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Poetry.

The Answer.

BY MARY L. RITTER.

He said, "Why should your song be always sad,
So plaintive in its flow?
Look outward to the lessons, wise and glad
That God and nature show."
"Why draw from that immortal fount the force,
To forge anew your chain?
What magic touch shall finally divorce
The spirit from the pain?"
"The sweet aroma of the sun-kissed pine
Lived in the window air;
The peace and silence of a day divine
Seemed an unspoken prayer."
"And gazing up, she saw not shade or light,
But dear eyes looking down;
The splendid brow, the hair where threads of white
Gleamed brightly through the brown."
Sighing she awoke, and from the grass and weed
That grew about their feet
Gathered a flower as simple as her needs—
A daisy Margaret.

Selected Story.

A DIFFERENCE IN METHODS.

Two Ways of Killing a Wife.

BY H. V. OSBORNE.

Townsey, the richest farmer in Tuckahoe County, has just grown down his breakfast. The meal had been served ten minutes late, and Townsey never failed to growl when such was the case. He arose from the table and scowled at the little woman who sat, trembling and weak, behind the big coffee pot. That little, faded piece of humanity was Townsey's wife, and trembling was good enough for her, and if her white face had been flushed with shame, it would have been far more becoming.

"A woman," said Townsey, glancing at his wife, "will toss out of the window with a tea-spoon faster than a man can throw in at the door with a shovel. Tim is money, Mrs. Townsey, and if you go on wasting it in this way, we shall all be in the poor-house before winter."

"Wood green and wouldn't kindle?" Well, you should have found some that would! Weren't you up two hours before I was? What on earth women find to do with all their time is more'n I know. But don't sit there making excuses. There's been enough time lost already, I should think. It is now half-past six. Bring me my thick boots. You can get me a clean collar, too, while you're about it. I'm going to town. By the way," said Townsey, as the little fingers of his wife fastened the fresh collar around his throat, "run to the barn and bring Judy's horse's blanket around to the front door. If I'm not there, roll it up and throw it in the buggy. Wait a minute," detaining her. "You were speaking, Mrs. Townsey, about a clothes-wringer. I haven't any money to throw away on gimcracks. My mother never had a wringing machine and never asked for one. Takes all I can rake and scrape to keep the farm supplied with mowing-machines and corn-planters. Pretty soon you will be teasing again for a piano, and then like enough for a sewing machine or some other invention to encourage idleness. Hands were given to use, Mrs. Townsey, not to dilly dally here and there, keeping maids waiting."

Delivered of his speech and ready for town-going, Townsey allowed his wife to depart in search of the horse's blanket, while he strode to the front door, dismounted Bob to open the gate, and jumped into his buggy.

"Jane," said Townsey, unbending a little, as the small frail figure drew closer and lifted in the heavy blanket, "if the butcher stops to-day, you won't need to get any meat for the house. I shan't be home to dinner and the men folk will be over to Dawson's. Well," running up a thin, cheap smile to his face to signal good-bye, "I'm off at last. Whoa, Judy. Jane there's those potatoes in the bin; they're sprouting. Better see to them to-day. Good-morning."

Good morning it was—fair, fresh and cheerful. The blue overhead was new and bright and the earth was clean-faced and rain-washed. For a mile or two Townsey's route lay through woods, where blossoming flowers filled the air with fragrance. He cut at the flowers with his whip and left them bruised and mangled by the wayside. The birds in the trees tossed him a greeting as he passed; but all the notice that he took was to turn songs to screams by striking at the branches where they swung. Not that Townsey was any longer ill-natured, or that he had been ill-natured any of the time. Had you charged him with such feelings he would have denied their existence. But he liked to feel his power, and this slashing at everything was a habit he had, resulting therefrom.

Judy was Townsey's best horse. When they got through the piece of woods, and Townsey had nothing to crack his whip at, he tried his snapper on her and made her dance. Judy was in fine spirits this morning. She needed no urging. Townsey continued to fret her with his whip. But when he touched her with the tasseled end it was more than the spirited animal would brook. She reared and pawed the air, and then plunged forward as if to

free herself, and finally dashed down the road at a break-neck speed. For a mile she flew like the wind; but Townsey's firm hand drew her in at last, and for the time being, the horse recognized her master. But Judy's eyes glittered; she looked wicked. Townsey's eyes glittered; he felt proud. At ease with all man kind. He willingly drew lines to chat with Ricketts, who was riding from town on horseback.

"Well, what's the news?" with a patronizing nod, in exchange for Ricketts's neighborly greeting.

"Well, there ain't much news, Mr. Townsey," said Ricketts, shifting to an easier position in his saddle and leaning down comfortably on the pommel. "Not much news of any kind, everybody's so tamed full of the hangin'."

"Krieff, eh? The fellow that murdered his wife? So he has had to swing for it, has he? Hanging's too good for such a cuss as he was."

Judy plunged and reared and snorted fire.

"Ya-as. Paper's full on't; considerable excitement. If they'd pardoned him think the boys would have lynched him."

The spirited Judy gave a leap; but Townsey quieted her.

"Yes," said Townsey, "he was a hard case."

"Oh, desput hard," interrupted Ricketts. "You read the account, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I recollect the whole miserable affair. A man who will abuse a woman as he did, a man who, in cold blood, shoots down the mother of his child, as Krieff did—hadging isn't enough for him; it isn't enough. Whoa! Judy; whoa! you beast! Yes, a fine horse; pretty fine horse. Whoa! Judy. Stand still there! How did he behave on the gallows?"

"Like a man, the paper says. For the first time in his life, I reckon. Yes, died without flinchin'; didn't seem to care what became of him."

"It's dreadful," said Townsey, jerking his horse's mouth and with difficulty controlling her. "The way crime—what is increasing—what! Mrs. Panch, or I'll get out and whip you till you know who I am. That's the third case of wife murder we've heard of within—"

Here Judy dashed off at full speed, and Townsey was obliged to leave his sentence unfinished.

What ailed the brute that morning? The nerve and muscle of one strong man was not enough to hold her. The buggy was tossed from side to side of the road as the horse rushed onward. Townsey grew pale with rage. He cut the animal right and left. Then he grew pale at sight of the danger before him, and tried to restrain her with kind, reassuring words. Caresses after whippings are accepted by the child but refused by the beast. Townsey was conscious of splinters zigzagging like lightning before his eyes; conscious of bracing and holding with both hands; then of a great plunge through the air; of plowing the ground with his shoulder, and gurgling a prayer through the gravel which filled his mouth, that God would save him. Then his neck apparently broke, and he knew no more.

When Townsey came to himself he opened his eyes wearily, then wondering, then fearfully. After which he closed them in a hurry.

Townsey was seared. He had seen his own soul. It was hovering over him like a balloon and struggling to free itself from the body. Was he dead, or dying, or trembling on the border land? He did not know. He opened his eyes again, looking this time from the soul's standpoint. He saw that mangled, motionless body of his, wrapped in the wayside dust; and he felt himself—the soul—suspended in air, with all that earthly flesh clogging his uprising.

"But which am I?" groaned Townsey, a cold perspiration breaking out all over him.

He seemed to comprise two beings, each wrestling for the mastery. The soul pulled hard for liberty, but the body's dead weight would grant it no release. Sounds filled his ears like rushing waters, and his throat was parched and burning. Townsey was never in such a fix in his life. Was this life, or was it death? The heart of the strong man failed him.

"Help!" he cried. "Help!"

But only the perfume of bruised and dying flowers floated by, and above the noise of the waters only the little grievous note of a singing bird gave answer.

Trembling, frightened, weak, one other cry escaped that quivering flesh which the soul tortured and pulled and strained ceaselessly.

"Jane, Jane!" pleaded Townsey. "help me—keep me—stay by me—I'm going mad—oh, Jane!"

But all he saw, as his eyes closed heavily, was a white-faced woman rubbing sprouts from a mountain of potatoes. She sat in a cold, damp cellar, with a tallow dip for light. Her sleeves were rolled above the elbow; but the arm exposed had long lost all beauty of shape—skin and bone was all it could boast of now. Hers had been a pretty face once, he remembered—a sunny, laughing, rounded face. But it was old and worn and thin and haggard now. Tears washed down the cheek hollows, and washed white streaks down the muddy potatoes and the dark-stained hands. She did not cease working an instant save now and then to pick up and put back the wedding ring which kept falling from her wasted finger.

