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## Poetry.

### THE LAW OF DEATH.

BY JOHN RAY.

The song of Kivany. Fairest she  
In all the land of Savath.  
She had one child, as sweet and gay  
And as dear to her as the light of day.  
She was so young, and he so fair—  
The same bright eyes and the same dark hair—  
To see them by the blossomy way  
They seemed two children at their play.  
These came a death-dart from the sky.  
Kivany saw her darling die.  
The glimmering shade his eyes invades,  
Out of his cheek the red bloom fades;  
His warm heart feels the icy chill,  
The round limbs shudder and are still.  
And yet Kivany held him fast  
Long after life's last pulse was past,  
As if her kisses could restore  
The smile gone out for evermore.

But when she saw her child was dead  
She scattered ashes on her head,  
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet,  
And rushing wildly through the street,  
She sobbing left Buddha's feet.  
The smile gone out for evermore.

"Master! all help! help me now!  
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;  
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"  
She grovelled on the marble floor,  
And kissed the dead child's foot and o'er.  
And suddenly upon the air  
There fell the answer to her prayer:  
"Bring me to-night a Lotus tied  
With a thread from a house where none has died!"

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,  
Sure that the god would save her boy.  
She plucked a Lotus by the stream:  
And then from door to door she sped,  
To ask what house by death was spared.

Her heart grew cold to see the eyes  
Of all dilate with slow surprise:  
"Kivany, thou hast lost thy head;  
Nothing can help a child that's dead."  
There stands not by the Ganges' side  
A house where none hath ever died.

Thus through the long and weary day,  
From every door she bore away  
Within her heart and on her arm,  
A heavier load, a deeper harm.  
By gates of gold and ivory,  
By walled houses of poverty,  
The same refrain heard poor Kivany.  
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,  
And e'er she hurried hurrying feet,  
And heart-sick, by the sacred flame  
She fell, and prayed the god again.  
She sobbed and beat her burning breast:  
"Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!  
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—  
There stands no house where none hath died!"

And Buddha answered in a tone  
Soft as a flute at twilight blown.  
But grant me, Kivany, and strong as death  
To him who bears with ease of faith:  
"Child, thou art answered! Mourn not!  
Bow, and accept the common lot."

Kivany heard with reverence met,  
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.  
—Scribner's for August.

## Select Story.

From St. Paul's Magazine.

### THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

A cold clear day, with the wintry sun  
glittering on the frosted hedgerows and  
on the light snow lying upon the high-  
way after the fall of last night, along  
which the tumbling Calthorpe omnibus  
left the track of its rolling wheels.

It was the afternoon of Christmas Eve,  
Christmas Eve two years ago, when the  
omnibus which plied daily to and from  
Calthorpe and the Malston railway sta-  
tion, came rattling along the road lead-  
ing to Calthorpe village, with much  
clatter of hoofs and jingling of harness,  
it being an idea of the honest country-  
man who drove the half-trained team that  
the more noise he made with horse and  
harness, the more imposing became the  
effect of his approach. So the omnibus  
came clattering on within a mile of Cal-  
thorpe, when it pulled up with a sudden-  
ness which almost flung the horses on to  
their haunches, while the driver shouted out:

"The gentleman as was for the Oak  
farm gets out here, adding, as a good-  
looking young fellow, with pleasant blue  
eyes, and curly chestnut hair descended  
from the crazy old conveyance with a  
portmanteau in his hand, "if ye get over  
to your left, you're right for the farm."

The young man answered by a nod,  
and the omnibus rolled on, leaving him  
standing on the snowy highway, with his  
luggage at his feet.

"He's London bred, I s'pose," the  
driver observed in the ear of a passenger  
who shared the front seat with him, "and  
the town life has made him too conceited  
to carry his own box—the word 'box'—  
describing Will Drayton's leather port-  
manteau."

But Drayton, untouched by and un-  
conscious of the driver's contemptuous  
whisper and look back, stood in the open  
road, in the teeth of a cutting north wind,  
waiting till chance threw some one in  
his way, willing to carry the luggage to  
his aunt's farmhouse, which he was too  
proud to shoulder and trudge under him-  
self.

Presently a lad came along the high-  
way, singing some lusty melody as he  
tramped upon his way, who was glad  
enough to break the thread of his song,  
and carry Will Drayton's chattels, for the  
sake of the reward promised at his jour-  
ney's end.

"The old way is open yet, by Mason's  
field, and over the stile through the  
coppice meadows?" Drayton said, as the  
lad lifted his portmanteau from the ground.

The boy nodded, and walked on in  
silence through the turritie, and across  
the field path, until his curiosity over-  
coming his shyness hazarded at last:

"You've been here before, I s'pose,

mister?"

Drayton laughed.  
"Yes, I've been here before, no doubt,"  
he said, "seeing I was born down yonder  
at the Mill. But when my father died  
and the place was sold, I went Lannon  
ways, to see if I could make my fortune."

The boy looked in swift surprise at the  
young man beside him, who, after all,  
was only the son of old Drayton, of the  
Mill, who had died a bankrupt, and left  
his son a legacy to his brother, the hus-  
band of the widowed mistress of the Oak  
farm. Still, despite the memory of his  
father's ruin, the lad's glance went  
wandering from the glittering watch-chain  
suspended from Drayton's waist-coat  
pocket to the gloves upon his hands and  
the fine cloth he wore in his coat; the  
which this clumsy country lad had never  
seen the like on any one, beneath the  
rank of the Calthorpe gentry, while he  
conjectured inwardly that Drayton must  
have made the fortune he went to London  
to win.

"You're come down for the wedding,  
maybe?" the lad suggested presently,  
when, his wonder having had time to  
cool, a sudden surmise struck him that  
all Drayton's fine dressing could not be  
for ordinary holiday.

"What wedding?" Drayton asked,  
while the boy flung back the gate leading  
into the yard of the Oak farm, where  
hens and ducks and cackling geese were  
straying freely.

"They say Nellie Drayton's going to  
marry my lord's head keeper," the lad  
said impressively, delighted that his  
gossip had taken his hearer by surprise.

"Why, Nellie was but a mite when I  
left here nine years ago," Drayton re-  
sponded doubtfully.

"She's four years older nor me," the  
boy said sturdily, as though those four  
years were ten.

"That's a great age, youngster," Drayton  
laughed, slipping a shilling into the  
lad's hand, which inspired him with a  
still stronger respect for Drayton's riches,  
and the dim and distant glories of London  
where fortunes could be made so readily.

