

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 42.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1875.

NUMBER 39.

Oxford Democrat

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

THOMAS H. BROWN, Political Editor.

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Poetry.

A Straggler.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

I left the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they sped, in breezy shade,
Their plumed and hampered cheer.

Along a dark, moss-misted plank
My way is dreary mood I took,
And crossed, from balmy bank to bank,
The impetuous sinner of the brook.

And wondering on, at last I found
A shadowy, tranquil, glade-like place,
Full of mellifluous melody,
While midstmost of its grassy space.

A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny lichen ledge of gray,
And up among the boughs there leaned
One blue, delicious glimpse of day!

In still faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightest laughter fell,
And softly, as I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bled me with a spell.

In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seemed to mark,
While dunes and gullants roamed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with misty eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

And that rough mass of granite, too,
From grassless outcrop gently waied,
And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained.

And then (most beautiful change of all)
Strewed over its mottled slab lay low
A glebe, a lute, a silver shawl,
A velvet band, a lace-trimmed bow.

—October Atlantic.

Selected Story.

GLIMPSES OF DIXIE.

The Broken Axe and the Smoking Car.

Traveling through Tennessee late in
Autumn, an accident happened to the
cars when we were within twenty miles
of Knoxville which caused a delay of
several hours. To while away the time
I scattered through the train until I
reached the "smoking car" where I found
a lot of hilarious fellow passengers gath-
ered around a comfortable wood stove,
blowing clouds from all imaginable kinds
of pipes—pipes of clay, of corn-cob, of
brier-wood, and of meerschaum—and en-
joying themselves as if (to use their own
phraseology) they "didn't care whether
school kept or no." Neither they nor the
other passengers on the train betrayed
any of the restlessness, vexation, impa-
tience, and curiosity which are often
shown under like circumstances by trav-
elers on the trains that pass to and fro
between our Northern towns and cities.

While their demeanor was at the farthest
possible remove from apathy or stolidity,
they possessed their souls in patience,
crampled by the delay, and undisturbed
by the fret and worry of suffering or
postponed business, which, like "hope
deferred," so commonly makes the "heart
sick" in commercial centres. Whether
they were "on time" or "behind time"
seemed to give them no concern, and they
practically acted on the fatalistic
proverb that it would be "all the same in
a thousand years." None of them gath-
ered around the broken axle which had
arrested our progress, speculating as to
the "why" or "wherefore," or the "might
have been"; they volunteered no advice,
indulged in no querulous fault-finding,
postured the conductor with no trouble-
some questions, and received no short and
fretting replies.

Attracted by the frequent bursts of
merriment that proceeded from this group
of travelers in the smoking car, I was im-
pelled to make one of their number; and
relying on the subtle freemasonry of the
"weed," which I had never known to fail
me even under the most adverse circum-
stances, I approached them, empty pipe
in hand, and asked for some tobacco.

Instantly half a dozen hands went into
as many different pockets; "Lone Jack,"
"Durham," and "Killikinnick" enough
were proffered me to last a twelvemonth,
and I was invited to take a seat near the
stove. Scarcely had I loaded and lighted
my pipe when one of the party, a fine
looking, bronzed-face man of forty or
thereabouts, with a wilderness of dark
hair mantling a broad white forehead, a
pair of merry eyes that gleamed keenly
out of a tangle of beard and whiskers,
and a capacious and many-dented soft hat
slung carelessly upon his head, looked at
me inquiringly though not inquisitively,
and said,

"From New York, sir, I reckon?"

"No," I replied; "I am a Jersey man."

"Well," said he, "the d—dest" and
the "a he added, apologetically, as he saw
a shadow of disapproval pass over my
face, "I beg your pardon, stranger; may
be you 'd 'n't swear. But, howsoever, the
darndest I light place that ever I was in
my life was when one of our Jersey
regiments made a charge on my regiment
at Gaine's Mill. I've seen some pretty
tall fighting in my time, but I'm da—arned
if ever I saw anything like that charge of
your Jersey Blues!"

