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Poetry.

The Happy Village.

BY KANE O'DONNELL.

As often I pass the road-side,
When weary falls the day,
I turn to look from the hill-top
At the mountains far away.
The red sun through the forests
Throws blithe his parting beam,
And far in the quiet valley
The happy village gleams.
There the lamp is lit in the cottage
As the husbandman's labors cease,
And I think that all things are gathered
And folded in twilight peace.
But the sound of merry voices
Is heard in the village street,
While pleased the grannies watch
The play of the little feet.
And at night to many a fire-side
The rosy children come;
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies
They listen and are dumb.
There seems it a joy forever
To labor and to learn,
For love with an eye of magic
Is patient to discern.
And the father blesses the mother,
And the children bless the sire,
And the cheer and joy of this heart-house
Is as light from an altar fire.
Oh, flowers of rarest beauty
In that green valley grow,
And whether 'twere earth or heaven
Why shouldst thou care to know?
Save that thy brow is troubled,
And dim is thy homelike eye,
And graves are green in the valley,
And stars are bright in the sky.
—Scraper's Monthly.

Selected Story.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Some few autumns ago the rector of a little seaside parish sat in his study in the quiet of his own study. It was a wild October evening, the wind twirling and rushing up the short drive that lay between the front door of the house and the gate in the shrubbery which divided the grounds from the high road. Mr. Fergusson was puzzled over his work, bothered by it in fact; finally he sought assistance of the interior of creation, to wit, his wife, who sat opposite him, busily knitting children's socks. "Kate!" he ejaculated in an injured tone. "Well, John?" "These accounts are a frightful nuisance. I wish I had never undertaken such a piece of business; it's no end of work for me, and not half a dozen of the people will thank me for it after all." Mr. Fergusson perfectly revelled in all sorts of parish work; but he was a man who delighted in a good, hearty grumble now and then, and his wife understanding the moods well, always found it an excellent plan to treat him homeopathic ally. "Suppose you shut the books up, John, and let us chat for an hour. The people would be coming up for their money before Thursday or Friday, and this is only Monday." "The people will be coming up for their money, you most procrastinating woman," answered the husband. "Suppose you were to help me now instead of going on with that eternal knitting; we might manage this between us, and have the gossip who are longing for afterwards. Now, then, who is Simon Green—the one on the common? And did he have money out in April to buy a pig? Now, we shall get on perhaps?" The knitting vanished, and the pair were soon immersed in club accounts. Mrs. Fergusson's capital money supplementing the rector's rather carelessly kept accounts admirably. An hour's work brought them to the end of their labors; and Mr. Fergusson, on going to a large old-fashioned desk and drawing therefrom three canvas bags full of gold and silver, had the satisfaction of finding the sum they contained tallied exactly with what was required to pay all depositors in the club their proper amounts. "I shall be glad when we get rid of it," he said, as he replaced the bags. "I am so unused to having such a sum as £70 in the house that I don't feel quite safe with it. It's to be hoped we shall never be rich, Kate. I've been accustomed to £200 a year so long now, that I should feel out of my element with a large income." "By the by, was Sarah to come home to night?" asked the husband. "Not till to-morrow. She wanted one more day to see a sailor brother who was coming home. I think, if you don't mind, John, I shall not keep Sarah longer than Christmas. I don't like some of her ways." "Then, my dear, it's your duty to try and improve them. You took the girl out of charity; don't give her up in a hurry." "I am not in a hurry, indeed. It is quite two months since I found her reading a letter of mine, which I left open on the table; and that's not a pleasant habit for a servant to have, is it? I talked to her kindly, but I believe she does the same sort of thing still, when she has the chance." "Then don't give her the chance, Kate. You never mind me leaving my letters about," (Oh, John!) or if I do they are such as are not of the least consequence." "I did not know when I engaged Sarah

what a bad character her family bore; one brother has been in prison twice." "All the more reason for keeping the girl safe from evil influence. You shouldn't be hasty, Kate; you are a dear little soul, but, like all women, you judge too impulsively, and—what's that, I wonder?" A heavy step passed the window, followed by a ring at the hall bell. Mrs. Fergusson opened the study door as Jane, their steady elder servant, passed down the stairs, candle in hand. "I wonder if that's Sarah, come home to-night instead of to-morrow?" said her mistress. "Lawd, no, ma'am, not likely," answered Jane; "but we'll soon see who it is, and pulling away the chain from the door she opened it, disclosing a man's figure without. He was dripping wet, and had to hold his hat on with one hand or the wind would have carried it far away; the other hand he extended, with a large, damp, yellow envelope therein. "A telegraph!" cried Jane, taking the message from him and passing it on to her mistress, who in her turn carried it to her husband, and watched his face anxiously as he opened and read it. A grave, perplexed look came over his features as he handed it back.

The message was from his brother at Fordham, a place forty miles distant, and ran thus:

"Come immediately—a third bad fit—my father anxiously expects you."

