

The Oxford Democrat.

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Oxford Democrat

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Professional Cards, &c.

FOSTER & HERSEY,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
BETHEL, ME.
ESKOE FOSTER, JR., CHAS. H. HERSEY,
Dec. 1873.

S. R. HUTCHINS,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
BETHEL, ME.
April 1871.

SETH W. FIFE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
FRYBURG, ME.
COMMISSIONER for New Hampshire.
Mar. 19, 1872.

G. D. BISBEE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
Buckfield, Oxford Co., Me.
Mar. 19, 1872.

EDGAR S. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
No. 80 Middle Street, a
PORTLAND, MAINE.
Particular attention paid to COLLECTING.
Feb. 1873.

E. S. RIDLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
119 1/2 EXCHANGE STREET,
(Cor. Federal St.)
PORTLAND, MAINE.
Collections promptly attended to. Oct. 30.

S. C. ANDREWS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
88 MIDDLE STREET, Portland, Maine.
Is now in New York City.
Will practice in Cumberland, Androscoggin and Oxford Counties.
December 1, 1873.

F. W. REDLON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
KEZAR FALLS, MAINE.
Will practice in both Oxford and York Counties.
December 1, 1873.

J. S. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PARIS HILL, MAINE.
Collections promptly made. Also, special attention given to business in Probate Court.
May 6, 1873.

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 the Andrews House.
South Paris, July 1, 1874.

MAINE WATER CURE.
(NOT COLD WATER CURE)
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids
WATERFORD, MAINE.
W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D.
Superintending Physician & Operating Surgeon.
S. B. All interested will please send for circular.
Aug. 20, 1873.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS,
Deputy Sheriff for Oxford and Cumberland Counties,
WATERFORD, MAINE.
All precepts by mail will receive prompt attention.
Waterford, July 1, 1874.

NAPHTHOLI MASON,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
All precepts by mail promptly attended to.
Aug. 20, 1873.

O. F. FRANK,
DEPUTY SHERIFF, - - Dixfield,
OXFORD COUNTY, ME.
Precepts from abroad promptly attended to.
Aug. 27, 1870.

FREELAND HOWE,
INSURANCE AGENT!
NORWAY, ME.
OFFICE—Over Post Office.
Fire and Life and Accident Insurance on favorable terms.
July 1, 1874.

DR. G. P. JONES,
DENTIST
NORWAY VILLAGE, MAINE.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber.
July 1, 1874.

DR. H. W. FIELD,
DENTIST,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
Will be absent the week after the first Monday in each month.
South Paris, July 15, 1873.

SAMUEL R. CARTER,
PARIS HILL, ME.
LIFE FIRE INSURANCE AGENT
- - - - -
OXFORD COUNTY

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

Poetry.

To Any Desponding Genius.

BY ALICE CARY.

Take this for granted, once for all:
There is neither chance nor fate,
And to sit and wait for the sky to fall,
Is to wait as the foolish wait.

The laurel longed for, you must earn—
It is not of the things men leant,
And though the lesson be hard to learn,
The sooner the better my friend.

That another's head can have your crown
Is a judgment all untrue,
And to drag this man or the other down,
Will not in the least raise you.

For in spite of your despair or mine,
The gods will still be the gods,
And the spark of genius will outshine
The touchwood of all odds!

Be careful, careful work to do,
Though at cost of heart, or head,
The praises, even of the review
Will hardly stand in stead.

No light that through the wages shine
To worthless work belong—
Men dig in thoughts as they dig in mines,
For the jewels of their song.

A fresco painter in ceiling wrought,
With eyelids strained, 'tis said,
Till he could read the fame so sought,
With the pages above his head.

Hold not the world in debt to you
When it credits you day by day,
For the light and air, for the rose and dew,
And all that cheers your way.

And you in turn, as an honest man,
And bound you will understand,
To give back either the best you can,
Or to die, and be out of hand.

Selected Story.

From the Christian Weekly.

The Lilac Lawn.

BY C. A. G.

