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AUGUST 1874

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March, 1874

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EDGAR S. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
PORTLAND, MAINE.
20 Middle Street.
For particular attention paid to COLLECTING,
July 21, 1874.

E. S. RIDGON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
THE EXCHANGE STREET,
(Cor. Federal St.)
PORTLAND, MAINE.
Collections promptly attended to. July 21, 1874

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In Court Room Building.
Will practice in Cumberland, Androscoggin
and Oxford Counties.
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Collections promptly made. Also, special
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(NOT COLD WATER CURE)
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All process by mail promptly attended to
July 21, 1874

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All process by mail promptly attended to
July 21, 1874

FREELAND HOWE,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NORWAY, ME.
Office—Over Post Office.
July 21, 1874

J. C. HINCH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BUCKFIELD, ME.
Dr. Hinch has been appointed EXAMINING
PHYSICIAN for Persons, and will attend to the
duties of that office.
July 19, 1874

DR. G. P. JONES,
DENTIST,
NORWAY VILLAGE, MAINE.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanite
July 14, 1874

DR. N. GAMMON,
DENTIST,
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.
Dr. G. will be permanently located at Mechanic's
Fall, near the first wheel in town, Me.
No extra will be charged in endeavoring to give
prompt satisfaction.
July 21, 1874

DR. H. W. FIELD,
DENTIST,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
Will be absent the week after the first Monday
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South Paris, July 15, 1874.

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S. R. C. represents only first-class Companies
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DEALER IN
SPECTACLES, JEWELRY, WATCH-
CHAINS, SEALS, KEYS, PICTURES & FRAMES.
Also on hand for sale a lot of TIN WARE
and other things.
JULY 21, 1874

Poetry.

The Guard's Story.

BY R. L. CARY, JR.

We were on picket, sir, he and I,
Under the blue of a midnight sky,
In the wilderness, where the night bird's song
Takes back an echo all night long.

Where the silver stars, as they come and pass,
Leave stars of dew on the tangled grass,
And the rivers sing, in the silent hours,
Their sweetest songs to the living flowers.

He'd a slender form and a girlish face,
That seemed in the army out of place,
Though he smiled as I told him so that day,
"Aye, smiled, and finished in a girlish way."

That mended me of a face I knew,
In a Northern village, "neath the blue";
When our army marched, at the meadow bars
Saw met and kissed me "neath the stars."

Before the river's silent run,
And we'd been placed to guard the first,<
A dangerous place; and we'd jump and start
Every time that a foot for the wind was stirred.

Behind us the army lay encamped,
Their camp fires burned into the night
Like bonfires built upon the hills,
And set by demon hands alight.

Somewhere, whenever I looked that way,
I seemed to see her face again,
Kind of hazel like, as you've seen a star
A peep out through a misty rain.

And more, I believe, as I thought of her,
I thought about, and called him brother;
When he started quick, and smiling said,
"You dream of some at home, I guess."

"T was just in the flash of the morning light,
We'd stepped for a chat at the end of our beat,
When a rifle flashed at the river's bank,
And he'd in a flash he sank at my feet."

All of a sudden I knew her then,
And kneeling, I kissed the girlish face;
And raised her head from the tangled grass,
To find on my breast its resting place.

When the corporal came to relieve the guard
At six in the morn, he found me there
With Elsie's dead form clasp'd in my arms,
And hid in his heart his dying prayer.

They buried her under the morning pines,
And never a man in the army knew
That Willie Scars and my girl were one,
That Willie Scars and my girl were one.

"You're the first I've told—the story's new."

"The questioner was a tall, handsome
man, though somewhat worn-looking,
and decidedly shame-faced. The person
he addressed was a winsome lassie of
some seventeen years, who had come to
the well head, where a small stream of
pure water trickled through a rude spout
inserted in a crevice of the rock. Elsie
had put down her pitcher and was waiting
for it to fill, leaning mean while with
both arms on the rude stone wall which
protected the spring from the encroach-
ments of the cattle, and looking every-
where but at the speaker. "You'll not
even look at me!" repeated Duncan
Scott, wistfully, "and this perhaps the
last time we'll ever meet by the well side,
where we have spent so many happy
hours. Won't you just speak to me,
Elsie?"

"That will I not!" answered Elsie,
turning on him with womanly indignation
and more than womanly inconsistency.
"That will I not, Duncan Scott! I won-
der you dare so much as look at me after
what you said, and what you owed me
to the last time we met here. I think it
shame that ever I cared for the likes of
you."

To judge from his face, Duncan seemed
to find comfort even in these sharp words:
"But, Elsie, woman—"
"I'll hear nothing, Duncan—not a word!"
interrupted Elsie, her blue eyes
flashing fire at the remembrance of her
wrongs. "I'll never wed a jealous-pated
fool. And jealous of whom?" she asked
in a tone of the utmost scorn. "Of my
own foster-brother that was nursed at the
breast of my mother! I wonder that you
die not think of Elsie, or poor wile's
Michael in the ingle nook."

"But, Elsie, would you but listen—"
"No, I'll not listen. For what said I
listen?"

"But you might tell me how it was,
Elsie? You might say a word to explain
what you were doing with young Fernie-
hurst so late at evening?"

Again Elsie turned on him.
"Explain?—and what for should I ex-
plain, or what have you to say to think
my explanation needed? Is not Fernie-
hurst my own foster-brother, as I told
you, and as you knew well enough? And
is not that the same as mine own brother,
and more? But I will explain," said the
poor girl forcing back the tears which
were too ready to run over: "Ferniehurst
loves bonny Mary, Hadden's daughter,
that's away in Eldonboro' with her aunt for
safety; and knowing me to be an old
friend and playmate of the young lady's,
he gave me a letter and token for her,
against her coming home, knowing that
no man's life is safe for a day, with the
English camped here in our very midst.
So there we have the tale, and much good
may it do you. No, no! You needn't
try to come round me that gate, Duncan!"
she added, in a firm but scornful tone,
withdrawing the hand that Duncan would
have taken. "All's over between us. I
have borne much ere this from you jealous
humor, but I'll bear no more. I'll have
naught to say to any man who can call
me what you called me that night. Go
your ways, with whom you will. I wish
you no ill, but all the good in the world;
but you are no more ought to me nor I to
you! Fare ye well!"

So saying, Elsie took up her pitcher,
which had been for some time brimming
over, and walked down the path, without

so much as casting a look behind. Duncan
seemed to feel that his case was
hopeless, for he followed sorrowfully
enough, and did not even attempt to
speak again.

Twice, in Scotland, at no time
before the eighteenth century a very
safe or quiet place of residence, was
peculiarly unhappy in the year 1524. The
English army, under Surry, was encamp-
ed near Jedburgh, which place the Ad-
miral so sorely burned and wasted that
no garrison nor none other should be
lodged there. From their camps the
English made forays and incursions on
all sides, burning, wasting and plund-
ering all that came in their way. The
Scots, "even their enemies themselves
being judges," made a brave resistance,
and according to Surry's own account
they gave their invaders plenty of work,
and "kept them in so perpetual skirmish"
as the Lord Admiral "never saw the like."