Then they went at the farm-house door,  
where the portmanteau was deposited  
with a thud, which brought a young girl's  
face to the window, a face with bonnie  
eyes of blue, the shade of Willie's own,  
and a cloud of light hair, profuse and  
soft, drawn off from a rosy cheek and a  
forehead of snowy white.

"That is not Nell, but Jessie," Will  
thought as the girl withdrew her face  
from the window. "She has got the  
golden hair, and the laughing lips and  
eyes of long ago, when we went nutting  
together in the wood, and wading after  
sticklebacks in the stream."

"Mother, there's some one at the door,  
and I think it's my cousin Willie," Jessie  
Drayton cried from within; and before  
Will had time to push the door open for  
himself, it was flung wide, and Mrs.  
Drayton was welcoming him back to  
Calthorpe.

"Only for Jess, I wouldn't have known  
you, Willie, you've grown so tall and  
big, and so like a town gentleman," Mrs.  
Drayton exclaimed, looking up proudly  
at her nephew, who had changed from a  
slim lad, into a tall, fine looking young  
man, during his nine years of London  
life. "I've got old and stiff while you've  
been away, lad, and the girls have grown  
into women; and, I suppose, you  
wouldn't have known any of us, only  
you seen us in the old place."

To which Willie protested he would  
have known them anywhere, while he  
kissed his cousin's flashing cheeks, and  
the younger one looked shyly out of her  
mellow brown eyes, to see how one of  
the group in the farm-house kitchen, not  
of their kind and kin, bore the friendly  
greeting; but my lord's head keeper  
never looked up from the contemplation  
of his strong brown hands to see the  
kisses given, or to mark the flush which  
the touch of Drayton's lips brought to  
Nellie's cheek.

She was the prettiest of the two girls,  
this younger one, of whom my lord's  
head keeper was said to be enamored.  
Jessie was a comely country lass, fair-  
haired and rosy-cheeked; but Nellie's  
cheek was runder and more delicately  
tinted, and her eyes, less laughing than  
the blue eyes of Jessie, were of a mellow  
changing brown; so that Drayton, sitting  
in the old farm kitchen, and watching the  
faces of the two girls, lighted up by the  
glow of the warm wood fire, silently en-  
dorsed Mark Wilton's taste in choosing  
the delicate prettiness of Nellie, rather  
than the buxom comeliness of her elder  
sister, while sweet Nellie Drayton forgot  
for the moment the quiet lover sitting by  
the ingle nook, in the wandering con-  
templation of Willie's glittering chain,  
the ring upon his finger, and the gloves  
he had flung carelessly down upon the  
table.

"So, as ye telled me in your letter,  
your master's dead, and ye must look for  
another place," Mrs. Drayton observed,  
meditatively, while Willie refreshed him-  
self with meat and ale after his journey.  
"But, then, I suppose, a good place isn't  
easily found, Willie?"

"I'll take a fling out of myself before  
I try," he answered, putting away his  
plate; "but I'll not find it hard to suit  
myself, I've got such a good character."

Here, with shy politeness, the keeper  
rose up and went out, feeling he had no  
business to listen to Willie's concerns.

Half-way to the gate he turned, and  
glanced back to see if Nellie would steal  
after him for a farewell, but Nellie only  
smiled and nodded to the look, and Mark

Wilton passed through the gate alone,  
changing it after him.

The snow, which had fallen lightly all  
the past night, and left its thin white  
coating on field and highway, began  
drifting again as Mark Wilton crossed the  
coppice meadows on his way to the keep-  
er's lodge, dropping down at first soft-  
ly and slowly, but changing as the short  
day closed in, to swift, short flakes, which  
went on falling all the night through, and  
when Christmas morning broke, a thick  
white sheet of snow lay over the earth,  
on which the sun shone with a cold, frosty  
glitter.

In the Oak-farm kitchen, a strong wood  
fire blazed upon the hearth, where Jessie  
Drayton stood with her dress pinned up,  
frying slices of bacon, while Willie came  
down in search of breakfast. She looked  
up from her work as he came in, with a  
laughing face, to which the fire had  
brought a bright, hot flush, and wished  
him a merry Christmas.

"A merry Christmas to you, Jess, and  
a happy New Year," Willie answered in  
response, and going over to where she  
stood, he stooped downward and kissed  
her. "I have brought a new gown for  
my aunt and a Christmas box for you and  
Nellie, Jess," he said, standing by her on  
the hearth.

Then, as Nellie's footstep sounded  
along the passage, he took a parcel  
wrapped in silver paper from his pocket,  
and drawing out of it a pair of glittering  
bracelets, held them up before Jessie's  
surprised eyes, who, snatching up the  
hissing pan from the fire, reached out her  
hand for the young man's showy gift.

"It was good of you to think upon us,  
Willie," she said with a grateful smile  
upon her full ripe lips, while she turned  
the bracelets round and round in her  
hand, without attempting to draw them  
on her wrist. "Only I'm thinking they're  
too fine for working girls like me or  
Nellie. So if the man you got them  
from would take them back, and give us  
a nice dress or the like—"

But Willie interrupted her with a  
laugh.  
"Jess, girl," he said, "jewellers don't  
sell dresses."

"They do down this way," Jessie per-  
sisted, with an admiring eye on the brace-  
lets, despite their uselessness. "There's  
a man goes through here once a fortnight  
with rings and brooches, and dresses, too,  
of all sorts."

"Ay, Brummagem jewelry!" Willie  
said, contemptuously, a trifle nettled at  
his cousin's questioning acceptance of his  
gift.

"Well," she said, with a smile on her  
bonnie honest face, "I'll not scorn your  
present, Willie, but I'll look it up, and  
keep it to wear at Nellie's wedding."

Drayton laughed, but though he laugh-  
ed, he felt his face flame hotly, as he  
followed the girl's smiling glance to  
where Nellie stood in the open doorway,  
watching the little scene between the  
cousins.

"You had best keep them for your own  
wedding," Nellie retorted, as she passed  
through the door, with a pout on her  
scarlet lips.

But Jessie only laughed, and said she  
had no chance of a wedding yet; while  
Nellie, with the pout upon her lips chang-  
ing into smiles, held out her hand for  
Willie's offered present.

Willie and the two girls walked to-  
gether that day to Calthorpe Church by  
the road, as the snow lay too thickly on  
the meadow path to allow of their taking  
the shorter route.