It was such a big bag, so big and capacious, bulging out and running over with neat little tied up bundles of silk, satin, muslin, and merino, that no wonder our girls loved to rummage in it; comparing, criticizing, and chattering like a parcel of magpies, as Dorothy used to say; Dorothy never quite approved of our investigating the piece bag. It "made litter" for the time, and litter Dorothy's soul abhorred. I really believe that one of her joys in looking forward to the heavenly mansions was that there would be no getting things out of place there. Poor old Dorothy! her rials with us girls were many, and had it not been for the unflinching kindness of Aunt Devine, and her perpetual example of forbearance toward the faithful, crotchety old woman, I fear we should have rather enjoyed being a means for Dorothy's discomfiture.

"I'm!" said she crisply, one dismal rainy afternoon when looking into the large south chamber she discovered us spread out on the floor with the piece-bag upset in our midst, enjoying a general rummage.

"H'm! hope you intend to clear up after yourselves. In my young days there was plenty to do in rain as well as in shine, and folks didn't have to make mischief to kill time."

"If you hadn't worked so valiantly then perhaps there would have been something for this generation to do," said Maud, saucily. Girls, I mean to coax Aunt Devine to let me have this piece of pearl satin. It would make an elegant mouth-piece case lined with pale blue."

"That was your great aunt Harriet's wedding dress," interposed Dorothy.—"Your Aunt Devine has too much proper respect to let it be cut up by a parcel of chitlings into their French fallals."

"Dorothy, I believe you know the history of every one of the dead and gone Grosvenors, and which are bits of their dresses from the first generation down," said Hilma, laughing. "Positively this bag seems to contain relics as precious to you as St. Veronica's handkerchief is to a good Roman Catholic."

"It'll become folks that wear dangling crucifixes and strings of beads round their necks, and have *Mater Doli* crosses hanging on their chamber walls to twine me with Roman Catholic doings!" said Dorothy, irately, brilling as Hilma meant to make her when she uttered her little gibe. "That bag is a real volume to those that can read it, and 'tis more than I'll allow to let you young rattle-brains make free with it."

"Tell us a story out of it, Dorothy dear, won't you?" said gentle Amy. "We should like it so much."

"Yes," chimed in Maud; "give us a nice little moral tale, Dorothy, with this for a foundation;" and the fun-loving girl pounced upon a scrap of cloth and tossed it toward the old woman.

It was a bit of figured lawn, pale lilac flowers of nondescript design on a white ground, and as Hilma glanced at it she exclaimed:

"That isn't half elegant enough! Take this gorgeous brocade instead, and tell us of some stately dame who never sat on the floor and talked slang."

Dorothy lifted the lilac lawn and looked at it with an expression rarely seen on her ruffled face.

"This goes back only to your Aunt Devine's young days," she said. "She never wore it, but the one that did had no lunny experience for you to hear. More tears than laughter went into her life, poor child."

The unworldly mildness of Dorothy's reply surprised us, and Maud said gaily:

"Tell on Dorothy dear. We will not care to laugh."

Dorothy smoothed out the soft old-fashioned fabric and regarded it wistfully.

"I suppose I shall never forget just how she used to look with this dress falling in pretty folds down to her feet, her hair tied back with a bit of lilac ribbon; it was a whim of your aunt's not to have her wear caps, and her hair used to lie all soft and drooping on her head, and look ed tender and tired, like herself. It was just such a dismal day as this that Martin came up to say there was a young girl in the hall waiting a place, and your aunt would see her. She was the same in her youth that she is now; fearful of turning off real trouble, and always putting her shoulder under other people's loads. I wasn't rightly pleased with the girl at first, though she was rather pretty."

Brown hair, gray eyes, with a pale set look round the lips, and pink that fluted in and out of her cheeks every time she spoke. She was English, had been in this country two years, could do lace-work, fine sewing, and embroidery; had lived in two places since she landed, had no references from either; didn't know it was needed. Miss Devine took a great fancy to her though I did my duty in opposing it, and so finally Marian Hilary came into the house as maid to your aunt without our knowing a word more about her than she chose to tell. I thought it was foolish; your aunt didn't need a maid, any more than a cat needs five paws, and so I told her; while I, that had dressed and advised her since her mother died, did feel it hard to be set aside even a little for this girl no older than Amy there and without a particle of judgment.