"Little, loyal woman down there in the dark, God bless you," exclaimed a voice which penetrated Townsey's soul.

"Jane—help me—save me!" cried the feeble body, choking with the dust which filled its throat.

"Seems to me," said a strange voice, growling harsh and unfeeling, "you're making a pretty big fuss for a dead man. Cut that mortal coil and come along with me. I can't wait here forever; an' I've been hangin' around here a blamed long while for you. A man of your nerve an' force oughtn't to be makin' such a row when it comes to bitin' off his own throat an' layin' aside his earthly garments. I tell you you're a dead man—been dead these two hours. What yer waitin' for?"

Townsey turned his eyes in the direction of the voice, and beheld the soul of a man, unencumbered by body, sitting there on the fence by the roadside. The face of this individual was not in keeping with the rough, careless words he had uttered. It seemed to Townsey he had never beheld a countenance so full of suffering and woe so sad, so sorrowful so hopeless. But the remarks of this being were offensive in the extreme; and Townsey, accustomed to deference, resented them. In his indignation he forgot his helpless condition; he felt himself to be the man the early morning has shown us—the richest man in Tuckahoe County. He wouldn't take such talk even from a soul.

But the soul again spoke gently, dropping his voice and throwing aside his rough manner in his intense earnestness.

"We're in the same box, you an' I—Townsey and Krieff—wife-killers. Only I hold that I was the more merciful of the two; for, while beside myself with passion an' rum, I killed my wife in an instant's time, you killed your Jane by slow torture—the most cold blooded method I know of—killed her while she crept on hands an' knees to serve you."

"May God have mercy on your soul; I I haven't even pity for you. I shall get my deserts I know; an' I'm bound to stick by an' see you get yours."

"Do you think I didn't love that little animal of a Lucy when I married her? I loved her from the ribbon in her hair to the bow on her slipper. I worshiped her."

"I used to know somethin' of God in those days. Used to think I could feel him near, holdin' an' keepin' Lucy an' me in the hollow of his hand. But when Lucy crept away from him, I let go too, and clung to her. When a man loves a woman as I loved her, she can lead him anywhere. He will follow her to Heaven or she may drag him to hell, if she pleases. That is where Lucy dragged you. She didn't mean to, I suppose. She didn't know it most likely. But there ain't nothin' else for a man, when a woman he loves an' would die for stops givin' love back."

"You see I lost my money, an' Lucy went with that. I couldn't believe she'd married me for that little property, of mine, till she twitted me of deceivin' her and buyin' her love with counterfeit bills. This from that little animal that I loved so! But it didn't crush me. 'We'll have gold in their place, Lucy,' says I: 'you shall be a rich man's wife yet, darlin', only love me. I ain't got the heart to work without that.' But work grew scarce instead of plenty, an' I was in such a rush to make money for her, I lost all I gained in burryin' from one promisin' chance to another."

"Other men make money, why can't you?" she would say. And I would say I over an' over to myself: "Other men make money, why can't you?" After that, when I got little sums, I speculated with 'em in a poor man's small way. I gambled at the nearest grog-shop, to win a fortune for Lucy. But she sneered at me when I lost, an' when I got ahead, would forget the look of love an' encouragement I craved."

"There's some one else that's heart-broken in this world. There's a little woman down in a dark cellar sproutin' potatoes this minute, whose husband has killed her. Her soul isn't free yet—but she's dead just the same. That woman is Townsey's wife. Your soul is a heart-in' of me, if you ain't," pursued Krieff, touching the cold, white face, and straightening Townsey's fingers. "You didn't shoot your wife with a pistol, but you let her die a slow, lingerin' terrible death! You killed her in a cruel, heartless manner. You starved her. Do you think if I had a wife like yours, Townsey, I'd have been the man I was?"

Tears filled Krieff's eyes.

"You were a poor man when your Jane married you—poorer than I ever was. Your social position was beneath hers. You were an awkward, homely verdant youth in those days. Folks said if ever there was a woman as married for love, it was Jane Jordan."

"You began life humbly. Jane was delicate reared an' dainty; but to do without for Philip was no hardship. When you hit success she kissed you. When you missed it, she kissed you just the same. You had a little heaven of it for three or four years. Then continued prosperity made you selfish. You got so far ahead you couldn't stop to come back for the love an' the kisses of Jane. Sometime she followed you, tryin' to walk abreast with you, an' tryin' to keep up the dear old times. But she wasn't welcome—she was in the way. You couldn't bother to be footin' an' kissin' all the time. She must set to down and be

sensible. Doin' without for Philip had been her sweet delight in the dark days; but now, when the golden light shone around, your mean spirit kept her doin' without, just the same, that you might win more lands and stock to put between your heart an' hers."

"Then more money came. Money represents power. You began to lord it over your fellowmen, an' at home you made a slave of the woman who adored you. You ordered her about as you would your meaneast servant, an' gradually forced her to take that position."

You never saved her a step or a burden's weight. You let her tug away, toil away, day away, from mornin' till night. An' you killed her. But, over-worked though she was, that wasn't what killed her. She lost her round, red cheeks, an' her pretty round arms, an' her dainty-shaped hands drudgin' for you. She lost her gold, her bright gold hair, toffin' an' growin' old for you. She lost grace of form an' grace of spirit draggin' an' slavin' for you. But that ain't what killed her. It was neglect that broke her heart. A husband's neglect. You starved her to death. Townsey's wife died from lack of appreciation, lack of love in the man who promised to love, honor, an' cherish her his whole life long. You wouldn't treat a dumb brute as you treated your wife. You stop and pat Bruno's head an' call him 'good fellow.' You pick up the cat an' let her sit on your knee. You pet your horses an' feed them sugar; but you never looked back at the woman whose heart, bound up in you, followed you so lovingly. You never stopped to caress the tired head of your little wife. It took too much time to say: 'Darlin' I love you.' An' as for drawin' her down on your knee an' kissin' the cheek hollows plump an' the white lips red—you couldn't bother. An' you got to be the richest farmer in Tuckahoe county; but you broke your wife's heart."

"Jane," murmured Townsey, his whole body quivering. "Jane," whispered Townsey, opening his dull, heavy eyes. "Oh! Jane—Jane—Jane!"

"Won't do any good," exclaimed Krieff, "to shout after her. She can't save you. You've got to come along with me. Yes I know remorse sits heavy on you now, but you can't skulk behind that at this late day; an' all the Janies in the land can't help you now."

But as time passed on Townsey at last became conscious of a third person's presence—a presence which soothed him, which came between him and that waiting soul. He felt cool hands upon his burning head, and a soft, smooth cheek pressed close to his. He heard himself called all manner of dear names, and once or twice felt hot tears dash over his face, to be quickly brushed away. Best of all, he felt that through the power of love, some one was drawing his soul back into his body, and he knew that this some one was his wife. Days and days it took; but it was a new soul that went back, and a new body that covered it. Townsey was a changed man through and through.

"There ain't a man in Tuckahoe county," says Farmer Ricketts, "so choice of his wife as Mr. Townsey. He can't do enough for her. He'd let her walk on him, an' welcome, if she wanted. Beats all nature!"

And if he means human nature, he is right. But Ricketts doesn't know, as you and I do, how near Townsey came to being one of two wife-killers.

The Austrian *Neuborn*, or fog trumpet, was until recently one of the most powerful instruments known for the transmission of sound through dense fog. This instrument gives a deep note like that of an organ, by means of movable metallic reeds vibrated by steam, and these sounds are sent out in any given direction through a trumpet. The sound given by this instrument has been heard at a distance of sixteen nautical miles.

But the steam siren patented by Mr. Brown of New York City, eclipses all other wind instruments for the generation of an intense and far-reaching sound. This instrument consists of a rotating disc placed upon a fixed disc, each disc having formed in it radial slots. One disc is fixed across the throat of a trumpet, 16 1/2 feet long and 5 inches in diameter where the disc crosses it, and gradually opening out to a diameter of two feet three inches. Behind the fixed disc is the rotating one, driven by separate mechanism. The trumpet is mounted on a boiler. About seventy pounds pressure of steam has been employed. As the rotating disc rotates rapidly puffs of great intensity are produced, the pitch of which depends upon the intensity with which the puffs succeed each other, or upon the velocity of rotation of the disc, precisely as in the acoustic instrument called the siren, used in physical apparatus to illustrate the truth that the pitch of a sound depends upon the number of aerial vibrations produced in a given time. This steam siren has been experimented upon by Professor Tyndall in his recent investigations upon the propagation of sounds through fogs and under other atmospheric conditions, and has proved very far superior to artillery in signalling through fog.—From *Celebrated Light-houses in American Artisan* for September.