Coming out after service, they found  
steward Mark Wilton waiting for them  
in the churchyard, dressed in his homely  
Sunday best. He was to dine that day  
at the Oak Farm by special invitation, and  
having joined the Draytons in the church-  
yard, he walked back to the farm with  
Nellie, taking his place at her side with  
a silent assumption of ownership which  
made Will Drayton feel a trifle sulky, not  
that it had hurt to do with him, as he  
told himself while he went with Jessie  
down the path leading to the church  
gates, only the girl was too dainty and  
pretty for such a rough giant as my lord's  
head keeper.

In honor of Christmas, dinner was  
served that day in the farm parlor, in  
place of the kitchen, where the family  
dined on ordinary occasions; and at din-  
ner Wilton took his place by Nellie again  
with the same air of ownership as had  
offended Willie on their way home from  
church.

"I suppose it's settled Wilton is to have  
Nellie for a wife, aunt?" Willie hazard-  
ed, when he and Jessie and Mrs. Dray-  
ton had come out after dinner into the  
kitchen, leaving Nellie and her lover  
sitting by the parlor fire.

"Yes, I suppose he is. They've settled  
it between them, and I'm content," Mrs.  
Drayton said, quietly.

Something in Willie's voice when he  
asked the question made Jessie look  
sharply up at him, and then glance away  
again into the fire; but nothing more was  
said on either side, and the talk drifted  
away to other things.

Late in the afternoon, when the Dray-  
tons were sitting down to tea, Tom Chur-  
ton, an old Calthorpe friend of Willie's,  
dropped in to have a chat with him; and  
when Churton rose to leave, Willie vol-  
unteered to walk back with him to the  
village, whispering to Jessie, as he fol-  
lowed Churton out, that he would be back

to say good-night to Mark before he left  
the farm. But when they reached Cal-  
thorpe, instead of letting him return as  
he meant to do when he started, Willie  
was induced by his companion to come  
into the bar of Calthorpe Inn, and have  
something hot before walking back to  
the farm through the darkness and the  
driving snow, which had begun to fall  
again. Talking in the lighted bar, and  
drinking his brandy and water, so be-  
guiled Will Drayton into forgetfulness,  
that eleven o'clock had struck before he  
entered the yard gate of the Oak farm  
again, and saw to his dismay that all the  
lights in the house were out, and only a  
glimmering blaze from the kitchen fire  
gave a hope that any of the family were  
astir.

He knocked softly at the door, which  
was unbolts and opened as softly by  
Nellie Drayton, who crept back instantly  
within the warm circle of the fire.

Willie fastened the door behind him,  
and then taking off his hat, shook the  
white snow from it as he neared the  
hearth, where Nellie stood, looking  
silently down upon the blazing embers,  
while the glow of the burning wood  
shone on the silken glossiness of her  
hair, and lighted up the subtle softness of  
her eyes.

She turned to him as he approached  
with a little smiling nod, but her lips said  
nothing.

"So you are all alone, Nellie?" Willie  
began, by way of breaking ground; for  
Nellie's little nod had a coy reticence in  
which lured Drayton more fatally than  
a freer welcome. "Where are my aunt  
and Jessie?"

Out of the mellow brown eyes shot a  
glance half smiling, half laughing, as she  
answered with demure gravity:

"They're gone to bed an hour ago; so  
if you want Jess, you won't be likely to  
see her till to-morrow."

"But I don't particularly want Jess,  
Nellie."

She gave her head a coquettish little  
toss.

"How am I to understand your Lon-  
don ways of asking for people you don't  
want?" she said, looking away from  
Drayton's face into the fire.

There for a moment in the silence of  
the leaping firelight the two stood word-  
less, until Nellie raising her hand to  
brush the hair back from her forehead,  
he glitter of a golden bracelet on her  
uplifted wrist struck the young man's  
delighted eyes.

"You're a brave little cousin, Nellie,"  
Willie cried eagerly, "to wear my gift on  
your arm, instead of locking it in a box  
like Jessie."

Nellie's eyes fell on the gleaming  
bracelet on her left arm, and she half-  
laughingly covered it over with her right  
hand.

"I only wore one to-night," she said  
primly, half inclined to make play for  
herself with the young man's eagerness,  
yet half abashed and touched by it, "just  
to show to a friend."

"Your friend was Mark Wilton, Nell,"  
Willie suggested. "What might Mark  
have said, if it's a fair question?"

To this Nellie, twining the bracelet  
round, and looking at it wistfully, out of  
her drooped eyes, answered slowly:

"He said it was foolish finery for such  
as you, who was to be a working man's  
wife."

Was it the witchery of the purple fire  
light, or the girl's eyes, or her wistful  
downward look upon her present, which  
made Will Drayton blurt out un-  
guardedly—

"Only say a word, Nell, and there will  
be no need for you to be a working man's  
wife."

But Nellie either did not or would not  
see the drift of her cousin's rash remark,  
and went on demurely:

"So Mark bid me give you your present  
and tell you it was too grand for a  
poor girl."

Willie's face flushed red.

"And do you mean to say you'll do it?"  
he asked sharply.

The downward eyes glanced upward to  
his face.

"No, I said I wouldn't, because,  
though your present was too good for  
me, I'd wear it now and again for sake of  
the kindness that made you give it."

"Even when you are Mark's wife?"

And when Willie put the question the  
soft eyes wavered in their glance, and a  
flush came to her cheek.

"Mother and Jessie like Mark," she  
said, in guileful evasion. "He's steady  
and careful, and has some money put by,  
so they talk of his leaving my lord, and  
taking a farm and—and—"

She drew her hands from his and  
pushed him from her, in half-laughing  
denial.

"How dare you be so bold, Willie?"  
she cried, and then with fleet foot she  
fled up stairs to the shelter of her room.

December drifted into January, and  
still Willie Drayton said never a word of  
going back to London, seeming but too  
content to spend his time in the society  
of his cousin Nellie.

Only her mother and Jessie kept tell-  
ing himself, were on Mark Wilton's side;  
he had no part or concern in Nellie's un-  
biased affections. So, when the day's  
work was done, he sat by her in the  
glowing firelight talking of London, un-  
till the girl's head grew dazed with the  
notion that to be the wife of Willie Dray-  
ton, and live in the great city where she  
might wear gold bracelets, and display a  
showy silk without word of comment,  
was to be almost if not quite a lady.

