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Poetry.

In the Rough.

The marble was pure and white,
Though only a block at best,
But the artist, with inward sight,
Looked further than all the rest,
And saw in the hand, rough stone,
The liveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care
And chiseled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast,
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear to God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen.
For men are only blocks at last,
Till the chiselling brings out all the rest.

Selected Story.

THE INITIALS ON THE TREE.

BY FRANK LEE BARNETT.

The spacious and splendid grounds of Beechwood, on the Hudson, were thrown open for a fancy dress *fete champetre*, in which Roman peasants and Albanian soldiers competed with beauties of the Middle Ages and Cavaliers of the Vandeyke period. Everybody, for miles around, who was socially distinguished, was present. New York itself had sent up some of its most charming belles. A brass band, concealed in a thicket, alternated its music with that of a score of stringed instruments, which played waltzes for the dancers in a gigantic marquee.

But while all the rest of the gay assembly appeared to be enjoying themselves, the possessor of Beechwood seemed pre-occupied and unhappy. His eye wandered restlessly about, as if seeking some one in vain. The efforts of his fair, unmarried guests to engage his attention—and many there were who made the attempt, for though more than forty years of age, Douglas Stuart was still handsome and fabulously rich—failed except for a few moments at a time. Evidently he was out of spirits.

The truth was that she, for whom the *fete* was really given, the one whose smiles he valued more than the smiles of all the rest, had unaccountably disappeared. Had Douglas Stuart known where she was, and how she was occupied, his restlessness would have been even greater. At that very moment Maud Milton was deep in the famous beechwood, that lay to the back of the house, and from which the place had taken its name; a wood so vast that it exceeded in size many an English park, and in which some of the trees dated back to the primeval forest.

Half an hour before, a gentleman, dressed in a velvet doublet, in the florid style of the fourteenth century, had appeared on the edge of the lawn, and in a few minutes, Maud, also in a dress of that era, had sauntered that way, and the two had immediately disappeared within the shelter of the wood. There, seated on a rustic bench, in the very furthest and most shaded dell of the forest they had conversed, for some time, as only lovers converse, his arm around her waist, her head on his shoulder, their hands clasped, their eyes drinking in each other's looks. Now their positions were changed, but were still those of lovers. The cavalier was hastily cutting her initials and his own, R. M., within a true lover's heart, on the trunk of a gigantic beech that partially shaded the path; while Maud leaned on his shoulder watching the proceeding till it was finished.

"There," she said, finally, drawing a long breath, "it is done at last. I am so glad, Rupert, for I must go now—they will miss me, if I stay much longer."

"You don't regret meeting me, and coming?" he said, half reproachfully.

"Nothing but the consciousness that this was my only chance—that if I did not see you to-day I should not see you for years—could have induced me to have assumed this disguise, and to have come where I was not invited."

She pressed his arm tenderly.

"No, dear," he answered. "I do not regret it. But for all that it is better I should not be missed. Don't misunderstand me, love. My life with mamma will be hard enough; you wouldn't do anything to make it harder?"

"Not for worlds." He turned, took her in his arms, and kissed her, as he spoke. "God bless you, darling, for meeting me. I feel now as if I could brave years of absence, and all the perils of Australia. You have, by this interview, given me a new pledge of your faith."

"I will be true to you, Rupert," said the girl, with beautiful enthusiasm, clinging to him, and looking up into his eyes, "as long as those letters remain, which will be as long as this tree stands, and that will be for more than the lifetime of either of us. Forever, I mean."

"Forever! I mean it, too," cried he, and then, with another long, straining embrace, and a mutual, fervid kiss, the lovers parted.

Maud Milton was the only child of a widow, who had once been in opulent circumstances. But the sudden death of her husband had left her almost penniless, so that she had been compelled to give up her splendid mansion on Fifth

Avenue, and retire to the little village, on whose outskirts stood the lordly mansion and grounds of Beechwood. Mrs. Milton was not a woman to accept this destiny contentedly. Her sole object was to recover her lost position. Life was nothing to her without luxury and show. As she saw no way of returning to New York, except as the mother of a wealthy son in law, her whole aim, since her daughter had left school, had been to manoeuvre for a grand match for Maud. But there was one obstacle in the way. In earlier and happier days, Rupert Allington and Maud had been playmates, and the childish affection, at which the parents on both sides had then laughed, instead of dying out, as is usual, had now developed into a maturer love, that threatened to thwart all Mrs. Milton's plans. For Rupert, too, was penniless. His father had been ruined in the same convulsion that had carried down Mr. Milton, and the young man had nothing on which to depend, except what his brains and hands could earn. In every way Mrs. Milton had discouraged the attachment, and when Rupert, finally had accepted a situation in Australia, in the hope of making his fortune, and had boldly gone to her with his suit, she had positively forbidden him the house. This had brought matters to a crisis. Resolved not to leave the country without a parting interview with Maud, he had availed himself of Mr. Stuart's *fete*, to which he had gone in disguise, and uninvited, as we have seen, having first had a note secretly conveyed to Maud, telling her of his intention, of the dress he intended to wear, and of the spot where to expect him.

The next day Rupert left New York for Australia, and Mrs. Milton, when she read his name in the list of passengers, uttered a silent ejaculation of thanks, little dreaming of the interview which had taken place the afternoon before, or of the solemn pledge then given.

Douglas Stuart had been telling himself, for several years past, that he had done with faith and hope; but when he became acquainted with Maud Milton, he soon discovered his error. Before the summer, which threw her in his way, had ended, he was obliged to look the truth plainly in the face, and to admit that life had offered a new hope—a sweeter one, perhaps, than any that had gone before. The *fete* which had made such a talk, was one of the first results of this conviction, and yet it was only the beginning, as it were. He was so kind, so thoughtful, so thoughtful a companion, that Maud unconsciously glided into a more intimate friendship with him than with any other gentleman. His very age, indeed, blinded her to what he wished. He was a great deal at the house; he met her at parties everywhere, that summer and autumn; his carriage and horses were always at her mother's disposition. Mrs. Milton, on her part, was too shrewd, as yet, to utter a word which could arouse any disquieting thoughts in the girl's mind.

But carefully as he tried to guard looks and language, some perception of the truth did at length startle Maud, and she set herself to work to find some means of avoiding his society, and sparing him the possibility of pain. She managed to refuse one or two invitations, where she would meet him; to be occupied or indisposed, when he came to the house; but there was not much time allowed for her to struggle. No sign did Mrs. Milton give that she perceived any alteration in the girl's manner; during those three days she was as sweet as ever, admitted Maud's excuses; and Maud began to hope that her mother had perceived nothing, and that she should have no difficulty in slipping out of the painful position in which she found herself.

It was the close of the third day. Mrs. Milton had been driving out, and Maud had spent the afternoon quietly in her room, writing a letter to Rupert—one of those secret letters, which were almost as much pain as pleasure to write, because of the necessary deception to her mother involved in them. The last page was finished, and now she sat dreaming of the future, which was to make amends for this present waiting and suspense. It was not until the shadows of the early twilight began to fill the room, that it occurred to her to wonder that her mother had not returned. She went down stairs for some trifle that she had left in the library; went into the darkened room, singing softly an old song that Rupert had loved. Suddenly, on a sofa, near the fire, she recognized her mother and Mr. Stuart in earnest conversation. Her first impulse was to get away unnoticed. A sudden fear had struck her heart like a blow from an icy hand. But Mrs. Milton saw her, and called:

"Maudie, come here; don't go, child."

