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Poetry.

An Early Poem by Edgar Allan Poe.

[The following verses, never before published, were written in the album of a Baltimore lady by Edgar A. Poe, at the age of 19, shortly after he left West Point in 1822. They are given in fac-simile in Scribner for September.]

From childhood's hour I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow—I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone—
And all I loved—I loved alone.
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life—was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds us still,
From the torrent or the fountain—
From the red cliff of the mountain—
From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying by—
From the thunder and the storm—
And the cloud that took the form
Of a dream in my view.

Selected Story.

LUMLEY'S PARDNER.

I have forgotten the name he brought with him from the States, for nobody ever called him anything else but "Lumley's Pardner."

We miners have a familiar knack of re-christening, and a name once altered sticks to a man as long as he sticks to the mines; so, even after Lumley had thrown up his claim and left the diggings, a good three years ago, Lumley's Pardner still remained, a finger post to trace the distance back. After all, John Jones, or Lumley's Pardner, what mattered it, in that doubtful tide of immigration setting in toward the wild regions, where the first confidential question after intimacy seemed to warrant the liberty, was invariably, "Say Comrade, what was your name before you came here?"

You see, I knew Lumley's Pardner when he first came into the mines. I was up at Wood's Diggings at the time he and a party of two or three more came around prospecting. I remember I thought what a fine stalwart fellow he was, straight as a young pine tree, and no foolishness about him either, for he had been roughing it a year or two down on the Texas border. I never saw the boys more down right pleased over a new comer than when he bought a claim and went in with us. He was not a man to talk much about himself, nor one you would feel free to question; but there was honest, square dealing looking out of his clear gray eyes, for all the trouble and unrest laid up behind them.

Lumley was no different a man as could be. I have often noticed that men take to unlikes in mating among themselves, as well as in choosing mates for life. He came into the diggings a week or so later, and they some how fell in together. Lumley was what you might call an extra clever fellow. He looked scarcely more than a boy—these fair skinned people never show their age—with his handsome womanish face, bright blue eyes, and trim build figure; but he had confidence until you could not rest, plenty of the gift of gab, and a something about him—I believe people call it magnetism; at least, when you were with him you believed just as he did, and then wondered at yourself afterward for doing it.

Lumley always had a knack of twisting folks round his little finger, for all that the lines of firmness were quite lacking about his mouth. Lumley's Pardner, now, with his close set lips and square, massive jaw—you might as well hope to move a mountain as him against his will. He would be strong to do or to bear; you could easily see that.

I do not know as it was exactly fair! I never meant to eaves drop, but it happened in this wise; one night I went into Lumley's shanty—it was amazing strange how soon his name got tacked to everything—to see about a broken pick he wanted mended. I used to do the smithing in those days. As I opened the door, I saw there was no one in, and being tired with my day's work, I dropped down on a log just outside, lit my pipe, and sat leaning back against the pine boards waiting for Lumley to come back. I guess I must have got drowsy and fallen asleep, for the first thing I heard was voices, and Lumley's Pardner speaking out bitter and short, in a way we seldom heard him speak.

"I reckon it's of no use to ask if there's any letters come to my name," he said. "There's no one to write to me."

I rubbed open my eyes and saw two gleams of light streaming out through the open door and the one loop hole of a window, and then I knew that Lumley and his mate must have passed me by and never seen me in the twilight. Raising myself up, I saw Lumley through the window, sitting down to the pine table, beside a tallow dip, with two or three letters lying before him, and one open in his hand. Then it flashed across my mind that one of the boys from a camp beyond had gone in to the station and was due with the mail that night.

Lumley's Pardner sat over the far side of the table with a gloomy look in his eye. Being in the same boat myself, I knew how lonesome it was never to have

news from home, and wondered to myself how a manly, fine-looking fellow like him, should be without a wife or sweetheart waiting with a woman's pride in him, somewhere.

Lumley was busy reading his letters and I thought I had better stay outside. He was that intent at first, that he seemed not to have heard the other's words, but after a moment he lifted his face with one of the proud bright looks that were Lumley's own. "Ay, comrade!" he cried, cheerily; "and don't tell me it isn't all your own fault. Don't dare to envy me my wife and child."

There was no reply; but looking over, I saw such a bitter, sorrowful look on the face of Lumley's Pardner, that, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I stood and watched and pitied him. I heard Lumley read aloud; words of love and trust, watching and waiting, and of happiness for him and the child. I saw his face as he read. He might be a weak man, but he loved the woman and the child. From the last there dropped out a *carte de visite*. Lumley caught it up with boyish eagerness.

"Old pard," he cried, "you shall see Lumley's Pardner. Here they are—Lumley and the boy."

He tossed the picture across the table. The other picked it up. I saw a man die once, stabbed through the heart. Just such a look came into the face of Lumley's Pardner, as he glanced at that picture in his hand. Lumley, bending over his letter, never saw it. When he had finished reading, he held out his hand. The other did not even raise his eyes, but kept them fixed on what he had.

"I too once thought to have a wife and child," he muttered presently, less to Lumley than to himself.

The words, following that look, were a whole book of revelation to me. Happily, Lumley did not notice. His face showed some surprise, mingled with that placid satisfaction the successful man always wears.

"Ah!" he returned, shaking his head knowingly, "is that the way the land lies? I knew you were always close mouthed, but a disappointment—I never suspected that. Sue, whoever she was, had precious bad taste when she looked the other way!" and he ran his eye admiringly over the other's splendid proportions and manly, handsome face.

"Sue never refused me," broke in Lumley's Pardner, in a low, smothered tone, his eyes still fastened intently on the picture. "I never asked her, but she knew my mind, and I thought I knew hers. I was sure she would wait for me until I came back. It was for her I went away."

"But you wrote to her?" questioned Lumley, with genuine interest.

"Not a word—not a line. I am a poor scribe. But she knew me well enough to need no written assurance of my intentions. Every day would be lived for her. There could be no doubt of that in her mind."

