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## Oxford Democrat

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## Poetry.

### Welcome to the Nations.

Sung at the opening of the Centennial Fourth of July Celebration at the great Exposition in Philadelphia.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Bright on the banners of lily and rose  
Lo, the last sun of our century sets!  
Wreath the black cannon that scowled on our foes  
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!  
These are around her; but whose are her foes?  
Lo, while the sun of her century sets  
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! shout like the war trumpet swell  
Wake the wild echoes that slumber around!  
Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell  
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound!  
Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound!  
Faded the far voices of her hills and dell;  
Welcome! still trembles on Liberty's bell!

Thrones of the continents! Idols of the sea!  
Ye are the garlands of peace we entwine;  
Welcome, once more, to the land of the free,  
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,  
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free;  
Over your children their branches entwine,  
Throns of the continents! Idols of the sea!"

## Selected Story.

### THE KING OF THE TIGERS.

In the advertisements he was known as the "King of the Tigers," and he was the principal attraction of the circus and menagerie. It had been said, and truthfully, that certain persons had followed the show from city to city in anticipation of witnessing his destruction by the fierce brutes, who seemed possessed with a strange fear of this man, who both cowed and controlled them.

The "King of the Tigers" was one who looked to be the monarch of men as well as of beasts. His figure was tall and robust, and his presence commanding, rendered more so by an intensely black eye and a long and silky beard, the whole effect heightened by the fanciful costume he wore when he appeared the public's appetite for sensation by risking his life by entering the lair of the Royal Bengal tigers.

The season before he had met in his travels a rural maiden—a charming rustic—and won her heart. In the autumn they were wed, and no pen can tell the love she bore for the tiger tamer, who seemed in turn to worship his young bride.

Soon the winter's honeymoon passed away, and the show once more setting out on its travels, the husband again appeared in the famous roll of the "King of the Tigers." The young wife accompanied him, and although at first she looked in dread and horror upon his appearance twice daily in the den of the beasts, she became accustomed to the sight, and herself seemed to lose fear of the dangerous pets.

The principal equestrienne of the company was possessed of a bold masculine style of beauty, and seemed to receive rather more attention from the "King of the Tigers" than was to be expected toward a single lady from a married man. The rider had traveled far and near, appeared before crowned monarchs and titled princes, and although her style of beauty might be pleasing to some, it was the red rose and the lily of the valley in comparison with the tiger tamer's rural flower.

The "King of the Tigers" was strangely fascinated with the dashing rider, and still his little wife noted not the fact, even when he said one day, when he sat with her at the ring-side watching the star of the arena:

"If you could only ride like that!" Day by day the beast charmer became more infatuated; none of the company were blind to this; all saw it except the wife. The equestrienne knew it, too, and seemed to present every disadvantage in her power to assert her supremacy over his head and heart.

Afternoon and night the wild beast tamer entered the den and fondled and caressed the tigers, to the awe of the most breathless beholders, while his little wife looked on at his triumph, and often with a girlish glee joined in the applause which announced his exit in safety from the lair.

For the first time she realized that there was a growing coldness on the part of her husband, and with the frankness and simplicity of a child she asked:

"Have I displeased you in any way?" "I am only vexed," he said, with the same smile he was wont to show in the tiger cage, "that the other women about here seem to show an ability to do something. Some dance, others ride and—"

He hesitated and paused. That moment the truth pierced her heart and almost crazed her brain; it was some moments before she spoke, and when she did, she said:

"You took me from my home in the country a simple country girl; I knew naught of the world without, except what I read. I know that I am not brilliant—not accomplished; but, but I love you!"

And she buried her face on his bosom and wept as if her heart would break. He caressed her as he would one of his jungle pets, and lifting up her head said:

"Don't cry my backwoods beauty; I take it all back; I didn't mean what I said; come, now, don't sob so."

With that he kissed her—was it like a Judas? By ingenious flattery and soft words he brought the roses back to her cheek and stopped her tears.

"What is there that I can do for you?" she asked at last dashing away the last pearly tear.

"Nothing now," he answered. "I will think."

"Oh, if there is anything I can do to please you let me know." "I will," he replied, and released her arms to seek a position where he could watch the equestrienne as she appeared in the ring. Right gallantly she rode, and most vociferously was she applauded by the audience, to whom in recompense she threw a kiss, so it appeared; but the "King of the Tigers" knew that the kiss was for him alone, and not for the two thousand people who were enraptured by the grace, daring and beauty of the queenly woman.