Thanking him for his compliment to
my State, I begged him and his compan-
ions not to let me break off the conversa-
tion which I had interrupted, promising
to be a good listener and to laugh as
loudly as the best in them wherever the
laugh should come in. Taking me at my
word with a careless good nature, he turn-
ed to one of his companions, and said,
"Nov 2, general, tell us how the deuce

you managed to get away from me at
Jonesville when you were up there to
see your folks."

The gentleman whom he addressed was
a stalwart, prepossessing man of about
his own age, who, as I learned afterward,
had been a brigadier general in the Union
army.

"First tell me, colonel," said the gen-
eral, "how you learned I was there."

"That was as easy as winking, general.
You see, about midnight some of our
scouts captured two of your men and
brought them into camp to our division
commander, and, upon his questioning them
pretty sharply, they let out that you had
left your head quarters that day. As
quick as a flash it came into my mind
that as your head-quarters were only
twenty miles from home, you were bound
to see the wife and children, if it were
only for a few minutes. I did not let on
that I thought and determined that you
might see them, if you could get a chance,
without any hindrance from me. But the
general was as smart as I, and, turning
round to me, said, 'Colonel, he has
gone to Jonesville, and as you know that
country thoroughly, I want you to trap
him.'"

"I was tremendously taken back at
this, and replied, a little saucily, 'General
you don't want me to take my whole
regiment to capture one man, do you?'

'Yes, sir,' he blazed out; 'take your whole
regiment if it is necessary.' Then sotten-
ing a little, and understanding how the
land lay with me, he went on: 'Colonel,
I trust you to manage this thing as you
think best. It is of great importance to
us to get General Slaughter. Take as
many men as are necessary, but I par-
ticularly desire you to lead them in per-
son, and that you start in the morning as
soon after sunrise as you can despatch your
breakfast.'"

"Of course there was nothing to be
said, so I concluded that if the thing must
be done, it would be done by an old friend
like myself than by one of my captains,
who were all pretty rough fellows, and
didn't know you from Adam. It glim-
mered on my mind at the same time that
the general thought so too. So early
next morning I started off with twenty
men, bound to take you if I could. I
reached your plantation (which was
about a mile from Jonesville, stranger)
about eight o'clock in the morning, and
placed my men so as to command a full
view of the house on every side, with
orders to let no one leave it. Not a soul
was to be seen outside, and we had moved
so silently that I felt confident that we
should bag our game. Without standing
on ceremony, I entered the house alone,
and proceeded to the dining-room, where
I found the family around the breakfast
table, but betraying evident signs of
anxiety, notwithstanding their efforts to
seem at ease. There was one vacant
seat which revealed that you had been
there, general, though the crockery had
been removed from before it. Apologiz-
ing to your wife, I told her of my errand,
and giving her a hint to say nothing that
would put me on your track, said that as
I knew the house thoroughly, I would
search it myself. Going into the kitchen,
the first things that met my eyes were a
tell-tale half-emptied coffee cup and an
unwashed plate and knife and fork, which
I surmised had been yours. Confirmed
by these tokens in the impression that you
were in the house, I rummaged it from
garret to cellar, and had just returned,
after a fruitless search, to the dining
room, where your wife and children still
remained, when Big Jake, your family
nigger, came in from the outside. 'Sar-
vant, Massa George,' says he, 'been
lookin' for de gin'ral? Guess he ain't
here. I jis come in from Jonesville way,
and as I pass by de ole school house I
seed his ole roan horse a standin' tied to
a saplin' outside. Guess he must be in
dat school-house.'"

"Your wife looked thunderstruck at
Jake's treachery in putting me on your
tracks, and I fairly boiled over. 'You in-
fernal nigger,' says I, 'take that!' and I
gave him a kick that lifted him about a
foot from the floor. Leaving the house,
I dashed down toward the old school-
house, bidding my men to follow. When
I got there, sure enough, there stood
your roan ready saddled, and I misgave
that you could not be far away. In a
minute we were in the school house, but
could find neither hide nor hair of you.
One of my men pointed to a rear win-
dow which was hoisted, and on looking
out of it we discovered traces of foot-
prints, on the ground beneath. This con-
vinced us that you had clambered out of
the window, and had made for the belt of
woods that lay behind the school house.
So, leaving five men to keep watch over
the horse and the approaches to the
school house in front, I took the rest of
the squad and hunted the woods for two
mortal hours. There wasn't a tree in it
that we didn't examine, and when we got
through I felt that the game was up. At
the school house nothing had transpired
in the meantime, and after making suc-
cessive circuits of one, two, three and
four miles around the vicinity for several
hours, we rode back to camp as
empty as we came, and with stomachs a
confounded sight emptier. Now, gen-
eral, the conundrum I have to propose is,
How in the deuce did you manage to get
away? That's what's always puzzled me."

The colonel had hardly ceased his
recital when we were saluted by a peal
of laughter from the hinder end of the
car, proceeding from a negro, whom I
had noticed when I entered, leaning
back in the corner of the seat with his
head against the car window, pillowed
on an old felt hat of prodigious size, and
apparently slumbering. He was a stout,
burly fellow, with hair cropped danger-
ously close to the scalp, and a head as
round and nearly as small as a coco-
nut set on the shoulders of a Hercules.
His face which was guileless of any ves-
tige of hair except his eyebrows,
bubbled over with merriment, and was
lighted up by the smallest and sunniest
eyes and the largest and whitest teeth I
ever saw.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared this ebony
Hercules. "Dis yere nigger 'member
dat kick welly well, Massa George—feel
him now," rubbing his fleshy part.

"Guy! twas just like a horse kicked me."

"Why, Jake, you infernal nigger, is
that you?" said the colonel.

"Sartin," said Jake, quite complimen-
ted by the colonel's rather strong epithet.
"Sartin Massa colonel, I's dat nigger.
But Massa George, for sure how
you kin kick! I swan dis nigger neber
was so 'stonished in all his born days as
he was airly dat morning."

Here General Slaughter interposed,
"Colonel let Jake tell you the story; he
knows all about it.—Come Jake, tell
Colonel Hampton how you threw sand
in his eyes dat morning."

Another seat was soon found for Jake
among the party, and he began: "You see
Massa George, de gin'ral had been to
home, nearly all dat day. But in the
mornin' welly airly, as I was out
a-feedin' de hosses, anoder nigger
comes runnin' in to me all out of b'ret,
and says he, 'Jake, dey're after de gin-
'ral. That infernal scoundrel, Colonel
Hampton's comin' hot foot to 'round him;
so you jis git him out de way's quick as
God 'a'mighty' if le you.' And den Mas-
sa George, dat nigger wad called you an
infernal scoundrel scooted away as if the
old boy hisself was after him. I knowed
he told de gospel trufe all de time, and
dat de gin'ral had got to git up an' git
mighty sudden. So I went to de house,
and dere was de gin'ral eatin' his break-
fast, wid his little three-year-old daugh-
ter on his lap, and one hand a playin'
wid her hog curls, and de boys a leamin'
on de back of his chair, and Mrs. Gin-
'ral lookin' welly bright and happy. I was
dreadful sot back, 'cause dat picture couldn't
last no longer; but I knowed all de
same dere was no time for foolin', and I
told de gin'ral softly, so's not to frighten
de missus and de chillum, dat he'd got to
leave quicken 'lightnin'! But de Lord
bless you, Massa George, white folks
ain't a bit like niggers. If my ole woman
knew dat de scoundrel were after me she
and all de chillum would set up a howl
and raise Judas gin'rally. Dats why I
told de gin'ral all by hisself, you see.
But twasn't no use, for he up and tells
dem all about it, and dey neber blubbered
a bit or made de least bit of a row, though
Mrs. Gin'ral's eyes looked welly hot and
dry, as it tews would do 'em good, when
de gin'ral kissed her and de chillum
good-bye. Well, Massa George, when
we got out of dat de gin'ral tole me to
fetch de horse down to de school house,
'cause he had to stop a minnit on de way
to leave some money wid de wife of one
of his men, an' he could do dat while I
was gitin' out de hoss. But, by Judas!
when I rode de horse down dere he was
dat lame he could only go on his three
legs. So dat wouldn't work. In a min-
ute de gin'ral came along, and in less
dan de half shake of a lamb's tail he see
how de lan' lay, and says, as quiet as it
ebery thing was lovely, 'Jake you take
de roan back, and I'll get under cover
de timber.' Jes den dis yere chile
'member somethin'. It come in my
head like a flash dat dere was a loose
board in de ceilin' of de school-house,
and I tole de gin'ral he'd better git up
dere and lay low on de rafters under de
peak of de roof while de scoundrel was
around. I guesse de gin'ral thought so
too, for he got up dere welly sly, and
moved de board back in its place, and I
knowed he was all right, 'cause, you see,
Massa Colonel, I've been dere myself.
Well, den I histed one of de back win-
dows a kind o' permiseus and jumped
out of it and made tracks toward de
timber for a rod or two where de ground
was soft, and den made a straight streak
for de house again. Me and de gin'ral
hadn't been gone mor'n half an hour
before I was back dere, in time for you
to give me dat air rousin' kick, Guy!
Massa Colonel, you kin kick, dat's a fac!

Here Jake's merriment became quite
obstreperous again, and he rubbed a
nameless part of his garments with the
same expressive pantomime as before,
glancing askance at the colonel all the
while with a look which was an inde-
scribable mixture of shrewdness and
simplicity, of the serio-comic, the impu-
dent, and the respectful, the whole qual-
ified by the pretense of an apprehension
that the colonel might be tempted to
essay once more his kicking capabilities.

Meanwhile the colonel was evidently
becoming restive, which Jake was not
slow to perceive, and suddenly checking
his misanthropic, he resumed:

"De fac is, colonel, dat air kick was jis
wot dis nigger was a-prayin' for. You
tot i was a peachin' on de gin'ral, and
dat was zactly what I wanted; 'cause I
knowed if I could only make you believe
dat you wouldn't expect me of hidin'
him away. Beside dat air hoss standin'
down dere had been givin' me a sight
of trouble for fear somebody else would
get ahead of me and tell you he was

dere, and den you'd go a scootin' round
to find out how he got dere. So I cluded
dat I'd be de fast to tell you he was dere,
if de Lord'd let me. I tell you what,
Massa Colonel, you white folks is mighty
smart about some things, and think
you're a blame sight smarter than you is.
But, Massa George, a nigger's mighty
cunnin'. And when you give me dat
almighty kick I knowed that it was all
right, and dat you tot dat I was a dam
mean nigger. And den, when you
rushed out de house, and pitched into
de school house, and swarmed all fra de
wood wid dose scoundrel of yours a huntin'
high and low an' not findin' nuffin', I
knowed I'd got you off de scent, and
cluded to make myself sca'oo till you
and your soldiers had skeddaddled, for
fear you'd axe me somethin' I mightn't
want to tell. Den, jis about sunset I
went to where de gin'ral was stowed
away among de rafters, and tole him de
coast was clear, and we went back to de
house, and de missus she laugh and cry
bofo togedder, and he gits on his hoss
and gits for sure. And dat's de way,
Massa George, you didn't git de gin'ral
dat time."

It was very interesting to watch the
play of the colonel's frank and open coun-
tenance as Jake told his story in his
roundabout fashion. Cloud and sun-
shine chased each other over his face.
Puzzlement faded into vexation, vexa-
tion into amusement, amusement into
supreme satisfaction, till when Jake
had ended his recital, he clapped him
cordially on the shoulder and vowed he
was a regular trump, in terms more
emphatic than devout.