The little farm—if it could be called
—of Craig end, had hitherto escaped the
spoils. It lay thoroughly sheltered
from notice in a nook of the hills, where
the steep braes, receding from a small
and rapid stream, left room for a meadow
or level space of some sixty acres in ex-
tent. At the upper end of this tract of
fertile land, stood the peel or tower of
Craig end, a rude building of rough-
stone, three stories in height, surrounded
by a wall and out-buildings, the latter
constructed chiefly of mud and turf, and
serving as a shelter for the cattle at night.

Not far from the tower, the stream tum-
bled over a precipice in a considerable
cascade, and after winding from side to
side of the valley, it issued at the lower
end through a pass so narrow, intricate
and precipitous, that five resolute men
might easily hold it against a hundred.

The holder of this little fortalice was
Halbert Scott, or Halbert of Craig-end, a
retainer of the laird of Ferniehurst, who
in his turn owed feudal service to the
lord of Buccleugh. Halbert was an old
man, unable to bear arms, but his two
sons, Ambrose and David, were with
their lord, helping to garrison the strong-
hold of Ferniehurst, which lay but a few
miles distant across the hills.

Duncan Scott was Elsie's cousin, and
her betrothed lover. This was by no
means their first quarrel, for Duncan was
jealous and Elsie was proud, but never
had matters gone so far between them as
now. Never had Elsie shown herself so
implacable. Her anger was not wholly
unreasonable, for Duncan had done her a
 grievous wrong. He had seen his be-
trothed in earnest conversation with the
laird of Ferniehurst for an hour together
in the gloaming. He had not been able
to overhear their words as they paced the
brae side, but he had seen Ferniehurst
put into her hands something made of
gold which glittered brightly in the
moonlight—of that he was certain—and
then speed away, while Elsie put the love-
token in her bosom and took the path to
old resting-place by the well as if noth-
ing had happened.

"Aye, so," thought Duncan; "she
thinks to meet me there, and to beguile
me with her fine words while she has
Ferniehurst's love-token resting on her
very heart. But she shall hear my mind
on it before we part."

And so it came to pass that when Elsie,
in the innocence of her heart, came gayly
forward to meet her lover, she was as-
sailed by a torrent of accusation and
reproaches. Elsie answered him coldly
and sternly, with a face that gleamed
white as marble in the moonlight:

"Duncan Scott, you have dared to lightly
me—me, Halbert of Craig-end's daughter,
on whose fair fame no man or woman
ever breathed before. And wherefore?
Because you saw me talk with my foster-
brother, as near of kin to me as my own
born brother. If I were told my father
or my brothers, or Ferniehurst himself what
would you have said, no hole in Craig-
burn moss would be deep enough to hide
you from their wrath. But I wish you no
ill. You may go your own gate and
keep your own counsel, but never dare,
by day or by night, to speak to me again."

With that she drew from her finger her
betrothal ring, and throwing it on the
ground at his feet, she passed from him
like a shadow and was gone.

This quarrel had taken place a week
since, and not once had Duncan found a
chance to speak to Elsie alone. This
evening, however, believing him to be
still at work in the harvest field, he had
ventured once more to the well for water,
and here Duncan had surprised her and
pleaded his cause, unsuccessfully as we
have heard.

The well was hidden in a little recess
of the hills, behind a great projecting
crag. As Elsie turned round this crag,
she uttered a vehement exclamation of
surprise and terror, and casting away her
pitcher with little regard for its safety,
she started to run down the steep path
which led to the burn-side. Duncan
arrived a little later, and stood for a mo-
ment rooted to the spot. A sorrowful
procession had entered the valley at the
lower end, and was wending its way
toward the tower. Foremost came Am-
brose of Craig-end, supporting on a
weary and travel worn horse, an elderly
lady who seemed ready to drop from her
seat. Three or four men and women
followed on foot, carrying some bundles
apparently snatched up in haste, and
finally came David, mounted on another
horse, his arm and head bound up with
many a bloody satin on horse and armor.
Duncan delayed not long, but descending
the brae like a wild buck, he joined the

party just as it passed before the door of
the tower, where old Halbert, apprised
of its approach, was already standing.
"Alack and woe's me!" exclaimed the
old man. "My dear and honored lady,
has it come to this?"

"Even as you see, my good friend,"
answered the lady sadly.
"But how? But when?"

"Dacre, with his Englishmen, came
upon us at daybreak," answered the lady
of Ferniehurst. "Our men fought bravely,
none could do better; but the enemy were
in overwhelming force. My son is a
prisoner; most of our brave kinsmen and
servants are slain, and there is not left
one stone upon another at Ferniehurst.
But for these, your brave sons, I had not
seen here to tell the tale, and I fear that
is wounded to death."

"He could never do better," answered
the old man, giving his hand to the lady
whom Ambrose had by this time lifted
from her horse. "You are most welcome,
lady, to my roof, which may be safer in
these times than many a lordly hall."
The English will scarce win this length, and
if they do, there are the caves in the hill
to which we may retreat till the storm be
overpast."

All was now bustle in and around the
little tower. The best accommodation the
place afforded was hastily provided for
the old lady of Ferniehurst and her
women, while the men found a scarce-
rougher shelter in the barns and out-
houses. A sheep was quickly killed and
dressed, the hurts of the wounded were
attended to, and some degree of quiet be-
gan to be restored, when Elsie, passing
from the house to the cow-shed, came
upon Duncan Scott, bringing with his own
manly hands the toll paid of milk.

"I have sorted the cows for you, Elsie,"
said he, humbly enough.
"Many thanks; but you need not have
fished yourself," was the lady's answer.
"Elsie, will nothing I can do win you
forgiveness?" asked poor Duncan.

"Aye!" answered Elsie, turning swiftly
upon him. "Bring back my foster-brother
to his mother's arms—my foster-brother,
who was taken bravely fighting while you
were hiding here, and I will forgive you."

As soon as the words were spoken,
Elsie wished them unsaid. She knew
that they were cruelly unjust and unkind;
that Duncan had staid at home solely that
he might help her father to secure their
scanty harvest of oats. She knew that
no braver man than Duncan ever came of
the name of Scott. But she was too
proud to take back her words, and she
passed on. She returned in half an hour
to see her rejected lover standing in the
same place and attitude in which she had
left him. She would have passed, but he
laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"Elsie!" said he, in a voice which
trembled at first but grew stronger as he
proceeded. "Elsie, we are now even,
for I called you an ill name, as I did to
my shame. You have evened me to a
coward. You bid me bring back your
foster-brother. I will bring him back or
never return more. Fare you well, and
if you never again hear of Duncan of
Eldin, think that he is dead, and that he
died blessing you."