For the OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Woman Historically Considered.

BY W. P. SHATTUCK M. D.

No. 3.

The Grecian Courtesan.—In looking over Grecian history the different eras indicate a different condition of the women of that country. Again, in the isles of Greece the manners and morals of the people were much purer generally than on the continent. The islanders by being less exposed to foreign association and influence could more easily preserve their laws and virtues. The warlike conventions of Lacedaemon, the nurseries only of soldiers, would be more rigid than the smiling retreats of Athens, whence politeness was propagated and fashion announced.

But the greatest anomaly in the history of any people, is to be found in the rank which the courtesans enjoyed even in the brightest days of Greece, particularly in Athens. It may well be asked by what circumstances could that order of women who debased at once not only their own sex but ours, arrive at distinction, and sometimes even at the highest degree of reputation and consequence, in a country where the women were possessed of modesty, and the men of sentiment? Several reasons may be assigned for this phenomenon in society.

In Greece the courtesans were in some measure connected with the religion of the country. The goddess of beauty had her altars; and she was supposed to protect prostitution, which was to her a species of worship. The people invoked Venus in times of danger; and after a battle they thought they had done honor to Minerva and Themistocles, because the Laies and the Glyceras of the age had chanted praises to their goddesses. The courtesans were connected with religion, by means of the arts. Their persons afforded models for statues, which were afterward adored in the temples. Phryne served as a model for Praxiteles, for the Venus of Onidus. During the feast of Neptune near Eleusis, Appellus having seen the same courtesan on the seashore, without any other veil than her loose and flowing hair, was so much struck by her appearance, that he borrowed from it the idea of his Venus rising from the waves. Connected in this wise with statues and painting they furnished these artists with the means of embellishing their works. They were also skilled in music, and as that art was attended with the highest effects in that country, it must have possessed an irresistible charm.

Every one knows how enthusiastic the Greeks were of beauty. They adored it in their temples. They admired it in their principle works of art. They studied it in the exercises and games. They thought to perfect it by their marriages. They offered rewards to it at the public festivals, but virtuous beauty was seldom to be seen; modest women were confined to their own apartments, and visited only by their husbands and relatives, while the courtesans offered themselves everywhere to view, and obtained universal homage.

Society only can unfold the beauties of the mind. Modest women were excluded from it. The courtesans of Athens by living in public, and conversing freely with all ranks of people, upon all manner of subjects, acquired by degrees a knowledge of history, of philosophy, of poetry and a taste in the whole circle of arts. Their ideas were more extensive and various, and their conversation was more sprightly and entertaining than any to be found among the virtuous part of the sex. Hence their houses became the schools of elegance; and poets and painters went there to catch the fleeting forms of grace and the changeable features of ridicule; the musicians to perfect the delicacy of harmony, and the philosophers to collect those particulars of human life which had hitherto escaped their observation. The house of Aspasia was the resort of Socrates and Pericles as that of Ninon was of Evremont and Conde. They acquired from these fair libertines taste and politeness, and they gave them in exchange knowledge and reputation. Greece was governed by eloquent men, and the celebrated courtesans having an influence over these orators must have had an influence on public affairs. There was not one, not even the thundering, the inflexible Demosthenes, so terrible to tyrants, but was subjected to their sway. Of that great master of eloquence it has been said, "What he had been a whole year in erecting, a woman overturned in a day." Their influence augmented their consequence, and their talent in pleasing increased with the occasions of exerting it.

The laws and public institutions, indeed, by authorizing the privacy of women set a high value on the sanctity of the marriage vow, but in Athens, imagination, sentiment, luxury, the taste in arts and pleasures were opposite to the laws. The courtesans therefore, may be said to have come in support of the manners.

There was a check upon public licentiousness; but private infidelity which concerned the peace of families was punished as a crime. By a strange and perhaps unequal singularity the men perhaps corrupted, yet the domestic manners were pure. It seems as if the courtesans had not been considered as belonging to the female sex, and by a conventionalism to which the laws and

manners bended, while other women were estimated merely by their virtues, they were valued only from their accomplishments. These reasons will in a degree account for the honors which the votaries of Venus so often received in Greece. Otherwise we should have been at a loss to understand why six or seven writers had exerted their talents to celebrate the courtesans of Athens; why three great painters had uniformly devoted their pencil to represent them on canvass. We should hardly have believed that so many illustrious men had courted their society; that Aspasia had been consulted in deliberations of peace and war; that Phryne had a statue of gold placed between the statues of two kings at Delphos, and that after their death magnificent tombs had been erected to their memory.

Such however is the homage which that enthusiastic people, voluptuous and passionate, paid to beauty and intelligence, devoid of virtue. More guided by sentiment and emotion than by reason and virtuous love, and having laws rather than principles, they banished their great men, honored their courtesans, murdered Socrates, permitted themselves to be governed by the courtesan Aspasia, preserved the honor of their marriage bed—so far as the honor of their wives pertained—and placed Phryne, another courtesan, in the temple of Apollo.

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,
WATERFORD, SEPT.

ROUGH ON EDITORS.—President Grant has not only a nice appreciation of humor, but on occasion is apt at repartee. During his recent vacation at Long Branch he was called to Washington on public business, and while there was handed for signature several commissions of postmasters. There were also presented to him a number of petitions, among them one from citizens of Vineland, New Jersey, for the removal of Mr. Landis from the postmastership. Mr. L., it will be remembered, is the gentleman who in an informal and impromptu manner "promoted" a small globe of lead into the brain of Mr. Carruth, the editor of the Vineland paper. The President asked, "Is there any irregularity in Mr. Landis's accounts?"

"Not any," replied the pleasant-voiced Postmaster General.

"Is the office well conducted?"

"No complaint on that score."

"Intemperate habits?"

"Nothing of the kind charged."

"What is the objection?"

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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

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Albany, J. H. Lovell; Andover, F. W. Woodbury; Buckfield, J. S. Frink; Buckfield, J. H. Deane; Canton, W. Atwood; Fryburg, A. P. Lewis; B. McKee; Gilead, Thos. Wright; A. J. Blake; Grafton, Benj. Brooks; Greenwood, D. A. Coffin; Hanover, A. K. Knapp; Hebron, A. G. Whitman; Hiram, L. A. Wadsworth; Mason, G. H. Brown; Mexico, H. W. Park; Oxford, Rev. S. A. Lockwood; G. E. Hawkes; Peru, A. L. Haines; Porter, F. W. Redden; Isaac L. French; Rumford, W. A. Abbott; E. H. Hutchins; Sweden, H. Sanders; S. Waterford, J. M. Shaw; Woodstock, C. C. Houghton; Franklin & Milton Plantations, T. H. Thomson.

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

Democratic Platforms and Conventions—Division of Doctrine on the Currency.

"The history of Democratic doctrine on the Currency question during the last two months is one of deep interest and significance. In view of coming events, it foreshadows, at this moment a greater disintegration of parties than any one thing since the slavery question became prominent twenty years ago. The last Congress did the work of settling the prospective financial wants of the nation, in as far as its action was necessary. It settled, in fact, the basis of the future policy on this question. It determined the expediency of resuming specie payment in the year 1879—four years hence. It established a mode by which free Banking could be employed in all parts of the country on a national basis; and by which a certain amount of irredeemable currency could be substituted for one eventually redeemable. This is a just and gradual mode of arriving at a sound value currency and one that shall eventually make a paper dollar worth one hundred cents. This is good sound commercial, national and honest doctrine and policy. It is Republican principle on this subject and the party is thoroughly committed to a faithful adherence to this policy, let other parties do what they please or go where they please.

The Ohio Democratic Convention was the first political body that undertook to stay or stop the Republican policy of gradual but certain resumption. That party met in Convention and resolved that any attempt to resume specie payment was ruinous and would "bankrupt the country." They resolved further that it was the duty of the government to issue more greenbacks to assist trade and traders, and thereby relieve the community from the financial burdens from which they were now suffering. Such were the resolutions adopted at this Convention; and they were adopted soon after the adjournment of Congress in order to show the country that Democracy did not approve of the Republican measure of returning to a specie currency—convertible to coin at the pleasure of the holder.

