

# The Oxford Democrat.

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PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1874.

NUMBER 40.

## Oxford Democrat

Published Every Tuesday Morning, by  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

THOMAS H. BROWN, Political Editor.

Terms.  
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### JOB PRINTING of Every Description

Promptly and Neatly Executed.

Subscribers can tell, by examining the colored  
slip attached to their papers, the amount due, and  
those wishing to avail themselves of the advanced  
payments, can send us by mail, or hand to the  
nearest agent, "Sept. 15," on the slip, means  
the paper is paid for to that date. When money  
is sent, care should be taken to examine the slip,  
and if the money is not edited within two weeks,  
we should be apprised of it.

### Professional Cards, &c.

#### FOSTER & HERSEY.

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.

JOSEPH FOSTER, JR. CHAS. H. HERSEY,  
Attorneys at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.

#### S. R. HUTCHINS.

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.

#### SETH W. FIFE.

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.

COMMISSIONER for New Hampshire,  
Mar. 19, 1874.

#### G. D. BISBEE.

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.

#### EDGAR S. BROWN.

ATTORNEY AT LAW  
N. 30 Middle Street,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Special attention paid to COLLECTIONS.  
Tel. No. 182.

#### E. S. RIDLON.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
109 EXCHANGE STREET,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Collections promptly attended to. Tel. No. 182.

#### S. C. ANDREWS.

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
109 EXCHANGE STREET,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Special attention paid to COLLECTIONS. Tel. No. 182.

#### F. W. REDLON.

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
KILBURN FALLS, MAINE.

Will practice in both Oxford and York Counties.  
October 9, 1874.

#### J. S. WRIGHT.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
PARIS HILL, MAINE.

Collections promptly made. Also, special  
attention given to business in Probate Court.  
May 9, 1874.

#### O. N. BRADBURY, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
NORWAY, MAINE.

Residence and office at the house lately  
occupied by Dr. Peabody.  
Norway, Me., Dec. 21, 1873.

#### I. ROUNDS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Office—Over J. D. Williams's store, opposite  
South Paris, July 15, 1874.

#### MAINE WATER CURE.

(NOT COLD WATER CURE).  
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.  
WATERFORD, MAINE.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D.,  
Superintending Physician & Operating Surgeon.  
All interested will please send for circular.

#### NAPHTH L. MASON.

DEPUTY SHERIFF  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

All precepts by mail promptly attended to.  
Sept. 15, 1874.

#### O. F. TRASK.

DEPUTY SHERIFF, - - Dixfield,  
OXFORD COUNTY, ME.

Precepts from abroad promptly attended to.  
Aug. 15, 1874.

#### FREELAND HOWE.

INSURANCE AGENT!  
NORWAY, ME.

Office—Over Po. Office.  
Fire Life and Accident Insurance on favor-  
able terms.

#### DR. G. P. JONES.

DENTIST  
NORWAY VILLAGE, MAINE.

22 Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanite  
Rubber.  
June 11, 1874.

#### DR. N. GAMMON.

DENTIST,  
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.

Dr. G. will be permanently located at Mechanic's  
falls after the first week in June, 1874.  
No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give  
perfect satisfaction.  
Mar. 23, 74.

#### DR. H. W. FIELD.

DENTIST,  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Will be absent the week after the first Monday  
in each month.  
South Paris, July 15, 1874.

#### SAMUEL R. CARTER.

PARIS HILL, ME.

#### LIFE FIRE INSURANCE AGENT

—FOR—  
OXFORD COUNTY

S. R. C. represents only first-class Companies  
and will issue Policies at favorable rates as any  
other Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars  
of insurance, promptly answered, and any part of  
the County visited if requested.

## Poetry.

### HARVEST.

BY NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,  
Is the wind's song,  
As it in the rippled wheat  
All day long.  
It hath the brook's wild gayer,  
The sorrowful cry of the sea.  
Oh, hush and hear!  
Sweet, sweet and clear,  
Above the locust's whirr,  
And hum of bees,  
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow grass  
The innocent white daisies blow;  
The dandelion plume doth pass  
Vaguely to and fro—  
The unquiet spirit of a flower  
That hath too brief an hour.