Before she could answer, it indeed, she
had made up her mind what to say, he
had kissed her forehead and was gone.—
The next morning Duncan was missing.
A shepherd on the hills had seen him
early in the morning striding down the
glen. Day after day passed, and yet he
did not return.

Surry was still encamped near Jed-
burgh. Dacre had just returned from his
successful foray, after three or four days'
absence, bringing great store of booty in
sheep and cattle, and many prisoners,
among them the young lord of Fernie-
hurst, a near kinsman of Buccleugh, and
a prize of no mean value. Lord Dacre
had not chosen to join his forces to those
of Surry, but lay encamped on the hill-
side at some little distance, the horses of
his troop being together in a field close
at hand, and under a proper guard. The
prisoners, carefully watched, occupied a
tent by themselves. Lord Dacre himself,
having left everything in perfect security,
was supping with the Admiral. Thomas
Timms, keeping watch over the aforesaid
horses, was listening to the adventures of
his bosom friend and boon companion,
John Davis, who had been out with the
marauding party, when he suddenly made
the latter signal for silence.

"What now?" asked the latter, in a
low tone.
"Didst ever hear that the men of these
parts had horns like a hart?" asked
Thomas Timms, in a somewhat tremulous
whisper.

"No. What means that fool's ques-
tion?"

"Because here in the last five minutes
have I seen a pair of horns raised above
you wall, and the last time there was a
man's head under them—and there again!
Jack, the devil is among us?"

"More likely some Scotch spy," an-
swered the more valiant Davis. "I will
try if his devilship's hide will turn a clo-
thy shaft. Where did you see him?"

"Over right the thorn yonder—and
there—see, by the thorn yonder—and
again—"

Davis raised his bow and fitted his
arrow, but before he could draw it to a
head, a wild yell rose from the quarter to
which his attention was directed, and
three or four wild-looking figures with
horns and other strange disguises sprang
into the inclosure. The horses, terrified
by the strange sight and sound, burst
away in a body, and rushing headlong

through the camp and down upon Surry's
quarters, swept all before them in in-
determinate confusion. "The Scots!" was
the cry. Arrows and guns were dis-
charged at random, still more alarming
the maddened horses, which ran through
the camp overwhelming beasts and men,
and finally disappearing in the darkness.
It was long ere order was restored, and
when things were once more quiet, a sad
scene of damage and loss was displayed
to the dismayed and angry eyes of the
Admiral. Tents were borne down and
lay "all along," arms were scattered and
destroyed, heads and limbs were broken,
while out of more than a thousand cav-
alry horses, eight hundred were wholly
missing. Worst of all, the tent where
the prisoners had been confined was
thrown down, and the prisoners were
gone. Dacre's men—nay, Lord Dacre
himself was ready to swear that the devil
had appeared in bodily shape, six times
at least among them, and to his power—
doubtless invoked by the Scots—the whole
disaster was attributed.

The Admiral was by no means content
with this explanation, but there was
nothing to be done. Both horses and
men were gone beyond recovery.

It was growing toward sunset, on the
third day after the alarm lately narrated,
when, in the scantiness of the garrison at
Craig end, had been set to keep watch at
the entrance of the glen, came running
to the tower with the news that "three or
four brave riders on great horses were
coming up the stream."

"Riders! Are ye sure, callant?" asked
old Halbert, anxiously.
"Aye, and on brave great steeds, such
as the Southrons ride," answered the lad;
"and I am sure that the foremost man of
all is Duncan of Eldin himself."

A sickening thought crossed Elsie's
mind at these words. Was it possible
that driven desperate by jealousy and
huffed love, Duncan had revenged him-
self upon her by bringing the English
upon them?

"Friend or foe, we must be ready for
them," said old Halbert. "Ambrose, my
son, go with three men down the stream
to the point you wot of. The rest abide
here with me. Elsie, get all ready, and
at the word from me, have the lady away
to the hill. I cannot think Duncan would
betray us, but these are trying times."

Inconsistent Elsie! She, too, had
thought of such treachery, but she was
as angry at her father for hinting at it,
as if such a notion had ever crossed her
mind. The women prepared all things
for a hasty flight, and then Elsie went
forth to the tower-head, and strained her
eyes and ears to catch some intelligence.
She was not long in suspense. Loud
shouts—not of onset, but of joy and tri-
umph—assured her that it was no foe
who approached. Presently she beheld
her father and mother returning, with
several horsemen, foremost of whom
were the young lord of Ferniehurst and
Duncan Scott.

"But where got you your brave steeds?"
asked the old man, when the tumult of
joy and welcome had somewhat subsided.
"Where there were plenty more," an-
swered Duncan, laughing. "We drave
the whole of Dacre's horse out through
their camp, and brought off some eight
hundred of the best—me and the Liddes
dale lads—and Hal Elliot has them in
safe keeping where Dacre will never find
them. The Southrons thought the devil
was among them, s're enough, when they
saw Halby and me leap over the wall
with lads' horns on our heads. It was
a desperate venture, but we carried it
through, and here we are."

Elsie was like one in a dream. Duncan
had not spoken to her nor looked at her.
Wishing for time to think, she took her
pitcher and went once more to the holy
well for water, and leaning over the wall
as it filled, she wiped a few drops from
her eyes.

"He must do as he will," she murmured;
"I have put myself so far in the wrong
that I dare not say a word. I must even
bide and see how it will turn out."

She stooped to lift her filled pitcher,
when a manly hand was interposed, and
a manly voice whispered—"Elsie, I have
brought safe home your foster brother.
Will you forgive me now?"

"Is it that been forgiveness," replied
Elsie. "I have been sorry ever since I
said that you were in hiding."

"We will call quits," said Duncan,
smiling. "May be we have both learned
a lesson which will be worth what it cost.
See, here is my ring that you threw at my
feet. Will you let me put it on?"

Elsie's hand was not withdrawn, and
the pitcher had time to run over, while
the lovers leaned on the wall and let the
twilight go.—From *The Adeline* for July.

Western Correspondence.
A TRIP TO JEWELL.
MANHATTAN, KANSAS, }
June 12, 1874. }

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:
Dear Sir,—Presuming that yourself
and many of the readers of your valuable
paper are interested in news from this
highly favored part of our country, I
will give a few items respecting my trip
to the northwestern part of this fast
growing State.

It is some fifteen years since I took a
journey of observation up the Republican
River, fifty miles northwest with a friend
from Massachusetts. At that time a few
settlers had made claims at choice loca-
tions on the route of the old military road
from Fort Riley to Fort Kearney, and for

a space of from 4 to 6 miles in the valley
of the Republican could we find settlers.
The farthest settlement then made, I
believe, reached only some 60 miles north
west of this city. At that time I knew of
no settlements on the west side of the
Republican River, 10 miles above its
junction with the Smokyhill River, at fort
Riley, but one vast wilderness of prairie
met the eye in every direction, from west
to north. Now there is a marvelous
change! New roads, cultivated farms,
comfortable houses, fruit and forest trees
greet the eyes of the traveler on his
westerly or northerly journeyings toward
the Rocky Mountains.