Mr. Stuart said something quickly in an undertone. Mrs. Milton replied laughingly, and Maud, moving toward them, in obedience to the summons, caught the last words of the reply.

"Let me do it in my own way; you'll not be sorry," her mother was saying.

If Douglas Stuart had not been himself a good deal agitated, he could scarcely have failed to see how pale the girl was, and how the fingers which she extended hesitatingly to him, in response to his greeting, trembled under his touch.

But Mrs. Milton was perfectly calm, equal, as ever, to the exigencies of the occasion.

"Maud," she said, gently, "Mr. Stuart has just been telling me a secret, and begging for my interposition. He has

done you the honor to ask your hand in marriage. He does not press you for an answer now; but he wants you to give him an opportunity to win your regard, and I have told him that I believe he can. I have told him, too, that such a future for you would make me very happy."

Maud could not speak. She felt about blindly for a chair, and sat down. She knew what she ought to do. She ought to tell the whole truth at once; but she had neither voice nor strength. Then she heard Mr. Stuart's grave tones.

"This has been too abrupt," he said. "I beg your pardon, Miss Maud. I know it is so new to you that no answer at all would be possible. See, I am going away now. Please don't be afraid of me."

His gentle voice brought back her courage a little, but she could see her mother's eyes full upon her, and the words she tried to speak died on her lips.

"Only let me say this," Mr. Stuart added. "If later, you can give me the least hope, you will make me very happy, and I will try to be worthy of your goodness."

Then he was gone, and mother and daughter sat alone among the shadows.

"Don't get up, Maud," Mrs. Milton said quickly. "Let me tell you something before you say a word."

"Only—only—"

"Wait, child! I have been foolish enough, this fall, to indulge in some speculations, in hopes to better our fortune. They have turned out dismal failures. I have lost the little competency we had."

"Oh! mother—"

"Yes! But that is not the worst. Do not, my child," she added, hurriedly, "judge me, till you consider the temptation. I not only lost what we had, but more. To make up the deficiency—to avoid immediate ruin—I used Mr. Stuart's name. I—I—imitated—his endorsement—"

"Mother!" This time it was almost a shriek.

"Remember, in justice to me, that I was wild with despair—insane—I did not know what I was doing. In a few months, as soon as the note is due, it will all come out. With you I rest to save me. Marry Mr. Stuart, and I am safe—our good name is spared—my momentary madness will never be known. Refuse, and you consign me to a prison."

"But—but," stammered Maud, stunned by this terrible blow, yet groping blindly for escape. "Why not throw yourself on Mr. Stuart's mercy? Why not frankly tell all—"

"We would be rushing into the lion's den, unless, first, you promised to marry him."

"But Rupert?" moaned Maud. "I cannot give him up!"

"Rupert! Rupert!" cried Mrs. Milton, seizing Maud by the arm. "Do you dare to weigh your silly fancy for that adventurer against a mother's honor, a mother's life—for I swear to you I will never, never survive the disgrace of an exposure?"

She was like some wild animal, now, in her frenzy and despair. Maud shrank from her side, frightened and trembling.

"I—I can't talk—at least not now," she said faintly. "I want to go to my room. Please! Perhaps, to-morrow."

"Go," answered Mrs. Milton more calmly, releasing her hold. "Think this all over. But there is only one way out."

The girl got to her room, and, in its solitude, the full horror of her situation burst upon her. Whichever way she turned, she saw no hope. She was in a net, from which escape was impossible.

"Father in heaven," she prayed, "guide me in this extremity. Oh! help me, help me, in this sore, sore strait."

The next morning, her mother came in, and finding her ill, and feverish, insisted upon her remaining in bed, doing everything kind that was in her power. There was no attempt at conversation between them, except on unimportant subjects. Later in the day Mrs. Milton came back, and put a note in Maud's hand, saying:

"I have written this for you to read, because you are not well enough to talk."

It was only to tell Maud that she had seen Mr. Stuart; he did not wish or mean to hurry her; for the present everything was to go on as usual. Mrs. Milton added some sentences which led Maud to suppose that she had explained to him the old attachment between her daughter and Rupert.

So, when Maud, finding that she could not die, could not even be ill, had to go down stairs again, and take up life as if nothing had happened to render it a torture, she found herself placed in the most difficult position possible. There were more gaities on foot than ever, and she was obliged to accept her part in them. Wherever she went, Mr. Stuart was by her side, the kindest, gentlest friend imaginable; and not a word escaped his lips which enabled her to tell him the truth. Moreover, how was she to tell it? The letter to Rupert had been destroyed; she could not send it; later she knew that she must write him that they were separated forever; but she could not do it yet.

Two whole weeks of this agony went by, and day by day Maud felt the toils narrow about her; realized, more and more, as the time elapsed, that there was only one way out. A thousand wild projects of rescue suggested themselves to her mind; but each in turn had

to be rejected. She felt she was utterly powerless.

They were invited one night to dine at Mr. Stuart's house, just themselves, and his two old-maid sisters. After dinner, not even the laws of politeness could keep the ancients awake, and Mrs. Milton was busy with a book of engravings; so Stuart led Maud away into the distant conservatory to look at his flowers.

"I asked you, the other day, if you considered me your friend," he said abruptly.

"You have been very kind," she answered, longing to break from him and run off; but feeling how useless it was to prolong this unequal struggle.

"I want you to let me be your friend," he repeated, looking down at her, with a smile, which made his face fairly handsome. He was pale, but perfectly composed, holding her hand fast in his own, while he spoke.

The poor little fingers quivered pitifully, but did not attempt to release themselves from his grasp. Then Maud stole one shy glance at his face; their eyes met; and something in the expression of his checked partially the nervous timidity which had shaken her.

"I want to be your friend," he continued, in the same gentle voice; "but, remember, there can be no real friendship, without perfect confidence on both sides. Are you sure that you trust me?"

"I know—I can—I do," she said, steadily, though he felt the hand he held grow cold as ice.

She could not see his face now. He had turned it aside. The lines about his mouth quivered, and the earnest eye became misty and dim; but the expression of deep pity and sympathy for her was there still.

"I have been silent during this fortnight," he continued; "but I am not blind! Oh, Maud! do you think me selfish enough to buy my happiness at the expense of yours?"

She knew then that he had been studying her, that, at least, a portion of the truth was clear to him. Her mother—this was the one thought in her mind—her mother! She could not even remember Rupert; she could only recollect that she had, perhaps, lost the one means of rescuing her mother from shame and prison.

"Mr. Stuart," she said, quickly, conscious that if she stopped to reflect, she should be utterly unable to speak. "I have wanted to tell you—I have had no opportunity—I want to tell you everything."

He drew her to a seat, and sat down beside her, quietly.

"Tell me," he answered; "speak to me just as you would to an elder brother. See, you are not afraid now?"

As he bent toward her, she raised her eyes. It was impossible to fear, when she looked into his.