Now doth a little cloud all white  
Or golden bright  
Drift down the warm, blue sky;  
And now on the horizon line,  
Where dusky woodlands lie,  
A sunny mist doth shine,  
Like to a veil before a holy shrine.

Concealing  
Half-revealing  
Things Divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,  
Is the wind's song,  
As it in the rippled wheat  
All day long.  
That exquisite music calls  
The reaper everywhere—  
Life and death must share  
The golden harvest fall.

So doth all end—  
Honored Philosophy,  
Science and Art,  
The bloom of the heart;  
Master, Consoler, Friend,  
Make Thou the harvest of our days  
To fall within Thy ways.

—Scribner's Monthly.

## Selected Story.

### MY ONLY GHOST.

BY NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

I had from childhood that low order of

country which consists in not knowing

what fear is. It was an imperfection of

nature which was unnecessarily landed at

the expense of my brothers and sisters,

who, having a more poetical and highly

strung organization than myself, did

know what fear was. But I laughed

aloud when my dear friend Mrs. Morton

asked me if I should be afraid to live in

her beautiful house alone during the sum-

mer months. Alone so far as compan-

ionship went, but with a man and his

wife to cook and wash for me, to shut up

and open and protect the premises. I

afraid? Never! So she gave me ample

fiduciary powers. She was going to

Europe. I, a poor relation, was only too

glad to have such a luxurious home. As

she took me over the house, I saw her

eyes fill with tears as she essayed to open

a certain door. I remembered that even

into this fortunate life had come the in-

evitable grief. There was one empty

chair, one dead lamb. The eldest daughter

had married, had gone abroad for her

wedding journey, and had been brought

home to be laid in yonder churchyard

which we could see from the windows.

Yes, this was Gertrude's room! There

was her portrait on the wall. A straight

young woman, with a profusion of light

hair, blue eyes with a far-off look, a mel-

ancholy beauty, tender and twilight, that

tone which the French call *premiere*. She

was dressed in diaphanous white,

with here and there a blue ribbon, and

her beautiful hands were clasped on what

seemed to be a balcony.

Around the room were costly tridles,

the spoils of an European trip. The room

was fitted up queerly with handsome fire-

arms, suits of armor, boxing-gloves,

fencing foils. I looked to Mrs. Morton

for an explanation.

"This suite of rooms," she explained,

"I have given up to my son-in-law, Mr.

Ayscough. During your residence here

you will have an occasional visit from

him. He comes and goes as he pleases.

In the adjoining rooms are poor Ger-

trude's trunks, which neither he nor I

have ever thoroughly unpacked. We

have never had the courage."

She led me through the spacious ante-

room, linen-closet, and so on, to a large

bedroom, where were many trunks.

Some dresses hung in the closets, some

bottles of perfumes, dressing-cases, and

ing, ambitious tendrils, to the chimneys

of this, the fourth story. We visited the

other rooms, which had the plain, decent

furniture of an opulent and sensible

household. There they were, empty and

deserted, but clean and good. We closed

the blinds and windows, came down, and

retracing our steps through Gertrude's

rooms, we locked the doors behind us. I

took possession of the key, to deliver it,

when he should arrive, to Mr. Ayscough.

Occasionally, I visited these rooms of

his to air them, and to see that no stray

mouse or other intruder had violated their

quiet loneliness. I was very much at-

tracted by Gertrude's picture. It so hap-

pened that I had never seen her; her

brief hour of youthful bloom had been

spent before I returned, an army officer's

widow, from my hard life on the Western

frontier. Often, I would stand and look

at the picture by the hour,—it fascinated

me; then rousing myself from my reverie,

I would complete my rounds, and go back

to my room.

After Mrs. Morton had been gone about

a month, I had a visit from Mr. Ays-

cough. He was a pale and interesting

young man, very refined and educated,

evidently much influenced by his sorrow.

He talked incessantly about his wife, and

was interested in my admiration of her

portrait. He took me in to show me

some of the contents of the trunks. To

my horror I found that some very valu-

able jewelry and silver comprised part

of that mysterious luggage which had never

been unpacked.