Myself and a friend left here the third
of June for a northwestern tour—he for
his farm, beyond Republican City, and
I for Jewell City in Jewell County, the
residence now of former Maine friends
and acquaintances. On our route from
Manhattan, we pass up the valley of the
Wild Cat Creek, northwest some 12 miles,
and thence diverge to the west over a
beautiful high prairie, upon which are
some nice farms and buildings, and reach
the village of Bala, a Swedish settlement
near Madison Creek, 22 miles—thence to
Clay Center, now the County-seat of Clay
County, and thence, for the present, to
the Junction City & Fort Kearney Rail-
road. This locality, on my first journey
through it, had no settlement upon it;
but some thirteen years since Orville
Huntress, formerly of Mexico in your
County, made a settlement here and
opened the first store and hotel, and
became the first Postmaster of the place,
—having done a thriving business. His
wife, son and daughter are now the
owners of one of the prettiest, New
England-like places in this section, Mr.
H. having deceased some seven years
since. Here is now a thriving place of
business—a great trade having grown up,
induced by the making of the aforesaid
railroad. Crossing the Republican River
ferry, near here, we came at once into a
new, unexpected country to us; but
instead of a barren prairie, we came at
once on to cultivated farms, and have
them in sight in every direction. The
close of the day finds us nicely housed
with an old neighbor—we being glad to
rest from the toils of the day.

Thursday, 4th—Finds us advanced 8
miles west, to the residence of my fellow
traveler, where we are glad to stop for
the day, a severe storm coming on from
the west, which made its course to the
east and southeast, and which, I subse-
quently learned commenced 60 miles west
of Republican City, extended many miles
east of this city, taking down, in its course
buildings, chimneys, trees, fences, &c.,
to the damage of many people—no lives
lost as I hear.

Friday, 5th—Opens with a beautiful
sunrise, and I leave for Jewell City,
taking a northwesterly course, passing
through the towns of Colfax and Nelson
to Concordia, 30 miles, the County-seat
of Cloud County, and the location of the
U. S. Land Office, for the northwestern
district of Kansas, which takes in the land
business of some dozen Counties, and is
a pretty town site. It contains good saw
and grist mills, stores, hotels, shops, a
very nice school house, dwellings, &c.,
showing a place of considerable business
for a town of some four years' growth.
From this place to Jewell City, 30 miles,
is a well settled country through the
valley of the Buffalo, Big Cheyenne,
Little Cheyenne and Marsh Creeks, the
waters of which empty into the Republi-
can River near Concordia. Fifteen miles
from Concordia, the salt marshes are in
sight on the north, and for some miles to
the south and west of them the land is
unsettled, not being preferred by new
settlers for unknown reasons; on this
tract of land are numerous bones and
horns of Buffalo, the remains of many
which were killed by Indians and hunters
—it having been grounds of great resort
formerly, for feed and salt in the summer
time. After passing four miles over this
territory, we arrive at a guide board
saying 11 miles to Jewell City, the road
being located on the section lines, due
west, the whole distance, which is the
longest wagon road I know of anywhere,
without a divergence some way. On this
road are new settlers in their primitive
sod, stone, and wood houses, apparently
as happy as the rich in their palaces,
enjoying the prospect of valuable farms,
and the contemplation of better buildings,
ere long. I believe in all this distance
there is not a vacant quarter section of
land unclaimed. Arrived at Jewell City
at eight in the evening and was glad to
accept the hospitality of Col. E. Barker,
one of the first pioneers and settlers in
this beautiful County of Jewell. We
had some interesting facts respecting his
settling here. In May of 1870 the Col.
was bound to make an exploring expedi-
tion northwest till he might find a
location that would satisfy his ambition
for a model

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

FOR GOVERNOR

Nelson Dingley jr.

For Representative to Congress
WILLIAM P. FRYE.
For Senator.
ENOCH FOSTER, JR. of Bethel.
JOHN P. SWASEY of Canton.
For Sheriff.
JOSHUA W. WHITTEN of Buckfield.
For County Commissioner.
BENJAMIN Y. TUELL of Sumner.
For County Treasurer.
CHRISTOPHER C. CUSHMAN of Hebron.

A Peripatetic Prophet.

We are told that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin and the statement is made by such unquestionable authority that we presume no one will deny its truth. But this axiom refers to true and not to false prophets. A person in this County, who is playing the role of a prophet, seeks to realize the truth of the above quotation from Holy Writ, by sailing under false colors. To that end he adopts divers and fraudulently habits from various alms towns where he never had a residence.

Those familiar with the gubernatorial campaign of 1870 will remember that the individual above referred to, pretending to be a resident of Lewiston, or Androscoggin County, wrote a letter to the Bangor *Whig and Courier*, in which he assumed to enlighten the people of the State with reference to political affairs in Oxford County. And this, in substance, was what he said: "The rank and file of Oxford County are in favor of Gen. Hersey, who is a son of that County, for Governor, and opposed to Sidney Perham; the former gentleman will carry at least two-thirds of the County in the State Convention." This was what he wrote, or words to that effect, and the records of the caucuses and of the Convention show how widely he shot of the mark. Delegates favorable to Mr. Perham were elected in every town and plantation in the County, save only the town of Oxford. Now did this writer who assumed to instruct the public, judge of the sentiment of the County by his personal opposition to Mr. Perham, or did he wilfully misrepresent the popular feeling which was never more decidedly in one direction? We will not undertake to say, but if the former was the fact, we should naturally suppose that a person who should make such egregious blunders, had made one such egregious blunder, would avoid making another of the same kind. But on the 18th of June ult., this same individual, with a different alias, wrote a letter dated at Lewiston, although he never lived there, in which he made substantially the same statements with regard to the pending Senatorial issue that he made with reference to the gubernatorial contest in 1870, only if possible the facts of the case were even more distorted now than before.

On the 9th of July he wrote another letter dated at Norway, and the day following one at Bethel, both directed to the same paper, the Bangor *Whig and Courier*, in which he reiterates his former misstatements, and makes others equally untruthful. He makes an effort to cover up his tracks by writing from different towns, and under divers signatures, but the ear-marks are too plainly seen to admit of any mistake, by those familiar with his peculiar style of composition. They are evidently written by one and the same person, and that person is the one who made the former prophecy, in 1870. If this is not sufficient to throw discredit upon everything that emanates from his pen, then the public is more unsophisticated and gullible than we have taken it to be.

Not satisfied with his achievements in the Republican press, this model of consistency and decency, over still another alias, empties his spleen into the columns of the *Eastern Argus*; but this is only a rebash of the same dishes he had sent up to the *Whig*. Is the *Argus* to follow the lead of the *Register*, in the support of Mr. Hamlin? If so, he will, indeed, have reason to wish to be saved from his friends.