"I—I have not meant to be deceitful," she said.

"There is no need to assure me of that, Maud. But wait a moment. Let me tell you something first—something that will make it easier for you to speak. I know more than you suspect. I know all—"

"Not all? Not about my mother?" cried Maud, hardly knowing what she said.

"Yes! But for your sake," he added, hurriedly, as Maud buried her face in her hands, and broke into choked, convulsive sobbing, that she strove vainly to subdue, "I have shielded her. The promissory note was brought to me to buy. A business man would not have expected anything else. I bought it at once, without betraying Mrs. Milton—"

"Oh! thank you, thank you," cried Maud, looking at him, for one moment, with inexpressible gratitude, and then hiding her face again in her hands in shame and horror.

He paused an instant; plying in every look; but regarding her still with that same encouraging smile.

"I have asked you to be my wife, Maud," he went on quietly. "Your mother told me only that you had once had a girlish fancy for another. Wait, child," (for she involuntarily shrank away from him,) "wait—you are not afraid of your friend. If there had been no stronger feeling than a fancy to combat, Maud, I should not hesitate. I think that in time I might teach you to care enough for me to make your life pleasant."

He stopped again, for he knew that his voice began to sound unsteady, but stopped no longer than might have served to draw breath; then spoke as gently and firmly as before.

"But there is more than that, Maud, and I am thankful that I have seen it; else, in my selfishness, I might have done a great wrong to your heart and to my own soul. But there is time yet. So, if you will, you shall tell me everything about yourself and Rupert Allington."

She had now gathered confidence, and composure, and she did tell him; told the whole little history, wondering at her own calmness.

"And now?" he asked, when she had finished.

"Now?" she repeated, beginning to tremble again.

"Yes; what do you mean to do now?"

"I can't answer," she said. "Oh, Mr. Stuart, I want to do right. But I can't put him out of my heart. I can't forget."

"Will you keep your promise to me? Will you trust me entirely, no matter if what I ask sounds unreasonable?"

She replied only by the movement of her head.

"Then let everything go on as it has been doing. Trust me just as you would your brother—no less, no more."

"I will," she whispered. "I will."

"I shall never claim an unwilling wife—you may be sure of that. I know you would try to do what was best; but I want you to be happy. There is no wish in my heart so strong as that. Do believe me, Maud."

She did, wholly, and she tried to thank him; but the tears came up again and choked her.

"We understand each other, now," he continued. "I shall explain in my own way to your mother. You will not be troubled. Treat me as your truest friend, and leave the future in God's hands."

She could not understand his full meaning; but she knew that she could trust him.

Winter came—spring—summer. Mr. Stuart continued a frequent visitor at Mrs. Milton's. The days glided so smoothly by that Maud might have been almost happy if she could have heard from Rupert; but it was hardly time as yet, for a letter from him; and she was not certain, even if one came, but that her mother would intercept it.

Mrs. Milton appeared perfectly satisfied with the course affairs were taking, and was kind to Maud. What had been said to her the girl never asked. Strange to say, after a while, Mr. Stuart's society was her one consolation. Somehow whenever she looked in his face, her courage came back, and she could have faith to believe that the end was not yet.

One lovely evening, in the late summer, Mr. Stuart joined her as she stood in the garden.

"Maud," he said abruptly, "there's a steamer in, with Australian passengers—"

She interrupted him by a little cry.

She knew now what he had meant by his promise, that night, when she had told him the truth about her girlish past.

A few minutes later she comprehended the full change which had come upon her life; for Rupert Allington was holding her in his arms. Douglas Stuart walked away, and left them together. After a while they were both calm enough so that Rupert could tell her of the telegram that had summoned him home; of the offer he had received of a share in a well-established business, which would enable him to claim his wife without delay; and "and all," he said, "through Mr. Stuart."

Douglas Stuart had, indeed, redeemed his pledge. This man never won battles or founded monarchies; nor was he considered by his friends a remarkable person, in any way. Still, I often think, that when we see each other, face to face, in another world, many a renowned hero will hold a slight place compared to his. For he earned that place—he is dead, alas!—by the cheerful sacrifice of all that is hardest here to relinquish, the one love of his life.

In the depths of the forest, at Beechwood, there is a mighty tree, on whose trunk may be still seen, though years have passed since they were cut, the initials of Rupert and Maud, within a true lover's heart. Often, as the afternoon wears on, two persons, a husband and wife, go there, and look at it, and then lovingly at each other, and think reverently of one who is dead. They are now the owners of Beechwood, Douglas Stuart having left it to Mrs. Allington.

What is Intoxication?

The Mysterious Working of Alcoholic Stimulants.

In a late number of the Edinburgh Review is an exhaustive and carefully-written paper upon "The Physiological Influence of Alcohol." It is calm and scientific, not emotional, but crowded with facts and information. According to this article, when a spirituous drink is taken into the body it does not simply run through the digestive cavity of that body, but it runs through the blood before it can find any escape, and it clings to that blood for a considerable period, flowing with it round and round through the circling stream of its unceasing progress. It goes everywhere, in each fibre, membrane and tissue, and fills and saturates each vital organ—flesh, brain, heart, liver, lung, kidney, skin and secreting apparatus. Wherever there should be blood, under the natural arrangements of life, there is now mingled with the alcoholic spirit.

Articles of food are "complex bodies, built up from simpler elements by the effort of vegetable life." Alcohol is not such a complex substance, but it is a "product of the downward degradation and decay of such a complex principle." The foods which furnish substance to the living structures are, for the most part, composed with the aid of nitrogen, and have therefore an affinity with the vital parts of the human structure. "The fibrin of the blood, the muscular flesh, the cartilages and tendons, the membranes and the skin, the soft nerve pulp and the brain are all so many examples of nitrogenized matter." But alcohol is entirely devoid of nitrogen in any form. In the exceptional cases where alcohol has been found useful as a medicine an unnatural condition of the body exists,

and physicians should determine when stimulants as a medicine are necessary.

The parts of the body which possess the most energetic vitality, the brain, the nerves and the nervous material of the spinal cord, are principally composed of matter of the most pulpy consistence, so soft that it may be almost termed melting. This nerve pulp is packed into minute pliny sacks and tubes discernible only by microscopic aid. Through these tiny and almost invisible films the blood is "filtered." The nerve pulp appropriates such qualities of the blood as nourish life and build up the structure and at the same time reject and throw back into the stream their own waste particles. Large quantities of water enter into the composition of this pulpy matter, and the first evil effect of alcohol is to withdraw this water. For alcohol has an "uncontrollable impulse" to draw

on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little, toiling steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reluctant tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high deeked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more.—O. W. HOLMES.

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, FEBRUARY 1, 1876.

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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or not—must pay for it in advance, or, if he is unable to do so, he must give a satisfactory security for its payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must so inform the publisher, or the publisher will continue to send it until payment is made, and will not be responsible for the amount.
3. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

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

Delegate to the National Republican Convention.

The call of the National Republican Convention, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, has been issued, signed by the National Republican Committee, Hon. E. D. Morgan, Chairman. It is to be held in the city of Cincinnati on Wednesday, the 14th day of June, 1876. Four delegates at large, from this State have already been elected by a Legislative Caucus to attend this convention. The election of these four delegates is announced by a caucus at Augusta at about the same time that the call for the Convention is heard from the National Republican Committee.