Lumley made a hasty gesture of dissent. "And there, old man, was precisely where you failed to connect! It don't do, you know, for women to take too much for granted. They like to be well fortified, and then you are the surest to win it you take them by storm. Why, my Lumley—"

"She don't look as though she ever walked over a true heart with her dainty feet, and that glad little smile just curling her lips!" broke in Lumley's Pardner, his white face still bent on the picture of his lost words.

"Lumley is truth itself," answered Lumley, quickly. "She never loved anybody but me. To be sure she had admirers—how could she help that and be what she is?—but she loves me truly. You can see it in her eyes!"

Lumley's Pardner turned deathly pale. He caught the table by one hand, as if to steady himself, and fairly hurled the picture across to Lumley. It missed its mark and fell to the floor. As he saw it fall, all the fierceness died out of his eyes, and a frightened look crept into them.

"Pick her up," he said, with timid apprehension, as though it were a human being to whom, in a moment of passion he had committed some act of violence. "I didn't mean to do that—poor little mother!—that last word seemed to give him a stronger looking with himself. 'I was thinking how my wife married another man, and never let me know.'"

"Come, come, old man, don't take it so to heart," said Lumley, soothingly. "There'll be a pleasant home, a dear little woman, and bright-eyed children in the future for you yet."

"Never!"

Lumley's Pardner brought down his fist like a sledge-hammer; then he leaned forward in his seat, with a feverish eagerness in his manner which he tried hard to keep out of his voice.

"Tell me, how would you have given up your Lumley?"

Lumley laughed with easy, careless good nature. "You put me in a tight place," he said. "But, supposing the case, the first question I should ask would be: Did she go over to the enemy's camp—in other words forsake me for an old rival?"

"N-o-o?" answered Lumley's Pardner, slowly. "It was some one I had never seen. I've nothing agin the man."

"Why, then," went on Lumley—"truth cuts hard, old fellow—I think it was your fault and not the girl's. It's a man's privilege to speak his mind; and a woman's destiny to fold her hands and wait. She

can never be quite sure unless he has spoken out. Then, perhaps another, who has learned to love her, does speak; she feels the need of love in her life; women as often marry to be loved, as because they love. Then, instead of wasting her life for that which may never come to her, she takes up the fate lying at her feet. Does she go very much astray?"

Lumley's Pardner dropped his head upon his breast. "Poor girl! I never thought of that," he said.

I do not know just how it was that I remembered all the words so plain.—There was no more said, and, feeling guilty-like for stealing a mate's secret which was not meant for me to know, I crept to my shanty, bunked in, and let the broken pick lie over until morning.

I always felt sorry for Lumley's Pardner after that.

Well, for a time things went on in the old way. Then Lumley's Pardner came down with with mountain-fever, and Lumley nursed him through it. He was as tender as a woman, was Lumley.—When I used to drop in of nights, occasionally, to lend a hand at watching, the sick man's eyes would follow him about the room, in a helpless, beseeching way, that was painful to see.

It was only the ghost of Lumley's Pardner that got up from it, but the two were always a nigher together after that.

When Lumley got back to the claim, and Lumley's Pardner was just able to crawl about, they came into a wonderful streak of luck. Lumley struck into a big pocket, and there they were, in the turn of a die, rich men. Mining, after all, is a game of chance—you buy your ticket, but it does not always win; there are plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not matter the exact amount this prize netted, if I had remembered it, Lumley was jubilant over his "pile," anxious to sell out, and leave the mines; so nobody was surprised when his partner bought him out for a good round sum, saying, in his quiet way, that he guessed he'd stay and see the thing through.

It was very quiet in camp the morning that Lumley went away. The boys were sorry to lose him, for he had not only but well wishers among us.

Well, six months went by, and then came a little white letter, "scribbled" in a dainty woman's hand to Lumley's Pardner. The man trembled all over like a leaf when it was put into his hand, took it into his cabin, and shut fast the door. Within the next half-hour he came out again in a desperate hurry, saddled his mule, and rode off down the trail.

"Unexpected business!" was his hasty explanation. Could not say how soon he might be back.

The news came to us at last by a party of traders, stopping to noon in camp. Then I knew what those marks of weakness about his mouth stood for; Lumley had never left the city at all! He had sat down to the gaming table one night, and gotten up from it the next morning poorer than he had come into the mines. He had first won, then lost, and lost and won again; and then that last total blank stared him in the face.

Lumley could never give up at that. He must win it all back! Luck was surely in store for him yet! He haunted the gaming halls, playing recklessly, desperately, so long as he could win enough to keep the ball rolling; pawning his watch, his ring, even his clothing when other resources failed.

So Lumley's Pardner found him—heavy eyed, with a seedy flashiness in his dress, marks of dissipation on his fair, womanish face—a pretty nearly played-out individual.

The blood rushed all over his face, for the manliness yet left him could but feel the shame of that meeting. But there was no backing out now. Lumley's Pardner took him to one side.

"I've heard of you, old man," he said in his matter-of-fact way, "and I've come to see you out of this." How much do you say will clear you up, and have a trifle ahead?"

Lumley never raised his eyes.

"Old Pard," he answered, choking up, "you're a better friend than I deserve. Don't ask me to take anything from you. I went in with my eyes open, and, thank you for all the same, I'll have nobody's help out."

Lumley's Pardner laid a broad hand on each of the pitifully drooping shoulders.

"Old man, when that fever had me down I'd have gone under if it hadn't been for you. So help me God! I'd rather have died than have taken what I did at your hands. Do you dare deny me it his small return, now?" What a paltry sum of money between you and me, and "little mother" waiting at home?"

So night after night, as Lumley played, there stood Lumley's Pardner looking on, with never a word of that little white letter, his answering message, or the two passengers on board an ocean steamer bound for California.

Despite Lumley's hopefulness, luck never turned. It was the same feverish unrest and tedious waiting, the sense of degradation by day, and at night the brilliantly lighted gambling-hell, the excitement, the fascination trembling between hope and uncertainty, the frequent potations to steady his shaking nerves, and, as the night wore on, uncertainty deepening into a failure and disappointment; and each morning Lumley's Pardner led him slowly and silently away, until, time wearing on, brought at last this appeal:

"For God's sake, old man, when will you let up?"