Can the owner of these "aliases" reconcile his course with the principles of fair and honorable dealing? Is it not rather fraud, and fraud perpetrated with a malevolence which is hardly conceivable?

Wherever the author of these perversions and misstatements is known, they will do no harm, and it is only for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with his tricks, that we have unearthed him, and hold him up to the public gaze.

We do not presume to dictate to this or to any other man his choice for the high office of United States Senator. It is a matter in which it is not only his right but his duty to act for himself; but in the name of every high-toned principle which has been at once the pride and boast of the Republican party, we protest against this base attempt to forestall public opinion by such a gross perversion of facts. The system of trickery which has been inaugurated by two or three of Mr. Hamlin's friends in this County, savors too strongly of the dishonorable practices of the Democratic party in its last days of power; and if the particular individual to whom we have referred persists in his deceptive course, we shall have occasion to show up his political character in still brighter colors.

—The Editorial excursion to the White Mountains, last week, was a very enjoyable trip. We shall write it up next week.

Prevarication—Senator Question.

The Bangor *Whig* of a recent issue, in its usual candid way of discussing the U. S. Senatorial question, sends us a homily on "Prevarication," taking the authority of its Oxford correspondent for discrediting the *Whig* as the only friend of Mr. Perham in Paris. The gullibility of the editor of the *Whig* is marvelous.

The first point he makes is, that the language used by us, to wit: "that we were personally assured, with many others, that Mr. Hamlin would not be a candidate again," was perfectly calculated to convey the impression that Mr. Hamlin had consulted with him (us) on the subject and given him (us) such assurance—which the *Whig* does not assert to be untrue—but which he predicts we will not affirm.

We submit that the language does not imply that Mr. Hamlin consulted with us and gave us such an answer. If Mr. Hamlin's remark was made in the presence of several, among whom we were, and not addressed to us individually, we should be warranted in saying "we were assured, with others," &c., and that he did this, the Hon. Senator will not deny. He did it to frequently, in that Senatorial campaign, for him to give his personal denial, though his friends may everywhere deny it for him. Indeed, he held to the same idea as late as 1872, when Gen. Hersey was nominated for Congress, and when he made a speech which the Bangor *Whig* published the next day. The report from the files of the *Whig*, is: "There were loud calls for Hamlin, and when he came forward, he was greeted with tumultuous applause."

He said he was always gratified to meet the intelligent people of this district, and should never forget the deep personal obligations under which they had placed him.

This would be, doubtless, the last political campaign in which he would engage, as he intended hereafter to take a place to do his duty in the ranks."

The *Whig*, in support of its charge of prevarication on our part, next refers to our statement that "four-fifths of our County Convention were entirely in accord with Gov. Perham, and are friendly to his election as U. S. Senator." We stand to the remark and firmly believe it, and will defy any one to take our published list of the delegates to that Convention, and point out misstatements of them in favor of Mr. Hamlin in preference to Mr. Perham.

Nothing, in the proceedings of the Convention, we again affirm, was hostile to Mr. Perham. The organization of the Convention was not—the nominees were not, nor were the committees, and the silly statement which is heralded abroad, as so significant, that Mr. Perham was not invited to address the Convention, amounts to nothing. It would have taken but one individual to call him out; but it was well known, by his friends, who urged him to speak, that he did not wish to do so, occupying the position he did, as a candidate who would come before some who were to be nominated by the Convention. And so, as to the matter of endorsing Mr. Perham by the Convention. It is said that a resolution was prepared, but withheld, and the inference is drawn from this that the Convention was anti-Perham. We will not deny that we favored passing such a resolution, being aware of the importance which would be attached to it abroad. But as the Hamlin men in the County had for some time manifested very great fear lest the Convention should commit itself to Mr. Perham, alleging as a reason that it would defeat the election of its Senatorial candidates; and, as many of Mr. Perham's friends feared that the passage of a resolution committing the Convention to him might result in the reduction of the Republican majority for Senators by nearly the number of Hamlin Republicans in the County and having perfect confidence in the Senators nominated, we concluded not to do it. We are still confident it would have passed the Convention by a large vote. What did the Hamlin men mean by their threats? Do they intend to cut down Perham men nominated for either branch of the legislature, or frighten the timid, to prevent their nomination?

There is one other point which has been referred to as so significant, and we will refer to it—viz: that Hon. John P. Swasey was not acceptable to the Perham men because he would not pledge himself, and Capt. Isaac Chase was run against him, as a Perham man, to defeat him. The facts are, that as long ago as last winter, a very large man desired the nomination of senator, and having many friends, it was known he would stand a good chance to procure it, on any occasion when the Senatorial question was not pending, but being known to be personally hostile to Mr. Perham, the friends of Mr. Perham started Mr. Swasey to drive him off the track, and when he found the opposition to him to be so great, on account of his relations to Mr. Perham, he retired from the field. As to Capt. Isaac Chase, he was sustained by personal friends, some of whom may have sought to promote his interest by asserting that he was for Mr. Perham—but Mr. Perham's friends generally were perfectly satisfied with Mr. Swasey, and he was nominated. This is a perfect answer to the story that the Perham candidate for Senator was defeated.

Now as to prevarication, the *Whig* will find that they are all on the side of the small Hamlin force of Oxford County, who are misrepresenting the facts grossly.

Another Organ!

Since the Oxford *Register*, the democratic paper in the County, has been found to be an unreliable organ for Mr. Hamlin's two tigers in Oxford County to create public sentiment with, the *Norway Advertiser*, which claims to be neutral, is pressed into the service, and for a couple of weeks has contained articles on the U. S. Senatorial question all on one side, and remarkably disinterested for a neutral paper. If the *Advertiser* is to be a Hamlin organ, let the people know it and don't all under a neutral flag any longer.

—Some weeks since there appeared in the Bangor *Whig and Courier*, over the signature of "Vox Populi," an article purporting to be written from Lewiston, representing that the 2nd Congressional District, and especially Oxford County, were for Mr. Hamlin for U. S. Senator, by a very large majority. The same writer has an article in a recent number of the same paper, dated Norway, in which, among other declarations, equally false and silly, he gravely informs the public that "the editor of the *Democrat* is the only Republican in Paris who favors the election of Mr. Perham." What ridiculous nonsense, and how very reliable a correspondent is the honorable gentleman. How it shows the animus of the man, and his reliability. The truth is, there is but one man in Paris actively opposing Mr. Perham, and we venture to affirm that out of the four to five hundred Republicans in the town, not a dozen can be found who oppose him. The gentleman in a neighboring town, whose "personal hostility" to Mr. Perham is so great as to cause him to give currency to statements so far from the truth as the above, is overdoing the matter. Would he not be kind enough to grant Mr. Perham just one more friend in his own town—it would be so considerable! If the readers of the *Whig and Courier* are deceived by any such chaff as this, they are greener than we take them to be. The many friends of Mr. Perham in his own town and County, will judge of this anonymous writer, and will mark him as a villain of the truth, and entitled to no credit at home or abroad. It illustrates the course of misrepresentation to be pursued by the friends of Mr. Hamlin in this campaign!