A delegate and an alternate will be required from this Representative District, to attend that convention; and it is to be hoped that the people will wake up fully to the importance of this vital question. The selection of a President of these United States at this time is no ordinary question. The real question to be settled this year is, every way as important, and possibly as pregnant of good or evil, as that of 1860. The simple question is: Shall the United States be governed under the Constitution in the interest of Slavery or Freedom? The decision of the people was, that it shall be administered in the interest of freedom. The foes of Freedom went down and carried slavery with them.

Although Slavery went down, the spirit which originated the contest is now the same as fifteen years ago. The same fundamental questions are agitated and nothing is settled. Do the people of this District feel the importance of this question? Are they determined to let a few politicians decide who shall represent them in the National Convention? Shall the selection go by default, while the people simply look on, as if a matter beyond their comprehension?

The people do have something to say at voting time, and if they are wise they will have something to say about the selection of candidates. They know that there are things that must be altered, and they know those who can and will produce the alteration; and they farther know those who will not cause any alteration, whether they can or not. It is every way desirable that the Republican Party should triumph in the coming Presidential Campaign. It can triumph if the better sentiment of the party can mould its public policy.

Let the Republicans of every town in this Representative District take up this question and examine it according to its importance. It is much better to see to it now than to wait and grumble and criticize after some false step has been taken. Depend upon it there is some thing to be done, and if the judgment and sagacity of the people are exercised as they should be, success may crown their efforts.

Woman's Temperance Union.

No. 8 of Vol. 1, of a little journal, not much larger than a man's hand, printed in large type on white paper, with a fine artistic heading, has taken its place among the new agencies for the promotion of the great and good cause of Temperance. A lady asked for 50 cts., as a subscription for one year, and received it without a moment's hesitation. Tacitly she should ask and receive in the same way. Men have wrestled with this overshadowing evil in every way that they could devise. They have tried example, precept, persuasion and law, and yet every year sees 60,000 men and women fall into drunkard's graves, and millions of bushels of grain worse than wasted.

A little local benefit is seen here and there; a few individuals are snatched from the burning. But the great swelling tide of death, cruelty, ruin, poverty and crime, moves steadily onward in its mighty course.

At this stage, the women—the intelligent, sensitive and appreciative, as well as gentle and persuasive women—should be welcomed to the work. When her resources of intellect, judgment, and moral power, are harnessed to the car of temperance, greater results may be expected. A united, zealous effort on her part to instruct, warn and direct the youth of both sexes, can and will do more than all other agencies combined. It is to be hoped that her Union will present a new barrier to the continuance of this scourge, and will charm the patrons of the cup and dram shop away from the "sirens that lure to the vortex of woe."

Mrs. Abba A. Prentiss of Bangor is a Vice President of this new organization.

Democratic Reform and Economy.

We are beginning to see the beauties of Democratic reform and economy in Congress. The first measure comes from Arkansas providing that all the Pensioners of the war of 1812, struck from the rolls on account of disloyalty in aiding the rebellion, be restored and the pensions paid to themselves or heirs, not only for the future but for the time they were fighting against the Union. A bill has been introduced by Mr. Reagan, Davis' Post Master General, to pay the expenses of six gentlemen who claimed seats in the House to which they were not admitted. Another gentleman has introduced a bill calling for \$3,000,000 to repair the Levees on the Mississippi river. Another bill does away with the Court of Claims so as to place the Confederate war claims in the hands of Southern judges.

The Augusta, Ga., Chronicle gives the hint that "Mr. Davis, Mr. Toombs, and others of that class, might, perhaps, even prefer no removal of disabilities, the retention of these disqualifications, even at this late day, being an implied and weighty compliment to their power." It also says that the only "full and perfect amnesty" that can be given will be the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, which, it says, "will come in the fullness of time." One of the sections of that amendment forbids the assumption of the Rebel war debt or payment for emancipated slaves.

Poultry Exhibition.

Mr. Editor—I had the hardihood to enter the City Hall at Portland, last week, when the poultry, dead and alive, of New England and New York was on exhibition. Calling the exhibition a Poultry Show, gives but a very imperfect idea of what there is to be seen. The number and variety of Pigeons would make a splendid show of itself, if the swags, geese, hens and other fowls were not in speaking distance.

On entering the City Hall for a second time, I thought I would take a position near the door and if possible form some general idea of the scene, and note the sights and sounds which might be found in the area before me. The sight of a hen coop as large as City Hall, was one of no ordinary character—where you could see double eagles to the right of you, to the left of you, and in front of you, extending over an area of several thousand feet. It appeared like a walled city of cocks and hens arranged for a jubilee ornamented on its borders by gaudy pheasants, the little pets, the American eagle, the South American ostrich and the goat, all thrown in at intervals.

Taken concerning the sounds. If rural sounds are really delightful there were enough here to satisfy the most capacious appetite. The crowing of the cocks was almost continuous. There was generally a room enough for a rooster to stand erect and commence and finish his crow according to the dictates of his nature; but as one listened to long rows of crows issuing from the right of the body of the Hall, the hoarse ending of the note gave one the idea that the poor crower had his neck pressed by the bars of his cage, or was in some way undergoing strangulation. This, however, was only apparent; for when I stepped around in front of the performer he was found to belong to the Brahminical order, and being among the varieties of his genus, who were to the manor born, chose to give his salutatory with muffled sound and bated breath so as not to frighten the Banians and Plymouths out of their senses. These noble fowl—darks, lights and buffs—will no doubt like other immigrants from Europe and Asia, adapt themselves to the soil and climate of America, and be able soon to stretch their necks and open their organs of speech to their full capacity. If their voices are a little croupy now from fear or modesty, the true fancier need not entertain a doubt that he can breed a modulation that will excel all the crows of Christendom.

The eagle—called the Bald or Ameri can eagle—at one side of the Hall, in a large cage, seemed to be meditating on that little exclamation of Alexander Selkirk: "O, Solitude! where are thy charms." This lonesome, silent emblem of civilization had a good eye—steady, dark, deep, bright, full and bold. He had also a good beak, hooked pointed, broad and strong. But really there was nothing else of beauty or grace to call for admiration. His shaggy parted feathers, his drooping wings and his solemn taciturnity, did not call loudly for admiration or imitation.

How many thousands of hens, of all sorts, there were on exhibition it is impossible to state. Or how many rabbits, swans, geese and pigeons. There were enough to fill the City Hall and many of the adjoining rooms. They were all admirably arranged for exhibition. The gentlemen who had the show in charge deserve the highest commendation for their skill. Everything was conducted in the most orderly and satisfactory manner. It will be gratifying to all who may desire the success of poultry raisers and fanciers in this State to know that the show has been remunerative financially; and that in consequence other similar treats are sure to follow.

—Splendid sleighing again.

Maine Legislature.

The accounts of State Treasurer Hatch having been examined by a committee of the Senate, were reported correct; and Treasurer Hatch was subsequently elected Treasurer of Maine for the ensuing year.