What makes these resolutions of the Democracy more inconsistent and unjust than they otherwise would, there was at the time they were passed more currency in the hands of Ohio, lying idle and unemployed than the trade of the West could absorb or employ.

Next comes the Democratic Convention of Pennsylvania. This body simply repudiated the Ohio Democratic platform—resolved against the Republican doctrine of a gradual return to specie payment, and in favor of an increase of greenbacks, and more forced loan—more watering of the currency. Consequently these two great States in order to show their hostility to the Republican party have simply embraced a scheme of dishonesty which would not only postpone a return to specie payment, but would inaugurate the most desperate inflation and speculation, and eventual repudiation and national dishonor.

This Democratic doctrine of irredeemable paper and more of it a fortnight ago was running like wildfire everywhere. Allen and Cary were sweeping Ohio. Kelley had taken the Pennsylvania Democracy in a balloon, fully inflated, and they were flying above forest, field and mountain to the haven of Democratic rest, where it takes a bushel of greenbacks to pay for a breakfast. But all at once there is a sudden, violent "fetch up." New York holds a Democratic Convention and without the fear or veneration of Ohio and Pennsylvania before her eyes; or all the beautiful visions of redoubled riches acquired and mortgages redeemed and car loads of currency, that convention resolves in favor of an early return to specie payment and a currency equivalent to coin as the only basis of national honor, the only foundation for honest trade and commerce—and the only path to permanent prosperity.

Massachusetts, with her Democratic Governor, begins to feel the pulse of power and has awakened to a sense of responsibility, although half centuries elapse between the years of Democratic authority. Her Democracy met at Worcester last week, and ignoring the Southern and Western doctrine which was to place that party in power next year, resolved, like New York, that the Government should as early as possible return to the only sound currency—one convertible into coin and equivalent to it. It is plain to be seen that in the opinion of a large part of the Democracy of the South and West the Currency question is to be the lever which shall elevate the party to power. It is also equally plain that if they "stick," which is doubtful about the "coin," the party will find itself in a chaos, ready and willing to march under two leaders, Tilden and Allen and carry out a campaign a la Douglas and Breckinridge, or what is worse smother their honor and vote it blind.

New York Liberal Republican Convention.

The Liberal Republican Convention met at Albany on the 22nd instant, had a conference passed a set of Resolutions, but made no nominations. They resolved that there can be "no sound currency but coin or paper convertible into coin," and without a speedy return to this currency, "national disaster threatens." They resolved further, that one Presidential term was enough, and that social, civil and political tests discriminating race and color are fatal to equal and exact justice to all men; and that the original and the amendments of the Constitution are obligatory in their text and spirit. The following resolution shows liberality in its broadest sense and a freedom of opinion and action highly commendable:

Resolved, That the Liberal Republicans of New York do not think it necessary or useful to nominate a State ticket. They therefore recommend to the liberal and independent voters of the State to support those candidates already in nomination whose character and experience they most approve.

The following offered by Mr. Bliss was not adopted:

Resolved, That by endorsing the action of the Democratic party in the canvass we do but reaffirm the principles and policy of the Liberal party since its organization; that the Democratic and Liberal parties are now identical in aims and purposes, and that we do hereby heartily adopt and recommend for support the platform and candidates of the Democratic party, lately adopted at Syracuse, as the platform and candidates of the Liberal party of the State of New York.

Political Notes.

Maryland Republican Convention—More Hard Money Resolutions.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 22.—The Republican State Convention met to-day, and adopted the following ticket, recommended by the committee appointed at Westminster on the 8th inst: Governor, J. Morrison Harris; Attorney General, L. Tenckle Wallis; Comptroller, Edward Watkins.

On reassembling the committee on resolutions reported as follows:

W. C. representatives of the Republican party of the State of Maryland in convention assembled, while adhering to those principles which the party has in the past so triumphantly vindicated before the American people, nevertheless being satisfied that it is the first and most imperative duty of every Republican to cooperate with those patriotic citizens of Maryland who have so ably ignored party ties and party questions, and are engaged in an earnest effort to restore honest and pure government to our State, do therefore declare and resolve that we are earnestly in favor of an honest and economical administration of the government, both State and national, of the fulfillment of every pledge as to the payment of our State and federal obligations, of a return to specie payment at the earliest practicable moment and a cessation of all further expansion of the currency, the equal taxation of all property of whatever kind in the State, the appropriation of State money for State purposes and the improvement and liberal support of the school system.

That we deprecate the corruption existing in the administration of the State government of Maryland, and hail with joy the uprising of the people to destroy the rings and cliques that have fastened their fangs on the vitals of the State.

CINCINNATI, September 20.

The Hon. Carl Schurz:

Sir—The main question under discussion in view of the approaching election in this State is whether the country shall advance or recede in the road to Specie Payments. The popular decision will assuredly have a serious influence upon political organizations, business interests and public policy. We are mindful of your arguments in the Senate on behalf of sound currency, and as merchants and business men we invite you to come to Ohio and present in public speeches your views upon the cause at issue, which we esteem to be that of national honor, and common honesty.

Mr. Schurz reply was as follows:

Sr. Louis, September 20.

Gentlemen—I simply obey a call of duty in complying with your invitation. I shall be ready to address the citizens of Cincinnati on the evening of Monday, September 27.

C. SCHURZ.

The New York Evening Post, having noted that "the Massachusetts Liberal Republican State Committee has issued an address showing why the voters for whom it speaks should not return to the Republican party," suggests that it now issue another address showing, if possible, why the Liberal Republicans should live any longer.

Henry Wilson Don't Want to be Governor.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 22.—The following is published here to-day:

To Editors Boston Journal.

I find in your paper of this morning a dispatch from Worcester stating that Vice President Wilson would accept the Republican nomination for Governor, "and considers it the greatest compliment ever paid to him." Highly as I should value such an honor, a sense of obligation and duty to the country would not permit me to accept a nomination were it tendered to me by the unanimous voice of the convention.

(Signed) HENRY WILSON.

The New York Herald is inclined to doubt whether the Maine election signifies the downfall of the Republican party, and asks:

"If the Democratic tidal wave were still sweeping on, and it men were open to the same influences which carried New York and Ohio into the Democracy by a large majority, should not Maine have gone Democratic? Does not the fact that this State has been saved for the party even by a reduced majority show that, perhaps because of these inflation follies of Ohio and Pennsylvania, the tidal wave is beginning to go the other way?"

—The greenback dollar is worth 85 cents in gold. The 5-20 bond is worth 118 greenbacks. The interest bearing bonds are worth more than paper currency. Why is this? Both are issued by the same government, and are based upon the same security. It is plain enough. The one is a definite promise to pay gold. The other is an indefinite promise to pay paper. The rich man holds the bond. The poor man gets nothing better than the paper dollar. The Republican party proposes to make the poor man's dollar as good as the rich man's bond.—Cincinnati Gazette.

The Southern Disturbances.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—The Attorney General has received several telegrams from Mississippi, from persons of both political parties, in the State, commending his recent letter to Governor Ames, which is described as having a very salutary effect. The telegrams also mention that perfect peace continues in the lately reported disorderly portions of the State.

Governor Kellogg of Louisiana called upon the Attorney General to-day and had a long conversation respecting affairs in Mississippi and Louisiana. He expressed his entire approval of the Attorney General's course, and coincides in the views of others, that the letter to Governor Ames must exercise a good effect, not only in Mississippi, but in Louisiana and other parts of the South. He also stated that political matters in Louisiana were now remarkably quiet, and there were no indications of a renewal of such disturbances as some time ago characterized the condition of affairs in that State.

A Letter from C. F. Adams.

In response to a newspaper paragraph suggesting his name in connection with the presidential nomination next year, Charles Francis Adams writes the following letter from Quincy, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—I cannot but be deeply moved by the voluntary expressions of esteem which I occasionally find in the newspapers, in reference to myself. I trust they may not have the effect of turning my head or making me think of myself better than I ought to think. In regard to the suggestion made in the article to which you call my attention, I am sure that it would be very agreeable to me to undertake the work. But I have, I fear, already on my hands quite as much as I can dare hope to accomplish during my term of life, approaching so near to the three score and ten prescribed as the limit of usefulness, as I do. I shall have to make haste or run a great risk of leaving matters in confusion.

It is for this reason that I have been perhaps too indifferent to the wishes of many who have desired to have me called again into public life. I see nothing there just now which promises happy results within a short time. Meanwhile I am steadily releasing myself from responsibilities, and not writing history, at least putting out of reach of accident the valuable materials for writing it, which have been placed in my hands, or which I have myself gathered in my own career.

I doubt whether I could be made more useful to the world in any other way. Pray, excuse me for this egotism, and believe me,

Truly Yours,
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

The Boston Journal says:—The returns of the Maine election, though not yet complete, are sufficient to indicate the general result. The total vote in the neighborhood of 115,000, an increase of 20,000 over the vote of last year. This large increase denotes an unusual degree of interest in the campaign, especially as this is an off year, and national issues were not involved except in an indirect way. While the aggregate Republican vote is considerably larger than last year, the two parties will, sagged, again on its own merits, with little regard to merely local questions. By that time, too, it is quite likely, judging from present appearances, that the National Democratic party will be committed to the ruinous policy of inflation; and it is easy to predict what fate such a platform as that would meet with at the hands of the intelligent voters of Maine.

There is no occasion to go far to find an explanation for the diminished Republican majority this year. The two parties stood on perfectly equal ground so far as national issues are concerned; and with no distinct lines of division on these broader questions, the election turned quite naturally on local issues. The Democratic gains are almost entirely in the cities and larger towns, where the altitude of the Republican party in favor of temperance legislation has arrayed against it the liquor interests and the lowest elements of the population, while it has estranged certain regular Republican voters whose views on this point differ from those represented by the party candidates. The effect of this issue is apparent in such places as Portland, where the enforcement of the liquor laws has been active and zealous. These and other local questions, together with the free expenditure of money and labor on the part of the Democrats, who, flushed by the recent triumphs of their party in other States, strained every nerve to bring Maine into the Democratic line, are sufficient to account for the diminished Republican majority. We may expect some jubilant demonstrations from the Democracy, but we can afford to let them make the most of it so long as all the substantial fruits of the election are won by the Republicans. The entire State ticket is elected: a large majority of the counties are Republican; there will be handsome Republican majorities in both branches of the Legislature, and the election of Gen. Plaisted to Congress in the Fourth District is claimed by a large majority. The nine constitutional amendments are probably all adopted.

Governor Allen's strong point against President Grant is that he pardoned a paymaster who had stolen half a million of dollars and invested it in an attempt to solve the mysteries of draw paper. The Democratic candidate inquires:—"Is it possible that this is so ignorant as not to know that that paymaster was a Democrat, and that he was pardoned on a petition signed by nearly every leading Democratic politician in Pennsylvania, his native State?"

The Buffalo Express refers to the "Boston party by the name of Banks" and says it has collapsed.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, Pershing, was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature who voted to secure President Lincoln for issuing the emancipation proclamation. What better recommendation to a Democratic constituency could a man want than that?

Gov. Dingler's paper estimates that in the Maine election, not more than 2000 Democrats failed to vote, while more than 14,000 Republicans remained at home. It also recalls the fact that in 1862 the Republican majority was only 370, and yet in 1863 the Republicans, aroused by their losses, rallied and increased their majority to 17,636.

—Last week in reporting Representatives elected, we should have said Hutchins was elected in the Fryburg District instead of Allen. Allen was the candidate from Hiram District.

S. J. Court—Sept. T. 1875.

BARNOWS J. Presiding.
J. S. WRIGHT, Clerk.

The Court was opened at 10 o'clock with prayer by Dr. Estes.

About half an hour was taken up in organizing the Court and in empaneling the Grand Jury.

Judge Barnows charged the Jury at considerable length. He spoke of the hurry of the present time as induced by the telegraph, railroads, etc., and its bearing upon the business in our courts. He cautioned the Jury against being too hurried in their work. He then read a complete charge concerning questions of law to the Jury which had been carefully prepared and committed to paper.

GRAND JURORS.

Norway, America Bisbee, Foreman.
Mason, J. Clark Bean.
Paris, Andrew Bennett.
Buckfield, Albion P. Bonney.
Hebron, George Cobb.
Hiram, Joseph Cram.
Woodstock, Thomas R Day.
Lovell, James C Farrington.
Fryburg, John Hastings.
Newry, O'Neil R. Hastings.
Rumford, Joshua T. Hall.
Denmark, Eben Hilton.
Canton, Cornelius M Holland.
Waterford, Joseph Killgore.
Bethel, Samuel W. Kilborn.
Hartford, Timothy C Lucas.
Peru, Thaddeus Oldham.
Oxford, Woodbury L Stanton.

TRAVELING JURORS—1st PANEL.

Buckfield, Mellen A Allen, Foreman.
Albany, Geo W Becker.
Paris, Lemuel B Carter.
Hartford, Wm R Carey.
Fryburg, Joseph Chandler.
Woodstock, Albion P. Cole.
Upton, Charles Chase.
Lovell, Warren Charles.
Paris, Thomas A Dean.
Sumner, Moses D Dow.
Norway, W D Earl.
Peru, Wm H Walker.

2d PANEL.

Greenwood, Wm Richardson, Foreman.
Sweden, Walter Flint.
Rumford, John Howe.
Bethel, Eben S Kilborn.
Waterford, Moses R. Mason.
Hanover, Joseph E Russell.
Mexico, Daniel G Taylor.
Oxford, Peter C Wardwell.
Dixfield, Wm H White.

EXCUSED.

Andover, William Foye.
Porter, Jordan Stacy, 2d.
Canton, Franklin M Mayo.
Hebron, Christopher C Cushman.

The following is a list of the Grand Jury for 1875, with residence, age, occupation, politics and religious views as reported by the Register:

America Bisbee, Norway, 62; Farmer; Republican; Universalist.
Albion P Bonney, Buckfield, 49; Farmer; Republican; Universalist.
Timothy C Lucas, Hartford, 53; Farmer; Republican; Free Baptist.
James E Farrington, Lovell, 33; Merchant; Democrat; Universalist.
S W Kilborn, Bethel, 49; Carpenter and Builder; Republican; Congregationalist.
O'Neil R Hastings, Newry, 53; Farmer and Cattle Broker; Republican; Baptist.
Thos. R Day, Woodstock, 39; Butcher; Republican; Universalist.
Joseph Killgore, Waterford, 51; Farmer; Democrat; Methodist.
John Hastings, Fryburg, 34; Farmer; Democrat; Universalist.
Geo. Cobb, Hebron, 71; Farmer; Republican; no preference.
J Clark Bean, Mason, 55; Farmer; Republican; Methodist.
Joshua T Hall, Rumford, 69; Farmer; Republican; Methodist.
Thaddeus Oldham, Peru, 62; Farmer; Republican; Free Baptist.
W L Stanton, Oxford, 52; Farmer; Democrat; Universalist.
Cornelius M Holland, Canton, 52; Farmer; Democrat; Universalist.
Andrew Bennett, Paris, 56; Merchant; Republican; Universalist.
Joseph Cram, Hiram, 55; Farmer; Republican; Methodist.
Eben Hilton, Denmark, 54; Farmer; Republican; Methodist.

The first case coming to trial was No. 186.

Perkins Administrator vs. Inhabitants of Oxford.

This was an action to recover of the defendant town damages for the loss of life of Hannah Blake, who was killed on the fourteenth day of May 1874, by the falling of a bridge across a brook which divides the towns of Oxford and Hebron. Mr. Blake was moving his family from Oxford to Hebron, and had his goods transported in a hay rack drawn by two yoke of oxen. Becoming wearied with the journey, Mrs. Blake seated herself on top of the load and rode in that position.

As the load was crossing the bridge in question, the upper stringer gave way, precipitating the load into the stream below. Mrs. Blake fell upon the rocks and into the water, while the goods were piled on her. When taken from under the goods, Mrs. Blake was dead. The evidence showed that the Oxford end of the stringer gave way, and hence the plaintiff claimed damages from that town.

The defense set up that at the time of the breaking down the cart had passed the line into Hebron; that an ox-cart was an unsuitable and unsafe vehicle for a woman to ride upon, and that the team was not carefully and properly driven, and raised the following questions of law in defense:—

1st, That as the act of incorporation incorporated so much of the town of Hebron as lies southwest of the stream in question into a town to be called Oxford, the southwest shore of the stream was the line, and that no part of the bridge was in the defendant town. Court ruled for the purposes of this trial that the line was the centre of the stream.

2d, That if the cart had passed the dividing line between the two towns into Hebron before it broke down, the town of Oxford was not liable.

Verdict for plaintiff \$300.

Harlow.

CRIMINAL CASES.

The Grand Jury arose Thursday and reported bills as follows:

State vs H L Larrabee False pretense.

do Thos Houston Tippling Shop.

do do Common Sellr.

Court ruled that the town where the defect existed which caused the accident was liable.

3d, That as no notice was given the municipal officers of the town of Oxford as required by the law of 1874 said town was not liable.

Court ruled that the law did not apply where the life of an individual was lost.

4th, That as the towns of Oxford and Hebron had kept said bridge in repair jointly, the town of Oxford was not separately liable.

Court ruled that where two are jointly liable it will not preclude the injured party from recovering full damages from one.

Verdict for piff for \$700. The defendants carry the case to the full court on exceptions and motion for a new trial.

Harlow.

The case was conducted with much skill by the counsel on both sides, and the evident honesty and impartiality of the witnesses, elicited much approval from the spectators.

Orlando C. Houghton et al vs the Grand Trunk Railway Co.

This was an action on the case for the recovery of a car load of 330 bushels of potatoes which the piffs delivered to the Company as common carriers Nov. 24, 1873, to be carried to J A Libby & Bro at Portland. The piffs claim is based on the facts that said potatoes were delivered to said Company on Monday, Nov. 24, when the weather was sufficiently mild to warrant them in being carried through from Bryant's Pond to Portland without injury by frost; but that instead of their being shipped on that day they were not started till Tuesday morning, owing to some delay in the trains; that they were transported as far as Oxford Station, where they were set off on account of a defect in the car, and where they remained till Thursday afternoon, and were then sent into Portland and delivered to the consignee, Libby, Friday morning, when it was found that more than one half of the potatoes were frozen. The piffs claimed that the Company were liable for damages on account of their negligence in the delay on account of the defective car and the freezing of the potatoes. The defendants claimed that they were not liable for the freezing of merchandise, because it was the act of God, and one of the exceptions in the common law liability of common carriers, and also that there was a special contract signed by the Houghtons exempting the Company from all liability on account of frost, accident, &c. The special contract was put in by the defense dated Nov. 24, 1873, and then the piffs claimed that it was never signed till six weeks after the damage to the potatoes and was not binding on them, and that the date of the contract was not correct.

County Lodge, I. O. of G. T.

The Oxford County Lodge, I. O. of G. T. met with Rising Star Lodge, Bethel, Sept. 15. There were but two Lodges represented, Invincible, Sumner and Rising Star, Bethel. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year and installed by D F Brown, Deputy of the Rising Star Lodge: Worthing County Templar, S. R. Bins n, of Invincible Lodge; W. S. L. Burnham and W. T. T. S. E. S. Kilbourne of Rising Star Lodge. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we acknowledge with devout gratitude the goodness of Divine Providence which has attended and crowned our efforts with abundant success in the past, and implore His guidance in the future.

Resolved, That we hail with delight our co workers in the temperance cause, the reformers, and in them recognize a formidable ally in the glorious work.

Resolved, That the great mission of the Good Templars organization is not completed until the great cause of evil intemperance is thoroughly eradicated from our land.

Resolved, That it is the plain duty of all who desire the success of the glorious cause of temperance to connect themselves with some organization, instituted for the purpose of promulgating the principles of prohibition.

H.

ENTERPRISING FIRM—Last week we took occasion to visit the firm of J. A. Buckman, & Co., Mechanic Falls.

Their advertisement of the Davis Vortical Feed Sawing Machine appears in another column. This machine is well described in their announcement and we will only call the attention of our readers to it and state that the firm sells nearly 300 of these machines each year, and that they give the highest satisfaction.

The Messrs. Buckman occupy a large two and a half story brick store, recently erected by them, to accommodate their rapidly increasing business. The base ment is occupied as a general grocery store, under the direction of Mr. D. Bates, formerly of Paris Hill. This department contains a large stock of Groceries, grain, meal, etc. The ground floor is used as a dry goods and tailoring establishment. Each kind of material has a separate place, and manager. A large stock of dry goods, suited to the season, is always carried, and a first class tailor cuts and fits to those desiring custom work. The second story is occupied by employees, who are engaged in making garments for the Boston market, 12 press men with their improved machinery are constantly at work, during the busy season pressing work which is stitched by the farmer's wives and daughters for miles in that vicinity. The firm manufactures 50,000 garments annually. All this work is done by the most approved machinery and in the best manner. The Mansard portion of the building is leased as an Old Fellows Hall. Mr. Buckman started business on this site many years ago, and the old building which he occupied is now placed in the rear of this magnificent structure and serves as a store room. Enterprise and honesty always bring their reward. Much trade from this county which goes to the neighboring cities might be well detained at Mechanic Falls by the inducements offered by the Messrs. Buckman.

STATE FAIR.—The State Fair held at Portland last week, has been "reported" at length by the daily papers. We see that there has been a large display of articles, and the races have attracted considerable attention. Reports indicate that the display of manufactured articles was not so full as last year. The weather has been perfect during its continuance, and doubtless the Societies represented will reap a good harvest in dollars, for their labor and pains.

Verdict for plaintiff for \$89 95.

Hastings.

Harlow.

Wardwell vs Stearns appl't.

This was an action of trover, to recover a hay rake in the possession of de't.

De't purchased a farm of Wardwell, son of piff, and claimed the hay rake, an old-fashioned wooden concern, was thrown on the trade. Piff claimed the rake could not be included in trade as it belonged to him and not to his son. De't had used the rake four years without dispute. Testimony showed that the rake belonged to piff.

Verdict for plaintiff \$300.

Perry.

CRIMINAL CASES.

The Grand Jury arose Thursday and reported bills as follows:

State vs H L Larrabee False pretense.

do Thos Houston Tippling Shop.

do do Common Sellr.

do N B Jackson Willful Trespass.

do M A Chute Breaking & Stealing.

do Geo Merchant Larceny.

Merchant was arraigned, plead not guilty and furnished bail in the sum of \$200.

The criminal docket will probably be disposed of on Thursday.

OXFORD COUNTY.

1874. 1875.

	Drilling	Timber	Scattering	Concess	Refuta
Albany	29	55	10	10	63
Andover	23	10	10	10	175
Bethel	18	10	10	10	10
Buckfield	17	26	11	149	10
Canton	17	26	11	10	20
Denmark	17	26	11	10	11
Dixfield	17	26	11	10	11
Fryburg	17	26	11	10	11
Grafton	17	26	11	10	11
Greenwood	17	26	11	10	11
Hartford	17	26	11	10	11
Hebron	17	26	11	10	11
Hiram	17	26	11	10	11
Lovell	17	26	11	10	11
Mason	17	26	11	10	11
Mexico	17	26	11	10	11
Newry	17	26	11	10	11
Norway	17	26	11	10	11
Oxford	17	26	11	10	11
Peru	17	26	11	10	11
Porter	17	26	11	10	11
Rumford	17	26	11	10	11
Sweden	17	26	11	10	11
Thaddeus	17	26	11	10	11
Upton	17	26	11	10	11
Waterford	17	26	11	10	11
Woodstock	17	26	11	10	11
Wilton	17	26	11	10	11
Riley Plantation	17	26	11	10	11

Editorial and Selected

—Mr. A. E. Shurtleff, of So. Cal., a chicken with four legs.

—Terrible floods, destroying property, have visited Texas Southern coast.

—Rev. L. H. Taber of Norway, preach in the Universalist Church North Paris, next Sabbath.

ADMITTED.—Last Saturday, the Elder, Eq., of Paris, was admitted member of the Oxford Bar, after passing a satisfactory examination.

—The big boys played with the boys for a new ball at Paris Hill, day. If the big boys with some beat the little boys with nine, 10 of six to one they were to have Score stood 7 to 45.

—The dwelling house of J. J. at West Paris, was discovered by fire last Saturday morning, and called from the village, and by ordinary exertions the flames were extinguished. The roof was destroyed, the fire breaking out on the places, and the floor of the house was badly injured. Probable damage by fire and water will from three to four hundred dollars.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—A report for military drill, and to be furnished with muskets. This matter of drill is wholly and can be abandoned by a room South College will be used as a place for lectures on Civil and Prof. Elder a course upon Hygiene soon.

SEEDLING GRAPES.—Three seedling Grapes were sent me by a Mrs. Ephraim Maxim of Paris, have a strong resemblance to the northern Muscadine in size of leaf

Poetry.

The First Breath of Autumn.

BY A. V.

I heard a voice of Autumn in the trees
Calling to me, who in the summer lands
Dwelt and made merry. In the fragrant ease
Of the unpeopled uplands, on the sands
Of Proteus' home, I had cast off the bands
Which bound me to my fellows and their cares
Living, as 'twere, in Eden, unawares,
Entranced by music of the salty strands:
The morning birds cheated morning air
To linger, till the silent breath of noon
Laid her rich warmth upon the dear earth's heart,
And lacerated there in turn, till sunset, soon
Grown angry, called her swiftly to depart;
Thus jolting, beat I Autumn cry, "Prepare!"
—Harper's Magazine.

Said a very small wren

To a very large hen:

"Pray, why do you make such a clatter?"

I never could guess

Why an egg more or less

Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen

To the very small wren:

"If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,

I would not clock long.

Nor would I feel proud.

Look at these! How you'd crow if you had

'em!"

—St. Nicholas for October.

Agricultural.

How the Rust Grows.

The transformations in the growth of a butterfly are so evident that the merest school-boy may try the experiment and observe the truth of it himself; but in the rust the objects are so very small that the changes can only be seen by the keen eyes of skilled observers, aided by the best powers of the microscope. Beginning with the spores of the natural rust-plant as seen in the black stains on the old stubble of any grain-field, it will be found that when the warm and moist days of spring come the spores germinate, producing in a few days a short stem bearing a crop of other spores of very much smaller size. To avoid confusion, these may be called by their scientific name, *teliospores*, while the parent spores are the *macrospores*. The *teliospores* have never been seen or made to grow upon the grain; but when they find their way to the leaves of a barberry bush, they soon begin to germinate and make themselves manifest on the under surface of the leaves in what are commonly known as "cluster cups." The interior of these pretty little cups is closely packed with spores of a still different kind, styled the *aecidium* spores. These will not grow upon the barberry, but when they fall upon a blade or stalk of grain, they soon produce the yellow rusty covering so often seen as the grain is beginning to ripen, and caused by a multitude of *uredo* spores. Later in the season this *uredo* state produces the final, perfect *teliospores*, thus completing the circuit of life in this little rust-plant. Long before this rust was discovered to be a plant, farmers had noticed that there was a close relation between it and the barberry, and at present the latter is being rapidly destroyed with good results, though it can scarcely be expected that the rust-plant will thereby become extinct, as probably the *aecidium* state grows on other than the barberry, though not discovered elsewhere. This is an excellent illustration of polymorphism, so common among fungi, and it also answers well to show the vast number of spores those microscopic plants produce. The *teliospores* usually bears from five to ten *spores*, and allowing that only one of these finds the barberry leaf, there may be from one to fifty cluster cups as the result. In our case suppose only one, and a low estimate for its contents would be 250,000 *aecidium* spores, and if only one in a thousand finds a place on the grain-stalk, and each brings forth its 250,000 fold, there would be under such circumstances, 62,500,000 spores from the single one with which we started. Taking the same *teliospores* and supposing every spore in all the stages found its place to fill it, the result would be 1,562,500,000,000,000 spores, which may be looked upon as its true descendants for the season. Or giving each inhabitant of the globe his equal share of these reproductive bodies, he would have nearly as many as there are individuals in the whole human race. This may seem like a very large story about a very small matter, but it is not the only strange truth the microscope has revealed.—Scribner for October.

The Wild Honey-Bee.

Wild bees are abundant in India, the islands of the Malay Archipelago, Crete, and all the Greek islands, the west coast of Africa, and throughout America. Those in the United States are all of foreign origin. There were none west of the Mississippi before 1797, nor in California before 1850; and the Indians call the bee the white man's fly. In regions where wild bees abound, bee-hunting is a distinct and important business, pursued by professional hunters or experts. In Africa, India, and the Indian Islands, the hunter is unerringly guided to a bee-tree by a bird of the cuckoo family. Well's "Explorations in Honduras" states that in Central America wild swarms generally establish themselves in the hollow limbs of trees; these are removed to the porches of the houses, and are suspended by throngs; in this primitive way large quantities of honey and wax are obtained. The honey of some of these swarms is stored in wax-bags two or three inches long, ranged along the hives in rows, while the brood-cells occupy the centre of the hive. In Timor and other Indian islands there is a wild bee that builds huge honeycombs, of semicircular form, and often three or four feet in diameter, which are suspended in the open air, from the under side of the uppermost branches of the highest trees. These the hunter takes by climbing to them, holding a smoking torch under them to stupefy or drive away the bees, and then cutting off the comb close to the limb.—Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, revised edition, article "Bee."

There were 62 sales of shorthorns

in this country last year, at which 2292

head were sold for \$1,044,159—an average

of \$457. The highest price paid for a

single animal was \$14,000; the lowest

\$10.

Jersey Cattle.

If the value of Jersey stock is to rest on color, deterioration will surely follow of those useful qualities that are far more noticeable in the good old-fashion part-colored cow, than that which will be found among the generality of fine, high-bred, whole-colored fawns, grays or foxys, so-called Jerseys. I have owned hundreds of acclimated Jersey stock, and have never as rule, found the whole-colored such large producers as many part-colored ones; in fact, by far the most butter producing cow I ever possessed was not only part-colored, but the most ugly and ungainly beast of the lot; yet her stock have never failed to show their large buttermaking qualities. The true type of a Jersey cow is, in fact, an animal that will not make meat. I do not say that this is not improved upon by acclimation and a slight introduction of a harder breed, of what are termed Chichester Jerseys are the best description; neither do I say that Jersey breeders in the island itself have not in some instances a breed that shows a disposition to make some flesh, and very probably may then be following up the requirements of fashion, yet I maintain that a pure Jersey should throw the bulk of her feeding properties into butter, and with little to flesh. The part-colored good cow may have but a white spot, especially under the belly, but throughout the body the rich yellow skin, under any colored hair, will be found, black, white or fawn. I have seen the commencement of a whole-colored herd, the property of a noble duke, to obtain which I have seen wealthy and large producing cows sold off to prevent an animal remaining with the slightest stain of other than one color.—London Agricultural Gazette.

A Vicious Horse Cured by Kindness.

President Eli, at a recent meeting of the Farmer's Club of the American Institute, New York City, read the following: "A horse in Farmington, formerly driven in a meat cart, was bought by its present owner at a very low price, because reputedly vicious. He would bite, rear, kick, run away and was utterly uncontrollable. Soon after changing masters, the people, who had called the purchase a foolish one, were surprised at the difference in the horse's conduct. He would go slow as desired, stop instantly at a whistle, follow his master, come at his call, and rub his head on his shoulder. What had made the change? Not force! The poor horse had been beaten, kicked, and starved before, and grew more and more stubborn. No; he was well fed, well bedded, well watered; not overdriven or overloaded; never whipped, kicked or scolded. Kind words were given him, and now and then an apple or a lump of sugar. No gentler, safer or more faithful horse went on the road. But, Indian fashion, he forgot neither benefit nor injury. Occasionally, when in harness, he saw his former master. Then, invariably all the fire of his nature was aroused. His eye rolled, he champed his bit, and showed an intense desire to get hold of his enemy. Only the voice and caressing hand of his kind, new owner could quiet him. What a power is kindness—the power that the Almighty loves best to use."—Pen and Pencil.

Cellar Drainage.

If the ground is at all inclined, even in the wettest seasons, to be wet or springy, whatever other precautions are taken, a drain should be laid all around the cellar inside of the wall, and at least a foot lower than its lowest bed-stone, and carried away to a free and sufficient outlet. This drain may be made of gravel or broken stones, but ordinary land-drainage tile with open joints is usually cheaper and always better, especially as preventing the ingress of vermin. For the largest private house, the smallest-sized land-drain tile will be sufficient. If the soil is unduly wet, at any season, similar drains should cross the cellar at intervals of not more than fifteen feet. All of these drains should have a slight but continuous fall toward the outlet, and should be securely covered by having earth well rammed over them, the whole cellar bottom being then coated with concrete. For small houses, where cobble-stones or gravel are plenty, if the foundation rests on a layer of this porous material a foot or more deep, and if a good outlet be provided at the lowest point, the tile is not needed.—Col. Geo. E. Waring, in Atlantic Monthly for October.

Song of the Starling and Bobolink.