It was one thing to be the head keep-  
er's wife, whom everyone called Mark; it  
did not call him Wilton; but it was  
another thing to marry her cousin whom  
people always called Mr. Drayton, not  
daring to make too free with so well-  
dressed and prosperous a gentleman.

Nellie's foolish head went round in  
those days, when she dreamt dreams and  
saw visions in a way she marvelled at  
later, when the glamour had faded.

She liked Willie's blue eyes and chest-  
nut hair, his comely face and his town-  
bred ways, better than the homely, hon-  
est lover, who had no thing in common  
with Willie's dandyism and fine clothes  
and gold watch chain, all of which were  
so many snares in the way of foolish  
Nellie Drayton.

At first Nellie's flirtation was kept out  
of Wilton's ken, who came and went as  
usual, and from whom she stole moments  
to be given, when he was gone, to Willie  
Drayton. But as her zest for Willie's  
society strengthened, she grew careless  
and saucy to her old lover, and leaving  
him with her mother and Jessie for com-  
pany, boldly went out of doors with her  
cousin, and in the short winter glow-  
ing, while the clasp of the old love was  
warm on her hand, yielded her lips to the  
kisses of the new.

"Nellie's only a bit dazed with Willie's  
talk about London," Mrs. Drayton would  
say, excusingly, when she saw Wilton's  
look darken or his brow lower at Nellie's  
open defection.

But Wilton would answer never a word  
of complaint or reproach to mother or  
sister of the girl he loved so well. Only,  
as time went on, and Nellie grew more  
heedless of his silent patience, or his si-  
lent pain, he began coming less frequen-  
tly to the Oak Farm, a proceeding which  
very much disconcerted Miss Nellie, who  
was well pleased to sit as queen between  
her two admirers.

"You're like to lose a good man with  
your giddy-headed nonsense, and I don't  
believe you care a pin for Will Drayton,"  
Jessie said to her warningly. "It's only  
the



bowed a little and softened, turned her face to his—her cheek, but not her lips—and then, without a spoken word, she slid away from the kitchen, and along the passage to her room, as though the kiss itself was the seal of their farewell.

It was close upon eight o'clock when Wilton left the Oak-farm kitchen that night, where he had sat alone after Nellie left him, waiting to say farewell to Jessie and Mrs. Drayton, when they came in from milking, and to give them a last hand-shake before he went to where their lives and his should lie apart forever.

As he passed from the house porch, he paused a moment to take a last, lingering look at Nellie's window, wondering to himself if she watched his going; or was she sitting up yonder waiting for Will Drayton to come back from Calthrop? When from the shadow of the porch a hand stole out and touched his shoulder timorously.

The touch made him turn, and as he turned he saw looking upward at him, out of the shadowy darkness of the night, the small, winsome face of Nellie Drayton.

"Mark, would you stay in Calthrop if I asked you?" she said with a quivering lip, and tears trembling in her mellow eyes.

He answered her no word, but for all answer took her to him and kissed her, while her clinging arms wound themselves round his neck.

"And if you will," she whispered, "I'll give back the promise I took away tonight; for Jess was right, Mark, and the old love is stronger than the new."

## Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 29, 1873.

FOR GOVERNOR

**Nelson Dingley, Jr.,**  
OF LEWISTON.

FOR SENATORS

**JONATHAN K. MARTIN,**  
OF RUMFORD.

**ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,**  
OF BETHEL.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY

**GEORGE D. BISBEE,**  
OF BUCKFIELD.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

**ALBION P. GORDON,**  
OF FRYEBURG.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

**CHRISTOPHER C. CUSHMAN,**  
OF HEBRON.

## REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republicans of OXFORD-WESTERN REGISTRY DISTRICT, are requested to send delegates to a convention to be held at

**FRYEBURG CORNER,**

At the Vestry, on called, on  
**SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873,**

At 10 o'clock A. M.,

to nominate a candidate for Register of Deeds for Western District.

The basis of representation will be the same as to the County Convention, viz:

Fryeburg, 4; Stockholm, 2

Lyons, 4; Sweden, 2

Hiram, 4; Denmark, 2

Brownfield, 4; Denmark, 2

GEORGE J. JONES, Chairman

NAHEM MOORE, Secretary

N. B. HARRARD, County

G. L. BLAKE, Committee

J. G. HAMILTON, Committee

## The Editorial Excursion.

A Trip to St. John, Fredericton and Halifax.

The editorial excursion to the Provinces has opened up a vast country to which most of us, as well as our readers, were unacquainted. The trip proved to be very enjoyable. About seventy-five, including ladies, went as far as St. John, and about half the company went to Halifax. Through the first portion of the trip was very pleasant, the latter part was decidedly the most enjoyable. On Monday evening, the 13th, most of the company had gathered at the Bangor House, one of the best hotels in the city, where they received every attention. A fine shower had cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust, so that the start, next morning at 8 o'clock, by the E. & N. A. road was under the most favorable circumstances. For the first fifty miles the country is well settled and the prosperous villages of Yezzie, Orono, Oldtown, Lincoln, Passadumkeag, and Mattawamkeag are passed. At half past one we reached Vanceboro, about half way, where we found a good Saloon and got a nice dinner, though the crowd was rather larger than common. Now we pass the lake, and our baggage is examined while at dinner, though without opening the packages, and we go into a land where the most humiliating and inconvenient fact is soon realized, viz.—that our money is at about 15 per cent. discount. The country for some distance is now wild and unbroken, but as we approach St. John it is more settled. We are met by delegations of the St. John Press, and arrive at the ferry opposite St. John a little after six. We go to the Victoria House, where rooms are assigned, and find a first class hotel, with an American air, and everything in good style. After tea, the party sought the rest they so much needed. At 10 next morning, we took carriages and rode about the city for several hours, visiting Carlton, opposite, the Suspension bridge, and riding through several beautiful gardens. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to shopping, and it was wonderful to hear how deficient the ladies were in gloves and how many pairs were necessary to supply the family wants. The best 2 button gloves were bought for \$1.50 of our money, which here sell for \$2.25, and very good 3 button gloves for a dollar of our money. In the evening there was a social reunion in the large parlors, the guests at the house and many of the towns people thronging the rooms. Mr. Fessenden, of the Temple Quartette Club, Boston, McDonald, of New York, a splendid ballad singer, and Mrs. Mary Shaw Fogg, gave us some beautiful pieces, Mr. Mar-