An order passed the House, instructing the Railroad Committee to enquire if further Legislation is necessary to protect the rights of stockholders through the authority of bondholders to choose trustees under deeds of mortgage. The Trustees of the Maine Insane Asylum call for an appropriation of \$6,000. The Commissioners appointed by the late Governor to enquire into the necessity of providing additional accommodations for the insane have made their report. The conclusion is, that with certain changes in the classification of patients, the present accommodations are sufficient. An appropriation of \$20,000 has been asked by the Homeopathic Society for a homoeopathic hospital. Judge Joseph Howard of Portland heads one of the petitions.

The report of the Railroad commissioners represents the railroads of the State in a very satisfactory condition.

Hon. F. A. Pike has delivered his speech on his interest bill, a bill which provides that the legal interest shall not exceed six per cent per annum. Other members are expected to follow in opposition. Pike's speech is reported as very able.

State Expenditures.

The Committee on Ways and Means reported a bill to provide in part for the expenditures of government for the present year to the amount of \$981,833.04. Among the items are: Public debt, \$31,000; interest on the public debt, \$65,000; sinking fund, 1868, \$80,479.95; balance due on school loans, \$187,090.45; balance due on school mill tax, No. 3, \$15,134.98; balance due on school mill tax, No. 4, \$223,320.17; soldiers' pensions, \$23,000; deaf, dumb and blind, \$13,600; East Maine Conference Seminary, \$10,000.

The House passed a Resolve to remove the seat of Government from Augusta to Portland. Every year witnesses this little play for the benefit of the Kennebec valley and the patrons of theatrical representations. A little local scare is all that is meant or expected. The Senate has laid the ghost by voting him on or under the table.

The amount of money appropriated for the State Agricultural college since 1866, \$179,000. Of this sum \$151,000 was expended; \$28,000 unexpended.

The Committee on Federal resolve in favor of giving the Centennial Commissioners of this State \$10,000, in order that the progress of the State in commerce, arts, agriculture and mines may be well represented at the Exhibition.

Congressional Notes.

A Senator from Va., has made the statement in the Senate that the Treasury accounts were so kept that the actual condition of the national debt could not be ascertained, within the sum of \$50,000,000. Mr. Boutwell of Mass., submitted some remarks which showed the error of this statement. The subject was referred to the Committee on Finance.

Among the numerous bills in the House introduced and referred were the following: To provide for the suspension of the sinking fund until 1880; to amend the act authorizing the funding of the national debt; to fund the legal tender debt of the United States; for funding the legal tender debt into 40 years 4 per cent, gold bonds to the amount of \$100,000,000 at a rate not to exceed \$300,000 a month.

IN THE SENATE.

After the expiration of the morning hour the Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to provide for the arrest of a commission on the subject of alcoholic and fermented liquor traffic and manufacture, and it was passed—yeas 37, nays 20.

Mr. Knott has reported a bill to re-organize the Judiciary of the United States.

Mr. Rusk of Wis., reported a bill to increase pensions in certain cases. It provides that a person who in the service lost one hand and one foot or was totally or permanently disabled, shall be entitled to pensions for each of these disabilities.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Centennial bill at one o'clock.

Mr. Thompson of Mass., advocated the bill as not only strictly constitutional but as demanded by every sentiment of National integrity and National glory.

Mr. Southard of Ohio, opposed the bill, not because he was not in favor of the centennial, but because he regarded the bill as unauthorized in the Constitution.

Mr. Robbins of N. C., said that when the war broke out, a North Carolina farmer had six sons grown up to manhood, who, at the first tap of the drum, went to the field to fight in the cause of the South. They had not stayed to reason about it and they fought from Bull Run to Appomattox, but not all of them—some were sleeping at Antietam, one at Chancellorsville, one at Chickamauga, and another in Kentucky; but two of them were at Appomattox. They had seen the flag go down which they had followed with unfaltering devotion. One of those survivors was he who now addressed the Committee. He had seen the flag go down, he had seen enough of war and wanted peace. He wanted reconciliation and brotherhood all over the country. That was why he proposed to vote for the bill, for he thought the tendency of the celebration was to promote peace.

Mr. Holman of Ind., (Dem.) as a test vote moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill. Lost 110 to 126.

The House subsequently passed the bill 146 to 130. So the bill appropriating \$1,500,000 to the Centennial Exhibition has become a law. The announcement was greeted with applause.

—Mr. C. F. Whitman, who recently, with Mr. Drake, purchased the Oxford Register, publishes his valedictory this week. He has sold his interest in the Register establishment to Messrs. A. H. Mason, and P. J. Parris of Paris Hill. We are sorry to lose Mr. Whitman from the fraternity, feeling that he has scarcely been initiated into the sweets of journalistic life. Mr. Parris will assume the editorial chair, is a graduate of Bowdoin College. He is a man of culture, and we predict will make an excellent Journalist. Mr. Mason is well known as a prominent Democratic leader in Oxford County.

ELOPEMENT.

Great Sensation in Paris.—Two Well-known and Respected Citizens, tired of this Vicinity, Seek a Home in Foreign Localities.

Last Wednesday afternoon the people of this vicinity were astonished by a rumor which floated from some unknown quarter, affecting the character and conduct of two well-known citizens of South Paris. The worst rumor was fully confirmed when the facts in the case were made public.

There never was a more surprised and grieved community than this, as it became generally known that Mr. R. F. Duten and Mrs. Frank Skillings, had, in company, left for parts unknown.

Mrs. Skillings is a woman about 38 years of age. She has two children, girls, one 16 the other 13 years old. About a year since she lost a little daughter, and since that time her most intimate friends have observed unmistakable evidences of aberration of mind. Last week she left home stating that she was intending to visit a friend in Yarmouth. Before leaving Paris, she entrusted several letters to a friend, with instructions to deliver them on Wednesday. In the letter to her husband she used expressions of regard and love, and added that she hoped to come and see him at times—certainly a preposterous proposition for a sane person to make. A sister of Mrs. Skillings committed suicide some years ago, by casting herself beneath the wheels of a locomotive. Mrs. S. was well known in this vicinity as a finely cultured, well read and eminently lovely woman. For a long time she has sung in the South Paris Congregational choir.

Mr. Duten is a mild, harmless looking young man, slender and of light complexion. In the presence of ladies he always appears diffident, and at times, exceedingly bashful, being so constituted no person so unlikely to commit this crime could have been selected. His age is about 27.

For several years Mr. Duten has been a proprietor, in partnership with Mr. Skillings, of the Paris Flouring Mills. Recently he removed to Portland in order to take charge of the branch office in that city. He is an excellent business man, a remarkably fine accountant, and a correct book-keeper. Before leaving, he closed up his accounts, and drew \$3,300 which he claimed was his share of the business. He has written a letter from New York, giving reasons for his sudden departure, and also returned the safe key. All the Company's affairs were left in an excellent condition—a charming bit of honesty to enlighten these benighted times.

So far nothing has been heard concerning the whereabouts of the unhappy pair. No action has been taken to secure their arrest, as it is probable a short time will suffice to show them the folly of their course.

The family of Mrs. Skillings has the heart-felt sympathy of this community in its distress.

Letter from Augusta.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 28, 1876.