For all that I used to notice how pretty the two were together, each setting off the other. Your aunt was bright and handsome, carrying her head like a deer, and looking clear and proud out of her great eyes; her color wasn't feeble either and she had ways like some of the grand foreigners your grandpa was so proud to look back to. Somehow she bewitched a body completely and yet you never thought of making free with her. Beside her Marian Hilary looked like a little snow drop in the same vase with a cardinal flower; she reminded me of one of the splendid tropical birds in your grandpa's aviary perched along with one of our gray doves."

Dorothy stopped abruptly with a sharp glance to discover if we were sailing at her unusual freedom of simile, but satisfied as to that resumed her story tranquilly.

"When the summer came and the house filled up with gay company as usual, your aunt was busy; so naturally Marian was left more to herself, and I saw her crying by herself sometimes. Mrs. Brandon from the city came to visit; and meeting Marian in the hall gave a little scream."

"O dear! so you've got that English girl my sister tried. I hope you can manage her," she said afterward.

"Why not?" asked your aunt.

"She proved quite too silly for Stella," said Mrs. Brandon tossing up her head. Miss Devine didn't make much reply. She didn't particularly trust Mrs. Brandon's tongue, and then she was generous-hearted enough, not to want to accuse folks without being sure of some ground for it. Putting this and that together, and remembering how the girl blushed when she spoke of references, it did look suspicious; but she concluded to wait for some real evidence of wrong. It was slow in coming; Marian kept to herself, did her work regularly, was always unselfish and obliging, and put away her wages when they were paid as if she wasn't a young girl that might be expected to like dainty occasionally. Your aunt gave her this very dress and the ribbons to match it. It came in parcels ordered from town and she flung it into Marian's lap saying:

"There! lilac is your color you fair little thing. When you get this on I'll make you look in the glass and be vain for once in your Quaker life."

Marian never smiled, the pink fluttered up in her cheeks and left them whiter than ever.

"Lilac again!" she said half whispering and all ready to cry, I thought. But in a minute she thanked her mistress just as a little child would and left the room.—That afternoon I found her on her knees with that lilac lawn spread out on the bed before her, and she was crying over it and kissing it in a wild pitiful way. I shut the door in a hurry. It wasn't for me to spy on her grief, if there was something suspicious about her and her past days. She made the dress up soon, and wore it a good deal. Sometimes I thought she really took comfort in it.

One night your aunt Devine was singing to company, and Marian and I in the hall were listening. Her voice was a marvel; no Grosvenor in the young generation has one like it," said Dorothy with a glance at saucy musical Maud.—"She sang a ballad about 'Maid Marian,' and as the words rang out, that girl caught at the railing and slid down in a heap on the stairs as white and about as cold as a little drift of snow. I picked her up without calling any one, and when I'd brought her 'round I thought it was time to speak."

"Something ails you, Marian," I said, "and if you'll take my advice you'll own it up to a true friend. If you've done wrong make a clean breast of it, and

though I don't go so far as to say I'll advise your staying near our young mistress if you've gone crooked, still, I'll stand by you and help you get straight again. If you've got a love trouble—and that's mostly ails girls of your age—own to that. I'm no believer in sweet hearts myself, and I'll tell you plainly girls are better off not to marry. It's all slaving, and worrying, and suffering;—and ten to one when you have spent your heart and your strength almost your life on a man, you will find out he wasn't worth a title of it, and you've been, as it were, pouring out pure water on barren rocks—clear waste and no sense in it. If you'll be guided by me you won't shed tears for any man, but cheer up and conclude to live single without any fuss. If you won't—and I do suppose it's no use to talk reason to girls—then I'll turn to and help you I can."

"I said those very words to her, girls," said Dorothy solemnly; "and if you will believe she just turned her face into the pillow, and answered:

"Thank you, Dorothy; but I have no trouble to talk of, and you can do nothing to help me."

I felt rather put down by that, considering I had meant well by her, and it hurt me to be treated like a meddling gossip. However, I said no more, and matters went on as usual after that, your aunt seeming to get more fond of Marian every day. In the winter she was going to the city and proposed to take her maid, but the girl objected and asked for a menial's leave instead. I could go with our young lady and she begged her free dom for the time. Your aunt was hurt and puzzled too; for Marian had no relatives to visit and her request looked queer and suspicious. Miss Devine gave consent, however, so we went our way and she took hers.