tin, of St. John, officiating with much skill at the piano. The meeting, which was quite informal at first, developed into a reception party, where short speeches, singing, recitations, &c., filled the hours till midnight. The Hon. Peter Mitchell, of the Dominion Ministry, was present, and made remarks, as also the Hon. Mr. Willis, of the Press, Hon. Mr. Dingley and others. Mrs. Fogg repeated "Betsey and I are out," and the sequel, and other pieces to the gratification of all. Next morning, at 8, we took the fine steamer "David Weston," for a trip up the St. John river to Fredericton, the "Celestial City," as it is called, which we reached at 4 P. M., getting a good dinner on board, and enjoying a beautiful sail. The scenery of this river is not surpassed anywhere. There is no river in Maine so grand, and the farms on its borders all look fertile and rich from alluvial deposits. Land is held at \$400 an acre, in some special cases. We are met on the wharf by Mayor Gregory, and the three members of the Fredericton press, Messrs. Fenity, Hogg and Every attention was shown us here, Dr. Dow being very kind, tendering the use of his fine span of horses to take the party to the Government house. The Dr. was a native of Vermont, we believe, and is highly esteemed by the citizens of his adoption. The government house and lands, occupied by Lt. Gov. Wilnot, well known to Americans as one of the most eloquent of speakers and genial of men, were worth visiting. The gardens, both flower and vegetable, were splendid. The salary of the Lt. Governor is \$7,000 a year, and the use of the government seat. The party was well entertained at the "Barker House," kept by Col. Robinson, formerly of Augusta, Maine, and at the "Queen," and at private residences. Fredericton is an attractive place, prettily laid out, and all the more inviting in contrast with St. John. It has about 800 inhabitants, nice stores, houses, &c., and is connected with the European road by a branch. Here our party separated, many being obliged to return home before Sunday, while others went back to St. John by boat to visit Halifax.

About thirty-five of us re-embarked on board the steamer, on the beautiful morning of Friday, at 8 o'clock, and reached St. John at 3. It was a lovely sail, and fun and merriment ruled supreme. At dinner a table was devoted exclusively to our party, and over two hours were spent in sentiments, songs, speeches, witticisms, &c., till we reached St. John. Saturday morning, through the politeness of Mr. Carville, Manager of the Intercolonial railroad, the all through-by rail route, we were furnished a splendid car by ourselves, and left at 8 o'clock for Halifax, which we did not reach till nearly 9 in the evening.

The ride was by no means tedious, as much of it was through a fine country, on an elevated grade, overlooking broad meadows and beautiful valleys. Still it is not considered so pleasant a route as the rival one through the Annapolis valley, by which we returned. We would advise one to go this way to return the other, as we did, by all means. At Truro we met Mr. Alley, of the Tyro Sun, and before reaching Halifax, a delegation of the Press met us. It commenced raining in the evening. The cars leave us about a mile and a half from our hotel, but we take horse cars at the depot and ride to it. In passing through the streets, the brilliantly lighted, handsome dry goods stores, show to advantage. We go to the Halifax, the best house in town, where we are served with tea, which we so much craved. We got a good dinner, by the way, at Amherst. After partaking of steak, coffee or tea and bread, we were invited into a drawing room where a table was spread more daintily, with all kinds of fowl, fruit, cake, and flanked with wines, liquors, &c. Our entertainers seemed surprised to find that we were all *tee-totallers*, and though they were profuse in their attentions and solicitations to indulge with them in the social cup, they were unavailing. All honor to our party, who were all true to the total abstinence sentiment of our State. Mr. Johnson, of the Halifax Reporter, made an address of welcome, which was responded to by our President, and the party was allowed to seek the coveted rest.

Sunday morning was a little misty, but the sun came out bright and warm by meeting time, and our friends were on hand to escort us to church. Most of us attended Rev. Mr. Grant's, Presbyterian, he being the most popular preacher in town. He is the author of "Ocean to Ocean," and all were well pleased with his able discourse. In the afternoon a very interesting prayer meeting was held at the parlor of the hotel. Rev. Messrs. Grant and Weston of Halifax, the American Consul, and several of the citizens came in and expressed their pleasure at witnessing what to them was a novel spectacle. Of our party of 32, 25 were Congregational church members. Rev. James Palmer, of Portland, presided. We had two Congregational ministers and one Unitarian, in our party. The meeting was one of the most interesting incidents of the excursion.

In the evening, many of our party went to St. Luke's, Episcopal, to witness a genuine high church service. Halifax should have the credit of observing the Sabbath—the city being uncommonly quiet and the people a church-going one.

As our stay was limited to Monday, our Halifax friends had arranged a busy day for us. At 10 A. M., we call at Judge Jackson's, the popular American Consul, who was unremitting in his attentions. He showed us through the Government house, which was well worth a visit. At 11, barouches for the whole party were drawn up in front of the hotel, the ladies having been presented with beautiful bouquets. A member of the Halifax press, or some citizen, rode in each carriage to point out places of interest. The ride around the park, by the bay, is cool and delightful—the streets were clean and free from dust,

and the day a charming one. We visited the public garden, alighting from our carriages and perambulating its beautiful walks. We also stopped at the residence of Mr. Grant, of the British Colonist, and examined his splendid greenhouse and garden, and were beautifully entertained with refreshments by his courteous lady.

The point of chief interest to strangers is the Citadel or Fort on the hill, which commands a grand view of the surrounding country. We were permitted to drive in, with our teams, a courtesy never before extended to a party, not even to the Prince of Wales when he visited the place. One of our party thought the position a very desirable one for a first class *Funkel Hotel*, and wanted to negotiate for it. Our ride lasted about three hours, when we dined, and in an hour were off again in a steamer, for a cruise in the bay. We had a gay party of nearly two hundred, and were treated several times on our way to ice cream, cakes, &c. We visited the Lunatic Asylum, opposite the city, and were shown through the building. Here another treat was served up. The best views of villas and handsome residences of the place were seen from the boat, and many magnificent ones there were. We reached the hotel at supper time, and at 8 o'clock attended a reception in our honor at the fine residence of the American Consul. We met here several distinguished citizens, members of the local government and Dominion parliament. After social converse, a rich repast was served, and the Consul called the party to order and welcomed the association, as his countrymen, in choice words; a response was made by the President, who toasted the Consul; Hon. Mr. Vail, Dominion Secretary, Hon. Mr. McDonald, Mr. P. Rev. Mr. Grant, Judge Pinckney of Maryland, Mr. Johnson of the Reporter, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., Mr. Leau, of Halifax were each called out and responded very happily. The Song "Away Down East" with original stanzas applying to St. John and Halifax, and making the latter the jumping off place, was rendered so acceptably by two of our party that an encore was demanded, and the *Halifaxians*, as they call themselves, but *Halifaxians*, as we call them, applauded most vociferously. At mid night we tore ourselves away from the gay and festive scene, as we were obliged to "pack" for an early start in the morning for home.