The Capital of our prosperous Commonwealth presents a very lively appearance during the present week. Several important hearings have been had before the various committees, the County Commissioners have been in session discussing Jail affairs, and, at last, the Maine Editors and Publishers assembled in their might to see what should be done by them to advance the great interests of Maine, and to swell their capacious but flat-sided wallets.

Thursday was one of the busiest days during the session, for Committees. The Judiciary Committee gave a hearing to the petitioners from Oxford for a betterment act, which was to give the village district possession of a school house which they had erected upon land belonging to a lady, who declined to sell her property. The case is so well known, in all its details, that it is needless for us to report at length the arguments and statements presented by counsel. M. L. Ludden, Esq., of Lewiston, made a very strong argument in favor of the act. The Committee was tired and heated by listening for so long a time to arguments in a crowded room, and wished to adjourn without action; but Hon. J. P. Swasey, Chairman, objected, on the ground that there was so much business before the Committee. A vote was at last taken, and resulted in a resolve to report Legislation inexpedient, with only one vote in opposition, Mr. Keegan of Madawaska voting for the district. This settles the matter and Oxford loses its school-house.

In the evening there was a hearing on the petition to divide the town of Webster, which also attracted much attention. The Committee did not adjourn until ten o'clock. There was also a hearing concerning temperance matters, in Representatives Hall, during the evening. The friends of total prohibition presented some strong arguments in favor of including cider and native wines among prohibited beverages. The Committee took no action in the matter. It is doubtful if any legislature would pass such an act, as public sentiment is not strong enough to day to enforce it.

The Editorial Association met in the Senate Chamber, Thursday evening, and held a two hours session, devoting the whole time to business. Friday morning there was another business session, and in the afternoon Mr. Simpson of the Belfast Journal read an interesting and valuable essay. Quite a large number of members was present, and the sessions were very interesting. Friday evening the Association accepted an invitation to hear Mrs. Scott Liddon's readings.

Angus is particularly awake in social matters this winter. Sociables, receptions and balls abound. Perhaps the most attractive of these gatherings are the receptions given by the residents at the Augusta House. The most fashionable and entertaining society is to be found here, and these evenings are waited for with much impatience by those who take part in the festivities. By the courtesy of the proprietor of the Augusta House, the Maine editors were invited to be present on Thursday evening.

Oxford County is well represented in both House and Senate this year. The hardest worked man in the Legislature is Hon John P. Swasey of the Senate. He remarked to the Judiciary Committee, of which he is Chairman, that there were over a hundred matters before them at the present time. Locke of Paris, and the other Representatives from Oxford are doing themselves credit and honoring their constituents. A. S. Kimball of Waterville, is a very popular member of the House, and would take a high position were it not for his political views.

The prospect of a short session is very good, unless there should be unlooked for discussion called forth by the new laws, which are necessitated by the adoption of Constitutional Amendments. There seems to be a strong sentiment in favor of economy, and many unneeded expenses have been curbed. Such action will receive the hearty endorsement of every citizen.

J. S. Hobbs, Esq., State Librarian, is alone this year, and has very little spare time to devote to his friends, though he gives a hearty welcome to all visitors from his native County.

Sprague, Owen and Nash, publishers of the Kennebec Journal, and printers to the State, are the busiest men you ever saw, during this session. They are on a constant jump, printing acts and laws, reporting meetings, and attending to the host of visitors, members and others who are desirous of examining their extensive establishment.

An Anecdote of Vice President Wilson.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter is authority for a notable story of Henry Wilson that has never before been published. The evening before his inauguration as Vice President he called on Mr. Sumner and said: "Sumner, can you lend me a hundred dollars? I have not got money enough to be inaugurated on." Mr. Sumner replied: "Certainly. If it had been a large sum I might not have been able to help you; but I can always lend a friend a hundred dollars." He then gave Mr. Wilson a check for the amount, and after the latter had retired Mr. Sumner, turning to Mr. Carpenter, remarked: "There is an incident worth remembering—such a one as could never have occurred in any country but our own."

Valuable in Every Home.

We shall do our readers a favor by calling their special attention to the value, the usefulness, and we may say the direct profit, of supplying themselves the present year, with one of the cheapest, as well as the most valuable Journals issued in this country. It costs hardly half a cent a day, as usually saved, while its practical hints and suggestions will be most likely to bring back that amount many times over. The 500 to 600 beautiful, instructive Engravings, are alone worth many times the cost of the paper. We refer to the American Agriculturist, so called because started 30 years ago as a Rural Journal, but now enlarged and improved to suit the wants of every family in Country, Village, and city. It is packed full of good things, useful, reliable, and instructive. Each number contains 34 large (double column), pages, beautifully printed. It has much for instructing and pleasing Housekeepers and Children, and Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants—indeed all classes. Its House Plans and Improvements, with Engravings and particulars as to cost, and the common sense directions, are worth more than many costly architectural works. Its constant, persistent, fearless exposure of humbugs and swindling schemes, is of great value to the whole country, and to every individual. In short, it is full of good things for every body, and we advise everybody to take it this year. It will be specially valuable in this Centennial year. Its circulation, which is a hundred fold greater than the majority of other journals, enables the publisher to supply the American Agriculturist at the very low rate of \$1.00 a year, post-paid, or four copies for \$3.00. Take our advice and send for it to the publishers, viz: MORSE, ORANGE & JUD COMPANY, 245 Broadway, New York City.

Norway Lyceum.

Rev. Mr. Folks of Boston, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture before the Norway Lyceum Wednesday evening last, on the Microscope and its capabilities to an appreciative audience.

By the aid of an oxy hydrogen light he threw upon the screen (which was fifteen feet wide) an enlarged view of a microscopic of ancient times, which might have been taken for a churn. Then in contrast he exhibited one of the modern instruments, made by Zeissmeyer of Philadelphia whom he said made the best in the world. By this means he explained the different parts, showing what a wonderful improvement has been made in the art.

A silk worm about half the length of an ordinary pin was shown large enough to occupy the space of 50 feet in length, by means of which the breathing tubes, which are holes in the body of the worm, were clearly seen.

He showed some pieces of glass, not larger than the head of a pin, that were found in the ruins of Rome, which occupied several feet of space upon the screen, and were of gorgeous colors.

An ordinary pin and needle was shown, the head of the pin appearing as large as the lecturer's (but had not as much in it) the eye of the needle being nearly large enough to put his head through. A bed bug was shown 12 feet long, and humorously described as not being bound but found in sheets.

Explaining the advantage it had been to the science of medicine. He stated the disease known as the itch, was caused by an insect, one of which he brought to view, whose appearance, large as the bug previously shown, was enough to make one lick all over.

To show the use it has been to the manufacturers and arts, he showed the fibres of cotton, flax, and wool of which our different clothes are composed, the difference in structure could be readily seen, (he intimated that some men were not the models of honesty, and would mix the articles in their fabrics, and try to make folks believe it was not shoddy,) so that the government had made it the umpire in disputed cases of tariff duties at the Custom House, as it was always to be relied upon.

Nature, in its operations of heat and cold, was not forgotten by the Rev. Gentleman, who would have us look from Nature to Nature's God. Splendid specimens of hexagonal figures of the snow flakes were very finely portrayed, and also some lovely frost work, such as we find on our window-panes these cold

mornings; enough to make us reconciled to the antics of "Jack Frost" in consideration of his artistic skill.

