lived by himself, doing his own work, and denying himself the comforts of refinement, and almost of civilization.

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE.

Commencement exercises of this institution will occur this week. The examination of classes will commence Tuesday and continue until Thursday noon. On Wednesday eve, a concert will be given by Baillard's Orchestra of Lewiston, for particulars of which, see advertisement in another column. Rev. J. B. Wheelwright will preach before the institute at 2 o'clock P. M. Thursday. On Thursday evening, prize essays, declamations and readings will be given at Congregational church.

The graduating exercises will take place at the church on Friday afternoon. On Friday evening the anniversary meeting of the alumni and friends will occur, upon which occasion there will be an address of welcome, oration and poem, to conclude with a social entertainment.

The following will be the order of examination:—

TUESDAY A. M.
Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Roman History, Physical Geography, and Latin Composition.

TUESDAY P. M.
Rhetoric, Analysis of English Language, Philosophy, and Reading.

WEDNESDAY A. M.
Algebra, Virgil, English Literature, Cicero, and Science of Government.

WEDNESDAY P. M.
Geometry, French, Intellectual Philosophy, and Prose Composition.

THURSDAY A. M.
Greek, Physiology, Virgil's Aeneid, and Chemistry with experiments.

COMMITTEE OF EXAMINATIONS.
Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, South Paris; Col. F. E. Shaw, Hon. Alvah Black, Paris Hill; Stanley T. Pullen, A. M., A. L. Dresser, A. M., Portland; J. C. Irish, M. D. Buckfield.

The school is the largest which Mr. Swasey has ever gathered at this place, and being his last term, unusual interest will centre in the graduating exercises. Mr. S. is entitled to much credit for accomplishing so much for the educational interests of this section, and in retiring from his avocation as a teacher he will have the hearty good wishes of all his pupils and many friends in town, for his success in life. We understand that he proposes to attend the law school at Cambridge, before entering upon the practice of law.

Bethel Items.

Jos. F. Barden, of Lewiston, an Oxford boy, has bought the Chandler House in this town, for \$5,150.00. It has been a popular house and we doubt not will sustain its high standing.

Col. Clark S. Edwards has delivered at the railroad the past winter two hundred and fifty cords of wood and twenty-five hundred railroad sleepers, two hundred and fifty ship knees, besides a quantity of ship timber, all on his own terms.

Farmers at Bethel were busy with the plow and cultivator on Wednesday of last week. The grass and winter grain looks finely, and from present appearance the spring's work will be as far advanced the 10th of May as usual.

East Rumford Items.

The season here is backward, and it is somewhat discouraging, as we realize that it is the first of May, and instead of pulverizing the soil for seed, we are pulverizing the big snowdrifts in our highways, so as to render the traveling possible.

The stage made its first appearance at our place, on wheels, April 26th. Any reliable man, desirous of accumulating a small fortune, this season, by taking a farm on shares, will do well to call this way, as there are some good ones to let on most flattering terms.

Farm help is scarce, consequently wages are high.

Passing up the Androscoggin a distance of about three miles from this place, we come to the beautiful and quiet little village of Rumford Centre. This village answers not only to the above description, but is prosperous and growing. There are at this place, three stores, kept by Messrs H. A. Small, N. S. Faruam, and J. J. Partridge; two hotels, two blacksmith shops, one carriage factory, and one saw-mill, all of which, we have no reason to doubt, are doing a thriving business. While speaking of the different occupations carried on here, we will not forget Mr. Geo. Wise, one of the best marble workers in the County. Mr. Wise keeps on hand, or furnishes at short notice, such an assortment of gravestones as meet the approbation of the public.

Mr. Chas. B. Abbot launched his big ferry boat at the Centre April 25th.

Sweden Items.

The contract for building the school-house in District No. 4, has been awarded to Mr. Henry Russell of Lovell. The building to be completed by the first of November. The stone work is to be done by Wm. P. Stevens of this town

A. E. TOUZALIN,
MANAGER LAND DEPOT,
TOPEKA, KANSAS,
jan28-3m.