At half-past 7 our Halifax friends were on hand again, with a special horse car chartered, and we left for the Windsor and Annapolis train. This was a new route, and most delightful. We were in the garden of Nova Scotia, the beautiful land of Acadia, immortalized by Longfellow's Evangeline. Our Halifax friends seemed both to leave us, or our ladies, and accompanied us quite a distance. The Manager of the road, Mr. Inness, who kindly furnished us a car, joined the party at Windsor, with the American Consul D. K. Hobart, Esq., formerly of Maine, (and our old friend,) with Mrs. Hobart, the Hon. Mr. Gowdy, Dominion M. P. and lady, who entertained us with ice cream, and also accompanied us several miles. We took the Steamer at Annapolis at 2 o'clock, to cross the bay of Fundy, calling at the smart port of Digby and having a splendid sail of five hours. We got an excellent dinner on the boat, which some of the party were unable to enjoy long. It was not rough, but enough swell to cause sickness to the sensitive ones. The sail makes this route the preferable one to many, and as it is 76 miles shorter, it is the favorite one in summer—the only drawback being crossing the Bay of Fundy. We had an hour in St. John for supper, and then took the Sleeping Cars of the European road for Bangor, where after a comfortable night, we arrived at half past 7 A. M., in season to take the Maine Central Cars for home, having travelled nearly five hundred miles the last 24 hours.

In another letter we shall speak more at length of the country and places visited. We were much indebted to the railroad and steamboat lines for courtesies, the several hotels, gentlemen of the press of St. John, Fredericton and Halifax, who were full of cordiality and courtesies, the singers, Hon. Mr. Reed, Mayor of St. John, Hon. Mr. Gregory, Mayor, Dr. Dow and Gov. Wilnot, Fredericton, the Hon. Mr. Carville, Manager of the Intercolonial railroad, Mr. Inness, Manager of the Windsor and Annapolis road, Judge Jackson, American Consul at Halifax, Hon. D. K. Hobart, American Consul at Windsor, Rev. Mr. Grant, Halifax, and many others.

We acknowledge the present of Murdoch's history of Nova Scotia and Acadia, in 3 Vols., presented by the publisher, Mr. Barnes of the Presbyterian Advocate, Halifax, a very interesting work, also a copy of "Ocean to Ocean" Rev. Mr. Grant's work, by Hon. Wm. Elder of the St. John Telegraph, and copies of the St. John & Halifax papers for our whole party each day. All these tokens, like the beautiful bouquets, will be fragrant with memories of the many kindnesses bestowed upon our party.

Messrs. Smith of the Telegraph and Mott of the News accompanied the party to Fredericton, and Mr. Chisholm of the Telegraph to Halifax—to whom the party are especially indebted. The ladies were profuse in thanks to Mr. Fielding, of the Halifax Chronicle, a very genial and good looking unmarried gentleman, for the splendid bouquets furnished by him. To Mr. Elder, the veteran editor of the St. John Telegraph, is the company indebted for the initiatory steps leading to this pleasant trip, for his unremitting attentions and present of books and magazines to the party. "Beg Pardon"—thanks, gentlemen.

"Go to H—alifax" shall never be used by us again as an obituary, but most smilingly.

—Our readers will please excuse us for devoting so much space to what may be regarded as somewhat personal—our editorial excursion.

**The Press Visitors.**  
At Fredericton on Saturday morning the excursion of Maine Editors and Publishers separated into two parties, one going west by way of Bangor, the other, having more time at their command, returning to St. John on the *David Weston*. The latter company had a merry time on the river. After an hour spent in singing, a committee of ways and means planned an antedinner arrangement, which proved eminently satisfactory to all their fellow voyagers. The cloth being (figuratively) removed, President Shaw called those present to order, and offered a series of toasts, the responses to which entertained the visiting printers and their lady friends, and a considerable number of lookers on with nearly three hours of genial wit and pleasantry.

"The following were the toasts presented:—  
"The Press of St. John"—Their hearty welcome and kind attentions have been unremitting. They not only furnish the *News* but *Telegraph* it over the *Globe*—brilliant lights to dissipate the fog of ignorance and every other fog. Responded to very ably by Ex Alderman Forbes of St. John, in the absence of representatives of the press from St. John, who had gone down by the morning train.

"The Press of Fredericton."—Not a whit behind their brethren of St. John in courtesy and hospitality; if they cultivate the flowers of rhetoric as some of them do the flowers of nature, they will have a fragrant memory. Responded to by Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Maine.

"New Brunswick."—Were we to fail to toast her, the very stones would cry out. Responded to by A. P. Stone, of Portland, and E. Stone, Esq., of Biddeford.

"The Maine State."—Let us not palm her off for any other. Responded to by Mr. Palmer, of Portland.

"Our New Hampshire Guests."—We hail their "High Jinks" and "Tall Hails." Responded to by Messrs. George E. Jenks and H. F. Hill, of Concord, N. H.

A song was then sung, entitled "Away Down East," original stanzas being added appropriate to the party's experience at St. John, and prospectively at Halifax.

"The Natives of New Brunswick."—We shall ever associate their blue noses with warm hearts. Responded to by A. Sprague, Esq., of the Kennebec Journal, Augusta.

"The Temperance Men of our Party."—Thurst on, thurst ever. Responded to by Brown Thurston, Esq., of Portland.

"The Editorial Association of Maine."—May we always, as now, have the benefit of clerger. Responded to by Rev. Mr. Emerson, of Biddeford.

"Dr. Dow of Fredericton." (Proposed by the ladies.) We regret that so gallant and courteous a gentleman, and so good looking, withal, should be such an incorrigible old bachelor.

Responded to by Col. F. N. Dow, of Portland.

"Captain David Weston" of the seamer *David Weston*. We should like to "annex" him and sail under his flag forever.

Responded to by Mr. W. G. Nowell, of the Boston Globe.

"The Stewardess of the steamer," a caterer who cannot be excelled. Three cheers were given for her, and she offered to furnish more toasts if the supply was exhausted.