The close of this reminiscence of the
war, was a signal for other narratives of
"hair-breadth 'scapes" relating to the
same eventful period, for nearly all the
party had been engaged in the contest on
one side or the other, and each had some
stirring incident to relate that we need
not now repeat. It was very interesting,
however, to note the absence of any
symptom of bitterness or remnant of
animosity, and the entire cordiality
which marked the intercourse of these
men. They were from widely different
classes; some were educated and refined,
others rude and unpolished. They had
been arrayed on opposite sides, and at
times, as their narrative revealed, had
been in fierce antagonism. While the
war had lasted they had been alert and
unsparring foes, often pushed to dire
extremities by each other. But now that
the war was over they seemed to have
totally forgotten their old hostility;
and just as quondam school boys revive
old recollections of hard knocks given
and received, or rejoice over the memory
of pranks played, fends waged, rivalries
kindled, triumphs won, and defeats suf-
fered, they dwelt upon their mutual
conflicts and escapes on a sterner theatre.
Not a trace of vindictiveness was visible,
and their comradeship seemed as perfect
as if it had been uninterrupted. It was
difficult to realize that they had ever
been hard pressed by each other, and on
more than one occasion had been en-
gaged in deadly grapple; and I was
amazed at the good humor with which
they gossiped over events so full of pas-
sion at the time, and on the turn of
which hung captivity, or, mayhap, life
or death. Instances of this nature were
recalled by one and another of the party,
and the attendant circumstances were
related as though they were capital
jokes; and each was as merry over the
reminiscence of some "tight place" in
which he had been put by some other as
though it had been nothing more than a
harmless frolic undertaken for mutual
pastime.—October Harper's

There are heroes and martyrs daily
passing to and fro in our streets. Men
whose real life is never known to the
world unless forced out by some irresisti-
ble circumstance. They are those who
have stood the test of adversity, ill health,
poverty, want, and disgrace, fighting
against passion, appetite and human
weakness on this side and on that without
being dishonest, and above all, without
losing faith in God.

Men pass them by, but they do not
know what they are passing by. Some
measure them, but it is according to their
capacity to measure, and they are called
so much. Some perhaps love them—but
it is also according to their capacity to
love. Few are able to draw them out and
behold the beauties of faith and the
strength and nobility of real manhood.

None but the Great Designer can quite
look into the soul and see where pain has
purified, "yet so as by fire," where the
waters of affliction swept and washed out
stains of worldliness, where disgrace
swept like a tornado and carried away
pride, vanity and selfishness, and left
humility, meekness and charity, where
want and distress chased and irritated and
developed faith and hope, where long
suffering came and left patience.

They wear a satisfied expression, calm
yet dignified and hopeful. Affliction does
not prostrate them now, because they are
strong. They complain not, and whether
it is because their tears have all been shed
that they do not weep, or because they
live so near that "blest abode" where
"there shall be no more tears," we hardly
know, perhaps both. At least, we rarely
see them weep except in some sudden
and extreme sorrow when Nature seem-
ingly takes them unawares, demands a
tribute of remembrance and is satisfied
with a single tear.

They know the philosophy of grief and
are reconciled. We have heroes of a day
and men crown them; these are heroes
of a lifetime and they go veiled. This
is a crown of rejoicing that no element
can rust or corrode, but is even made
brighter by the action of adversity and
oppression.

W. W. MAXIM.

A Photograph of the President.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"That's Grant's race-track."

The man who said this—the tall, bony
sovereign whom we had picked up some-
where out of the sands of New Jersey
that morning in the down trip—jerked his
head over his left shoulder toward a high
board fence to the right and then, stoop-
ing a little, spurted a stream of amber, or
tobacco juice, at the blinking eyes of a
little woolly dog that had climbed upon
the platform and was smelling us a wel-
come to Long Branch. After that, this
tall and angular citizen, who seemed to
be perfectly at home and to know just
what he was talking about, took his car-
pet bag by its two ears, swung it over his
shoulder, and again jerking his head
toward the tall board fence, started away
on the edge of the crowd toward the
hotel.

I had gone to Long Branch almost
solely to see the President of the Great
Republic—the great man whom my peo-
ple had placed at the head of my country.
Even the board fence, you see, under the
circumstances, had to me a great interest.
I stopped, stood there, contemplated it,
and wondered if the coat of whitewash
and the singular advertisements had any
possible significance. I suppose I
had as well stood in the sands of Africa
and looked in the face of the Sphinx.
With my intense imagination, which is a
curse, I always picture men and scenes
so vividly that, even after I have seen
the real, the picture which I had in my
mind stands out the clearer of the two.
I could now see the President perfectly
well in my mind, back there behind the
high-board fence, horses, dogs, whiskey
bottles and all.

And then had I not seen all these in
the glorious wood-cuts of the patriotic
and refined (?) prints of America always
during my years of travel in strange
lands? Have not these energetic illus-
trated journals with a noble desire to
dignify their country in the eyes of the
civilized world, sent their artistic wood-
cuts into every bank and hotel of the
continent? Have they not thus set up
the man whom the people have chosen to
stand at the head of the Great Republic,
before all the world during all the years
of my wandering, as a sort of idiotic
adjunct to a levee of bull pupps?

Why, then, could I not see this second
fiddler who revealed and made merry
while the people groaned under

Hebron.

These yield seven, eight and ten per cent.
free of taxes. Selected with special care,
for sale by
GEO. Wm. BALLOU, Banker,
72 Broadway Street, Boston.
Write for our list with prices. Especial attention
to the investment of funds for Savings
Societies, Insurance Companies and Trustees of Es-
tates.
29 June 12

TERRORS OF YOUTH.
GENTLEMEN who have suffered for years
from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay,
all the effects of youthful indiscretion will
be made of suffering humanity, send free to
us the recipe and direction for mak-
ing the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sur-
vivors wishing to profit by the advertiser's experi-
ence can do so by addressing in perfect confidence
JOHN B. GODDEN, 42 Cedar st., New York.

SPRINGFIELD HOUSE,
UNION SQUARE, N. Y.
EUROPEAN PLAN.
SELECT FIRST CLASS HOTEL in the heart
of the city; convenient to all places of business,
theatres, etc. Stages and street cars
stop directly for all steamboat piers, ferries and
water deposits. Guests find a more quiet, com-
fortable and luxurious "home" at the SPRINGFIELD
than at any of the larger first class hotels.
Famously furnished rooms \$1.00 per day upwards.
Single fare is saved at Union Square as easily
as by street cars or stages.
J. F. FROST, Proprietor.

The "Oxford Democrat" is the
best advertising medium in Ox-
ford County.

Terms:
For 1 inch of space 1 week..... \$1.00
Each subsequent week..... .75
SPECIAL NOTICE—25 per cent. additional
SPECIAL TERMS made with Local Advertisers
for advertisements continued any considerable
period of time; also, for those occupying ex-
tra space.

ORGANS.
MUSIC STOOLS,
of all kinds, constantly on hand.
These Pianos and Organs are of such universal
reputation, not only throughout America, but also
in Europe, and are so generally acknowledged to
be the standard of excellence among all instru-
ments that few will need to be assured of their
superiority.
All kinds of instruments warranted on hand and
Sold by Installments, *Warranted for the term*
of five years.
MELODEONS & ORGANS TO RENT.
So. Paris, July 14, 1875. 17

BELMONT
(EUROPEAN HOTEL.)
623 and 625 Washington Street,
(Opposite Globe Theatre.)
BOSTON.
A New House with Elevator and all Modern
Improvements.
Rooms, \$1.00 per Day and upwards.
GOOD RESTAURANT at moderate prices.
SANBORN & HARDY.
May 4, 18 52. 614

Reseating Chairs.
MRS. M. O. PROCTOR, - - Paris Hill
is prepared to re-seat all kind of cane-seated
chairs, in an excellent manner and at short notice.
Persons having wears of this kind which need
repairing will do well to leave their work with
her.
Paris, Oct. 5, 1875. 5W