"But, Mr. Ayscough," I exclaimed,

"you are not going to leave these valu-

able things here in this empty house, un-

locked and strewn about in these trunks,

and no one but me to take care of them?"

He laughed a sort of empty laugh, as if

he did not care much what became of

them, and gave me no sort of satisfaction.

From that moment, I do not know why,

I began to feel troubled. I had had the

comfort of seeing all the family silver

carried off to the bank before Mrs. Mor-

ton went away, and, if I had thought of

them at all, I was convinced that all

burglars were aware of that fact and

would never trouble me in the least.

Now I had a sort of uneasy sensation

about Mr. Ayscough's room which I

would gladly have had removed,—in fact,

it became the focus of many uneasy sen-

sations.

Mr. Ayscough liked to come to the

library and look over the new books

which were sent to me to criticize. One

day he took up a book on Spiritualism

which soon fascinated him. I was ex-

cessively sorry when I saw how he fast-

ened to it and began to drink in a sort

of dangerous comfort from it. He talked

to me about it, and asked me if I had any

belief in the communion of spirits.

He found a most robust unbeliever in

me. All my habits of thought, my rough

experience of life, my anti-nervous tem-

perament were against the theory and

practice of Spiritualism. He went away

after a few days, and I returned to my

lonely life. Perhaps I was not sorry

when I heard one day the unusual sound

of a voice asking for me at the front door,

and went down to see my nephew Rich-

ard, a good young fellow from the West,

who had come to the city to make his

fortune, and who had found me out.

Richard was of course very anxious to

see the sights of the great metropolis, so

we agreed to make a tour of the amuse-

ments. He took me out of an evening,

perhaps three times a week. I remem-

ber being very much charmed with a pair

of acrobats, a man and woman, who were

entirely independent of the law of gravi-

tation, and who sailed through the air "on

the flying trapeze" with all the *aplomb*

and fearlessness of birds. Richard used

to laugh at me as I, night after night, de-

clared in favor of the acrobats. The

woman was a beautiful creature, and had

for me a strange and weird attraction

which I could not account for, but it was

unnecessary to try to account for some

things. I began at this time to believe

that I was growing fanciful, a thing

which never had occurred before. Once

or twice I had sleepless nights. I

thought a great deal too much about the

jewelry and silver in Mr. Ayscough's

rooms, and I began to make my inspec-

tions of the house with a sort of anxiety.

One of my great pleasures, particularly

of a Sunday evening, had been to have

Thomas light all the gas that I might see

the works of art to advantage; and it

gave me, too, a sense of companionship

which I needed. On that evening Nancy

and Thomas took their only pleasure.

They went out, leaving me entirely alone.

The policeman in the square had become

somehow of an acquaintance of mine,

and I had provided myself with a whistle

by which I could call him if necessary in

these periods of utter loneliness. Some-

times, as he walked under the window, I

would step to the balcony and speak to

him; so long as I heard his tramp,

tramp, I was not utterly isolated.

One Sunday evening I was walking up

and down, looking particularly at a fine

Venetian picture,—a wilderness of color

and action—one of those pictures of

Leute, in which a myriad of events are

pictured as going on at the same time,—











# Poetry.

OCTOBER.

A brilliant phalanx fills the weeks' ring.  
Gathered a royal death to celebrate.  
And royal assayers to the doom of life.  
From the serene lines in honor bring.  
A plaintive requiem the songsters sing.  
Low-hanging drapery on the singers wait.  
And scented ashes and gay phrases vibrate  
With martial splendor born on solemn wing.  
It is the lovely summer's obsequy.  
Which grand October signals kindly wise.  
Tears scarce escape his brave red-saddled eyes.  
But yielding tribute, drinks he of the lees  
Of joy in absence, smiling that o'er all  
This blight of beauty, broods a golden pall.

—The Atlantic.

# Agricultural.

Walking Horses.