One day the beast tamer read to his wife a paragraph from a foreign print which related that a great sensation had been created abroad by the appearance of a man and a woman in a tiger's cage. "Why, I could do that!" exclaimed his wife, springing up and seizing the paper from his hand. "I'm sure the big yellow pussies would do no harm to me when you were there."

"There is nothing in the act," he said contemptuously, cooling her enthusiasm. "Why not?" she asked.

"Because," he responded, "the public are familiar with my act, and they would say that the animals were under my control."

"Oh, that is too bad. I am really disappointed. I thought that I was very brave in volunteering to venture in the tiger's den with you."

"It would be very brave if you would go into the cage without me," he said. As he replied, he looked into her eyes just as he did those of his jungle pets.

She thought of the beautiful equestrienne, and knew that she was her rival in the affections of her husband.

"Do you think that the pussies would hurt me if I ventured in alone?" she inquired with the artlessness of a child.

"No," he answered, "they are as harmless as kittens."

"I'll do it!" she exclaimed resolutely. "You will!" he cried enthusiastically, and he caught her in his arms, and looking down into her blue eyes said:

"You are a brave girl. I am the 'King of the Tigers,' and you shall be the queen."

Now she felt she was winning him back to his loyalty, and she would risk her life if need be, if she could but possess him all to herself. The love of her loving admitted of no fraction of a heart.

"We'll make our fortune," he said. "And have a nice little home of our own, and not travel any more—"

"And the tigers as pets," he said with a laugh.

That night he did not watch the beautiful equestrienne, and his wife's heart gave a great leap of joy. A good deal of astonishment was expressed among the show-people when it became known that the tiger king's wife was to make her appearance in the den of the Royal Bengalis. There were mysterious doings of a day and night at the canvass after the announcement was made that on the following Saturday night the "Queen of the Tigers" would make her first appearance in the den of the brutes. The equestrienne was seen to steal quietly away and consult with the man who fed the beasts of the menagerie.

He whose duty it was to feed the animals was now flush with money, and had grown suddenly generous to his comrades. Of a night, after the show was over, the "King of the Tigers" would return from the hotel, and for some purpose visit his pets, and then, evading the attention of any one, return to his wife, who noted his strange comings and goings, but made no remark.

During the week prior to her public appearance in the den of the tigers, she had entered the cage with her husband and had thereby acquired considerable confidence. It was originally the intention that she should have made a single entrance in private, alone before doing so before an audience, but the tiger tamer said:

"Don't; I have my reason for it." And she acquiesced in his wishes.

The eventful night arrived, and the ring-master announced that for the first time in the world a woman would alone enter the den of the wild and ferocious Bengal tigers being also her most positively first unaccompanied entrance into the lair, either in public or in private.

When the master of ceremonies announced this act of "unequalled female heroism," the man whose duty it was to feed the animals left the canvas and wandered off down by the horse-tents. With a flourish of music the young bride entered, led by the hand by the "King of the Tigers." In her costume she looked like a veritable Indian princess, but for fair complexion, blonde hair and blue eyes.

The equestrienne came out from the dressing room with a long waterproof cloak about her to conceal the short skirt and tights of the rider beneath, and mingled with the performers, side-show and concert people, whose curiosity was unusually aroused by the remarkable act about to be witnessed. The audience greeted the pair with a round of applause, and there was a general hush as the iron barred door of the

den swung open and the fair young creature glided in.

The tigress arose and paced up and down the cage, and circled about her as she stood in a picture, as she had seen her husband do. All the while he stood watching at a corner of the cage without, with the greatest intensity observing every motion of the animals; in his hand he held a bar of iron sharpened at one end, and opposite him at the other corner of the stage stood the ring-master armed in a like manner.

The great Bengal, a royal fellow indeed, lay undisturbed in his corner, as if her presence was not of sufficient moment to receive his royal recognition. To the astonishment of all present, she calmly seated herself on his haunches, and the animal which could have rent her into pieces in a moment turned and licked her hands as a pet dog would have done, while a great cheer of admiration for the brave little woman and the noble beast went round and round the circle.

Then she reclined upon him until her head rested upon his shoulders, and the blonde curls swept into his face and were swayed backward and forward by his breath which she felt hot upon her cheek.