He gave an interesting account of the service it was to the Parisians during the siege in their late war. Being so entirely surrounded, and vigilantly watched by their enemies that they could not communicate with their friends without, whatever may be the need of help, they availed themselves of this instrument's powers in connection with photography and carrier pigeons, by printing large sheets of despatches and then reducing them (by the process used to take our photograph likenesses) to a minute space upon thin colored sheets. These they rolled up and put a number of them in quills which they tied to the tails of their pigeons, and sent them on their errands of love and mercy. Having reached their destination they were relieved of their precious burdens, the films unrolled and placed in the microscope, and read with ease.

To show that the human powers can vie with nature in its work, he stated that a Prussian gentleman had engraved lines on glass, so fine that it was impossible to see them without the aid of powerful lenses, none ever having been made perfect enough to distinguish them, though nature's markings on some of its shells, to the number of 50,000 to the inch, can be seen.

If our friends in the county only knew how many beautiful things in the animal and vegetable life could be seen by aid of this instrument, we think dealers in the article would find it difficult to supply the demand.

The Officers of the Lyceum may congratulate themselves on the good they have accomplished by providing such a treat to the community.

LENOX.

TOWN ITEMS.

Bethel.

Jan. 24.—Judge Kingsbury of Portland, delivered a lecture on "Old Fellowship," last Monday evening.

Wednesday evening the ladies invited the gentlemen to a Leap Year Ball at the Bethel House. About forty couple were present, and mine host, Barden, did the thing honorably by the large company. The gentlemen intimate that they had a right good good time.

Friday, the 28th, was a snowy day and we now have good sleighing. The farmers are improving it by putting in poplar and birch to Richardson's steam mill. W.

Fryeburg.

Jan. 29.—A Grand Musical Convention will be held at this place, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 1st, continuing four days, with two grand concerts on Thursday and Friday evenings. Mr. W. W. Davis of Boston, a first-class musician, has been secured as leader of the convention; also the distinguished vocalist, Mrs. M. S. Oakes of Boston, will assist in the rehearsals and take a leading part in the Concerts. Miss Mary Warner, pianist. Tickets for ladies, \$1.00; for gentlemen, \$1.50. All strangers who notify "The Musical Confrat" in advance, will receive a postal card designating them a place of free entertainment. Free return tickets will be given all members over the P. & O. R. K. Books will be furnished. W.

West Paris.

Jan. 27th.—The West Paris reformers held a large and enthusiastic meeting at the church at this place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25th inst. A temporary organization was made by choice of F. H. Packard as President, and a secretary was duly chosen. After which spirited and enthusiastic speeches were made by the following members of the Bryant's Pond Reform Club: Cyrus Berry, James Day, Will Taylor and George Houghton. The meeting was then addressed by A. P. Andrews, Ethan Willis, George W. Bryant, John Brown and E. Whittemore, Jr. Appropriate music by E. B. Humphrey's quartette, assisted by ladies and gentlemen from Bryant's Pond, interspersed the whole. Thirty names are now on the Iron Clad and seventy-two on the general pledge. The meeting tendered the members of the Bryant's Pond Reform Club sincere thanks for kind and efficient assistance, and after appointing a committee of five to make and report at next meeting a code of by laws, &c., adjourned to meet at same place next Saturday evening.

Porter.

Jan. 25.—The members of Porter Oak Grange, No. 146, P. O. of H. met at their hall on the eve of Jan. 24th for the purpose of installing their officers. The installation was public and drew a good time generally. There was a delegation from Elmwood Grange, S. Parsonsfield, Cornish Grange, Cornish and Frost Mountain Grange, Brownville. When O. B. Churchill W. M. of Elmwood Grange, assisted by W. W. Fogg, W. M. of Frost Mountain Grange, proceeded to install I. L. French, W. M. of Porter Oak Grange, and he the rest of the officers.

The interesting and impressive service was listened to with marked attention by all present. After installing their officers, the patrons and their invited guests sat down to the supper, a bountifully provided by the lady members. The tables were literally loaded with everything that could tempt the palate, and rest assured nothing was slighted. This was one of the most enjoyable meetings we have ever had, and the grangers will well be proud of their exertions which were crowned with such complete success, and all more than satisfied that being in the right they must prosper. Our best race can only wish us "God speed." We have found a place now where we can fight the battle of life on a level with the rest of mankind, and intend to persevere.

After waiting so long a time we must have a little snow, so we can call sleighing.

West Paris.

Porter has a first-class sensation-haunted house! House owned by Hiram Tripp, now of Boston, Mass. He has rented it of late and the tenants report that about 11 o'clock at night they hear noises such as pounding the house, rolling barrels over the floor and all kinds of noises made by modern ghosts.

It is quite good sleighing here now and business is lively around the mills with ox teams drawing logs and oak timber.

Clark Stanley of Porter, has sold his farm to his brother Moses.

when an infant, and has remained on the farm where he now resides nearly ever since. Mr. Levi Lunt, age 66, was born on the farm where he now lives; he never away from home to stop more than thirty days at a time. Mrs. Sarah J. Lunt, his wife, came to the town when 6 years old with her parents; her age is 61 years; her native town Poland. Dean Lunt, age 75 years; born in Peru in 1801, on the place where he now lives; he has always lived there and worked the farm; he was the first white male child born in the town.

I will mention some of the first settlers of this town who shared in the perils and hardships of pioneer life. The first man that came to Peru to settle was Merrill Knight of Falmouth, Maine, 30 years ago. He located on the place where James Barrons lives, in district No. 1, Daniel Lunt of Falmouth, came 4 years later, and settled the farm now owned and Levi Lunt now reside. He died in the year 1853. William Water came from Falmouth about the same time, and began on the place occupied by Orville Robinson at this time. In 1822, Benjamin Wormell came from Falmouth, a few years later, and still on the place where Ica Wormell, alias now lives. Wm Lunt came over the time that Daniel Lunt came. He died in 1806. Wm settled on the farm where James Lunt lived for many years. A Grover cleared the farm about the time where James Barden lives.

The first school-house here was built in 1816 in district No. 2, and was used many years for a town house. The school was taught by Aaron Knight in Merrill Knight's house, in 1816, 1817, 1818. The first P. O. was located Mr. Walker's in the year 1825. Wm Walker, Jr., was appointed first postmaster. The first ferry was located about this time, where now Henry ferry is, with Merrill Knight as ferryman. The first grist mill in town was built by James Lunt in 1815, where O. Hayford's mill now is. The first saw mill was located in 1807 near where the River road now runs. The first church was organized in 1838 of the Methodist denomination. Hezekiah Walker was the first plantation and town clerk.

Daniel Lunt, Maj. Wm Brackett, Mr. Bradish and Merrill Knight bought an upper tract of land in town two miles square, was owned by Daniel Lunt, S. Enoch Jacques

Agricultural.

From the Omaha Herald.
Hill's Cattle King.

A Colorado Cattle Range 150 Miles Long.

For THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Improving the Homestead.

JULY 26, 1912.

October 18.