A writer in the National Live Stock Journal thus dwells upon the importance of training horses to walk fast: "One of the most desirable and valuable gait for a horse is a walk, and it should be the aim first to develop this gait in the handling of the colt. The good walker will always make good time on the road when a day's journey is to be made, without wearying himself, while the slow mover must be constantly kept on the trot if time is to be made. A horse that will walk five miles per hour, will go as far in a day confined to his gait as an ordinary horse can be driven when kept half of the time to the trot, and with much greater ease to himself. If one-half the pains were taken by farmers' boys to make fast walkers of the youngsters on the farm that is usually taken to make them trot, the result would be much more beneficial, and we would find plenty of teams that could do their five miles an hour with ease. But instead of this, as soon as the colt is bridled, the sole aim of the boys is to make a trotter of him, and both gains are spoiled.

Make the colts walk, boys: make them extend themselves in a long, sweeping, square walk, and don't be satisfied with less than five miles an hour. When he gets to trotting he will go all the faster for this preliminary training to the walking gait; and if he cannot trot fast enough to beat Dexter or Goldsmith Maid, or Occident, he will have a gait that is invaluable for business purposes. We hope to see more attention paid to fast walking than heretofore, and we respectfully urge upon agricultural societies the importance of offering liberal prizes for walking horses at the fairs the coming year.

## Record of Fast Horses.

The following record of the fast horses and the fast time made this season is of so great interest to some of our readers that we append the following record for the year 1874, thus far, together with the place where the time was made:

Goldsmith Maid, Rochester	2:14
Leda, Rochester	2:15
Glister, Rochester	2:16
Red Cloud, Buffalo	2:18
Amos, Buffalo	2:19
Mammoth, Buffalo	2:20
Bole-Brother, Rochester	2:21
Victor, Buffalo	2:22
Windsor, Buffalo	2:23
Victory, Buffalo	2:24
Victory, Buffalo	2:25
Victory, Buffalo	2:26
Victory, Buffalo	2:27
Victory, Buffalo	2:28
Victory, Buffalo	2:29
Victory, Buffalo	2:30
Victory, Buffalo	2:31
Victory, Buffalo	2:32
Victory, Buffalo	2:33
Victory, Buffalo	2:34
Victory, Buffalo	2:35
Victory, Buffalo	2:36
Victory, Buffalo	2:37
Victory, Buffalo	2:38
Victory, Buffalo	2:39
Victory, Buffalo	2:40
Victory, Buffalo	2:41
Victory, Buffalo	2:42
Victory, Buffalo	2:43
Victory, Buffalo	2:44
Victory, Buffalo	2:45
Victory, Buffalo	2:46
Victory, Buffalo	2:47
Victory, Buffalo	2:48
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Victory, Buffalo	2:50
Victory, Buffalo	2:51
Victory, Buffalo	2:52
Victory, Buffalo	2:53
Victory, Buffalo	2:54
Victory, Buffalo	2:55
Victory, Buffalo	2:56
Victory, Buffalo	2:57
Victory, Buffalo	2:58
Victory, Buffalo	2:59
Victory, Buffalo	3:00

[From the Kennebec Journal.]

## RURAL WANDERINGS.

RUMFORD CORNER, Sept. 17, 1874.  
The lovely Androscoggin river and its surroundings have lost none of their attractions. On the contrary, we have never seen the landscape when it presented more beautiful views to charm the eye. Picturesque, natural scenery is the true loveliness, which Shakespeare's lines apply, when he says it "needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most." What could the hand of man add to the charms of this serpentine river, winding its way through green intervals, sloping pastures, wood-covered hillsides, and towering crags, broken and variegated in countless shapes and heights? It is true that the neat farm houses and pretty villages, here and there interspersed, do not mar the beauty of the scene, but seem to form a part of it, not inharmonious with the loveliness and grandeur of nature's own works.

We have not been cheered or annoyed much by the bright beams of the sun, since we started on this journey. The clouds have covered the horizon from morning till night, with occasional slight distillations of moisture, but not enough to lay the dust. During a part of the day yesterday, the clouds of dust were exceedingly unpleasant, filling the eyes, and covering everything with a flowery (not flowery), hne. If, as the adage runs, every man must eat his "peck of dirt," we have probably accomplished a generous part of our disagreeable task whilst on this route. This morning the skies look rather more watery, and the surface of the ground is already a little moist from the moistness of the atmosphere, although there has been nothing that we could call rain. The clouds, however, look threatening, and the fog rests down upon the mountain slopes, and there is every appearance that Jupiter Pluvius is about to make an attack in full force.