We heard nothing of her; but on one of the last days of our stay I saw Marian Hilary with my own eyes on the street and she was with a couple that certainly didn't look to be fit company for a pure girl. They went down a court that was not the most respectable, and I came home as if I'd had a blow. Then it came out that the Brandon's had sent her away because they said she kept bad company on the sly. That pretty tender snowdrop of a girl! I would rather have heard that she was dead.

While I debated about telling your aunt she told sick and I brought her home. She fainted for the first time in her life when I got her up to her own room, and exactly at that moment Marian Hilary walked in. She rushed forward but I got in the way before she could touch my dear young lady.

"It isn't for you to lay a finger on such as her, you creature," I said. "We know what you are now, and this is no place for you."

"May God forgive you those words, Dorothy Wainright," said that girl holding her hands. "There is no guilt in me but that of being the most unhappy creature in this great world, and our sweet mistress would never condemn me for that."

Being guided by reason and the evidence of my senses I did not believe her but I couldn't dismiss her for your aunt called for her night and day. Only Marian could manage her in that terrible fever, and the girl gave her such care that no one was surprised when Miss Devine got well that Marian took her bed grievously sick with the same disease. It was hard to see that girl tending my pretty young lady; it was worse to me to see your aunt bending over Marian as if she were two sisters. It was on my lips to tell her what I knew, but it looked as if the grave would open enough cover up the shame, so I kept still. And, girls, said Dorothy slowly, "then I had it brought home to me how much better it would be if we mortals were as keen to see mercy, as we are to look after what we call justice. For in the days Marian thought were her last earthly ones she told her story, and here it is."

Her father was a worthy man, and valued by the rich squire whose estates he helped to manage; she had one sister younger than herself, pretty and giddy as a butterfly. The girls were half-bred, half-companions to the young ladies at the hall and Lucy got notice from more than the ladies. There got to be love-making between her and the young squire, and since he couldn't lower his rank by marrying her, she defied his manhood by running away with her. The blow fell hard on the two left in the cot tage, and in six weeks only one was living to bear it, for the father died suddenly of heart disease. I presume his grief helped it on. The next news Marian got was a despairing good-by note from her sister who was going to America, she said, and would never be heard from again. She went alone; for the big family had got hold of their son and sent him to Paris to forget his folly, as they called it. Some folks might give it another name. We read that the Lord isn't any respecter of persons or families, and it's my opinion that young man will have to pay for his black deeds yet," said Dorothy, in a tone suggestive of grim satisfaction at the idea.

"Marian didn't take that news as most girls would have done, I think. She sold off what things there were in the cottage, turned her back on her friends, and started for America to find the sister she still loved dearly. 'For,' said she when she told us the story, 'I promised mother always to watch over Lucy, and perhaps if I had been more faithful to

my word she might have trusted me and let me save her from that man. She was mother's darling, and I knew she wasn't bad at heart only thoughtless at first, and loving. I had to find her; I thought the Lord might help me to it, for he knew just how mother used to pray for her beautiful darling. Mother believed in prayer."

And so that tender young girl started out alone, with almost no clue to help her find the wanderer and nothing to give her strength but her own great love and her faith in Him that himself sought to save sinners. Talk of your histories and your heroines," said Dorothy with a little break in her voice, "where's none better worth setting up than this courageous loving sis?"

She didn't tell at first, that she had an honest lover who begged her to stay and marry him and be comforted for what she had lost.

"It wasn't so much because I felt my name was disgraced that I wouldn't join it to Stephen's," she said. "I knew his love was large enough not to be hurt by that. But I couldn't be his safe, happy wife and think of Lucy—mother's darling—drifting away farther into misery, and perhaps sin. So I gave him back his promise and said good-by. Poor Stephen! he loved me dearly. He used to sing me that song about 'Maid Marian,' that you and I heard in the hall, Dorothy, that day. Now you know what ailed me, and won't be angry that I answered you so."

It cut me to the heart to see her smile when she said that. She told us some thing of her search for Lucy; she had been in many great cities, wherever she thought it possible to find her, or had heard of a clue. Right down among the lowest she went as fearless as a baby, and though she cried over thinking of the sights she'd seen, she said even the hard sinners treated her well when they found her errand.