"So help me heaven, as soon as I get back two thousand dollars, I swear never to touch cards or dice again."

And Lumley was dead in earnest this time. Still, he would accept nothing from his partner.

The night the Ocean Belle was signaled into port, Lumley's Pardner beckoned "Monte Bill" aside (I reckon you have heard of Monte Bill, the best braced dealer and short card player west of the old Mississippi), and some secret understanding passed between them.

In the midst of a game Lumley's Pardner left his post, which was some thing unusual, passing Monte Bill on his way to the door. It was not generally noticed, but as he passed he dropped a small compact package into the gambler's hand; then slouching his *sombrero* over his eyes, he left the hall.

Pausing in the street, Lumley's Pardner looked anxiously down. It would have been dark but for the street lamps, for it was full two hours to moonrise; but down by the wharf shone out the first gleam of a new signal-light, which, poised at mast-head, glowered through the dark, like the fiery eye of a gigantic Cyclops; the Ocean Belle was in. Ten minutes later, pushing his way through the bustling crowd that thronged the deck, he hurried across the plank and made his way straight to the cabin.

The past seemed all a dream, as he stood again with wildly beating heart before a once familiar form—familiar still, though bearing the maturer crown of motherhood. Her face was even fairer than of old, blushing with its own wild-rose tints of loveliness, her soft eyes shining up in glad expectation. The broad *sombrero*, slouched over his forehead, shaded his features. She saw only bronzed cheeks and a strong brown beard. The tremor in his voice might have meant diffidence.

"Pardon me, Madam, you are—I believe—that is to say—I am Lumley's Pardner."

She held out a white hand cordially. "And my husband?"

"Is well. I am to take you to him." He took timidly the hand she extended, awkwardly the little woman thought, and then let it go.

"Give me the child."

He took the sleeping boy in his arms, and so burdened piloted the way to a carriage waiting close beside the wharf. Putting her inside, he laid the child gently, almost reverently upon her lap.

"We're to drive round and take up Lumley. It is only a few minutes ride."

One last searching glance from under the protecting *sombrero*, and he closed the carriage-door, mounting to his place beside the driver.

Only enough, Lumley had just finished a winning game with Monte Bill when Lumley's Pardner came hurriedly in. As he slipped quietly back to his post, Lumley sat eyeing the "pile"—25 hundred dollars. He put out his hand to rake it up, paused, drew it back, picked up the cards, and began to shuffle for another stake; not that he had forgotten his oath, or the woman and child he loved, but a long way ahead of anything else was the thought that luck had turned—that he had only to follow it up to win back all his past. Lumley stooped to whisper in the ear:

"You'd better throw up the game. The 'little mother' and your boy are waiting here, outside."

Lumley started—half-rose to his feet, looked up into his partner's face, then at the cards, then at the door, then wistfully back upon the cards and the gold. As with a heavy sigh he sank into his seat again, Lumley's Pardner, dashing the cards from his hands, raked up the stakes and forced the money into Lumley's pocket.

"How long will you keep your wife and child waiting alone, at night, in a strange city, before the door of a gambling house?"

The thrust struck home. Like a man awakening from a dream, Lumley sprang up, crushed on his hat, and flew to the door.

Once in the little woman's arms, he was safe. Lumley's Pardner knew him well enough to be sure of that. He never followed him, but slipped out at the side door, and the next day saw him back in camp, a trifle pale, and sterner than was his wont, but the clear gray eyes dauntlessly honest and brave.

I Wonder Why.

I wonder why
The white clouds stay up in the sky!
The birds light low that fly so fast;
The downy thistle falls at last;
But the fair clouds are always high.
I wonder why!

I wonder how
The little bird clings to its bough!
Sometimes at night when I awake
And hear the tree-tops moan and shake,
I think, "How sleep the birds now?"
I wonder how!

I wonder why
We leave the fair earth for the sky!
I wish that we might always stay;
That the dear Lord might come some day,
And make it heaven! Yet we must die.
I wonder why!

—St. Nicholas.

Farragut at Ten.

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was a owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treasure of Barr. I accompanied him as a cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of the dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door and said to me:

"David, what do you intend to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea! Yes, he a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter deck and command as you do."

"No, David, no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you become a man."

My father left me and went on deck. I was stung by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. "A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital!" That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it now. I will never utter an oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble. And, as God is my witness, I have kept those vows to this hour."

Sleep, and How to Produce It.

I have no hesitation in saying that the proper thing to do is to go to sleep immediately (or at least very soon) after the meal of the day. All animals always go to sleep, if they are not disturbed, after eating. This is especially noticeable in dogs; and the great John Hunter showed by an experiment that digestion went on during sleep more than when the animal was awake and going about. This is his experiment: He took two dogs and gave them both the same quantity of food.—One of them was allowed to go to sleep; the other was taken out hunting. At the end of three or four hours he killed both of these dogs. The food in the stomach of the dog which had been asleep was quite digested; in that of the one which had been hunting the food was not digested at all.

This fact, I think, shows the advisability of going to sleep immediately after eating. This ignored fact always occurs to my memory when I see old gentlemen nodding over their wine. Nature says to them: "Go to bed." They will not go to bed; but still nature will not allow her law to be broken, so she sends them to sleep sitting in the chairs. People, therefore, who feel sleepy after dinner, ought to dine late, and go straight to bed when a sleepy feeling comes over them.

Most good folks, however, do the worst possible thing imaginable; they retire altogether into the drawing room, and then, to make matters worse, they drink tea and coffee. I regard tea and coffee when taken at night, to be poison to certain constitutions. It is very well in the morning, but it is very bad at night. The reason why tea and coffee should not be taken at night is that the one contains an alkaloid called theine and the other contains an alkaloid called caffeine. These two alkaloids, taken into the system, stimulate the brain and do not allow it to go to rest. I speak of this from experience. If I take, thoughtlessly, a cup of tea or coffee after five o'clock in the evening, going to bed about eleven, I cannot go to sleep, the alkaloid will wake me up in about an hour or two. Sleeplessness, therefore, is usually caused by tea or coffee, though strange to say that tea and coffee actually send some people into sound slumber.—*Land and Water.*

Short Hints Concerning Sickness.

Don't whisper in the sick-room.

When the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough.

When you are sitting up at night with a patient, be sure to have something to eat.

Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them that their sufferings are imaginary. They may even times know best what they need.

Never deceive a dying person unless by the doctor's express orders. It is not only wrong to allow any soul to go into eternity without preparation, but how can you tell but that he has so: either he ought to tell or do before he goes away?

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is so tired of staring.

Don't have needless conversations with the doctor outside of the sick-room.—Nothing will excite and irritate a nervous patient sooner. If you do have such conversations, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

In lifting the sick, do not take them by the shoulders and drag them up on to the pillows, but get some one to help you.—Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite, then join hands under the shoulders and hips and lift steadily and promptly together. This method is easy for those who lift, and does not disturb the one who is lifted.

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again.—Strength does not come back in a moment and the days when little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.—*Home and Society.* Scribner for September.

A Tale of Muhlbach's.

A boy in St. Louis was recently presented with a jack-knife, and with which, boylike he cut and marked everything that came in his way from the dining-room table to the cat's tail. A few days after he had become the happy possessor of the knife, his father was startled by seeing two men bringing home the young hopeful in a very dilapidated condition. His face seemed to be cut and bruised and covered with blood. The father, of course, was very much alarmed and inquired of the boy who hit him. "Nothing didn't hit me, sir," the boy answered between his sobs; "it was only a mule kicked me in the eye." "A mule kicked you in the eye, eh?" replied the father. "Haven't I told you a thousand times or more that mules and gunpowder were not fit things for boys to fool with? What were you doing to the mule?" "I wasn't foolin' with 'em at all," said the boy; "I was only trying to cut my name on his back."

Not My Place.

A dispute having long existed in a gentleman's family between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one morning called them before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the greater part of the morning, and yet was so ill-natured that he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do as not to have a moment to spare. The coachman alleged that it was not his business.

"Very well, said the master; 'but pray what do you call your business?'"

"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," replied he.

"You say right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

The coachman and the maiden soon after came to terms.—*Once a Week.*

Female Education.

A writer in *Blackwood's* says: "The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The slipshod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretence and hollowness is an inexcusable theme, and indeed, there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school-books of the past with any paper on teaching addressed to the young women of the present—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their finger ends, with the ignorance of accidental picking up of knowledge which was once the women's main chance of acquirement and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors, they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly; and, as their subjects of interest become more profound, as science and art open their stores to them, their vocabulary should meet the need at once more accurate, more copious, more felicitous. We put it to our world of readers—is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers? Do they express their acquirement and their notions more clearly in this an aim? Are they taught to do this by their sex, who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood thing that three or four epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms, which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation, pass unproved?"—*Pen and Plover.*

Newspaper Decisions.

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

Local Agents.

The following persons are authorized Agents for the OXFORD DEMOCRAT. They will accept for cash and attend to orders for Job Work, Advertising, and to any other matters which subscribers may desire.

(Every Postmaster in Oxford County.)

Albany, J. H. Lovell; Andover, F. A. Bodwell; Bethel, Foster & Hersey, E. W. Woodbury; Bowdoin, J. S. Pink; Buckfield, J. H. DeCarter, W. Atwood; Fryeburg, A. F. Lewis, B. W. McKee; Gilead, Thos. Wright, A. J. Blake; Gorham, Benj. Brooks; Greenwood, C. Coffin; Hallowell, A. K. Knapp; Hiram, A. G. Whitman; Hiram, L. A. Whitworth; Madison, G. A. Brown; Mexico, H. W. Park; Oxford, J. C. Lockwood, G. E. Hawkes; Peru, A. L. Haines; Porter, F. W. Reardon; Isle La Poudre, Ramford, W. A. Abbott, E. H. Hutchins; Sweden, H. Sanders; S. Waterford, J. M. Shaw; Woodstock, O. C. Houghton; Franklin & Milton Plantations, T. H. Thornton.

Agents will deposit their commission before sending money to this office.

The Election.

The State election of Maine has come and gone, and the result is not particularly startling, or unexpected, or gratifying, or satisfactory to Republican nerves. That it has not been more favorable to the Democrats is astonishing under the circumstances. Where there has been a few real reasons for dissatisfaction among the people at the conduct of public affairs, and where there has been such a persistent presentation of imaginary and exaggerated falsehoods,—personal, political and administrative—as have appeared in the central secession organs who have controlled this campaign it seems impossible, that the people—intelligent as we believe them to be—should have seen through the disguised wolves in sheep's clothing and retained and proclaimed in these hard times, their political faith and integrity in Republicanism.

This election is a grand illustration of the intelligence of the people of Maine. It shows the power of virtue and education among the masses. It is a recent and satisfactory development of common school education, and the outgrowth of good judgment, discretion and discrimination. Hard as the times are—the terrible result of war and an inflated currency and depression caused by panic and speculation—the people could not be induced to forsake their old time friends whose patriotic services had saved the country under the most trying circumstances, and betake themselves under the specious yet captivating cry of "reform" to those who in a crisis of danger and ruin were ready to throw their country overboard. All honor to the Republican hosts who embraced republican principles for their intrinsic value; and who have stood up like noble freemen and good citizens for a righteous cause.

It is with no little satisfaction that we find the County of Oxford, on the gubernatorial vote, fully up to every reasonable expectation. As a County she has proved firm and faithful. It is a matter of regret that some of the candidates for County officers, should have received the cold shoulder; for it is believed the entire ticket was worthy of the support of every Republican, and which, if elected, would have been an honor to the County.

The reasons why the Republican vote has been reduced at this election are perfectly obvious. The Republicans did not organize efficiently. They relied upon their known strength and former prestige. They let the newspapers do the work with the addition of a few meetings and a small amount of speaking. If they had organized as in a Presidential year they would have carried the State by 15000 majority.

Then, again the Democrats organized efficiently, thoroughly, secretly. They issued a circular in military style and language signed by their candidate for Governor, calling on their own ranks and all the disaffected from every cause and from all quarters to rally to the standard of the meaneast political ring ever formed in Maine, headed by Marcellus Emery, E. F. Phillips, Dr. Fane, Roberts & Co. If the Republicans can carry Maine by 5,000 under such circumstances, she can carry it by 20,000 whenever she will take the trouble to put forth her strength and wake up. This election is a good warning. If its lesson is studied, appreciated and met in the right spirit, the Republicans can bury all the political lies and liars in Maine, and bury them, next time as deep as they have prayed that their old and former principles might be buried—so deep indeed that no resurrection could find them.

New York Democratic Convention.

The Democracy of New York met in Convention last week, and placed their candidates on a hard money platform; and declared themselves in favor of specie payment, favoring and sustaining the policy of the Republican party. This action is entirely contrary and in opposition to the course pursued by the Democrats in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Both of these great States have declared for inflation and for the repeal of the National Banking Law and for more irredeemable currency—more forced loan and more depreciation and fluctuation.

On this great question of sound currency and national good faith and honor it is a matter of rejoicing to see the Democrats take a stand, at once so important, so necessary, and so just. The Democrats of the South favor more greenbacks. Many of those of the West favor the same heresy. The action of New York will have a tendency to stay the tide of dishonesty and repudiation. If Democracy could have its way, its doctrines as held in the South and West would control the party in spite of New York and the extreme east and the extreme west. At present it is gratifying to note that the tide of inflation is obstructed by one of the most powerful and populous States, in its party action.

The Press on the Election.

The Portland Press (Rep.) says of the election returns:

"They tell their own story. In localities a large vote has been polled, while in others there has been little interest on the part of the Republicans. On the other hand there has been a quiet but persistent effort on the part of the Democratic leaders to bring out a full Democratic vote. So far as the Democracy is concerned, the result indicates the power of organization as a means to secure a full vote. In this the Republicans have failed the past three years, reserving their efforts for the Presidential year.

We have not time to comment upon a result which is not at all gratifying and which is somewhat different from what we anticipated. At another time shall notice at length the causes which have led to a reduction of our majority and to the apparent partial success of the Democratic party in Maine. Suffice it to say that the lesson is a timely one if properly heeded."

The Portland Argus (Dem.) is in a jubilant frame of mind, and brings out its flags and roosters. It says:

"The result has exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine. Not one had a thought that the Democracy would carry the State, and the sole object of the campaign has been to reduce the Republican majority so as to show that the sentiment of the honest and thinking mass of Maine voters is opposed to the system of bribery and corruption which has so long ruled the country."

The Augusta Kennebec Journal (Rep.) says:

"The result of our State election yesterday is not quite up to our anticipations, nevertheless we have elected Gen. Connor by a handsome majority and have a large majority in both branches of the Legislature. It is evident from the increased vote of the Democracy that though their canvass was quiet it was busy and vigorous, and it is also evident that the Republicans depended upon carrying the State as usual, and there being no special excitement to arouse them, were rather indifferent and careless, except in certain localities.

The slight reduction of the Republican majority is no evidence that the Republican party has weakened in the regard of the people, but rather that the Democracy have taken advantage of the off year and the apathy which attends it. Next year the times will be squarely drawn between the two parties, and the Republicans of Maine will be out in full strength."

Concerning the Democratic view of the result of the Maine election the New York Evening Post of Tuesday says:

"They would fall into a grievous error if they should regard their gain in Maine as a license to do what they please with the politics of the country or a guaranty of success with any candidates, and upon whatever declaration of principles. There was no question of national concern between the two parties in Maine. In respect to the most important subject now before the people, finance and the currency, Democrats and Republicans were agreed. If the Ohio inflation platform had been adopted in Maine, as it has been in Pennsylvania, Tuesday's returns would have told a different story; and if the inflationists should control the Democratic Presidential Convention and nominate their own devising, the Democrats would lose more next year in Maine than they have gained there just now."

Election Returns.

We have received full returns from Oxford County, save the towns of Grafton and Upton, and the plantations. Thus far the vote for Governor stands:

Connor, 3,590

Roberts, 3,213

Connor's Majority 287

The candidates for the other County offices received votes similar to the Governor except those for Register of Deeds and County Commissioner.

For Register of Deeds the vote stands:

Green, 2,331

Ellis, 2,299

Green's Majority 32

The towns and plantations heard from will cast a Democratic majority of 34, making Green's majority reach 66.

For County Commissioner the vote stands:

Hastings, 3,389

Chapman, 3,234

Hastings's Majority 155

This, with the majority of 34 from the plantations, gives him the election by 189 votes.

There was some strange turning in towns. Hiram made a gain of 22 votes, giving Connor 57 majority against 35 for Dingley, last year.

Porter nearly reversed its vote giving 93 for Connor and 128 for Roberts, against 123 for Dingley and 88 for Titcomb last year.

Representatives have been elected from the several districts by the following majorities:

Paris, Samuel B. Locke 50

Buckfield, Jason Farrar 26

Peru, William Woodsum 17

Waterford, Alfred S. Kimball 301

Hiram, Peter B. Young 105

Rumford, Henry M. Colby 55

Bethel, Pickney Burnham 79

Fryeburg, Oliver Allen 149

Lovell tied on its Representative vote.

The plantations are yet to be heard from in the Bethel district, which will reduce Burnham's majority to about 50.

The Summer district, which last year went Democratic by a large majority has been this year reclaimed. It had not been for the wonderful turnover in Porter, we should have sent but one Democrat to the Legislature, and that from a Democratic district. As it is we gain one Representative.

There is no great Democratic victory in this County.

BANGOR.—A special from Houlton to the Whig and Courier says Madigan's majority in the French towns and plantations is 582. His majority in all Aroostook county will be from 400 to 500. This leaves Plained full 1000 majority in the district.

General Plained having been elected to Congress, the office of Attorney Gen'l becomes vacant. We learn that Hiram Knowlton of Portland, and L. A. Emery of the Ellsworth American are candidates for the place.—Farmer.