"The literary" exercises closed with "Auld Lang Syne."

The utmost cordiality prevailed during the entire trip between all parties. The national anthems of both countries were sung with equal heartiness and warlike, and, as one of the speakers expressed it, the guests and their hosts were delightfully unconscious during the day under which flag they were sailing.—*St. John Telegraph*.

**Maine Editors' and Publishers' Association.**  
At a meeting of the above Association, held at the Barker House, Fredericton, N. B., July 17, 1873, at the close of a very pleasant excursion to the cities of St. John and Fredericton, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are hereby heartily tendered to the Maine Central, European & North American, Boston & Maine, Eastern, Grand Trunk, New Brunswick & Canada, Inter-Colonial and Fredericton Railroad Companies, the International, Calais and Small & Hathaway lines of steamers, also the proprietors of the Bangor House, Victoria Hotel, St. John, N. B., Barker House and Queen's Hotel, Fredericton, N. B., and to Messrs. Elder, Smith and Christian of the St. John Telegraph, Mr. Mott of the St. John Telegraph, J. V. Ellis, Esq., of the *Globe*, and other members of the press and citizens of St. John; Dr. Dow, Hon. Geo. E. Fenety and other citizens and members of the press of Fredericton, N. B., for the favors granted, the cordial reception given and the unremitting attention shown to members of this Association during their excursion to the Province of New Brunswick.

Resolved, That the enjoyment of the excursion has been greatly enhanced by the musical entertainment furnished at St. John, N. B., by Mrs. Mary Shaw Fogg of New York, Prof. Martens of St. John, Mr. W. H. Fessenden of the Temple Quartette of Boston, and Mr. McDonald of New York, for securing which the Association is indebted to Mr. George A. Jones of Portland.

Resolved, That the several papers of the State be requested to publish the above resolutions and send copies of their reports of the excursion to the parties mentioned.

That portion of the party who extended their trip to Halifax, return their thanks to Messrs. Crosskill, Johnson and Doyle of the Halifax Reporter, Annand and Fielding, of the Chronicle, Grant of the Colonist, Boak of the Citizen, Blackaday of the Recorder, Barnes of the Presbyterian Advocate, Griffin of the Express,—to Judge Jackson, our accomplished and courteous Consul, and to other kind friends, for their hearty welcome and most generous hospitality, amounting to a complete ovation.

F. E. SHAW, President.  
A. H. S. DAVIS, Secretary, Pro tem.

—The students of the State college at Orono are to issue a paper to be called "the Crucible."

## The Approaching State Fair.

In consequence of the fact that the necessary fixtures are already in place for the accommodation of stock for the approaching State Fair at Bangor, the Trustees of the Society have less to do this year than last, in the way of making arrangements for the same; and in this is found the advantage of locating the State Fair for a brief term of years at the same point. The extra expense of putting up the stalls and pens—always a large sum—is thereby avoided, and where well constructed they will stand secure for two or three years, the lumber then being about as good as if taken down the first season. We understand no assignments of officers for the several departments of the fair have yet been made, but they will be announced in due time. Field products, instead as heretofore of being exhibited in the hall, will be shown under a large tent on the ground; an arrangement that seems more appropriate than the former plan. The following topics for discussion during the fair have been decided upon: Wednesday evening, Culture of Fruit; Thursday, Associated Dairying; Friday, Business Farming. The price of admission of a horse and carriage has been reduced to the popular price of 25 cts. and we should be glad to learn the Trustees had decided to issue no season or complimentary tickets.—*Maine Farmer*.

## Colby Commencement.

At the commencement exercises Thursday the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon James T. Champlin and A. P. Stone of Springfield, Mass.; that of D. D. upon William Tilley of Sydney, Nathaniel Butler and William H. Adams; that of A. M. upon Rev. Charles M. Herdington of Houlton, Rev. Ami S. Ladd of Saco, Parkman S. Warren of Methuen, Mass., N. S. Farnum, C. H. Cunston and A. E. Meigs.

The trustees voted also an increase of \$100 at once to the salaries of the Professors, regretting their inability at present to bring them fully up to \$2,000. The sum of \$250 was voted to each of the departments of Natural Science and Mathematics, for the purchase of instruments.

The first prize of the Junior exhibition was awarded to T. F. White and the second to C. E. Waldron.

## The Next Governor of Maine.

The next Governor of Maine is in the city. He is the Hon. Nelson Dingley of the Lewiston Journal. He is the Republican candidate and is sure to be elected. As we do not know who our next Governor is to be, we have the greatest pleasure in welcoming the next Governor of Maine to our city and Province. Governor Wilnot will be very happy to see him, when he goes up river.—*St. John, N. B. Telegraph*.

**The President's Visit to Augusta.**  
The Kennebec Journal says the 6th of August is the earliest date assigned for the President's proposed visit and it may be later. The visit is altogether a private and social one to Spenser Blaine's family and no public demonstrations are anticipated. The President will be accompanied by Mrs. Grant and one or more of his children.

## Fire in Portland.

The Portland Company's works were partially destroyed by fire last Saturday morning. The paint car and tin shops were burned before the fire could be controlled. Loss estimated at \$50,000.—Circumstances seem to indicate that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

## Cheese Factories in Maine.

There are now eighteen cheese factories in the State as far as heard from in operation at the present times. Three years ago there was not one in the State, and only two run last year. These factories are located at Industry, Kenduskeag, Mechanic Falls, Strong, So. Paris, East Sanguerville, East Jefferson, Northport, Montville, Monroe, South Newburgh, St. Albans, Six Mile Falls, Farmington, Weld, North Jay, South Waterford and West Minot. It will be too much to expect that all these factories will be to exact success, but the reports from a number promise good results. On the whole, this rapid development of the dairy industry promises to infuse new life into Maine agriculture.—[Press.]

For the Oxford Democrat, by request.

## Obituary.

Died in Carish, June 30, Alma E. Moulton, wife of Mr. Augustus Moulton, aged 31 years and 8 months. She was the daughter of Mary and Silas Merriam of Norway. The husband deeply feels his loss. They had been married but three years. She was his second wife, and leaves one child. Her kind spirit and social qualities served to endear her to a large circle of friends. Her sufferings were great during her sickness. She had her mother with her to aid and comfort her in the closing scenes of life. She looked to her Saviour for help, and was very happy when she gave all to Him. She was brought to Norway and buried in the family lot. Rev. John Gibson accompanied them and conducted the exercise. The large gathering showed she was highly appreciated. May her death be sanctified to the good of friends.