"No help for it, Kate," said Mr. Fergusson, answering his wife's appealing look. "So much may depend upon my seeing him once more that I dare not choose but to go. How am I to get to the station, though, in time for the ten o'clock mail, I wonder? It's nearly nine now, and five miles on such a night as this would take me more than an hour to walk!"

"Walk you cannot, John," answered his wife. "I know," she added quickly—the man who brought this message must go back past Mr. Holland's; I will write a note asking him to send Arnold and his dog cart up for you. Anything is better than walking. I know he will do it for you."

Mrs. Fergusson wrote her note hurriedly, while her husband spoke to the telegraph official, who promised to go to Mr. Holland's at once.

When he had gone, Jane stood looking blankly from master to mistress, and then she said dolefully, "and please, sir, what is to become of us?"

"Become of us? Why you will stay and take care of the house, to be sure," said her master, rather shortly. Then, closing the study door upon himself and wife, he added, "But I don't half like leaving you at such a time; and with only one servant, too, and all that money in the house. How awkwardly things happen sometimes!"

He was so heartily concerned, so evidently uneasy, that as a matter of course, his wife cheered him up by assuming a bright courage that she was far from feeling. She lighted a candle and held out her hand. He understood the gesture. "God bless them!" he said, and followed her up the stairs to where the children slept to give their little sleeping faces a fare well kiss.

As he stood by their beds, he heard the horse coming up to the door—the hall door had passed too quickly; but another thought struck him at the last moment. "Don't leave that money down stairs all night, Kate; put it in my dressing room; or stay, put it yonder"—and he pointed to a door partly overhung with a curtain—"that's the safest room in the house. Good-by, my darling; I will telegraph in the morning in time for the postman to bring the message. If I'm not back to-morrow, get Allen and his wife to sleep in the house. God bless you, good by!"

Another moment and he was gone, and Jane and her mistress looked like two very lonely and deserted females, indeed, as they stood peering out into the darkness, listening to the wheels.

"Come, Jane, this will never do," said her mistress at last, wiping some rain-drops and drops of another nature from her face. "Let us see that all the doors and windows are fast! Get your supper, and tell me when you are ready for bed."

Then she herself re-entered the study and sat down to collect her thoughts somewhat, after the hurry and turmoil of the last half hour.

The illness of her father-in-law; would be reluctant at the last and let her husband share his property with his other children? Differences arising out of John Fergusson's marriage with a dowryless woman, fomented by petty family jealousies, strengthened by the independent attitude the young man had assumed—such differences had been after all, the heaviest grief of Mrs. Fergusson's married life. And now she wondered on them, till the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour of ten and startled her out of her meditations.

"This is the night," she thought, "for winding the time piece up, and she sought among the ornaments for the key. In her search she found something she had not expected—this letter, not in an envelope, slipped behind the time piece most likely, as soon as read:

"DEAR SIR:—The sum you name in your letter of the 6th, that is £70, will be remitted to you in the form you request, on Monday the 10th inst. The receipt of Mr. Holland will be quite sufficient. We beg to remain yours obediently,
—WILLIAM AND FRED'S MATHERS,
Managers of the Fordham Savings Bank."

"Oh, John, you careless man!" murmured his wife; and yet you say you never leave anything about! This is the 10th, so that's been lying there three days, I suppose. I'm very glad Sarah has been out most of this time!"

"If you please, I'm going up stairs now, as soon as I've cleared these things away," said Jane, entering with a respectfully aggrieved air, "and glad I shall be to get to bed; for with the night being so rough, and master going off so sulldid, I feel all queer like, and as if I had the cold shivers running down the spine of my back."

When the servant left the room, Mrs. Fergusson, remembering her husband's injunction, took the bags of money from the desk, and carried them to the room he had desired, there locking them securely in a small closet or safe.

This done, she went and stole her youngest born, Ruth, from her little cot and carried her off to her own bed. A lingering good night over her darling, the six year old daughter, whose sweet, tender young face looked wonderfully like her mother's, and soon Kate Fergusson was sleeping by her child, with her husband's likeness under her pillow, and a prayer for his quick return filling even her sleeping thoughts.

It seemed to the mistress of the house that she had slept so long that morning must be near, when she awoke with an inexplicable feeling of fright—a feeling of something or some one near her.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up in the bed, and instinctively catching the sleeping child in her arms. No answer. Only a distinct sound of breathing, and then a movement like a hand feeling along the wall—toward her.

She began to tremble violently; nothing but the presence of the child on her panting bosom saved her from fainting. "Who is it?" she cried, her voice so shaking and hollow that it awakened Ruth who clung to her sleepily and scared. This time she had an answer.

"We will do you no harm," a voice spoke out of the darkness; "if you give up that money you've got," and then, before Mrs. Fergusson could muster courage and breath to speak, another voice, out of the room apparently, added in a rough undertone, "and tell her to look sharp about it, too."

"Two of them! O God help me!" she whispered to herself, and Ruth began to break into screams and sobs.