When she was about to depart, he arose as if to bid her adieu, and to invite her to come again, and she withdrew, after giving him a parting pat on the head, and he whisked and purred about like a great good-natured house-cat, instead of a man-eating tiger from the jungles of India.

When the iron door of the cage clanged shut, the "King of the Tigers" grasped her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her right before the monster audience, and said:

"My Queen, my Queen!"

The whole audience arose to their feet as of one accord, and cheer after cheer followed until the tiger tamer and his wife were out of sight in the dressing-room.

The next act on the bill was the appearance of the equestrienne, and the ringmaster and the clown and the horse and the groom awaited her, but she did not come. She was found in a fit, and it was necessary to make an apology for her non-appearance, in which the ringmaster took occasion to say that the great rider was suffering from indisposition, caused by witnessing the entrance of the "Queen of the Tiger" into the den of the beasts. And ever after, when those present on that occasion, wished to be especially emphatic in describing what they then beheld, they always related that the equestrienne fainted when she saw the woman in the tiger's cage.

When the company moved next day the equestrienne was left behind, and realizing that the brief spell she had held over the "King of the Tigers" was forever broken, she rejoined the company, and soon after crossed the water a disappointed and baffled woman.

The day after the debut of the "Queen of the Tigers" the tiger-tamer met—not by chance, for he was in search of him—the party whose duty it was to feed the animals, and bestowed upon him such an unmerciful thrashing that, when he had finished from sheer exhaustion, it took a surgeon three hours to sew and patch him together again; and even a maiden aunt, who called to see him a few hours thereafter, chancing to reside in that region, did know him, but mistook him for one of the curiosities in the side-show.

He had been bribed by the jealous equestrienne to omit feeding the tigers, hoping that they would be rendered ferocious, and devour the young wife before the very eyes of her husband. But her plan miscarried. Suspicious of a conspiracy of evil, the "King of the Tigers" watched the feed, and in the night-time more than made up for his omissions by surfeiting the beasts.

The brave little woman never again appeared in the tigers' cage, although she avowed the utmost willingness to do so, and the managers urged it; but the husband was inexorable, and even declared that he should never forgive himself, if he lived a thousand years, for permitting her for a single night to play the part of the "Queen of the Tigers."

When you visit the circus and menagerie to see the sights, you will be the most deeply interested, as we have been, in the performance of the "King of the Tigers" and his pets of the jungle; and if you are a close observer, and are not too much engrossed with him and his fierce but to him tractable beauties, you will see standing close beside the cage a fair young woman, whom we have described to you as the wife of the tiger-tamer, who, with a prattling child in her arms, watches every movement of the performer and the beasts until his act is finished. The intelligent animals recognize her, and purr and rub their glossy, striped sides against the bars as if in satisfaction at her presence; and ever and anon the royal old fellow, a father of tigers, bends his head for a pat of approval from the little hand.

The tiger-tamer has grown to fame, and is known far and wide; and although the show with which he is now connected bears his name, he is not proprietor of the same, but receives a glorious royalty for its use, which is much better on the whole, as he has a share of the gain without the risks of a precarious business.

In the winter they retire to their own little home, for, by prudence, they own

the roof over their heads; and if you were to see them in the enjoyment of their domestic happiness, you never would for an instant imagine that the quiet little housekeeper ever braved their den, or that the man who trots the baby on his knee or sings it to sleep is famous the world over as THE KING OF THE TIGERS.

## Poetry.

### First and Last.

"But tell me, dear," she said—  
And coaxingly the soft eye shone,  
And shyly dropped the modest head  
Beside his own—  
"But tell me, have you loved before?  
Or one, or more?"

The eager, sparkling face  
Was full of tender, trusting grace;  
She did not fear his answer then,  
Her king of men!  
"But tell me, dear, the best and worst,  
Or am I first?"

He turned his eyes away;  
Yet closer still her hand he pressed,  
Nor answered yes, nor nay;  
A blush confessed  
All in one burning word.  
Unsaid, unheard!

Quick came a burst of tears—  
A tempest from a April sky—  
And then: "Forgive my doubts and fears,"  
He heard her sigh.  
"Why should I care what loves are past,  
So mine be last?"

## Miscellany.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.  
Centennial Letter, No. 5.  
BY S. E. S.

ELM AVENUE HOTEL,  
PA., June, 76.