We learn here that there was a sharp frost about the last of August, which nipped vegetation a little in this vicinity, and still further north, on the road to Lake Umbagog, killed the green crops. Since that, it has been much warmer, as well as quite dry. Until August, the Androscoggin was unusually full of water, but during the last three weeks it has rapidly fallen, and is now as low as it was last year at this time, if not more so.

We are stopping at the public house at Rumford Corner, which is the halfway house between the railroad station at Bryant's Pond and Andover. Every night, after the arrival of the afternoon train on the Grand Trunk from Portland,

the stage arrives here at supper time loaded with passengers, and passes on in the evening to Andover. One would not expect so much travel up here in the wilderness as you on the Kennebec could imagine it to be; but the attractions of Andover for summer travel, and of the lake beyond, for fishermen, are sufficient to keep the stream flowing through the season.

We ate our picnic dinner yesterday close by the shore of the Androscoggin, moistening it with water from one of the mountain springs which abound in this region for the refreshment of man and beast. The day before, we dined on a rock in a green pasture which sloped down towards the road with such an inviting look that we could not resist its allurements. If any one wishes to eat with a good appetite, let him ride a dozen miles with an agreeable company, and then dine in the open air, in a pleasant spot, with pure water to allay his thirst; and if the bread and butter, cold meat, boiled eggs, doughnuts, apple puffs, tomatoes, etc., doesn't relish, he must be past cure. With such appliances, "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both."

ANDOVER, Sept. 18, 1874.

Here we are again in the loveliest village in the State of Maine, whether we consider its location, its surrounding scenery, or its style of dwellings and other buildings, its broad and smooth streets and ample yards and gardens, or its groves and ornamental trees. Taken altogether, it is scarcely surpassed in its varied attractions.

There has been just moisture enough to lay the dust, although it can scarcely be said to have rained, unless very slightly. The sun has been very chary of its beams ever since we started from home, and yesterday was wholly invisible. It was, however, very much pleasanter riding in an atmosphere slightly moist, than in one altogether dusty, as it was the day before. About two hours ride brought us from Rumford to Andover; and here we were so well satisfied with our condition, we decided to remain until another day.

We have not much that is new to say with regard to Andover. The emery factory is not in operation. A new cheese factory has been erected, which will have the pleasure of visiting, and the machinery and appliances used in the manufacture were politely shown to us, and the operations explained. Every part of the establishment was as neat as possible. Amongst the rest was a glass gauge by which they can determine whether the milk has or has not been partially skimmed. By another little process, they can detect if any water has been added to the milk. In an upper room were stored about three tons of cheese ripening for market. They looked very finely. We had some of the cheese made at this factory at our hotel, and its rich and agreeable flavor was very satisfactory and toothsome.

We passed a farmer digging some very handsome potatoes, which he told us brought at the starch factory only twenty cents a bushel. This seemed to be an approximation to old-time prices, and is rather hard on the cultivators of the soil, unless the prices of labor and of family supplies can be made to correspond.

This is a desirable region for the farmer, with apparently much good soil, and although so far in the interior, yet not very distant from railroad facilities. The farms, many of them, appear to be well cultivated, buildings good, and some of them quite new. The elements of agricultural prosperity are not lacking, yet one man was yesterday selling off his furniture and belongings at auction, having already disposed of his farm; and all for the purpose of removing to that wonderful El Dorado, the town of Washington, east of the Kennebec. So we were told, incredible as it appears. He certainly deserves the credit and the benefit of being the first discoverer of extraordinary attractions in that direction. We can only express our feelings in another tongue: *De gustibus non disputandum*, which, interpreted, means, *Each a son goat*.

The farmers on the Androscoggin and its branches raise a great quantity of "Indian wheat." It resembles buckwheat, but is said to be a more profitable crop. It is used like buckwheat, when ground into flour, for frying fritters. But the most of it is fed to the hogs, and thus made into pork. Cattle and horses also eat it, the straw and grain together. The crop is raised by many instead of oats, as being less exhausting to the soil. It leaves the ground in a very clean condition, for the stalks so cover the surface, that grass and weeds do not grow amongst it. It is late in harvesting. We noticed yesterday several fields were the Indian wheat had been recently mowed, and was lying on the ground, either just as it fell, or gathered into bunches.