I propose to give some account of the

cattle king of the West and the "boss

range" of the country. The cattle king

is none other than J. W. Hill, whose

range is in northern Colorado. This

range is 150 miles long and begins at

Julesburg on the east, and extends to

Greely on the west. It includes bottom

and upland ranges, and has several camps

or ranches. The chief ranch is nearly

south of Sidney and about forty miles

from Julesburg. At this ranch there

are houses and sheds, and some more than

two sections of land fenced in. All the

cattle bought by Mr. Hill are turned over

to him and branded at this place. Here

are his private stock yards, with corrals,

chutes, and all the necessary conveniences

for handling cattle. It is on the South

Platte River, and of course has fine

watering facilities, while from the bottom

land adjacent plenty of hay may be cut

for the use of the horses employed in herding.

He cuts no hay for his cattle. They

live the entire year on the rich native grass

on his range, and with the exception of a

severe winter now and then, the percentage

of loss is not very great. Mr. Hill is a

thorough cattle man, and from his long

experience has a perfect knowledge of the

business. He has bought and now owns

some twenty thousand acres of his present

range, and will undoubtedly purchase

more land as soon as it comes into market.

He now owns 26,000 head of cattle,

and will have this number after his

sales for the present year are completed.

The number of calves branded this year

on his range will be from 4,500 to 5,000

head, and his sales of three and four year

old steers and fat cows the present fall

will probably amount to about the same

number. He told me he expected to re-

alize the sum of \$33 per head net on his

sales this year. At this rate 4,500 head

would bring him the snug little sum of

\$148,500. To take care of this immense

herd he employs from twelve to thirty-

five men—very few usually in the winter

and the largest number during the

"grazing" in the spring. At the present

time he has twenty-four men employed

and is cutting out of his herd the four-

year-old steers and fat cows which he in-

tends to ship. While engaged at this

work the same men are gathering the

cows with unbranded calves which they

put into the corral now and then, and the

calves are branded by him. His herd is rapidly

being graded up by the introduction of

thoroughbred Durham bulls. In addition

to the cattle raised on his range, he deals

largely in Texas and Indian cattle, and

has now advertised for 20,000 head of

Texan cattle to be delivered at his ranch

in July of next year. Mr. Hill estimates

the increase of cattle from his home herd

—outside of purchases and sales—to be

about 70 per cent per year, and about

equally divided as to gender. His ship-

ping points are at Pine Bluffs and Jules-

burg on the Union Pacific, and at Deer

Trail on the Kansas Pacific. Lest any

one should come to the conclusion that

this business is all profit and that the ex-

penses and losses do not amount to much,

let me further state that Hill's policy is

to keep his expenses as low as possible,

having the keeping and safety of his cat-

tles constantly in view. Last year I think

the expense of herding, etc., amounted to

less than \$15,000, and will amount to a

still less sum this year. But the losses

from thefts and death some years are

frustrating. The winter of 1911-12 I think

was very severe. There were deep snows

over his range that remained on the ground

a long time, and the storms were inces-

sant. In the midst of these storms Mr.

Hill visited his range and found his cat-

tles literally dying by thousands. On the

islands in the South Platte River he found

and drove off into the sand hills on the

south side, after great exertion, some

2,700 head, and of this number less than

half have since been recovered. Their

bleeding bones now whiten the plains in

the vicinity where they were frozen and

starved to death, and those that were re-

covered were found in two different States

and four different Territories in the Union.

More than \$24,000 were expended in try-

ing to find them. Nor was this all. It was

impossible to tell for a number of years

how much the loss had been. His books

showed nearly 5,000 head unaccounted

for. No trace of them beyond skeletons

could be found, and at last—in the spring

of 1911, I think it was—this number was

charged to profit and loss account, and

the books balanced for a new start. This

large number would probably have aver-

aged at least \$20 per head could they

have been sold the fall previous, and at

this rate they would amount to \$100,-

000. I estimate his capital invested in

the cattle business at \$500,000, and yet

from its very nature he is liable to lose

half of it during the coming season. Like

other business ventures, if a man goes in

to it of course he takes the chances.

The Demagnetization of Hatches.

Watches worn by students and others

in technical laboratories, are often

rendered useless by being magnetized

by the magnets used in such places.

Magnets kept in the house often create

equal mischief by being laid near

watches, and much time and expense

are sometimes needed to demagnetize

them before they can be made to work.

A serious case of this kind of injury

led Professor A. M. Meyer, of the

Stevens Institute of Technology, Hop-

koken, N. J., to try experiments which

resulted in a very simple method of

demagnetization. The magnetized watch

was laid upon a table near a common

compass needle; each hour on the face

was then placed in turn before it to

discover the location and intensity of the

magnetism in the watch.

The movement of the compass showed

the North and South poles to be located;

said, at the figures v and xi, while the

neutral points were at s and z. The

watch was then held in a horizontal

position between a large bar magnet, the

two south poles being together; a gentle

lifting motion was given to it for a mo-

ment, and on trying the watch again

before the compass, a sensible decrease

of magnetism was observed. The pro-

cess was repeated till the sensitiveness

of the watch at that pole was nearly

extinguished, when the same process

was tried with the north pole of the

watch.

After a few trials and comparisons,

the magnetic influence was found to be

removed, and the watch readily resumed

its work.—Scribner's Monthly.

U. F. Wormwood, Kearl Falls, Me.

Mystery Solved.

THE GREAT SECRET OF THE WOODKILL.

Success of VEGETINE.

RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir:—I will most cheerfully add my

testimony to the great number of people who

are in favor of your great and good medicine,

the VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said

in its praise. I was troubled over thirty years

with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such

bad coughing spells that it would seem as though

I could never breathe any more, and VEGETINE

has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the

time there is so good a medicine for VEGETINE, and

I also think it one of the best medicines for cough

and sore throats, and for the stomach, and ad-

vice everybody to take VEGETINE, for I can assure

them it is one of the best medicines that ever was

invented.

MRS. L. GORRE.

Cor. Magazine and Cambridge, Mass.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.

VEGETINE is acknowledged and recommended

by physicians and apothecaries to be the best pur-

gative of the blood, yet discovered, and

thousands who have been restored to health speak

in its praise.

Report from a Practical Chemist and

Apothecary.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1912.

Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I have sold

at retail 104 cases (104 bottles) of your VEGETINE,

since April 1, 1911, and that I have given the

best of my knowledge and skill in its use, and

that I have seen and heard of its use by many

customers, and that I am perfectly cognizant of several

cases of its successful use, and that I have

very respectfully yours,

AL GILMAN.

55 Broadway.

To H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

VEGETINE

Will cleanse SCROFULA from the

System.

HONEST OPINION.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—This is to show that you have taken

care in January, 1911, and that I have given the

best of my knowledge and skill in its use, and

that I have seen and heard of its use by many

customers, and that I am perfectly cognizant of several

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55 Broadway.

To H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

VEGETINE

STAFF OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at

Paris, within and for the County of Oxford,

on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1912.

Present, H. H. WALKER, Judge.

Ordered, that the said Executor give notice

to all persons interested by causing a copy of this

order to be published three weeks successively in the

Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may

appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris

in said County on the third Tuesday of March next

at nine o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any

they have why the same should not be granted.</