We next visited the various State Buildings, some furnished for the accommodation of guests, others used to display the exhibits of those States. Among the most unique and striking of the former that of New Jersey is prominent. Some of these buildings are very attractive and display an architectural beauty and symmetry much to be admired, while others are very plain and inexpensive. Maine has no State building but has a desk with a book for the registry of Maine visitors in the eastern end of the Main Building. Tennessee has a large tent. Pennsylvania has an educational department exhibiting the schoolhouse of 100 years ago, and one of the present time.

The Log House projected by the ladies, and presided over by Mrs. Southworth of Massachusetts, who was present at the Vienna Exposition, is a place of great attraction. Here we may dine on baked beans and brown-bread from dishes of a century ago, and be waited upon by ladies dressed in centennial costume. The old spinning machine is in motion; the furniture is antique; the clock is two hundred years old; and the large old-fashioned fireplace and other appointments are highly suggestive.

At the Dairy we were furnished with strawberries and cream, and other delicacies. The German Restaurant is very reasonable in its charges; but the Lafayette is extravagantly high, soups being 50 cts. and other edibles accordingly. The Comfort Building is arranged commodiously for guests; and the ladies' retiring rooms in each building have ample accommodations.

Kansas and Colorado display all their exhibits in one building. They have expended over seventy-five thousand dollars as their share of the exhibition; and their display is well worthy the attention of visitors. In this building a lady has built a miniature mountain and planted forest trees at its base, and here, in every variety of attitude are animals, most of which she stuffed and placed in position.

The Singer's Machine Hall, the Morocco building, the Shoe and Leather building, the curious Bazaar where ornaments made of Olive wood, from Jerusalem, were for sale, all presented a very attractive appearance. The Turkish Bazaar was thronged with delighted and astonished sight-seers. It is octagonal in shape and has a dome ceiling, painted and ornamented with Turkish designs and colors; and all around the sides are luxurious lounges, covered with plush of a delicate blue or straw color, in front of which are various tables. Here guests are served with lemonade in what we should call cups. Tobacco is served in long pipes reaching to the floor, or in cigarettes.

The attendants are all dressed in the rich native costume, the men wearing red caps and tunics, yellow sashes and blue and brown silk trousers; and the ladies having silk embroidered tunics short skirts and rich head-dresses. At the small bazaars on the sides may be purchased pipes, swords, shoes, rich dresses, saddles, rugs, ottomans and other articles.

The Swedish Schoolroom is a model of its kind. The ventilation is excellent, the seats and desks are comfortable and nothing is wanting in all the appliances in use for good instruction. On the desks lie numerous charts, drawings and paintings. We noticed a large case of pen-holders made of cork, very light and durable. There is quite a cabinet of mineralogical specimens. The chemical apparatus is quite extensive; and there are several reading maps, and models of buildings, &c., &c.

We also visited a German schoolroom which was similar to the above, and had numerous card-board pictures of animals, fish, fowl, &c., with the names printed

underneath in several different languages. Thus the student while very young, learns a little of other tongues and some ideas of the animals in other countries besides his own.

Outside, on the grounds, we saw a model of the city of Paris all laid out in miniature.

Altogether, we felt, when we left the exhibition very much as if we had been "abroad," without the fatigue of a sea voyage. We would advise our friends to wait until the latter part of September or October before they visit the Centennial; as the grounds are not ready and quantities of the exhibits are not yet unpacked. The guide books are incomplete and wholly unsatisfactory, and one would be better satisfied to see the Exposition in all its completeness. However, there is enough already on exhibition to more than repay the trouble and expense of a visit at any time.

We did not leave Philadelphia without visiting the establishments of J. R. Wanner, or as some have it from his wonderful success in business, "Money-maker." He is to Philadelphia what Stewart was to New York. He is a young man yet and has more business in his head than forty common men. He was influential in getting Moody and Sankey to Philadelphia, and after they left he converted the building where they held forth into a large warehouse for the sale of gents' and boys' clothing. One of his houses is six stories high, and there are over 1000 persons employed in the establishment. Mr. Wanner, besides being actively engaged in the Centennial, has various other enterprises on his shoulders. He is the proprietor of the Sunday School Times, so widely circulated all over the country; is deeply interested in the Young Men's Christian Association, and he has a Sabbath School which he established himself in Bethany Church, of over two thousand members. He is the Superintendent, and after the opening of the school, he takes a large class of about 100 adults. His school is a great success; and any Christian people who spend the Sabbath in Philadelphia would do well to spend a portion of the day in Bethany church.