—Hon. Carl Schurz is soon to speak for the Republicans in Ohio. And so they one by one come back to the fold.

Town Votes.

BROWNFIELD.

Connor 93 Roberts 165
Swasey 93 Cox 165
Wadsworth 93 Walker 165
Walker 93 Frye 165
Wright 93 Cole 165
Chapman 93 Hastings 165
Cushman 93 Smith 165
Locke 90 Hutchins 165

CANTON.

Connor 101 Roberts 113
Swasey 125 Cox 110
Wadsworth 100 Walker 89
Walker 101 Frye 113
Wright 101 Cole 113
Chapman 101 Hastings 113
Cushman 101 Smith 113
Ellis 145 Green 66
Woodsum 99 Stowe 108

1 scattering for Register of Deeds.

DENMARK.

Connor 104 Roberts 155
Swasey 104 Cox 155
Wadsworth 104 Walker 155
Walker 104 Frye 155
Wright 104 Cole 155
Chapman 104 Hastings 155
Cushman 104 Smith 155
Young 100 Allen 159

DIXFIELD.

Connor 74 Roberts 131
Swasey 71 Cox 132
Wadsworth 74 Walker 132
Walker 74 Frye 132
Wright 74 Cole 132
Chapman 74 Hastings 132
Cushman 74 Smith 132
Ellis 61 Green 139
Colby 73 Reed 132

FRYEBURG.

Connor 175 Roberts 153
Swasey 174 Cox 153
Wadsworth 173 Walker 153
Walker 181 Frye 145
Wright 175 Cole 145
Chapman 148 Hastings 181
Cushman 175 Smith 153
Locke 195 Hutchins 131

GRAFTON.

Connor 9 Roberts 6
Swasey 9 Cox 6
Wadsworth 9 Walker 6
Walker 9 Frye 6
Wright 9 Cole 6
Chapman 7 Hastings 6
Cushman 6 Smith 6
Ellis 6 Green 6
Burnham 9 Grover 6

HARTFORD.

Connor 87 Roberts 78
Swasey 87 Cox 78
Wadsworth 87 Walker 78
Walker 87 Frye 78
Wright 87 Cole 78
Chapman 87 Hastings 78
Cushman 87 Smith 78
Ellis 81 Green 72
Woodsum 88 Stowe 77

HEBRON.

Connor 94 Roberts 47
Swasey 94 Cox 47
Wadsworth 94 Walker 47
Walker 94 Frye 47
Wright 94 Cole 47
Chapman 94 Hastings 47
Cushman 94 Smith 47
Ellis 95 Green 49
Farrar 93 Morrill 49

HIRAM.

Connor 196 Roberts 139
Swasey 196 Walker 140
Wadsworth 189 Cox 139
Walker 196 Frye 139
Wright 196 Cole 139
Chapman 196 Hastings 139
Cushman 196 Smith 139
Ellis 191 Allen 142
Young 191 Morrill 142

LOVELL.

Connor 131 Roberts 132
Swasey 131 Cox 132
Wadsworth 131 Walker 132
Walker 131 Frye 132
Wright 131 Cole 132
Chapman 126 Hastings 131
Cushman 132 Smith 131
Ellis 132 Allen 132

NEWRY.

Connor 26 Roberts 42
Swasey 26 Cox 42
Wadsworth 26 Walker 42
Walker 26 Frye 42
Wright 26 Cole 42
Chapman 5 Hastings 43
Cushman 26 Smith 42
Ellis 24 Green 42
Burnham 24 Grover 24

OXFORD.

Connor 145 Roberts 99
Swasey 145 Cox 99
Wadsworth 145 Walker 99
Walker 145 Frye 99
Wright 145 Cole 99
Chapman 142 Hastings 100
Cushman 129 Smith 100
Ellis 145 Green 100
Farrar 143 Morrill 103

PERT.

Connor 96 Roberts 94
Swasey 96 Cox 94
Wadsworth 96 Walker 94
Walker 96 Frye 94
Wright 96 Cole 94
Chapman 96 Hastings 94
Cushman 96 Smith 94
Ellis 64 Green 95
Woodsum 94 Stowe 115

PORTER.

Connor 93 Roberts 128
Swasey 93 Walker 128
Wadsworth 93 Cox 128
Walker 93 Frye 128
Wright 93 Cole 128
Chapman 93 Hastings 128
Cushman 93 Smith 128
Locke 93 Hutchins 129

STONEHAM.

Connor 37 Roberts 39
Swasey 48 Cox 39
Wadsworth 48 Walker 39
Walker 48 Frye 39
Wright 48 Cole 39
Chapman 48 Hastings 39
Cushman 48 Smith 39
Warren 43 Kimball 44

STOW.

Connor 38 Roberts 47
Swasey 38 Cox 46
Wadsworth 37 Walker 49
Walker 38 Cole 48
Wright 38 Hastings 46
Chapman 38 Smith 46
Locke 42 Hutchins 44

SWEDEN.

Connor 62 Roberts 48
Swasey 62 Cox 48
Wadsworth 62 Walker 48
Walker 62 Frye 48
Wright 62 Cole 48
Chapman 62 Hastings 48
Cushman 62 Smith 48
Young 62 Allen 48

WE wish to thank our correspondents for their promptness in furnishing election returns. Tuesday evening, after election, the vote of twenty-six towns had been received at this office; a thing unprecedented, we think, when so large and scattered a territory and one so ill supplied with telegraphic communications was to be heard from. We have as good a corps of agents and correspondents as any paper in the State, and are pleased to compliment as well as compensate them when opportunity is offered.

Letter from Vice President Wilson.

BOSTON, 11.

In reply to an invitation to a meeting of Republicans which is being held in this city, to day, for consultation in regard to the political situation, Vice President Wilson has written the following letter:

NATICK, Sept. 10, 1875.

Dear Sir:—I have received your invitation to attend a conference of leading Massachusetts Republicans, to consider their duties at the coming election, at which it will be in my power to be present. I cannot but express to you and to all other Republicans the solicitude I feel and have felt for many months in regard to the position and prosperity of the republican party of the Commonwealth and of the whole country. Surely the hour has come for all Massachusetts republicans to "forget, forget and unite," and to place our State in the same commanding position she has hitherto occupied.