"Keep that brat quiet!" angrily muttered the voice on the landing, "and don't keep us here all night."

Now a rely, it ever a woman was in a miserable plight Mrs. Fergusson was that woman. Not a house nearer than the Holland's a full quarter of a mile off; no soul near to help her, for Jane who worked hard by day slept hard by night, and slept, moreover, in a queer little room at the very top of the house; all alone—worse than alone, utterly helpless and a woman who confessed to the usual feminine share of cowardice.

Still, she drew her breath, and there flashed from her heart a cry for help; and then for a few brief moments, she thought—thought with all her mind and soul!—was there any way for her out of this?

"Come," said the voice in her own room, "I'm a good-tempered chap enough but my mate's in a hurry; don't provoke him. Look alive, and tell us where to find the swag—money!"

She groaned and shook, and all her limbs turned cold, as the voice drew nearer and nearer; and at the last words a heavy hand was laid upon the bed. Then, further to torment her, came the thought that, once this money were gone, there would be none to meet the people with—the people who had saved it week by week, day by day, all the past year!

Heavy drops ran down her shaking form; her hands turned numb, and her lips clammy and cold, while the beating of her heart was like the quick tolling of a bell—louder, louder, till it deafened her. "I'll find a way to make her speak," said the second voice; "here's another kid in the room." Then in an instant a thin streak of light shot across the landing, and the next—

"Mother, mother, mother!" shrieked Rosie; and at that sound Ruth redoubled her cries, and the unhappy mother sprang up, clasping one child, mad to protect the other.

"Silence, you fool!" said the man beside her, speaking harshly for the first time. "You'll drive that fellow to do the child mischief, if you don't do as I tell you. Keep down won't you?" For she was struggling to pass to get across the room to Rosie—Rosie, whose cries sounded strangely stifled. "Look here, if you don't give up this game, by the Lord, he'll knock you on the head if I don't."

And clasping one wrist like a vice, the man held her fast, while with the other hand he turned on the light from a small lantern slung at his side. She lifted her eyes slowly, as fearing whom she might see; but there was little enough visible of the burglar's face—a wide hat, a thick, reddish beard, and loose, rough gray coat, were all she saw.

"Hush, hush," she murmured to Ruth. "Mother will send them away; don't look at him, and she turned the baby's face towards herself; Rosie, my darling, your mother is coming!" But Rosie did not answer her. "O my God!" she panted, and looked up wildly.

"Mate, said the captor, loud enough for the other man to hear, 'take your hand off that child's mouth if you ain't in a hurry to be strung up.' The strange muffled sounds upon this broke out into the wild cry.

"Oh! mother! mother!"

"Now," said the man, "one good turn deserves another. Your plucky enough for a woman, but I can't waste all the night talking to you;" and then he gave her a look that made her shiver from head to foot anew. "Bundle these two brats of yours, into one bed, and come and get us what we want."

She seemed powerless now, and her very soul faint within her as she crept after the tall dark figure over the landing into Rosie's room.

"Oh, my child!" cried the poor woman, and essayed to turn to the little bed where lay the small figure, pinioned by the heavy grasp of a taller, darker man than her own captor.

"Hands off, missus," growled the jailer.

"Hands off, now! Just put that other one in here along of this one, and I'll take and turn the key on 'em both, while you take us up yonder to what we're lookin' after."

No choice again but to obey: two passionate kisses a low "God keep you;" and between the two men she was marched from the room, followed by the children's pitiful cries, their wild pitiful sobs.

She led them down the first short flight of stairs to the door which, as we have already said, was partly overhung with a curtain. This door opened into a room which had been used by Mr. Fergusson's predecessor as an oratory. The rectory had been built in the time of the late rector, and consequently very much to suit his taste and fancies.

One more peculiarity of the room to note: the doors—for there were two—fastened with a spring on being pushed to, and could only be reopened by a hand accustomed to the task, and they also were furnished with heavy bolts on the outside: one door opened on the landing; the other, a smaller one, in one side of the recess, at the further end led into a bedroom which had been Mr. Fergusson's predecessor's and whence he could go in and out of his favorite oratory at any hour of the day or night, as it pleased him.

Here, as the kitchen clock below struck the hour of three, stood the strange, trio—the muffled, disguised man, the trembling, white faced woman.

But one of them carried a light, the other had left his lantern outside.

"Now," said the darker of the men, "here's the room you say; we can finish this business pretty quick."

The small safe, let into the wall, was directly before them; below it four drawers reached down to the floor; in the lowest of these at the back of it, Mr. Fergusson had laid the key.

She pointed silently to the drawer, which they at once dragged out, with too much strength, for they jerked it quite out on the floor. One of them suddenly turned particular about making a noise, and bade their unwilling helper "shut the door." As she felt the spring catch securely beneath her hand there suddenly flashed upon her a thought—a hope—a way of saving the fatal money.

From the look the men had cast around the room Mrs. Fergusson was sure they knew nothing of their whereabouts.