If California has no mocking bird, like the South, and no bobolink, like New England, it nevertheless has a starling.—The song of the bobolink is a sort of ecstasy—"pure rapture," as I have said—inspired by its favorite clime in the Carolinas, and its songs never so well as when swaying blithely on a wind-rocked bush. The mocking-bird, too, sings with a Southern abandon, shaking from his little throat "floods of delicious music." But the starling has the richest voice. It sits all the morning in the modest place it loves—generally hidden in the bush—and, from the fullness of its own deep and quiet joy, pours forth the incomparable sweetness of its orisons. It needs no sports and jumps of coquetry, no flitting and swooning on the bush and dashing of gaudy colors in the sun, to trick forth its peerless song. In my opinion the California starling is the one perfect singer of our continent. France has never produced a contralto singer and Italy can boast but little more; but ice-bound Scandinavia gives us Jenny Lind and Nilsson. The flippant songsters of the sunny South (for the bobolink is nearly Southern) can never compare with the starling, dwelling in the cool and changeless mountain valleys of California.—Overland Monthly.

—One swallow does not make a spring but a dozen swallows sometimes make one fall.

—Threshing machines were invented as long ago as 1732. The principle of the early machine was similar to threshing with flails. The present form of drum with spikes revolving in a concave having similar spikes, was invented in 1785, although previous to 1854, wooden rods were used instead of spikes.

PUBLIC REPORT OF A POLICEMAN.

I have not enjoyed good health for several years past, yet have not allowed it to interfere with my labor. Every one belonging to being obliged to labor when the body, from debility, almost refuses to perform its daily task, never, as a believer in medicine, but having heard the VEGETINE spoken of so highly, was determined to try it, and shall never regret the determination. As a tonic (which every one needs at some time) it surpasses anything I ever heard of. It invigorates the whole system; it is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood. There are many of my acquaintances who have taken it, and all unite in praise of its salutary effects.

Especially among the aged class of people, it imparts to them the one thing most useful in old age, a healthy calm, sweet repose, thereby strengthening the mind as well as the body. One aged lady, who has been suffering through life from rheumatism, and has become blind from its effects, having tried many remedies with no favorable result, was induced by friends to try the VEGETINE. After taking a few bottles, she obtained such great relief that she expressed a wish for her night that she might be able to look upon the man who had sent her such a blessing.

Yours respectfully, O. H. F. HODGE, Boston, May 9, '71.

HEARTFELT PRAYER.

ST. PAUL, AUG. 22, 1864.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am desirous to thank you for the

kindness with which you have

been so good as to send me

the VEGETINE, which I have

just received, and which I

am sure will be of great

benefit to me. I am, Sir,

Very respectfully,
J. L. CARROLL, Store 41 Broadway.

MAKE IT PUBLIC.

South Boston, Feb. 9, 1871.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I have heard from very many sources

of the great success of the VEGETINE in cases of

rheumatism, kidney complaint, catarrh

and other diseases of kindred nature. I make no

hesitation in saying that I know VEGETINE to be

the most reliable remedy for Catarrh and Venereal

Dysuria.

My wife has been troubled with Catarrh for

many years, and at times very badly. She has

thoroughly tried every supposed remedy that we

could hear of, and with all this she has for several

years been gradually growing weaker, and the dis-

charge from the head was excessive and very of-

feensive.

She was in this condition when she commenced

to take VEGETINE. I could see that she was im-

proving on the second bottle. She continued tak-

ing the VEGETINE until she had used from twelve

to fifteen bottles. I am now very happy in infor-

ming you that she is now as well as I could make

public that she is entirely cured, and VEGETINE

accomplished the cure after nothing else would.

I have been a sufferer from Catarrh for many

years, and I have been advised to take the

most reliable remedy for Catarrh and Venereal

Dysuria. I have been advised to take the

most reliable remedy for Catarrh and Venereal

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Dysuria. I have been advised to take the

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

This compound of the vegetable alteratives Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillinger and Maudsley, with the addition of Potassium and Iron, makes a most effective cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting.

It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the decomposition of these same humors into some internal organ, or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptions of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Psoriasis, Itch, Boils, Tumors, Uterus and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Tetter and Sore, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Sore Throat, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhoea arising from internal ulceration and uterine disease, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility. With their departure health returns.

Prepared by

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

To the Honorable County Commissioners in and for the County of Oxford.

RESPECTFULLY representing the undersigned

inhabitants of the Town of Oxford, in said

County of Oxford, that the southern end of

the County road leading from the town of

Oxford to the town of South Boston, and

the road leading from the town of South

Boston to the town of Oxford, are in need of

improvement, and that the public convenience

and necessity do demand it. They therefore

request your Honorable Board, to order the

road to be widened and improved, and to

make such alterations and improvements as

may seem advisable, and as in duty bound

will ever pray.

Dated this 1st day of June, 1871.

DANIEL CONNOR & 2als.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss. Board of County Commissioners

September Session, A. D. 1871.

Upon the foregoing petition, satisfactory

evidence having been received, the Board

of Commissioners do hereby order the

road to be widened and improved, and to

make such alterations and improvements as

may seem advisable, and as in duty bound

will ever pray.

Witness my hand and the seal of the

Board of Commissioners, this 1st day of

September, 1871.

JAMES S. WRIGHT, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order of

the Board of Commissioners, as the same

appears on file in the office of the

County Clerk, I hereby certify.

Attest: JAMES S. WRIGHT, Clerk.

Music Has Charms!

PRICE REDUCED.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

WILL LAST A LIFETIME!

45,000

OF THE CELEBRATED

Shoninger Organs

In Daily Use.

The best talent of the country recom-

mends these organs. The nicest and best.

More for your money, and gives better

satisfaction than any now made. They

comprise the

CYMBELLA,

ORCHESTRAL,

PARAGON and

GRAND ORGANS.

Illustrated catalogue sent by mail, post-paid

to any address, upon application to

B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,

47 to 61 CHESTNUT STREET,

New Haven, Conn.

Non-Resident Taxes.

In the town of Stoughton County of Oxford

and State of Maine for the year 1871.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-

resident owners in the town of Stoughton for

the year 1871 is hereby returned to the

Collector of Taxes of said town, to be paid

on the 21st day of June, 1871, by the owners

of the same, and by the certificate of said

Collector, to be returned to the Collector of

Taxes of said State, on or before the 1st

day of July, 1871, and by the certificate of

said Collector, to be returned to the

Collector of Taxes of said State, on or

before the 1st day of July, 1871, and by

the certificate of said Collector, to be

returned to the Collector of Taxes of

said State, on or before the 1st day of

July, 1871, and by the certificate of

said Collector, to be returned to the

Collector of Taxes of said State, on or

before the 1st day of July, 1871, and

To Lyceum Committees, Lecture Associations, &c.

Lectures upon "Our New West."

From Rev. BENJ. P. SNOW, Late Editor of the Christian Mirror.—The approaching season of Lyceum lectures is the most favorable time for the dissemination of reliable and interesting facts of the West. Among the few who are prepared to speak in an understanding and attractive way of the West, Mr. SNOW is one of the first. He has spent the last season lecturing in the West, and has returned with a wealth of facts and illustrations which will be of great value to the Lyceum and Lecture Committees. Mr. SNOW has prepared a series of lectures upon the "New West," which will be of great interest and value to the Lyceum and Lecture Committees. The lectures will be given in the following order: 1. The New West. 2. The New West. 3. The New West. 4. The New West. 5. The New West. 6. The New West. 7. The New West. 8. The New West. 9. The New West. 10. The New West. 11. The New West. 12. The New West. 13. The New West. 14. The New West. 15. The New West. 16. The New West. 17. The New West. 18. The New West. 19. The New West. 20. The New West. 21. The New West. 22. The New West. 23. The New West. 24. The New West. 25. The New West. 26. The New West. 27. The New West. 28. The New West. 29. The New West. 30. The New West. 31. The New West. 32. The New West. 33. The New West. 34. The New West. 35. The New West. 36. The New West. 37. The New West. 38. The New West. 39. The New West. 40. The New West. 41. The New West. 42. The New West. 43. The New West. 44. The New West. 45. The New West. 46. The New West. 47. The New West. 48. The New West. 49. The New West. 50. The New West. 51. The New West. 52. The New West. 53. The New West. 54. The New West. 55. The New West. 56. The New West. 57. The New West. 58. The New West. 59. The New West. 60. The New West. 61. The New West. 62. The New West. 63. The New West. 64. The New West. 65. The New West. 6