The Senator Question—Office-holders.

One of the leading republican papers of New England—the Boston *Journal*—has the following:

"The political chaos into which the country has in a measure drifted, and which appears to be growing worse instead of better day by day, makes what would once have been regarded as the uttermost phantasms worthy of timely attention. The office-holding element of this country has received an immense development since the war as a political force; and of course it is correspondingly enhanced by the disintegration of parties. The ruling idea of the office-holding mind is naturally continuance in place. Those who have served four, or going on eight years, would like to make it twelve."

This paragraph has a general application to all the office-holders in the country, consisting of some eighty thousand, of which Maine has her proportion. Are not these simple statements calculated to arrest the attention of the people, and cause them to pause before they again place in power, for another six years, a man who has held a National office during some thirty years; and one who has been able to organize success, by bestowing political favors, first upon the fathers and now upon the children? The real question for the people to decide is whether they are in favor of personal favoritism, or of Republicanism.

To say nothing about the locality of the successor of Mr. Hamlin, and nothing about the character of his appointees and his recommendations to office, or his reticence in office during the past five years, are the people of the Western part of Maine or the Eastern, prepared to sanction the principle, "once in office always in office?"

The office holders are warm upholders of this doctrine so abhorrent to republican principles; and they are traveling in every direction proclaiming "great is the Baskinsham Giant." Let the people beware of these long continued recipients of public favor, who have developed into such a "political force" since the war. If the interests of country or even the lower interests of party and Republicanism are to be preserved, the advice and solicitations of these careworn and zealous advocates should be passed unheeded by the people, whose duty and privilege it is, to select the statesman who shall represent their sovereignty, their political interest and honor at the seat of government, during the next Senatorial term, without dictation or direction from any quarter.

The Senatorial Question.

The friends of the re-election of Senator Hamlin—among whom are most of the U. S. officials in the State—have at last concluded to break the silence which they have heretofore preserved on the Senatorial question, and as there are no valid arguments to present in favor of perpetrating for an indefinite length of time the reign of the Hamlin-Blaire dynasty in this State—with its retinue of salaried officials and political bummers paid by the government and employed chiefly in the management and control of party caucuses in Maine—the space in the "home organ" is just now mainly employed in the publication of anonymous communications from Oxford County, in which the writers are earnestly endeavoring to make the people believe that Hamlin has more strength as a candidate for the U. S. Senator in Oxford County than Gov. Perham. To be sure, to break the monotony, a little editorial space is devoted to the personal abuse of Col. Shaw of the *Democrat*, who has dared to espouse the cause of another than Hamlin; but this is only by way of diversion. The salient point of attack is as indicated above, and we may expect to hear, all through the canvass, of scores and hundreds flocking to Hamlin's standard, who have never thought of so doing.—*Bridgton News*.

—A gentleman who resides in the central part of the State, who has recently visited friends in some of the western towns in Oxford County, says he heard the question of United States Senator freely discussed there, and that the sentiment appeared to be all one way, and strongly in favor of Mr. Perham.

—The individual who has undertaken the job of creating public sentiment by writing letters dated at different points in our County, under different signatures, but whose style cannot be disguised, in a letter to the *Norway Advertiser*, signed "Buckfield," says—"Oxford has the choice of a candidate for the legislature, and with the known hostility of Hon. John J. Perry, it is folly to expect any but an opposition representative to Col. Shaw's candidate for U. S. Senator." Of course it would be folly for the republicans of the town of Oxford "to expect" to elect anybody that Hon. John J. Perry did not approve of! How long has that gentleman had the control of the republican votes of Oxford? Has he the town in his pocket? But suppose the name of the writer of the letter was known to the intelligent and honest voters of Oxford, what would they say?

—The New Hampshire Democrats have been engaging in a wild and drunken scramble for place and plunder. As if the object of political parties was political plunder, and the only effect of elections to turn one set of men out of office and give another set their places and salaries, these people have devoted themselves to upsetting every thing and every body in the state, and dividing among themselves the official plunder. And these poor hungry wretches pretend to believe that the party they represent and lead has come fully into the public confidence, and that the people looking on this horrid debauch will not revolt from such a spectacle, but will be ready to open the whole country to it. They learned nothing from experience.—*New York Times*.

—We have received the first number of the *Dirigo Democrat* just started in Bangor published by D. M. Hall and edited by him and John W. Lang, our well known agricultural writer. The paper is of good size and is in a quarto form and is tastefully made up and neatly printed. Its engraved head is quite handsome and suggestive. The present number is well edited; it devotes considerable space to the Granger organization and it is understood to be devoted to the objects of the organization.

—The Supreme Court of this State has decided that a tax assessed upon a brick manufacturing company in Brewer, is legal, notwithstanding the property of the company had been exempted from taxation under a vote of the town authorized by the act of the legislature. The Court says that such a vote and authorization were unconstitutional, and that the legislature cannot authorize a town either to exempt property from taxation, or to bestow a bonus on persons who may set up any manufacturing or other enterprise.

BROWNFIELD, July 13, 1874.
The following officers of Shepley River Lodge of F. & A. M. were elected at our annual meeting June 27, 1874:
D. D. Meserve, M.; C. H. Fogg, S. W.; A. Martin, J. W.; F. S. Towne, T.; S. B. Bean, Sec.; W. E. Swan, L. D.; L. D. Poor, J. D.; I. K. Swan, S. S.; Thos. Searey, J. S.; W. W. Warren, T.

Sec. That Bethel Cannon.

Ed. Democrat—I can add a little episode or two on the history of the famous gun which was "busted" at Bethel on the fourth of July. This gun came up from Portland to Bridgton by way of the canal, from whence it was taken to Bethel; others that it was purchased.

In 1847 the young men of Locke's Mills desiring to celebrate the glorious 4th, and deeming it no harm to steal stolen property, went to Bethel and captured the cannon and brought it to Locke's Mills where it did efficient service the following day.

The Bethel people were very much vexed at the loss of the cannon, and threatened to prosecute, but not feeling quite certain of their right to it, they did nothing about it. There was then no Grand trunk railway, and Mr. Theodore Stearns drove a four horse freight team between Bethel and Portland. This team was known as "Brig Theodor." One day when he was on his return from Portland, he stopped at Houghton's store at Locke's Mills for an "eye opener," and while in the store the boys slipped the cannon under his canvas, and it had a free ride to Bethel. It weighed about 800 pounds.

In 1856 the republicans at Bryant's Pond believed that John C. Fremont would be elected President, and desiring to notice the event in an appropriate manner, some of the boys went to Bethel in the night, and borrowed the stolen cannon. Fremont was not elected and the cannon was not fired but suddenly disappeared. The Bethel people were again very much vexed and sent an officer down to make arrests, but the crime could not be fixed upon any one and no arrests were made.

The cannon had been concealed in a brook near the Baptist church where it remained four years. During that time hundred of persons stepped upon it in crossing the brook, supposing it to be a sunken log. In 1860 it was drawn out and cleared up and did excellent service in celebrating the election to the presidency, of Abraham Lincoln.

Soon after the Bryant's Pond boys returned it to Bethel where it has since remained until it was put hors de combat on the 4th.

COOK STOVE AND DICTIONARY.—No well regulated household is complete without a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. We would as soon think of getting along without a cook stove. One young man in this vicinity bought two copies of Webster at the bookstore within a few weeks. When he purchased the second one the proprietor asked him what he was going to do with two. "Why," said he, "I have just got married and my folks won't let me take away from the house the dictionary I first bought, so I am obliged to get another as I cannot get along without it" and the young man was right.

Mexico Items.

"Neglected but not forgotten," Oh how I have been waiting for something of importance—that is of just a little importance—to put in your paper, before sending you a communication. I have waited a long while, and now have only a few items worthy of note.

"Flakes" of the Journal, has "mailed up" a little. David O. Gleason has raised his house and store some four feet, and is otherwise improving his buildings. Dr. V. M. Abbott, as usual is doing something to make the rough places smooth and the crooked things straight. Clark Houston is building a new blacksmith shop. The Buck house is being repaired, and more than all else O.ville Tucker and Frank G. Parsons are building a steam mill, 60x30, on the basement of which was raised last night (the 11th inst.) They have an engine, with lathe, planer and circular saw—proposed to put in a threshing machine, board saw and shingle saw. They will be in readiness to thresh grain in four weeks, and will have other parts of the mill in running order at an early day. Both of these men are practical mechanics and have had experience in the branches of business they propose to engage in; and from their labors we hope to reap a good reward—see a little business spring up here, from which they will receive ample recompense for their labor, energy and enterprise, and the community be somewhat aroused from an apathy too long indulged in. Sewell Goddard is enlarging and beautifying his house. Other improvements are being made, more than for some years past, all of which we feel glad to see and are the more pleasing from the fact of being so long delayed.

The cheese factory is doing a largely increased business from last year. It has been improved by the addition of an improved and expensive "press." Mr. Fred Porter, who has charge of the factory, must be regarded as one of the best cheese makers in the State.

We have already commenced to receive "summer boarders"—a few people from Boston and its surroundings have for a number of years come to this place to remain a few weeks during the hot weather—last year the number was largely increased, and this year every family that would receive company has been notified to be in readiness. With proper accommodations we could draw a large part of that class of visitors to this section.

The grass crop is backward and quite light. Other crops are looking comparatively well.

The town of Byron suffered badly from the heavy shower that did so much damage in the town of Weld. Near the old Walker place the "Walker brook" took to cutting things up in earnest, swept away the bridge on the road leading to Byron, and made a cut of some 60 feet in width—swept away a shed or shop just below the old Walker mill, and tore the road so as to make it impassable in many places between the Wm. V. Porter farm and Sitis M. Locke's—doing little if any damage below or above those two farms.

Mr. Wm. Thomas of Byron has been confined to his house since the early part of June last, suffering much pain and unable to use his arms or legs some of the time. He is now improving and we hope will continue to, and many readers of the *Democrat* will be glad to learn of his entire recovery.

We are reminded to the state of things that disallows the recording of any deaths here or hereabouts; but it does seem wrong that we cannot send out a few notices of a "little mourning." I would state one thing—that with an only daughter thirteen years old, that daughter now has a little brother about five weeks old—but I fear that Benj. W. Elliott and wife might not like to have their good fortune made a matter of record.

Bethel Items.

The stage line from Bethel to Upton will run as follows: On and after Monday, June 1st leaving Bethel every Monday, Wednesday and Friday on arrival of trains from Boston, where connections are made with the new steamer Diamond for Angiers Retreat on Richardson Lake, Errol Dam, and Magalloway river connecting with stages for Colebrook, N. H., passing through the famous Dixville Notch, which has more Alpine in its character than any other part of our New England mountains. One can leave Boston at 7 o'clock in the morning, and take supper at the Lake House, kept by Horatio R. Godwin, Esq., within thirteen miles of the Notch, reaching it early in the forenoon of the second day. Stages will leave Colebrook every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Errol Dam, connecting with Steamer Diamond every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Upton and Bethel. Parties wishing to procure teams can apply to O. C. Littlehale, Bethel, and Frank Binley, Parsons House, Colebrook, N. H.

North Norway Items.

Mr. John Richardson has bought the late widow French stand, and removed his family there. It contains a thrifty apple and maple orchard, and is a pleasant spot for a retired life. The farm they left is occupied by their two sons, Mark and Josiah.

Mr. Chas. Stevens has been improving his outbuildings by shingling, clapping and the application of a coat of paint. James Shedd has erected a new and tasteful piazza. Mr. John French, U. Upton and Anna French are also repairing and improving their buildings.

Mr. Farnum has moved a small house from his former farm to his present residence on the Albany road, and has fitted it up for a shop in which to manufacture hoops, shooks, binders, &c.

Grasshoppers are thick in some places, and have begun to eat the grass and crops. Apple trees are leaving out, where they were eaten by the worms. Apples are dropping off where the trees were badly eaten but the crop is promising better where trees were spared. Borers are at work. Look out for them.

Lovell Items.

On Sunday, June 23rd, the Congregational church was filled to its utmost capacity, to witness the marriage ceremony of Mr. Albert Freeman of Portland, and Miss Clara, daughter of our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hamblon of Lovell. The services were conducted by Rev. A. Cole of Cornish. Mr. C. preached two sermons, very acceptably, on the same day. Mr. and Mrs. F. started for the White Mountains, on their wedding tour, the following Monday.

The scarlet fever is prevailing at No. Lovell in a malignant form. Dr. N. A. French has been very successful in treating the disease, not having lost a single case.

They have suspended business at Stearns' steam mill, on Oak Hill, until after haying. With one set stove machinery, four hands, Abel Harmon, Hadley Keniston, George Chapman and Wallace Whitney, sawed, edged, clipped, planed and hauled away from the mill 3,600 staves in one day of 11 hours.

The following is a list of teachers:—District No. 1, Miss L. H. Palmer; No. 2, Mrs. Nellie Doud; Village district, Miss Addie Perry; No. 4, Dora Walker; No. 5, Lucia Swain; No. 6, Freden Andrews; No. Lovell, Velda Palmer; "Siab City," Ella Clarke.

Miss F. S. Pottle, daughter of Rev. J. S. Pottle, is at home on a vacation from Farmington, where she is attending the Western State Normal School—the only representative from this town.

The Congregational Society have purchased a new organ for their house of worship.

Our Fryeburg neighbors have a summer visitor in the form of a snow-white robin, which, with its mate, an ordinary red breast, is building a nest and raising a brood in this village.

Joseph F. Stearns has made extensive repairs on his house, and built a piazza on the front side.

Z. Pray has built a new barn and shingled and painted the house, thus making one of the prettiest stables in town.

The officers elect of the Old Fellows organizations of this town—which are in a flourishing condition—were publicly installed Saturday evening, July 11th, by D. D. G. M. Byron Kimball of Bridgton, assisted by E. C. Chamberlain and H. A. Shorey, as Grand Marshal and Warden. The officers are as follows:

KEZAR VALLEY LODGE.—J. N. Smith, N. G.; C. W. Waterhouse, V. G.; H. D. Hutchins, R. S.; David Coffin, P. S.; B. F. Smith, Treasurer; W. C. Stover, W.; Parker Brown, C.; Abel Harriman, I. G.; A. K. M. Pottle, O. G.; W. H. Dresser, R. S. N. G.; Otis Andrews, L. S. V. G.; Ceylon Day, R. S. V. G.; Lewis Howe, L. S. N. G.; Benj. Russell, R. S. S.; Samuel Gifford, L. S. S.; Geo. H. Maxwell, Chaplain.

HEBEN DEGREE LODGE.—David Coffin, N. G.; Mrs. Stearns, V. G.; Mrs. Coffin, R. S.; Mrs. Gifford, P. S.; Mrs. Howe, Treas.; Mrs. Hutchins, R. S. N. G.; Mrs. Waterhouse, L. S. N. G.; J. N. Smith, I. G.; Chas. Waterhouse, O. G.—*Bridgton News*.

Hiram Items.

Peter B. Young, Esq., of the firm of A. & P. B. Young, has erected a residence at Hiram Bridge, on the lot where Col. Geo. E. Richardson's buildings were burned some years ago. It is two stories high, with a French roof, in which rooms will be finished ten feet high, being in effect a three story house. It is in a commanding situation, and is erected under the superintendence of James L. Hill, Esq., of Hiram Corner, who has built some twenty houses at Hiram Corner and vicinity within a few years, and his work indicates that the house when finished will be by far the finest residence in Hiram.

Mr. Marshall W. Spring has repaired and painted the store near his house, formerly occupied by Capt. Alpheus Spring, and has leased it for one year to Capt. Richard Bates for a store and residence. Capt. Bates has an excellent assortment of dry goods, groceries, &c., which he sells for reasonable prices.

The steam mill of W. B. Nutter & Co. near Hon. John P. Hubbard's is in successful operation.

Christopher Allen, Esq. has erected a two story house on the high plain near the old church at Hiram Corner. It will be occupied by the son and daughter of his deceased brother, Andrew J. Allen.

James F. Osgood, who lives on the Andrew J. Allen farm, has removed his barn and rebuilt it nearer his house.

Mr. William Wentworth, whose barn and outbuilding were burned some weeks ago, has built a barn 36x36 on the site of the old one. Mr. Wentworth has received some aid from his townsmen and others, and should receive more, as he fought long and faithfully in the 9th Me. Regiment, and has been an invalid ever since, and is needy and deserving. His carriages and farming tools were burned with his buildings, and his house was only saved by the most prolonged and exhaustive efforts of the citizens.

Porter Items.

We are having very nice weather for the growing of grass; it never looked better than it does now, although the worms have killed a good deal during the past winter. We have not had very good weather for corn, for it has rained during the past few weeks that it has set the weeds out as fast as they have been dug up; but it is now warm and we are in hopes that it will continue so until the weeds all get killed out.

G. W. Towle has moved into his house at the village.

While Prof. Nobles' N. Y. troupe was exhibiting at this village recently, one of the play actors was injured very badly by falling from the bar.

Daniel Wentworth has got a o-o-o-o-old colt sired by a celebrated Canada stallion of a jet black, weighs about 900 lbs. He has been offered \$700 for him. E. Blais has also got a very nice colt.

Denmark Items.

There is nothing of especial interest transpiring just now within the quiet limits of Denmark. The farmers are busy haying; and those who don't farm it, find enough to occupy their time and attention.

The glorious Fourth passed off very quietly in Denmark. Many of the citizens went to the celebrations at Bridgton, Fryeburg and Cornish, and those that remained did not see fit to celebrate other than in the discharge of a few fire crackers and in the enjoyment of lemonade—with or without a stick in it.

Joseph Bennett, the trader at the Corner, has repaired his horse and stable this season.

Messrs. Geo. W. Gary, Dr. C. H. Barnham and G. E. Tarbox of Denmark, have returned from a week's excursion through the White Mountain region. They visited the Glen, ascended Mt. Washington by the carriage road, the eight miles of which they accomplished in three hours; visited the objects of interest in that vicinity; next proceeded to the Crawford Notch; thence to Lancaster, N. H., and a short distance into Vermont. They travelled with their own teams, and enjoyed the trip immensely.—*Bridgton News*.

Fryeburg Items.

It rains nearly half the time; and but few have done much at haying yet. Most grass is growing well, though the hay crop I think must fall considerably below an average, with greater lack of uniformity than usual, according as fields were more or less denuded of snow.—Corn has a fair stand but is ten days behind time at least. About the same may be said of potatoes. Grain is looking well.


Three Sabbath Schools, the two of the Congregational and the Episcopal, are in a picnic celebration at the Fair ground of the W. O. A. S. on the fourth. In the absence of greater attractions, many collected from surrounding towns to witness the festival. After partaking of refreshments in the Hall, and listening to several old-time tunes, sung with old time spirit and enthusiasm, the schools marched to the nearest grove, where was spent a few hours in singing and recitations, concluding with fitting and appropriate remarks by the Superintendents and others. Awards were given by the Congregational Superintendent for best recitations, but I did not learn the names of recipients.

Why don't we West Fryeburg subscribers get the "Democrat" with accustomed regularity? For five or six weeks past we haven't got it, and the very last of the week, and in two instances not until the week following that of publication. Averse to fault finding, we have waited for the irregularity to correct itself, but it is becoming chronic and something must be done!

[Our paper is mailed regularly every Tuesday morning, and frequently it leaves this office Monday night. We cannot account for the above irregularity.]

Festivals—Waterford.

The Universalist Society of Bridgton and Waterford united in a picnic at Bell's Grave on Wednesday. The Bridgton company, to the number of about seventy-five persons, rode thither, in single and double teams, in the forenoon. Their time was spent in the customary manner, of which leading, ten pins, rag-toss, croquet and music were the chief characteristics. The picnic dinner was served under the trees, and was followed with ice cream, which like the lemonade, was furnished without stint. Mrs


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