During the past night, it rained steadily but slightly, and the prospect this morning is indicative of a moist day.

## Weddings.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacred of all occasions is turned more and more into a mere opportunity for display, and for replying to some fancied social obligation. Instead of the time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can make, it is chosen as the moment for bringing together the larger part of a family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments; to prove how many flowers and refreshments the family can afford; and, with shame be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the precious tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side, it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith and hope, and love a new and wholly untrodden existence. On the other, it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the covenant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitted for revelry? Is it not wiser, more delicate, to bid only the nearest of friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and frolic for a subsequent time? We are sure there are few girls who, if they reflect on the seriousness of the step

they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow more wisely than the loving limits of their home circle. All our best instincts point to the absolute simplicity and privacy of wedding services; only a perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half-sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the fulfillment of the most solemn of contracts. Let there be as much party-making, rejoicing and pleasure-taking afterwards as hearts desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest.—*Scribner's for October.*

A dentist in Wisconsin, who kissed a young lady while filling her teeth, was called on by her father with a shot gun. He paid the parent \$500 not to fire, being extremely sensitive to noise.

**B. SHONINGER'S**



**Orchestral Organs**

Are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. The Concerto and Orchestral Stops are the best ever placed in any Organ. They are produced by an extra set of reeds, peculiarly colored, the effect of which is most charming and soul stirring, while the imitation of the human voice is superb.

**B. SHONINGER'S**

**New Scale Pianos**

have great power and a fine singing tone, with all modern improvements, and are the best Pianos made.

These Organs and Pianos are warranted for 6 years. Prices extremely low for cash, or part cash and balance in monthly or quarterly payments.

**JOHN H. MARTIN,**  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Second hand instruments taken in exchange for new.  
Customers who come from a distance, and who purchase on R. R. tickets, will be entertained FREE. South Paris, April 7, 1874.

**PIANOS,**



**Organs and Melodeons**

Wholesale and Retail by

**A. J. NEVERS, - NORWAY, ME.**

Having an extensive business, I am able to give parties the choice in instruments. Any instrument manufactured can be purchased through my agency. Instruments sold on instalments or exchanged for old instruments. Being connected with manufacturing, parties wishing to purchase, can save one price by buying of me. Instruments are made to order, which enables me to give my customers the best and nothing but the best. Call at my house in Maine, and see for yourselves. All instruments sold by me are warranted for five years.

Pianos, Organs & Melodeons Tuned and Repaired.

Norway, Me., May 15, 1874.

**Geo. Woods & Co.'s**

**PIANORGAN!**

Persons undecided whether to purchase an Organ or Piano, should see and know all about the **NEW PIANORGAN!**

Those desiring to purchase an Organ or Piano, should see and know all about the **NEW PIANORGAN!**

For circulars and information, address,

**THOS. E. STEARNS,**  
Bangor, Me., Sept. 18, 1874.

**VINEGAR BITTERS**

**FREE FROM ALCOHOL**

**WALKER'S CALIFORNIA**

**VINEGAR BITTERS**

**WALKER'S CALIFORNIA**

**VINEGAR BITTERS**

**WALKER'S CALIFORNIA**

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**VINEGAR BITTERS**

**WALKER'S CALIFORNIA**

# SOUTH PARIS

## Savings Bank

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

ORGANIZED MARCH 6th, 1873.

DEPOSITS EXEMPTED from all Town and County TAXES.

This Bank pays dividends of Six Per Cent. interest, compounded semi-annually, free from all Taxes.

Dividends not drawn, can be made at once to bear interest without presenting book.

**TRUSTEES:**  
ALVA SHURTLEFF, GEO. P. WHITNEY, WALLACE RIBBON, W. W. HARDY, W. A. FROTHINGHAM, D. N. TRUE, SAMUEL B. LOCKE, W. M. E. CUSHMAN, ALVA SHURTLEFF, President.

**ALVA SHURTLEFF, Geo. A. Wilson, Treasurer.**  
So. Paris, June 25, 1874.

## BANKRUPT STOCK

Having purchased the entire stock of C. K. Sargent, of Andover, Maine, we are now enabled to offer to the public the

**BEST BARGAINS** ever offered to the people of Oxford County.

**Ladies' Serge Boots 40 cents and upwards; Gent's fine Calf Boots \$3.00 and upwards; Children's Boots and Shoes**

**25 Cents and Upwards.**

**Fancy Goods at One-Half Usual Prices.**

Remember the Place,  
**UNION BOOT & SHOE STORE,**  
South Paris, Me.

July 18, 1874.

## Chicks!

**Chicks! Chicks!**

**A. E. SHURTLEFF, So. Paris,**

Offers for sale the largest and best selected stock of FANCY POULTRY & CHICKENS in the County, from the following well known sources:

**Plymouth Rock, Partridge, White & Buff Cochins, Brown & White Leghorns, Dark & Light Brahmas.**

My stock for sale is carefully bred, pure and healthy. All eggs and chicks are guaranteed. Orders filled in rotation. Chicks sold single or by lot. All orders will receive prompt replies. Write for what you want.

**Agent for the POULTRY WORLD.**  
Address, A. E. SHURTLEFF, So. Paris, Sept. 14, 1874.

## Look and Read!

Pause and Consider!

**Know Ye This?**

**H. N. BOLSTER'S**

**MARKET SQUARE**

**South Paris, Maine.**

**A BIG Pile of Goods for a LITTLE Pile of Money!**

Or, if the money is **ALL GONE,**

Then bring the **FARM PRODUCTS.**

Or, anything that is a marketable equivalent, for money, and buy your goods at the **VERY BOTTOM PRICES.**

We have just bought a full assortment of new goods, which, added to our old stock, gives us a **VERY LARGE** assortment, and all our stock has been **MARKED DOWN** to the lowest possible price on present prices. Please call and examine for yourselves, and see if these things be so; and we think that we can convince all that we live up to our motto, viz:

**Quick Sales and Small Profits!**

South Paris, Oct. 1, 1874.

**O. D. RICE,**

**Merchant Tailor,**

**SO. PARIS.**

Store formerly occupied by EF Stone.

Particular attention paid to cutting for others to make.

**WANTED** at the above establishment **THREE Custom Coat Makers!**

**IMMEDIATELY.**

South Paris, Oct. 1, 1874.

## NEW STORE

**SOUTH PARIS.**

**A CLEAN STOCK!**

The subscriber has fitted up the Store next to the **ANDROSCOGGIN HOTEL**, South Paris, and put in a

**W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES, & DRY GOODS.**

Which he will sell as cheap as the cheapest, and his expenses are light, and the goods were bought at the lowest figures for cash.

**FRANK THAYER.**  
South Paris, Oct. 1, 1874.

**A Perfect Success.**

**Pettengill's Patent**

**Swivel Plow!**

**AWARDED**

**Maine State Agricultural Society's SILVER MEDAL 1874**

For best Set of Plows.

These Plows are warranted a first-class level land and easy to run. Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Manufactured at South Paris, Maine, by

**F. C. MERRILL.**  
South Paris, Oct. 1, 1874.

**FRUIT BARRELS**

# FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

An elegantly bound CANVASSING BOOK for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published. It contains over 700 new Scripture Illustrations and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, Banks and Elliott, Boston, Sept. 25, 1874. A book for everybody. Address, J. H. EARLE, Boston.

**WANTED**—First-class canvassers for CHARLES SUMNER by Bishop Gilbert Haven and Wm. M. Cornell, L. D., with English by Schurz, Northcutt, Anthony, Banks and Elliott, Boston, Sept. 25, 1874. A book for everybody. Address, J. H. EARLE, Boston.

**TEN PER CENT. NET.**

The Iowa Loan and Trust Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

invests money for Eastern lenders at ten per cent. interest, net, payable semi-annually on the 1st of National Bank, New York. All loans secured on improved Real Estate, and the collection in full guaranteed by the company. Lenders subject to no expense. Full Abstract of Title. Coupon Notes, Mortgage, &c., made direct to lender, forwarded on completion. New York and New England references and full information sent on application. SAMUEL MERRILL, (late Governor of Iowa), Pres., JAS. R. HARTWELL, Sec'y, Des Moines, Iowa.

**MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO**

Winners of the HIGHEST MEDALS, and a GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR at Vienna, 1873, and Paris, 1875, now offer the FINEST ASSORTMENT of **REHEARSAL ORGANS** in the world, including new styles, with recent improvements, not only excellently adapted for cash or hire, but also for the purpose of **PAYMENTS**, the most favorable ever offered. **REHEARSAL ORGANS** are **ENTIRELY NEW**, and to be sold at a **REMARKABLELY LOW** price. First payment \$50.00 or upwards.

**Illustrated Catalogues and Circulars**, with full particulars, sent free on request. Address, **MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO,** Boston, New York or Chicago.

## Water Wheel

The best in the market, and will run on any stream, and will do more work than any other wheel of the same size. Address, N. F. BURHAM, New York, P. O. Box 100.

**WANTED**—A situation as Book-keeper or in some business connected with the country press. Have been engaged in mercantile pursuits or book-keeping for years. Feel competent to do thoroughly well, and give satisfaction. Address, Edward Cook, D.D. late Principal and Treasurer of the Andover Academy, Andover, Mass., or to the Editor of the Kennebec Journal, Bangor, Me.

Has been employed by me for five years as book-keeper here. Has performed his duty with marked ability, fidelity and honesty. His character is superior, and his financial ability, &c., &c. Other testimonials and references can be given. ALBERT S. NEWTON, Bangor, Me., Nov. 1, 1874.

**DO YOU WANT A BUSINESS EDUCATION?**

**THE NATIONAL COLLEGE**

will send full information as to terms, conditions of entrance, &c., sent on request. Address, CHARLES R. WELLS, President, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**TO INVENTORS**—No charge for examining inventions. Patents secured. Address, A. A. WATSON, New York, P. O. Box 100.

**SUFFERERS** from Epileptic Fits should address for a free circular, L. P. EVANS, Druggist, Gardiner, Maine.

**WEEK GUARANTEED** to cure all cases of Epilepsy, or to return the money. Address, L. P. EVANS, Druggist, Gardiner, Maine.

**DR. FLINT'S QUAKER BITTERS**

These celebrated Bitters are composed of choice Roots, Herbs, and Barks, among which are Gentian, Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, Juniper, and other berries, and are so prepared as to retain all their medicinal qualities. They invariably cure or greatly relieve the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Bilious Attacks, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Ague, Chills, Rheumatism, Summer Complaints, Piles, Kidney Diseases, Female Difficulties, Lassitude, Low Spirits, General Debility, and, in fact, everything caused by an impure state of the blood, or deranged condition of Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys. The aged find in the Quaker Bitters a gentle, soothing stimulant, so desirable in their declining years, and a permanent tonic, unless afflicted with an incurable disease after taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

Prepared by Dr. H. S. Flint & Co., at their Great Medical Depot, PROVIDENCE, R. I., FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**BOSTON & PORTLAND STEAMERS.**

**THE STAGHORN & SUPERIOR** Sea-going Steamers.

John Brooks and Forest City, will, until further notice, leave Franklin Wharf, Boston, daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock P. M. Returning, leave India Wharf, Boston, on days as follows:

These Steamers have been newly fitted up, with the latest and most improved machinery, and are comfortable means of transportation between Boston and Portland.

Passengers by this long established line, obtain every comfort and convenience, arrive in time to the earliest train out of the city, and avoid the inconvenience of arriving late at night.

Mark goods care P. S. Packard Co., Portland, Sept. 7, 1874.

**J. B. COYLE, Jr., Gen'l. Agt., Portland.**

**MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**

**Tri-Weekly Line to New York.**

Steamers Eleanor, Franconia and Chesapeake.

Will until further notice leave Franklin Wharf, Boston, daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock P. M. Returning, leave India Wharf, Boston, on days as follows:

These Steamers have been newly fitted up, with the latest and most improved machinery, and are comfortable means of transportation between Boston and Portland.