That Massachusetts which stood in days of trial so firmly, and with such persistent steadiness in support of the rights of man, the unity of the nation and the authority of the general government, does not occupy the leading position she once held, is plainly manifest. The old Commonwealth, which at each of the last three presidential elections gave to Lincoln and to Grant a majority of seventy-five thousand, has lost something of its former position, republicans are compelled with humiliation to confess. Your proposed meeting I take it, is, by a full and frank consultation and comparison of views to assist to regain what has been lost, and to place Massachusetts once more in its recognized position among republican States. Certainly this object is worthy of the thoughtful, considerate and unselfish attention of every republican who would faithfully serve either his party or his country. In these consultations and comparisons it should ever be remembered that nothing will be won by lowering the standard in regard to principles, measures or men. Human rights have ever been the watchword and inspiration, the guiding star and the dominating idea of the republican party. It can with neither honor or safety take a step backwards. Mistakes have been made in the State and in the nation—We have entrusted some men with official positions who have proved themselves unworthy. But public attention has been aroused and directed to such mistakes and misdoings. Republican presses and conventions have spoken and are speaking loudly for the reform of abuses, and for the removal of faithless officials.

Mistakes, too, have been corrected and are being corrected. Unfaithful officials have been dismissed and the public voice imperatively demands that such men should be and are being removed. It is evidence that the party in whose ranks is found so much of the worth and character of the country, "looks with regret," as it was expressed by a British statesman, "upon every hour that passes over recognized and unremedied abuse."

Is there then, or can there be sufficient reason why the republican party containing the masses of the liberty-loving and patriotic men who fought the battles of the rebellion and piloted the country through the darkest night of the civil war should be displaced in the Commonwealth or nation, or voluntarily relinquish the helm of State to the democratic party, with its past and present. In your consultations and comparison of views, I trust you will place little confidence in mere party discipline. In the present temper of the country it has lost much of its potency.

It has seemed to me and now seems to me, that the way to strengthen the republican party in Massachusetts and in other States is to put it right on living issues that divide the country, with principles and purposes so clearly avowed, that there need be neither misapprehension nor mistake; to open wide its doors and make the invitation and promise welcome to all and free. Not only should new recruits be sought, but those who once belonged to its ranks and helped to swell its victories, and all who for cause or without cause, have left it, should be pressing invited to return. His tried and trained leaders should be brought to the front again, and their practical wisdom sought for counsel and guidance in the effort to retrieve what has been lost, and restore to the party its former prestige and power. Republican should look the evils in the face and meet the present emergency with wise, prudent and healing counsels. They should act, too, in a spirit of self-abnegation, prepared to sacrifice for the cause all personal aspirations. Candidates for public stations, high or low, and the friends of such candidates should see to it that their individual ambitions and their personal rivalries should not be allowed to be a barrier to the progress of the party and that hindrance to our now imperiled cause. In the presence of dangers that menace the party and the nation, something of the spirit of self-denial of men of Cromwell's time should animate them, and secure a like sacrifice now.

With this policy I am confident that the republicans can regain their complete ascendancy in Massachusetts, recover the lost State, continue to guide throughout the nation, and complete with our reconstruction and reconstruction, which, though charged to the account of State printing, was really nearly all met by the license fees of insurance agents paid into the State treasury; \$350 was for printing for Railroad Commissioners—officers who did not exist twenty years since, but have become necessary by the growth of our railroads; \$16000 was for the full report of Savings Banks, which have mainly grown up within twenty years—the cost of which is practically paid by the tax on Savings Bank; \$2000 is for the increased size and numbers of the Educational Report; and nearly \$6000 is for the printing (not to mention \$3000 additional for binding) of the Agricultural Report, which has been published in response to a supposed demand from the farmers of the State within twenty years.

It will be seen at a glance that these items show just where the \$15,000 increase in cost of printing has been—been to say nothing of the increased cost of paper. These items were all pointed out in the governor's message to the Legislature, last winter, in order that that body might reduce the amount of printing in any direction, if they thought it consistent with the public interests. The Legislature did reduce the amount of printing required by law in several directions, and not one of the forty Democrats in that body made any proposition to reduce the amount of printing any further, or even publicly intimated that it could be done without injury. Aside from the new items for printing most of which we have alluded, the cost of State printing is less than it was in 1856, as the contract price paid the state printers is less. The white paper costs more than it did in 1856, and therefore makes that part of the expenditure larger.—Lexington Journal.

A convention of delegates from the reform clubs of Maine met in Lewiston Thursday. Elliot King of Mechanic Falls was chosen president. In the afternoon the best method of carrying on reform work was discussed, and whether it was in keeping for reform clubs to procure rum sellers. In the evening a very large rally was held in the City Hall in spite of the rain. Speeches were made by Messrs. Knapp of Norway, Judge Tallman of Bath, Bryant, Cranshaw and others.

S. J. Court—Sept. T. 1875.

BARROWS J. Presiding.

J. S. Wright Esq., Clerk.

The following venire for Grand Jurors have been returned.

Buckfield, Albion P. Bonney.
Canton, Cornelius M. Holland.
Denmark, Eben Hilton.
Fryeburg, John Hastings.
Hartford, Timothy C. Lucas.
Hebron, George Cobb.
Hiram, Joseph Cram.
Lovell, James C. Farrington.
Mason, J. Clark Bean.
Newry, O. Neil R. Hastings.
Norway, Amos B. Bishue.
Oxford, Woodbury L. Santon.
Peru, Thaddeus Oldham.
Paris, Andrew Bonnett.
Ramford, Joshua T. Hall.
Waterford, Joseph Kilgore.
Woodstock, Thomas R. Day.