S. W. PIERCE.  
Norway, July 22, 1873.

## Denmark Items.

Lyman Walker of Denmark, had his thumb badly crushed in the cogs of a mowing machine last Tuesday. The wound was dressed by Dr. Webb.

A lad, four years old, Geo. Kinsman, of Denmark Corner, while playing in the road Wednesday, was suddenly attacked by a horse, which kicked him in the head, breaking his skull in a shocking manner. Dr. Kimball of Bridgton, assisted by Dr. Swett of Brownfield and Dr. Burnham of Denmark, trepanned the skull, and did all that medical aid could do for the unfortunate lad, but there is but little hope of his recovery.—*Bridgton News*.

## Norway Items.

Services will be held in the audience room of the Universalist church, next Sabbath. The seats are now being cushioned, and the floor carpeted.

A boy about 15 years old, by the name of Eastman, while at work having for Mr. Daughy of this town, accidentally fell on his scythe Wednesday morning, and nearly unjointed his leg at the knee.

Mr. Charles Penley died very suddenly Monday morning of apoplexy near the Hotel Road, Auburn. He was taken sick only the night before. His remains were brought to Norway, and interred in the old burying ground near Wm. Crockett's.

The decision of Judge Danforth in the case, Greene vs. Norway, has been made public, by consent of counsel. The plaintiff won the case, getting judgment in the sum of \$500. The costs will amount to nearly as much more.

In response to circulars issued by B. F. Spinney & Co., for girls in the Stitching Room of the Shoe Factory, applications have been made from quite a number of persons from neighboring towns, who will be placed at work this week. We understand that work can be furnished for a few more hands, if application is made soon.

## North Norway.

E. C. Green was kicked by his horse quite badly last week. He had led the animal into the stall, and passed out for a cloth, and on returning received a kick in the bowels which knocked him over. Dr. Danforth was called who entertained hopes that he might not be seriously injured.

Mr. F. T. Green has been quite unfortunate, being laid up by a cut in the foot, which happened while heading logs. The wound is proving very troublesome.

The summer term of our school is under the instruction of Miss Mary Haskell of Otisfield.

A light crop of apples is expected in this locality.

It is rumored that F. P. Towne intends purchasing the old homestead, the coming fall.

Mr. R. Hall is getting along with his hay as well as could be expected under his affliction.

Judging from appearances, William Green will have quite a lot of green peas for the market this week.

Our farmers enjoyed a series of holidays last week, which put them in a better condition at this time "to make hay while the sun shines."—*Norway Advertiser*.

## West Paris Items.

The hitch that your correspondent "P." referred to in regard to our steam mill has been overcome. The engine, a 40 horse power, has been ordered, and the business is going on briskly; of the forty-five hundred dollars subscribed, thirty-three hundred has been collected in money and good notes and paid into the Treasury; others that have not taken any interest in the enterprise heretofore, now come forward and promise substantial assistance. Inasmuch as the Grand Trunk Railway Company will buy no wood here next winter this business will be a material help to our farmers in this vicinity, in the way of making sale for their lumber and wood.

Messrs. Andrews & Locke are receiving from the West a splendid lot of corn and flour; there has been from four to five car loads of corn here at a time. Their prices are low and of course buyers are numerous.

Last Sunday afternoon a little daughter of Mrs. W. H. Porter of Paris, aged about nine years, received serious injuries by a cart body which had been left carelessly tilted against the side of a barn (as too often the custom) falling upon her, fracturing her right leg in two places above the knee, and otherwise injuring her severely about the head and body. When taken from her perilous position blood was flowing from her mouth and nose. Fears are entertained of serious internal injuries and her recovery is considered doubtful. How many more such accidents will it be necessary to record before people will learn to see that their cart bodies are properly secured and save their children from such miserable traps.—*Register*.

## Buckfield and Hartford Items.

The first rainstorm for the season, was on the 19th, hailed with much joy, even by those who had hay in the swath. Although the crops had been kept from drying up by the frequent showers, the springs are so low in many places as to cause extra labor, which the late rain did not relieve, but added greatly to the fine appearance of the crops.

The honorary degree of Bachelorate of Letters has been conferred upon Miss Sarah Roena, youngest daughter of Dea. Cyrus Ricker of Hartford, a graduate of the Maine State Seminary, 1863, Principal of the ladies' department of the Waterville Classical Institute, and an extra pupil and teacher before she left the parental roof, as many can bear witness.

The train from Canton to Mechanic Falls ceased to move on the 17th, to the disappointment of some. While some believe it is a "gone case," others think it is not beyond resuscitation under the skill of other railroad doctors—as it has ceased to breathe oftentimes and cast itself down. August is looked for with great interest by those who wish to know the power of a Legislature over a railroad charter.

Professor Luther Mason, formerly of Turner, and daughter, teachers of music in Boston, and B. DeCoster of East Buckfield, school teacher in Roxbury, are among the many recuperating in this vicinity, who do not forget in a city life, the health-giving breezes that are wafted over the hills of old Oxford, in warm weather.

Mrs. Rufus Bryant of Hartford, lies in a critical state, on account of a cancer. The best medical skill in this and other places has been employed.—*Lewiston Journal*.

See advertisement for proposals for the new Isane Hospital.

## South Paris Items.

The fall term of the Oxford Normal Institute will commence on Tuesday, September 24, under charge of John P. Marston, A. B., with an excellent corps of assistants. Mr. Swasey, former Principal, is to be Professor of Education.

The Lewiston Journal says: Skillings & Dolan, the managers of the flour mill, are carrying on an extensive business the present season, employing four or five men in the mill and as many more in the cooper shop and keeping two truck teams busy all the time. This flour finds ready market all through the State.

## North Paris Items.

The friends of Dea. Gibbs Benson will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from a severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. Mr. B.'s son showed me a Durham calf that weighed when ten weeks old, 298 1/3 lbs. and girted 3 ft. 11 1/2 in.

Mr. Samuel Dunham has put a nice boat into Moose pond, and better fishing cannot be found in the country. Plenty of pickerel and perch.

Mr. Stephen Washburn, in company with Mrs. Abner Washburn, his son's wife, was severely injured a few days ago by a horse falling on him while driving his wagon, letting wagon on to the wheels of the horse, and causing a general smash up.







ated at Paris in said County that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of August next at 2 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

A. H. WALKER, Judge.  
A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

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