## Zack Chandler's Heroism.

How he Saved the Life of his Little Daughter, and what he Suffered in Consequence.

Robert Creighton, a personal friend of Secretary Chandler, of the United States Interior department, gives, in a letter to the Danbury News, this interesting account of an incident in the life of the latter which explains the sanguine hue of his face:

Perhaps you would like to know something of Zack Chandler. You and I have heard and read a great deal about him, and it's time we knew something of him. He is a great big man, over six feet eight, and about sixty years old. He and Horace Greeley were born within a cat-call of each other, and still no single man did as much as Zack Chandler to defeat the philosopher for the Presidency. He has a lumbering, heavy walk, of certain stride and steady gait. He carries an alternate white and red face in front and high, a cane in one hand and a bundle of paper in the other. He never walks for pleasure. He is always on business. He spits every eight minutes—always to the left, seldom straight, and with the same regularity that punctuates his every action. High and in front, like the figurehead on a great ship, he carries his great, broad head and variegated face. On a cold day his countenance beams almost like the red glare of a locomotive headlight. Ninety-nine men who pass him on a frosty morning make ninety-nine remarks freighted with the information that "Old Zack has had his bit-lyng!" But how this world is given to lying! This red face has a history, this crooked spitting has a reason, and I will give you both.

It is now seventeen years since Zachariah Chandler, being remarkably successful in business, built for his family a new and elegant house in Detroit. When nearly finished he moved into it. On the first evening, immediately after the gas was turned on and lit, the smell of the escaping gas aroused the family and servants, and search was made for the leak. The daughter, now Mrs. Hale, then a child, with a lighted candle, detected it in a closet off the back parlor. The father knowing the danger of an explosion, hurried to the closet with a servant, took the candle from the daughter's hands and shielded her just in time to receive the full blast himself, burning his head, neck and hands almost to a crisp. The nose, ears, eyes, lips, and flesh of the face were so completely cooked that old Zack embraced the opportunity and murmured through his blistered lips: "Bring on your cannibals. I'm cooked." A physician was immediately sent for, who a few moments' examination shook his head in the most unhopeful manner. With a fortitude which characterizes Mr. Chandler to this day, he submitted to the examination, and at the close demanded to know the worst. The physician, Dr. Clark, wisely endeavored to postpone the giving of his opinion until the next day, but Mr. Chandler insisting, the doctor reluctantly answered his questions:

"Well, doctor, my nose feels bad. How about it?"

"Mr. Chandler, you'll lose your nose."

"And my ears, I suppose, too?"

"I am sorry to say, yes; they are completely cooked through."

"My forehead—how about that?"

"Well, I don't see how the skin will ever grow there again."

"My lips?"

"The upper lip, Mr. Chandler, I shall have to take almost completely off."

"That's bad, for a man to lose his upper lip. Won't the under one do?"

"I am sorry to say, I shall have to remove a portion of that also."

"Eh! Well, go on."

"There, that will do. I'll know better in the morning."

"You can't leave me until I know all. Go on, doctor, anything else?"

The doctor hesitated.

"Go on, doctor, my eyes?"

"Your eyes?"

"Yes, Green."

"Mr. Chandler, you will lose the sight of both eyes."

"That's enough, doctor, you can go now."

Nearly a year passed before Zachariah Chandler was seen on the streets of Detroit again. No one could recognize him except by his voice and immense frame. His face, once round, full and muscular, was shriveled and muscleless. His heavy jaw, indicative of firmness of purpose, was almost without a shred of flesh. And as he said himself, he was "the most thin-skinned man in the whole Northwest."

Such is the history and the reason of his red face and crooked spitting.

## The Power of Kindness.

"Are you not afraid," said a friend to Miss Dix, the philanthropist, "to travel over the country alone?" "I am naturally timid," she replied, "and diffident, like all my sex; but, in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices, and encounter dangers. It is true, I have been, in my travels through the various States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, give me the pistols, I will take care of them. He did so, reluctantly."

In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, "Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poorhouses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some." While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. "My God," he exclaimed, "that voice!" and immediately told me he had been in the Philadelphia penit



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