The following venire for traverse

Albany, Geo. W. Beckler.
Andover, William Foye.
Buckfield, Mellen A. Allen.
Brownfield, Simon B. Johnson.
Canton, Franklin M. Mayo.
Dixfield, Wm. H. White.
Fryeburg, Joseph Chandler.
Greenwood, Wm. Richardson.
Hartford, Wm. R. Carey.
Hallowell, Joseph E. Russell.
Hebron, Christopher C. Cushman.
Lovell, Warren Charles.
Mexico, Daniel G. Taylor.
Norway, W. D. Earl.
Oxford, Peter C. Wardwell.
Paris, Thomas A. Dean.
Peru, Lemuel B. Carter.
Porter, Jordan Stacy, 2d.
Ramford, John Howe.
Sweden, Walter Flint.
Waterford, Moses R. Mason.
Woodstock, Albion P. Cole.
Upton, Charles Chase.

Oxford Co. Agricultural Society.

The thirty third exhibition of the Oxford County Agricultural Society will be held on the Society Grounds, between Norway Village and South Paris, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5th, 6th and 7th, 1875.

FIRST DAY.—In the forenoon, receiving, entering and arranging stock and articles for exhibition. All persons are requested to observe this, and have whatever they propose to exhibit on the ground before 12 A. M. At 1 P. M., Trotting match for colts 4 years old, Purse \$10.00. \$5.00 to first; \$4.00 to second.

SECOND DAY.—At 9 A. M. Plowing Match. At 10 1/2 A. M. Examination of Town Teams. At 1 P. M., Trotting Match for all horses that have no record less than three minutes. Purse, \$30.00. \$15.00 to first; \$10.00 to second; \$5.00 to third. At 2 o'clock P. M., Drawing Match. At 3 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Society.

THIRD DAY.—At 9 A. M., Trotting Match for 2:30 class. Purse, \$50.00. \$25.00 to first; \$15.00 to second; \$10.00 to third. At 10 A. M., Walking Match, for fastest walking horse. At 1 P. M., Trotting Match for Sweepstakes. Purse, \$100.00. \$50.00 to first; \$25.00 to second; \$15.00 to third; \$10.00 to fourth. At 2 P. M., Stallion race, for all Stallions kept as stock horses in Oxford County, during the past season—Purse, \$50.00. \$25.00 to first; \$15.00 to second; \$10.00 to third. All trotting under the National Rules. At 3 P. M. Awarding Committees will report.

Since the last exhibition a new and commodious dining room has been arranged for the accommodation of those who desire refreshments. By the purchase of adjoining land, the directors have also been enabled to enlarge the race course making an excellent half mile track, which will add much interest to the trials of speed.

West Oxford Agricultural Society.

The West Oxford Agricultural Society propose to make their exhibition at Fryeburg Oct. 12th, 13th and 14th, one of the most attractive of the season. The following is the programme:

Tuesday.—Annual meeting of the Society at 10 o'clock A. M., in the hall. The Secretary will receive entries for the forenoon. Drawing match at 1 P. M. Trotting of stallions and colts four years old and under, at 3 P. M. Agricultural conference at 7 P. M.

Wednesday.—Plowing match at 9 A. M. The Secretary will receive entries for articles in the hall until 10 A. M. Annual address by Gov. Dingley, at 10 A. M. Examination of stock, crops and manufactures, by the committees, to commence at 10 1/2 A. M. Ladies' equestrian exhibition at 11 A. M. Trial of speed of horses at 1 P. M.

Thursday.—Brief addresses upon agricultural topics at 10 A. M. Reports of committees at 9 A. M. General fair sales at 3 P. M. Sweepstakes at 2 P. M.

—For the approaching State Fair there have been 32 entries of cattle, including a large number of prize cattle from all parts of the State. There have been 115 entries of horses, exclusive of 145 entries of trotters. The whole number of horse entries will probably come up to 250. The various purses are filling up rapidly, and in the grand sweepstakes there will be several horses from Boston. There promises to be some of the best breeds of trotting horses ever seen in Maine.

There have been more entries of sheep than ever before at the State fairs. Also the entries of farm implements are far ahead of any previous year. In the 200 sweepstakes for drawing cattle there have been 20 entries. A large number of mules have also been entered.—Farmer.

—Rev. L. B. Greene of Norway delivered an interesting lecture at the Methodist church, Naples, Tuesday evening; subject, "Patrons of Inhumanity." It was well received, and was followed by remarks from several other gentlemen.

—We are pleased to learn that J. S. Hobbs, Esq., has been re-appointed State Librarian for three years. Mr. Hobbs has made the State an excellent officer.

Dr. W. P. SHATTUCK, proprietor of the Maine Water Cure at Waterford sends us the following little poem. It was written by a Miss, fourteen years of age, and is addressed to her sister an invalid, cared for by the Little Wanderers Home, and who is at present under Dr. Shattuck's treatment at the Water Cure. The girls are both wards of the Home. Dr. Shattuck has several patients from the Home every season, as the directors are very glad to avail themselves of the kind offer which the Dr. makes them, and are sure the patients will receive the best care and treatment. We seldom advise young persons to think of writing poetry; but the following is so sweet and imaginative that we think the author has talent, which if properly developed, will place her in the front rank of writers.

To Lulu.

Lulu, I told the rose thy name, it blushed and smiled,
Its petals trembled as in ecstasy;
I eat of thy name alone, and the bird
Burst into song when the thick leaves were
I spoke it when the morn'g was gray and cold,
And straight from the east, uprose the sun;
I told it to the night, the clouds that rolled across
dispersed,
The stars came one by one.
Should any whisper it when on my face
The dark earth rises when sleeping under ground,
I think my heart would beat as now,
And that my lips would quiver at the sound;
And if before the gates of heaven I came,
And for my own worth no entrance win,
I think if I should speak thy name
The eternal gates would stir and let me in.


JENNIE A. C.

NEW FIRM.—Mr. S. U. Hawkes who opened a new store on Paris Hill about one year ago, has taken into partnership with himself Mr. Chandler Garland, under the firm name of Hawkes & Garland

WILLIS, Concord, N. H.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. Price 10¢.

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Semi-Weekly Line to New York



Will mail further notice leave Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 P. M., and leave New York at 10 P. M., every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 1 P. M.

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22 Exchange Street.

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