"Shut the door," the man had said, and never so much as cast a look towards where was the other door, completely concealed in the shadow of the recess.

Every pulse beating wildly, she glanced furtively across the room; through the tall narrow, church-like window yonder she could see a faint thread of light on one side which told her that the further door stood unlatched.

"Oh, Heaven help me give me time!" she prayed; but her hand shook so that it could scarcely obey her quick thought. Another moment and she took her exact position; the men stooping over the keys, the lamp on the floor, and she had done her share over the lamp, darted across the floor, out into the room beyond, and flung to the door with force.

Yet more to be done. She drew the bolts with frenzied speed, above, below—that way was safe; then with the passionate strength of the moment, she sped through the room, out on the landing to the curtained door, and made that fast from without, while the furious captives beat at it from within, ah, then poor thing, her fortitude forsook her, and a thousand fears she had not counted on most cruelly beset her. She slid down a few stairs, clinging to the rail; then losing her hold, fell heavily on the stone floor of the hall below.

Mr. Fergusson had reached his nearest station in safety, had sent back the wraps his careful wife had guarded him with, and started by the ten o'clock train to Fordham.

The train beat on the windows as the train flew along in the darkness, and presently a prolonged whistle told him that they were approaching a certain junction where he would have to wait some ten minutes or so.

Two or three lamps on the platform by which they drew up, showed some few passengers and a couple of sleepy porters. Another train had just come in from an opposite direction from Fordham, now only fifteen miles distant; and some of

its passengers had alighted and were making their way past the line of carriages.

Looking out upon his fellow travelers, without much curiosity or interest, Mr. Fergusson caught sight of a face he little expected to see. Shouting to a porter to open the door of his compartment, he sprang out and grasped the arm of a man very like himself—in fact his own elder brother.

"George," he exclaimed, were you going for me? Is father worse?"

"What on earth do you mean, and wherever did you spring from?" was his answer.

"Oh, George, did you not telegraph me this evening, that my father had just had another fit?"

"Most certainly I did not."

"Oh, my wife, my wife!" said the clergyman; and then he staggered up to a heap of luggage and sat down and hid his face in his hands. His brother saw the matter was serious; so he let his train pass on without resuming his journey, and was soon in possession of all the information John Fergusson could give.

"Porter," he asked, what time does the night mail go through to Wheelborough?"

"At 1.25, sir," answered the man, "reaches Wheelborough at 2.15."

The distance was five and twenty miles; the present time a quarter, or, by the time the explanation was ended, half past eleven.

"No help for it, John; we must wait for the down train; we couldn't pick up a horse, nor yet a pair that would be ready to start this time of night and get to Wheelborough before a quarter past two. Come, old fellow, cheer up; it's no use taking for granted everything you dread!"

But George Fergusson thought in his own mind that matters looked dark enough to justify any amount of fears, and had hard work to find hopeful talk for the next two hours. He tried family matters—anything to pass away the time—in vain; his brother's mind was overflowing with anxiety—his eyes were peering up the line to catch the first glimpse of the approaching train.

At last the shrill whistle, the glaring lights creeping nearer and nearer; the minute's stopping, and then off again homewards!—and he began to dread the moment he longed for.

At Wheelborough the two brothers struck out at once from the station on their five mile walk, and as they left the further outskirts of the town, the church chimed half past two o'clock.

George Fergusson could barely keep up with his brother's rapid stride, and thought him half crazy with excitement when he saw him lightly leap a ditch, and start running across a piece of broken earth.

"George," said the rector, pointing to his own house, not a stone's throw distant, "look at that light!" And through long narrow window of the oratory a light shone plainly.

"Good God, if we're too late!"

The brothers scarcely knew how they covered the remaining distance. A blow at the hall window, and their force at the shutters within and they made good their entrance to see—Kate Fergusson lying senseless on the floor; to hear the wailing and crying of children overhead; and a strange sound of low whisperings and hands cutting away at wood work.

Late, indeed they were, but not too late. An out-door bell, set clanging, soon called ready help from the village, while Jane, already roused by the sounds but too frightened to venture from her room alone, busied herself over her unconscious mistress.

The captives in the oratory fought like cats, and one of them gave George Fergusson a bite in the arm, the mark of which he will carry as long as he lives—that was "Rough Dick," Gentleman Jim!" turned sullen, and submitted to the force of numbers at last with a better grace.

When on their trial, two months later, "Gentleman Jim" paid Mrs. Fergusson several compliments, and assured the judge before whom they were tried, that he esteemed it no disgrace "to have been trapped by such a brick of a woman!"

The gang to which the thieves belonged had received all their information from Sarah's brother, who was a sort of hanger on to their brotherhood, and to whom had been intrusted the sending of the lying telegrams which had so comfortably disposed of the master.

"All's well!" they say "hatends well!" and our tale is no exception to the proverb. It was rather a long getting well, though, in the case of Mrs. Fergusson; still she was her own brave hearted self again by Christmas time; and take note of this, all wives—never did she show her husband the letter she had found; never did she tell him, or any one else, that his bit of carelessness had probably supplied the "correct time" to the intruders.

And for a piece of happiness to end with, though Mr. Fergusson the elder did not have a fit and die, he did have a fit of another kind—of repentance for his prejudice against his daughter-in-law; so he made reparation by a very handsome increase to her income. And as for the rector, after the wild joy of having his wife safe again, he declared his "courtship days" have all returned.

—Horses can't call up old memories like the rest of us, but most of them remember old g'lang syne.

"An Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for a Tooth."

BY W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D.

The above would seem to be the motto of "D. G." in the last DEMOCRAT. Is he a follower of "the weak and lowly Jesus," who wept bitter tears not for "the virtuous and innocent," but for the vicious and guilty. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them. How many times would I have gathered you," &c. With him the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth was a "relief of the dark ages." Did Christ, the incarnate Son of God advocate legal murder? In fact, "D. G." is not your idea of justice, truth, and mercy, a relief of the dark ages? You would strangle to death a poor, erring mortal, who had committed a high crime against society, a victim of circumstances and surroundings, and who you claim is not fit to live. But is he fit to die? You will say give him a chance to repent first, and then iswing him off. And will he be "fit and seasoned for the passage," after burning out the candle of life in the service of the devil, and then blowing the snuff in the Almighty's face? Better advice the closing of the dram shop, and elevating and ameliorating the condition of society by a higher tone of religion, education, morals and surroundings. Is it possible to win man to the precepts of "the blessed Gospel of the Son of God" by violence and blood? So thought those who caused thousands to die on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris in 1572. "For Christ's sake" was their apology. So with those who slaughtered in thirty years one hundred thousand Huguenots, and so thinks "D. G."

I believe that by and through Christ, his precepts, beautiful deeds, and unequalled spirituality, will men escape the evils of social disunity, and be elevated into communion with higher and holier truths. Love was the cure he taught for all the social and moral evils of the human family. Far better than the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth. "He that is without sin among you cast the first stone." I would ask "D. G." is not Christianity, as Christ taught superior to Judaism? Judaism was a temporary dispensation. Taking into consideration the teachings and precepts taught, to my mind, that lone Star of Bethlehem, as an exemplification of a God, has more effulgence than the Judean Sun, who said, "whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."

George W. Pemberton, referred to by "D. G." as the murderer of Mrs. Mary Bingham in East Boston the last of March, has unquestionable vices, and among them an inordinate love for strong drink; this love was without doubt the sole cause of the murder. For several days he had been on a drunk, and had expended all his means to gratify this appetite. He feels that he must have the means for getting more liquid damnation, and in a delirium of drunken frenzy searches for the means. Theft was unquestionably his object when he entered the houses on that fatal afternoon. Seeing the rings on the hands of Mrs. B. he seizes her, in his delirium, throws her down, and to stifle her efforts to give an alarm fills her mouth with gravel—the most available agent near—with no intention of taking her life, but supposing he could get away with his booty before she could clear her mouth and throat and give the cry of stop thief. Her struggles and efforts to scream carried the pebbles and a piece of coal to the throat, and about the time he supposed

ord County.

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GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor & Proprietor.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1874.

Poetry.

There is no Unbelief.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the sod,
Trusts he is God.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever says, "Light breaketh by and by,"
"Baptized heart," "Light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever sees "morn'g dew" on the snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Consents to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever says, "to-morrow," the unknown,
The future—trusts that power alone
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief.
And so by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

Under the Stars.

BY NELLIE M. HUTCHINSON.

O' Night, look down through cloud and star
Upon our feet and pain?
But all the dreams that Day denies
Bloom into faith again!

In tender shades of shadow come
And take Earth's weary children home!
Sweet teacher, wiser than the schools,
Thy speechless lessons bring.

The rebel soul, the aching heart,
The will be broken wing,
Make ready for a stiller night,
And for a deeper Morning Light!

—Harper's Monthly.

Agricultural.

Strikes and Co-operation.

There appears to be a disposition manifested by some to couple strikes with farmers' and mechanics' Co-operative Unions, as though there was a similarity between them and they were actuated and governed by like principles and motives. This will do well enough for the opposers of co-operation to talk to such as are simple enough to believe it, but it is nevertheless unjust and a gross insult to the larger portion of the community, whether they are friends of co-operation or not.

There is no similarity between the two, either in the character of the operators, or design, motive and intention of the operation. Those who institute and organize strikes are comparatively a very small number of individuals, who are subservient to, and dependent on one man, a company of men, or a corporation, to whom they are looking up for the means of acquiring their daily bread. They refuse to labor, that the injured interest of their superiors and masters may prompt them to give them better terms, and enhance their means of support. Industry ceases in the vicinity and wealth decreases.

Is co-operation a just comparison with this state of things? Are the millions of farmers in our nation, who constitute a majority of the population of our country really a body of subservient dependents, looking up to masters and superiors for crumbs of support? dependent on them for the means of a livelihood, and organizing to force their masters to more liberal terms? Do they propose to paralyze the industry of the nation and starve their superiors to bring them to time? Do they not rather propose to throw into the scale of national prosperity the advancement and improvement of the mind and industry made more successful by knowledge derived from social intercourse, experience and exchange of views? Instead of withholding their hands from labor, do they not propose to give a new impetus to industry, by emulating the industrious, and encouraging and assisting each other? Where can we find the similarity between this and a strike?

We can find it in no other light but to look upon farmers as a body of dependent underlings, who must beg, earn, or force favors from their masters or starve. Do those who make the comparison view them in this light?

A better article touching this matter, can scarcely be found than appeared in the DEMOCRAT of Feb. 24. I make the following extract, which is so well said that it will bear repeating:

"The difference between strikes and co-operation is simple but radical. A strike is a combination to obstruct industry.—When it succeeds the house remains unsheltered and unroofed, the bricks lie in the moulds unfinished and unshaped, the fires go out of the furnace, the steam goes out of the boilers, the wheels of mill and factory stand still, stagnation everywhere but in the grog-shop. Co-operation is a combination to promote industry. It adds as an incentive to every man's fidelity a prospective share of the profits. If it succeeds the hammer-blows fall faster on the shingles, the sparks fly merrier from the forge, the fires burn hotter in the furnace, the wheels run their race more rapidly in the shops. Business is dull only in the grog-shops."

N. Paris, April 26, 1875.

Whole Meal of Wheat.

Mr. Editor:
Having used the Graham flour in our family for many years and experimented somewhat to make good bread with it, I will gladly give you and Aunt Prim the benefit of my experience. I have two receipts for bread:

1st. To a cup of soft white bread sponge, add one quart of warm water, two table spoonfuls of molasses, a tea spoonful of salt; mix as stiff as it can be easily stirred with a spoon, let it rise the same as white bread, bake in a slow oven for a long time, according to the size of the loaves. A square pan makes the best loaves.

2nd. Three pints of warm water, one table spoonful of salt, a cup of yeast; mix stiff with a spoon, let it rise over night and bake in a quick oven, the same as white bread.

Never mould Graham as it swells much more than white flour.
It is very nice baked in patty pans for breakfast. It makes nice griddle

cakes if eaten immediately after taking them from the pan, and also in good minute pudding. Neither of the last receipts are good cold. AUNT HANSON.

Mr. Editor:

I have been interested in the articles in the DEMOCRAT on the "Whole Meal of Wheat," and as you have asked for recipes for cooking it, I will send you a little information I have gained from cooking it for more than twenty years.

It can be made in loaves raised with yeast, mixed to a stiff batter and poured in the pan without kneading, or with sour milk and saleratus, and baked in what are called "gem pans," which should be made hot before the dough or batter is put into them. They can be made for dyspeptics with sweet milk or cold water, and put in "gem pans" when very hot, and put in a hot oven.

It is also excellent made in mush and eaten with sugar and cream, milk, or butter and syrup and if there is any left it can be cut in slices and fried in butter for another meal. Care should be taken to have the water boiling when the meal is stirred in, else it will be sticky. It does not require as much cooking as Indian mush.

There are other methods of cooking it with which I am not familiar, such as crackers, pie-crust, &c., but the above are sufficient for common use. Hoping that the time will come when all shall eat wheat meal, I remain yours with respect,

AUNT SALLY.

Shade Trees.

We regard the following, from the N. York Sun, as both sensible and timely.—We wish to say, however, that while there is no doubt as to the importance of planting shade trees, it is very important also not to overlook the necessity of a well defined plan or system—one which will not caricature nature, and cause regret to the intelligent observer:

Farmers hold various and widely different opinions in regard to the value of shade trees upon the farm. Much, however, depends upon a man's early life, associations, and education, all of which have their influence in forming a taste and love for the beautiful in nature or otherwise. Some men can neither see nor admire anything except from a utilitarian point of view, and this perhaps in its most circumscribed aspect; a tree to them being worth only what it will fetch for timber or firewood. These utilitarian notions are far too common in all new countries covered with heavy timber, and the habit which is first formed through necessity becomes so fixed and universal that barrenness of landscape frequently follows, where an opposite result might have been secured without cost to the original owners of the land. The first generation of farmers destroyed that which the next two or three restore only in part and at great expense of time and money. But as these are bygone follies in the older States, we have only to take care of what is left of the old landmarks, and put out new trees whenever they are likely to be valuable or useful; and in doing so the subject of shade trees upon the farm should be considered as carefully as their value as timber, or for the fruit which they may produce.

The contrast between two regions of country, the one with trees judiciously distributed, and the other without them, is sufficient in itself to make any man favor the former. The generally attractive appearance of a country is certainly one of its strong points and mankind cling to things of beauty quite as tenaciously as to those of strict usefulness and intrinsic value. Nomadic races seldom inhabit hilly, mountainous, or wooded countries, for these tend directly to a fixity of purpose, and a love of one spot which we term home. A rock, hill or tree is an object which clings to the memory of both civilized and uncivilized man. This idea may seem somewhat sentimental, but it cannot be denied that it is very potent in its influence upon nations as well as communities.

TREES ABOUT FARM BUILDINGS.

A goodly number of shade trees about the farm buildings add much to the general appearance of the place, as also to the comfort of man and beast during the hot days of summer. But many make the mistake of planting too many large growing trees near their dwellings, which in time exclude both light and air, and cause the building standing in the shade, to become unhealthy. In cold climates deciduous trees should always be preferred to evergreens, when planted in positions likely to shade the house, because it is only in hot weather that shade is desirable, and in winter all the light and solar heat to be obtained are required for both comfort and health. As a rule, we would say, keep all trees of larger growth at least one hundred feet from a dwelling house, using the intervening space as a lawn, in which may be planted small growing trees and shrubs. Evergreen trees should be employed exclusively for ornamentation, or as wind-breaks, but never for shade.

TREES IN PASTURES.

It has been frequently urged that trees in pastures encourages laziness in animals for when such comfortable retreats from the hot sun in summer are at hand, they are likely to tarry too long at these places. While it is true that animal instinct may not be any surer preventative against indiscretions in the dumb brute than in man still we believe that in all ruminants digestion proceeds more regularly when the animal is comfortably at rest, than when subjected to opposite conditions.

Animals appear to be disposed to seek the cool shade of a tree when the heat is oppressive, and it is cruel, to say the least, to deprive them of this comfort.—We have always noticed that animals having a comfortable resting place during the hottest part of the day would feed later at night as well as commence earlier in the morning; consequently, we fail to see wherein shade trees in a pasture are detrimental to good health or the fattening of animals, as is sometimes asserted. There are certainly two sides to this question, but the more humane practice would be to provide shade, to say nothing of appearances.

A wag in "what he knows about farming," gives a very good plan to remove widow's weeds. He says a good looking man has only to say, "wilt thou," and they wilt.

Rheumatism Cured.

CERTAIN

and

POSITIVE.

As a Proof, NOTICE THE RESULTS. CAPTAIN STEVENS OF THE BOSTON LANCET.

Boston, March 9, 1875.

PROF. ALPHONSE MILLER:—My lasting gratitude for the benefit which myself and wife have experienced from the use of the wonderful medicine called the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, for our sufferings from Rheumatism, and regular attacks of inflammatory Rheumatism, and each succeeding attack much more severe than its predecessor, I was so low on several occasions, that my recovery was despaired of. When at last I rallied sufficient to discern what was the cause of my sufferings, I learned that my wife was afflicted with the same fearful disease. A friend learning of our helpless condition, procured for us a bottle of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. By the taking of two doses of this invaluable remedy, we were entirely relieved. I then commenced to take it, and rapidly improved, until in about a week I was completely restored. Since then I have had another attack, and one dose dispelled it. I no longer fear Rheumatism or its baneful effects. About two weeks ago I recommended it to a friend who was likewise suffering, and the result was a certain cure by the use of one bottle. You can use my name either publicly or privately in the interest of suffering mankind. I am willing to be interviewed personally by any one desiring to know the above facts from me, and I feel that I have suffered humbly this truly effective remedy—the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE.

I remain, gratefully yours, T. J. STEVENS.

20 Elm St., Cambridgeport, and 6 Cambridge St., Boston.

The above testimony ought to convince the most skeptical that a sure cure has been discovered in the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE.

The proprietor of this medicine has walked the streets of the hospitals of London, Eng., for the past twenty years, making Rheumatism a specialty, and the prescription from which this remedy is compounded is all he ever used in the treatment of this disease.

In simple cases sometimes one or two doses will cure. In the most chronic cases it is sure to give way by the use of two or three bottles. By this efficient and simple remedy hundreds of dollars are saved to those who are afflicted with this money throwing away. Liniments of all kinds are useless.

Let any sufferer who reads this purchase a small bottle and take it according to the instructions around the package, and it will not take long to convince them that saving doctors' fees is money thrown away. Liniments of all kinds are useless. Price \$1 a bottle.

This medicine is for sale at all Druggists throughout Canada and the United States. If it happens that your Druggist has not got it in stock, ask him to send it to the Wholesale Agents, GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., No. 35 Hanover Street, Boston. SMITH, DOLITTLE & W. WHIPPLE & CO., Market Square, Portland. C. H. MARTIN & CO., 103 Main St., Concord, N. H.

"VEGETINE,"

Says a Boston Physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Having cured many wonderful cases, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory and convinced myself of its genuineness. It is prepared from bark, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

is the great Blood Purifier.

Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.

Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.

Cures the most inextinguishable case of Cancer.

Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.

Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

Cures the most inveterate case of Erysipelas.

Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.

Cures Constipation and regulates the bowels.

Is a valuable remedy for Headache.

Will cure Dyspepsia.

Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

Cures pain in the Side.

Removes the cause of Dizziness.

Removes Fatulence from the Stomach.

Cures Pains in the Back.

Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.

Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.

Is the great remedy for General Debility.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

BLANCHLEY'S

WOUND PUMP is a new and

improved S. T. A. N. D.

and is a case of great

popularity, the best

pump for the least money.

Attention is invited to Blanchley's

Wound Pump, which can be

used without disturbing the

wound, and will last a lifetime. For

sale by Dealers and the Trade generally. In

order to be sure that you get

Blanchley's Pump, be careful and see that it has

the name and address of the agent nearest you, and

be sure that you get the

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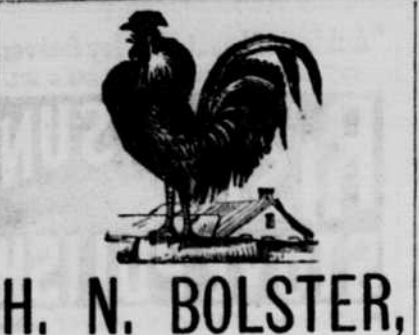
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H. N. BOLSTER,

(MARKET SQUARE.)

SOUTH PARIS,

Takes this method to inform the public that he has decided to continue in trade a few months longer, notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion of a few "speculators," that all middlemen are to be "cleaned out."

As a result of this decision, we have therefore made

Large Additions to Our Stock

of such goods as are needed for the Spring trade, which we shall offer at

Extremely Low Prices.

We have now in Stock, a good line of

CASHMERES, MOHAIRS, ALPACAS,

POPLINS, ALPACA LUSTRES,

CAMBRICS, GINGHAMS,

and PRINTS; Also,

DRAP D'ETE, for

Ladies' Over-

garments.

A large stock of

WOOLENS,

for Gent's and Boy's wear.

HATS & CAPS,

a fresh stock of Spring Styles, NOBBY

and CHEAP.

All sorts and sizes of

Boots & Shoes

for Ladies, Misses, Gents, Boys, and

everybody else.

Also

An abundant supply of

Crockery, Glass &

Stoneware.

which we can and will sell at less than

city prices.

Also,

a full line of

GROCERIES,

Flour, Seeds, Lime,

Bradley's Ex L

Super-phos-

phate of

Lime,

&c.

(The Best in the Market.)

Now, one word as to terms, &c.

We do not pretend to claim that we

can sell goods at retail at less prices than

we can buy for at wholesale. We do

claim, however, that we will sell our

goods at a very small margin of profit,

and we will prove our words by our

works. We are also well aware of the

fact that "times are hard" money "close"

and hard to get; therefore, we very much

prefer to sell our goods for Cash, deeming

it better for ourselves and also better for

our customers, when it can possibly be

done; and as an inducement to custom-

ers to adopt the rule of Cash Payment on

delivery of goods, we shall, on and after

May 1st, 1875, make a discount of five

per cent. on all goods sold for cash, ex-

cepting only a very few articles of trade

that are now sold as low as they possibly

can be.

We shall endeavor to verify the fact

that, "a nimble sixpence is better than a

slow shilling."

In closing, we will simply say, that we

shall ever endeavor to extend to all of our

patrons, kindly courtesy, fair and square

dealing, and all reasonable accommoda-

tion. We most cordially invite all to call

and examine our goods and try our

prices; and in order to get low prices,

and five per cent. off for cash, all the

"card" that we shall require them to pre-

sent, will be "greenbacks," and no matter

who brings them; for we believe that one

man's money is worth as much as the

money of any other man.

H. N. BOLSTER.

South Paris, April 26, '75.

3m



THE GREAT

English Remedy,

The Cordial Balm of Sy-

ricum and Tonic Pills.

Nervous Debility.

However obscure the causes may be which con-

tribute to render nervous debility a disease so

prevalent, affecting, as it does, nearly one half of

our adult population, it is a melancholy fact that

day by day, and year by year, we witness a most

tragic increase of nervous affections from the

slightest neuralgia to the more grave and extreme

forms of

Nervous Prostration.

It is of the highest importance, then, that indi-

viduals should be able to judge for themselves the

functions of nature, hence, there is a disordered

state of the secretions; constipation, scanty and

high-colored urine, with an excess of early or

lumpy sediment, indicative of waste of brain and

nerve substance, frequent palpitations of the heart,

loss of memory, and a general exhaustion of the

system, and inability to carry into action any well

defined business enterprise, or to fix the mind up-

on any one thing any length of time. There is no

great sensitiveness to impressions, though re-

ceived in a short time, with a flickering and flut-

tering condition of the mental faculties, rendering

an individual what is commonly called a "whiffle

mind," or "fickle-minded man." There must of

necessity be in such a case a general exhaustion of

the system, and a general exhaustion of the

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