"But I never felt I should find Lucy among those," she said smiling. Once she thought she had found her working in a rich family near us, and the time she wanted to escape going with your aunt, she had heard of some one like her sister in a poor part of the city and wanted liberty to seek for her."

"But I think the end has come," she said the day she talked with us, "and now I must tell mother I did my best to keep my promise to her, but the Lord had his own plan. I wish I knew that Stephen wasn't thinking hard of me, and I could go easily."

"You shan't go!" said your aunt crying over the poor child and kissing her. "You shall see Stephen again and England too, and be happy."

Well, to cut a long story short, Miss Devine fairly nursed and coaxed and encouraged Marian Hilary back to life, and meantime she wasn't idle in other ways, for she kept letters flying here and there, and one day there came a living reply to one she had written. A young English workman, square built and hard-handed, but with a good, honest face, walked up our avenue, and though I never set eyes on him before I recognized Stephen Barton, Marian's lover. Their meeting didn't have any witnesses except the eyes that looked down from heaven; but afterwards when I went in to give Marian some tea, I saw him pass his hand softly over the folds of this dress, and heard him say:

"You didn't forget to wear the color I love best, Marian, did you?"

And by that I read the meaning of her sorrow when your aunt put in her lap the lilac lawn. Poor, loving, aching heart! I wish I hadn't ever misjudged her."

Dorothy subsided into grave thought that no one dared to interrupt until Amy said half regretfully:

"So she gave up finding her sister and got married after all."

"No child; she only put the search into better hands than hers, for your grandpa and aunt Devine employed detectives, and advertised, and did all that could be done, until finally there was no doubt but that the right clew was found and Lucy's fate discovered. When they told Marian that her sister most probably was on a ship that sank at sea, she only said, 'Then mother knows now,' and let Stephen take her in his arms to hide the tears."

They were married at your grandpa's, and went back to England, but Marian only lived a year. I don't know as I felt to mourn when I heard the news, though Miss Devine was quite broken by it. For Marian's life had been a pretty shady one, and it didn't rightly seem as if any sunshine but heaven's could make it bright, or any cure but death heal her wounds. Besides her husband might not have turned out well, after all, though he seemed likely; and she died while his love was at its best."

With this expression of her unfeeling doubt on one point Dorothy folded the bit of lilac lawn and added:

"She was twenty-two; not so much older than you girls. But she had rather a different life. I hear you talk a good deal about your powers and your plans, and I wonder if any one of you would have met the hard place so well. May be you think so, but you'd better thank the Lord he hasn't seen fit to try you."

Because a St. Louis paper said some thing about "the boot of public indignation," the jealous Louisville *Courier* Journal must go and say: "On a St. Louis such a boot would be capable of kicking the stuffing out of a range of mountains."

Miscellany.

Sea Ventures.

I stood and watched my ships go out
Each one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy,
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail;
And eastward drove with bending spars,
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope,
No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love,
She showed a red flag at the mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith,
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay to; at last she sailed
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea,
I stood at watch for many a day—
But one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and fountered fast
In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
She recomposed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown linked to a Cross.

Subterranean Fishes.

In boring Artesian wells in the Desert of Sahara very small fishes, resembling the white bait, not unrequently occur, which inhabit the waters of the subterranean bed of the desert. They are identical with a species from the waters of Biskra. The male differs from the female in being transversely barred, so that some author have regarded it as a distinct species. The eyes are well formed, although these fishes live a part of the time in obscurity. It seems that as far back as 1849 the Governor of the oasis of Thebes [and Gaize, in Egypt], stated that an Artesian well, about 105 feet deep, which he had cleaned out, furnished for his table fishes which probably came from the Nile, as the sand which he had brought up from this Artesian well was identical with that of this river. In the Sahara, as in Egypt, these fishes were carried away by the waters, which filtered into the soil down to the subterranean sheet into which the Artesian wells open. Gervais claims to have established the fact that these subterranean fishes are essentially fluviatile, and that some like them are found in the rivers of Senegal and Mozambique, of Syria and Egypt, of the Iberian peninsula, and even America. Their fossil representatives are not found in deposits of marine origin, and all that we know occur in lacustrine formations. The existence of these fishes can not, then, serve as an argument for the former presence of the waters of the Mediterranean on the soil of the north of Africa.—*Harpers Magazine.*

The Habit of Reading.

"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always does us the most good. Those we devour in the old moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, it but a page or a paragraph we shall find our brain quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be censured while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall ever be thankful for.—"Home and Society," *Scribner's* for August.

THE RIGHT OR LEFT ARM.—The question whether a gentleman walking with a lady should give her his right arm, is frequently discussed. Custom and written etiquette are rather in favor of the right although there are excellent reasons in favor of the left arm. Either one or

the other, permanently retained, is vastly better than the awkward and absurd habit of changing arms so as to place the ladies on the inside of the promenade.—One advantage of giving the left arm is that the person on the right naturally takes the lead, so that in the country or city, in the street or park, he thus directs the way, instead of waiting to consult with his companion, or causing a jostling by each of them trying to move toward opposite points. Another advantage is, that in a crowded thoroughfare, where the side-walk is invariably encumbered with merchandise and thronged with people, a gentleman needs his right arm to remove obstructions and keep rude or careless folks out of the way.—*Scribner.*

Early Settlers in Bethel.

CLARK.

Lieut. Jonathan Clark came from Newton, Mass. to Bethel in 1774. He afterwards returned to Newton and served in the war of the Revolution for several years, but had moved to Bethel prior to 1781 with his wife and made one of the ten families who were in town at the time of the Indian raid. He first began on the farm since owned by Lewis Sanborn, but the second time he came he took the place now owned by A. L. Burbank, Esq. Benjamin Clark has also come to Bethel prior to 1781, and both of the Clarks were captured with Segar, and Benjamin shared his captivity throughout. Lieut. Jonathan Clark was with the Indians until they reached a point above Shelburne, N. H., on their way to Canada, where they captured a colored man and told Clark that he might return, but charged him to keep the road. As soon as he got out of sight he left the road and took to the woods, which was doubtless the means of saving his life, as the Indians had a rear force who would have murdered him for the sake of his scalp on which there was a bounty offered by the English in Canada. Lieut. Clark reached home in safety, while Benjamin with Segar was taken to Canada and delivered to the English authorities for which they were paid the sum of eight dollars each. They were released after the surrender at Yorktown, and returned to Bethel early in 1783.

These two Clarks were first cousins, and were both born in Newton, Mass., which place was formerly called Cambridge Village and also New Cambridge. Their emigrant ancestors were Hugh Clark and wife Elizabeth of Watertown, who conveyed to their son John 67 acres of land in New Cambridge (Newton) and moved to New Cambridge (Newton) soon after he received the deed of his land, and founded the numerous family which afterwards lived in Newton. His first wife was Abigail —, by whom he had John, born Nov. 10, 1682. For second wife he married Elizabeth Norman of Boston, and their children were WILLIAM, born June 10, 1686, Ann, Martha, Escher, Hannah and Moses. WILLIAM married Hannah Koe in Feb. 1708, and had Elizabeth NORMAN born Feb. 13, 1711; Sarah, WILLIAM Jr. born Dec. 10, 1716; Ann, who married Ebenezer Bartlett (see Bartlett Family in a former issue) and Mary. Sarah married Samuel Hilton and Hannah married Thomas Stearns. William Clark Jr. married Mary Marston in 1740, and had Mary, William, Norman, Daniel, JONATHAN born March 28, 1747; Samuel and ELIZABETH.

Norman Clark (son of William 1) married Hannah Bird, of Dorchester, in April 1740, and their children were Hannah, Norman, Susanna, Elizabeth and Esther (twins) Caleb, BENJAMIN born April 8, 1759; Joseph and Moses.

Jonathan, son of William Jr., was more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, it but a page or a paragraph we shall find our brain quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be censured while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall ever be thankful for.—"Home and Society," *Scribner's* for August.

Benjamin Clark married after he returned from his captivity Betsey, daughter of Moses Mason of Dublin, N. H., and sister of the wife of Eleazer Twitchell, in whose family she came to Bethel. He died March 9, 1802. His wife was born July 18, 1764, and died Jan'y 30, 1846. Children:

