

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 43.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1876.

NUMBER 29.

Oxford Democrat
—18—
Published Every Tuesday Morning, by
GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Terms.
\$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

Rates of Advertising.
First insertion, 10 cents per line.
Second insertion, 7 cents per line.
Third insertion, 5 cents per line.
Fourth insertion, 4 cents per line.
Fifth insertion, 3 cents per line.
Sixth insertion, 2 cents per line.
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Poetry.

AUGUST.

BY H. H.

Silence again. The glorious symphony
Hath ceased; and all is still and lone,
Save hum of insects' ceaseless din,
Pathetic, summer notes by blazon.
Of color to conceal her swift decrease.
Weak sublimity! Each mocking day doth flee
One measure with a single violet;
And with the singing thrush and lily know,
Spice of all artifice which her regret
Can deck in splendid guise, their time to go!

Selected Story.

NONE TO CARESS.

There had been a summer shower;
roof, window, garden, were washed to
dazzling polish, and the wonderful liquid
coulour of rose of the moment poured
over all an air of enchantment. The
slender young woman in deep mourning
when the sidewalk proprietor of the
awkward vehicle lifted down like a
leather accepted her dreaded destination
with a smile.

"How lovely!" were the first words
that escaped her lips; and they were ap-
propriated as a fitting compliment by a
rusty clad man, who seized the little
gloved hand vigorously in his horny
palm, and "hoped he saw Miss Thatcher
quite well."

"Supper's bin ready this half hour,"
was the laconic and not amiable saluta-
tion of Mr. Seaman's spouse, who received
of Louisa in the porch.

"An' the boys is gone fishin', you see,"
said the host. "When Solon's to hum
from grammar school, Ezri's sure to jine
him, an' take a day off."

After tea, served in a narrow white-
washed anteroom to the still funeral par-
lor, where Miss Thatcher was bid "take
off her things," the young lady begged
to be shown to her own room, and was
led up stairs to a low-windowed bed-
room, carpeted with braided rags, and
furnished with tattered pine and calico
counterpanes. The luggage had been
pushed in with a mental ejaculation,
"What an earth can a district school-
ma'am want with two big trunks?" and
the snub information, "I've filled your
pitcher. Here's a candle. The git-up
bell 'll ring at six."

With as slight preparation as might be,
the overwrought girl—homesick to her
heart's core—crept into bed.

She awoke with a start. The room
was quite dark; a cool damp mountain
wind rushed through the open windows.
She lighted a match and glanced at her
watch. Only nine o'clock, and the world
still wide awake. A burst of hilarious
laughter arose from the kitchen below,
where the returned fishermen were scal-
ping their fish. From the house beyond
the orchard came the tinkling of a piano,
and a thin, sharp female voice practised
gingerly a song just then come into
vogue:

"No one to love, none to care,
Travelling alone through life's wilderness,"
"My serenade," thought Louisa, as she
tried in vain to compose herself to sleep.
"Could any words express me better?
An orphan, without brother or sister,
penniless, nearly friendless, the one being
that I loved and adored gone from me
forever. 'No one to love, none to care-
ress.' Could anything be truer of me
than that?"

The village school children were en-
chanted with their new teacher. She was
gentle and firm, interesting and com-
pasionable. There was not a sunny day
all summer when some of them did not
come after school to take her with them
to Red Cedar Pond, the holiday rendez-
vous of the country round.

If the afternoon proved rainy, and this
juvenile escort failed, Miss Thatcher,
wrapping herself in water-proof, and
taking a book with her, would go down
the orchard's steep bank to the old mill.
She "made friends" with Tim, the miller's
boy, and Bill Bowles, the miller, and
"the old deacon," the prebostic proprietor
of the premises, who had not failed
a day these fifty years to look in, rain or
shine, to see "if things was to rights."

She found a love of a corner where,
through the cracks under the great beams,
she could see the water wildly rushing,
and where she could hear, in its grand
excitement, the grind and whirl, and
the boom and splash, of the mad flood whose
sound up on the hill yonder assumed such
a drowsy monotony.

"You be so fond of readin', miss," said
Tim, the miller's boy, "mebbe you'd take
a shine to a curus book we've got 'ere.
There was a time when all the visitors to
Red Cedar Pond came down to take a look
at it; but it's grown rusty like. A hand
writ book, miss—a manuscript sum folks
calls it. It brings, you might say, to
Bowles's Mill, for it was left with 'the
old deacon,' to be kept till called for, an'
was writ by the curuspest speshin of a
human creatur; but he died afore my time.
I'm a stranger in these parts. I was
reared twelve miles back."

"And no one has called for the book?"
"No, yit," said Tim, mysteriously—
"not yit. Folks is too suspicious. There
be some who say it never will be called
for till 'the old deacon' lies aside of 'the
creetur who writ it. He died suddin, an'

was burid' up in the deacon's buril' lot.
An' sum say he wasn't burid', but is gone
a sea voyage, an' 'll cum back; an' sum
say he's been seed bodilly round Bowles's
Mill moonlight nights. But you needn't
be seared, miss. The book is nat'ral
harmless. An' if you say so, I'll git it fur
you this mornin', an' when you're through
readin' on't, I'll put it back."

Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly by
certain foot-holds not very visible, and
brought down, with a flying leap that
startled Miss Thatcher to her feet in nerv-
ous apprehension for his safety, a dusty
volume, which he gallantly wiped upon
his coat sleeve and offered.

An autobiography, not so very old, for
its closing date was 1817. Four hundred
pages of yellow letter-paper stitched to-
gether by the dozen sheets, and finally
bound in a wrap of black leather. Writ-
ten in a fine, pointed hand, difficult to
read at first, but once mastered in its
idiosyncrasies, legible at ease. And hav-
ing this peculiarity: on almost every
page, mixed in with the text, were maps
carefully drawn and dotted, inclosed in
neatly ruled parallelograms, but without
any figures or marginal references to
show connection with the writing.

"I am one of two brothers," the narra-
tive commenced, "in all points as unlike,
from the moment of birth, as Jacob and
Esau."

Then followed, interspersed with the
incomprehensible maps, a brief history
of an unhappy childhood, unloved as
childhood could be, an adolescence utterly
unblessed and disatisfied; and after a
page of aesthetic tirade against the in-
equality of fortune and the bitter tyranny
of fate, the personal history developed
into a descriptive diary of travels and
business connections in South America,
whither the writer had immigrated in his
twenty-sixth year.

So far, and a little farther, the manu-
script bore marks of having been read:
pages were dog-eared, and there was an
occasional thumb print. But the style
was so dull and monotonous, and the de-
tail so lacking in adventure, that not one
of "the visitors at Red Cedar Pond" had
been inspired with sufficient curiosity to
read the volume to its close.

Not one—excepting Miss Thatcher.
She read every page carefully, even with
avidity.

One Saturday morning—a beautiful
sunny morning, for rainy days could no
longer be waited for, the interest of the
diary had become so absorbing—Miss
Thatcher was early in her favorite place
at the old mill, when Tim, with a sur-
prisingly long face, accosted her in a
startling whisper:

"The manuscript's bin called for."

Miss Thatcher turned quite pale. "Is
it gone?" she asked, faintly.

"No, miss, not gone," said Tim, radi-
cantly, well satisfied with "the start" he
had given her; "not tak away when you
was a readin' on't. Catch me! Says I,
'Sir, you must bring a written order.' So
he went up the hill to the old deacon's—
that was yesterday. He'll be here fur
certain to-day. But you've got the manu-
script, miss, to look at once agin, anyhow.
Catch me a-givin' on't up till I had ter."

"Tim, you are a very good, kind fel-
low," said Miss Thatcher.
She took the manuscript, and it was
then that, before she had read a word, she
wrote in fine pencil mark upon the mar-
gin of one of the yellow pages—a page
she turned over leaf after leaf especially
to find—

"No one to love, none to care."
Hardly had she written this when the
sound of a crutch was heard on the mill
bridge, and voices, and in another mo-
ment the sunny doorway of the mill was
darkened by two figures.

There was no escape for Louisa. She
arose from her love of a corner, with the
manuscript in her hands.

"I am sure you have come for this,"
she said to the old deacon. Then she
glanced at his companion.

He could certainly bear no relation to
"the curuspest speshin of a human creatur"
described by Tim as the author of the
diary. She caught the impression, in her
rapid glance, of a scholarly looking
young man, with a pale forehead and a
dark mustache, who wore eyeglasses.

"I believe I am the owner of the record
left here so many years ago," the young
man explained. "But I have no reason
to carry it away at this moment. I shall
be in the village over the Sabbath, per-
haps through the week. If you have not
finished reading it, I shall leave the book
with you gladly."

"Oh no," said Miss Thatcher, quickly—
too quickly she afterward thought; "per-
haps late, or perhaps late, urged
her to decline the stranger's politeness.
She was going, and as she went, an
uncontrollable impulse caused her to turn
back, and say, "If you are kindred to the
man who wrote the book, 'twill make you
very sad. I hope—I hope you will feel
a little love for him."

At church on Sunday the claimant of
the Bowles's Mill manuscript appeared
in a conspicuous pew, and Louisa Thatch-
er felt, even when he was not looking at
her, that his thoughts were studying her
through and through.

On Monday morning, as she trudged
along the high-road to the school-house,
she met him, and he evidently expected
a recognition; but intent upon the neces-
sary of absolute dignity in "a district
school-ma'am," she vouchsafed him none.

She blushed, though, "the young man
reflected, consolingly. That evening he
called at Mr. Seaman's with one of the

village dignitaries, but the desire of his
eyes was "up stairs correcting composi-
tions," and he did not gain a glimpse of
her.

At noon the next day the mother of
flaxen-haired Nettie, pet of the baby
class, came with Nettie's luncheon, ac-
companied by the indefatigable young
man, who was then formally presented
to Miss Thatcher.

From that time they met daily on the
way to school and the way from school,
walking slowly along the high-road and
the pretty wood path that closed it, and
giving each other gradually, with all the
trustful facility of youth and irresistible
attraction, the confidential histories of
their young lifetimes. At evening he
came to see her.

And then, what happened? All at once
the dismal interior of the old house
where Louisa boarded became as rosily
transfigured as its exterior had been by
the glory of the western heavens the
hour of Miss Thatcher's arrival. In a
moral magical colour de rose, the
funeral parlor blushed into a boudoir;
the low-windowed bedroom blossomed
into beauty, not only with all the buds
and branches brought into it as mementoes
of darling walks and drives, but with
the subtle efflorescent unfolding of love
dreams.

One evening the young couple were
seated in Mr. Seaman's parlor by the
dim lamp, dignified into "an extra,"
looking together over the mill manu-
script.

"I find it so dull," said Leonard Mans-
field. "Were it not for one considera-
tion and one conviction, I should never
be able to finish. The consideration is
for your sake, because you like it, Louisa;
the conviction was the foundation of my
coming to claim the record. When my
uncle's will was read seven years ago,
one clause struck my imagination."

"If any of my heirs feel sufficiently
interested in me to inquire into my per-
sonal history, they will find my diary in
the old mill where it was written, at
Red Cedar Pond, twelve miles from U—
J—County, Connecticut. Personal ap-
plication to be made to Deacon Treat or
Squire Wells." The heirs noted this di-
rection with indifference.

"My share of the legacies took me
through college—as my father, one of the
dearest and noblest of men, but never
fortunate in money-making could not
afford—and furnished me with a small
capital to commence law practice. I
had more than one compunctious thought
about my benefactor. It seemed to me
a shame to accept such benefits from a
man in whom I had not sufficient interest
to acquaint myself with his personal
history. This year, when I became for
the first time encouragingly established
in my profession, I determined to com-
mence my vacation by looking up the
neglected diary. I confess I do not find
myself inspired by its revelation. What
did you find, dear Louisa, to kindle you
into the request that has haunted me, 'I
hope you will love him a little?'"

"I found worlds in it," said Miss
Thatcher, sighing so sorrowfully, as she
had not done since she had entered
her new world of love and loving.

"Worlds of what, my dearest?" asked
the light-hearted young lawyer. He was
clasping her hand in one of his as he
spoke, and with the other he turned
absently the leaves of the time-stained
book that lay on the table. A little bit
of hand-writing that he knew struck his
vision; it was the line on the margin.

"No one to love, none to care."
Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I
know," she said softly. "I wrote it
there. I could not help it. 'Twas the
tribute of my sympathy."

He turned to her very earnestly.
Something in the tremulous sensitiveness
of her face smote his heart painfully.
Tears started to his eyes. He folded his
strong arm around her with a sense of
infinite tenderness.

"Let me tell you," she said disengag-
ing herself from his embraces, "what a
strange thing I found, or thought I
found, in that diary. First of all, you
know, I was drawn singularly into
rapport with the writer by my own sad
loneliness. I felt the depth of meaning
in his complaint."

"Yes," she said, trembling. "I must
confess, and I do repent, even in this
world. Sometimes that happens."

And here let it be explained to the
reader that by an accident in the cradle
the writer of the diary had been made
physically repellant, and his sensitive
soul exaggerated his misfortune into a
barrier between himself and the loving
sympathies of all mankind. As for
womanhood, he knew not—for his moth-
er died at his birth—even its maternal
tenderness.

"Leonard dear," Miss Thatcher went
on, "you will think me, perhaps, the
most superstitious being; but I think—
and the idea has gathered some reason-
able pleas—I cannot help thinking that
this book is framed as a mode of ques-
t, I believe the writer, your father's broth-
er, stung with the bitter thought that his
hard-earned fortune would be spent by
those who never knew or cared for him,
devised a method by which a part at
least should be the reward of affectionate
gratitude."

She explained to him then her theory
of the maps, and her instinctive con-
struction of one particular map which
she had studied at the very last reading
in the old mill.

"No one to love, none to care."
—Harper's Weekly.

Leonard Mansfield's cheek flushed as
he listened. At the close he said, "Your
reasoning is sufficiently plausible to de-
serve to be tested, and so it shall be.
But first promise me one thing; promise
me that if this miracle of intuition proves
true, you will be my wife to-morrow.
My darling, you shall not say 'No.' He
prevented her, indeed in a lover-like
way from saying anything. And silence
is "yes" to love."

The last day of August the whole vil-
lage of Red Cedar Pond was thrown into
a turmoil of excited curiosity.

The excitement began in one of the
two houses on the "Meeting house
Hill" at five o'clock in the morning.
Miss Tabitha Batts stood in her night
dress peeping through the blinds of a
dormer-window. She never could tell,
as she declared afterward, what made
her peep.

She saw the back door of "Dick Sea-
man's" open, and Louisa Thatcher look-
ing mysteriously out. Then she saw Tim,
the miller's boy, creep stealthily around
the porch with a pickaxe and a spade,
which he gave to Miss Thatcher, who
disappeared with them into the house.
Then Tim, stealing back again as far as
the lilac bushes, and cautiously survey-
ing all approaches, put his hand over his
mouth and gave a low whistle. Imme-
diately from the horse shed by the
church a man came out very quickly, and,
nodding to Tim as he passed, hastened
to the high-road. Miss Tabitha was
sure, although his cap was drawn over
his face, that this man was the young
stranger to the village who had been so
infatuated with Miss Thatcher.

Then Miss Thatcher came to the door
again and beckoned to Tim, and whis-
pered; and he went, around by way of
the church, down the plum orchard, to
the mill.

A pickaxe and a spade! Miss Tabitha
had cold shivers; she could think of
nothing but a grave. When, two hours
afterward, the constable being clear, the
spade across the garden patch to the
"meetin'-house shed," her fancy lost
none of its horrors, for there, in the north-
east corner was a space of fresh-turned
mould.

Miss Tabitha went home, put on her
sunbonnet, and was "down to the village
in no time."

The next excitement was at the som-
nolent dwelling of old Squire Wells.
Mr. Mansfield had been closeted with
him an hour. And when the squire re-
appeared he nearly upset his ancient
wife in the hallway in his haste to get
his hat and coat, and choked till he was
scarlet, screaming into her wrong ear
that he was going to U—"on business."

Off he went at such a novel pace
that the poor dame's feeble faculties
aroused themselves to concentrate upon
one fatal remembrance: "When an old
horse that has allers walked takes to
runnin' away, there's no end o' damage."

Excitement third was a sealed letter,
dropped by Mr. Seaman's Ezri into the
post-office at ten o'clock, the hour of
general delivery, directed to the trustees
of the district school, which body, being
in quorum on the spot, opened at once
the resignation of Miss Thatcher in favor
of the highly recommended candidate
for the winter term, to whom they had
kindly given her the preference.

Excitement fourth attacked flaxen-
haired Nettie's mother a pleasant-faced
little widow, whom Tim, who had rid-
den to U—and back again at break-
neck speed brought a note from the
Congregational minister of U—, say-
ing he would sup with her that evening,
"if agreeable," as he was coming to Red
Cedar Pond "in virtue of his office," a
sentence underlined like a pleasantry,
that so upset the good widow's brain as
to spoil the count of her one-two-three-
four cake.

Last of all, and the grand excitement
of the day, was the ringing, at four
o'clock in the afternoon, of the meeting
house bell. "Who is dead?" every one
asked, as the first few slow strokes
were counted; but once fairly set going,
the old bell tripped up all calculations;
fifty, eighty, a hundred; still on; quick-
ly, jubilantly—ringing not for the dead,
but for the living; ringing for a wed-
ding!

Such a scampering as there was up
the Mill-Bridge Road! There was no
lack of witnesses to the simple, solemn
service, and of the coming down the
aisle, on the arm of her "proud young
husband, of a delicate little bride, with
mourning laid aside for purest white,
and day-lilies on her bosom."

Not married in haste to repent at
leisure were the two loving people who
took the evening train at U—for a far
commercial city, preceded by their good
fortune in shape of a strong box filled
with Spanish doubloons and English
bank notes ingeniously bequeathed by an
eccentric misanthrope, and discovered in
his hiding-place by a woman's wit, kind-
led by a woman's sympathy.

In one of the happiest of homes, set
apart upon a low embroidery-draped
pedestal that looks at first glance like a
predicament, yellow with age, the long-
neglected diary.

Not in vain had the once homeless
orphan suffered. Not in vain at one
dark moment of her life she accepted as
hers the song that can never more be-
long to her.

"No one to love, none to care."
—Harper's Weekly.

Poetry.

Love and Mischief.

BY ZAVARR WILMHURST.

One sunny day Love chose to stray
Adown a rosy path forbidden,
Where Mischief deep in ambush lay,
And watched his ename 'neath flowers hidden:
Love tumbling in, began to shout:
For Mischief's aid, lest he should smother:
"You little demon, let me out,
Or I'll report you to my mother."

Said Mischief, "I'll not set you free
Unless you share your power with me,
And give of every heart you gain,
One-half to joy and half to pain."
Love struggled, but in vain, alas!
He was not born to prove a martyr,
And, sad to tell, it came to pass
He gave in to the little Tartar.

Love flew to Venus in a pet,
And cried, when he had told his story:
"O, Queen of Beauty, never let
That little imp wear half my glory."
The goddess with a look sedate,
Replied, "I cannot alter fate,
But you shall conquer still, my boy,
I'll make love's pain more sweet than joy."

—Scribner's Monthly.

Miscellany.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

A Plea for the Rich Man.

It seems to be a favorite pastime with
many people to draw parallels from the
rich and the poor and endeavor to excite
antagonistic feelings between the two.
With them, one is the oppressor and the
other the oppressed, and the downfall of
a wealthy man is contemplated with
pleasure. If we could analyze this class
of grumblers we should find they are actuated
by envy and viciousness, and the
rich men they portray are such disgusting
characters as they themselves would be.

If they think a wealthy man is arrogant
because he rides behind two horses, it is
because they envy him and want to
change places with him. The true-mind-
ed man will rejoice in his neighbors
prosperity. But this class of men never
stop to consider that wealthy men are an
essential constituent of the community,
and that their great capital counts in the
general wealth of the country. Where
is the poor man whose situation is not
benefited by wealthy neighbors. The
contrast may sometimes make him feel
poorer than he really is, but he can but
see that where there is wealth he
stands a better chance to gain some of it
than where there is none.

Last summer I sat down to rest in a
beautiful park which was charmingly
laid out and ornamented with flowers,
shrubs and fountains. West of this
park was an avenue of palatial mansions
whose artistic designs and pleasant sur-
roundings betrayed the wealth and
esthetic tastes of their owners.

While sitting there a man of sixty or
thereabout sat down beside me and began
to discourse about the surroundings.

"Whose residence is that?" I asked,
pointing to a grand house near by.

"That is M—s," he replied. "He's
rich as a Jew and puts on airs enough for
a prince. I can remember when he
wasn't worth a cent, and he hadn't ought
to be now. Here I am and can hardly
get my bread and clothes, and he riding
round in fine carriages and counting his
bonds. I hope the day will come when
he will know what it is to be where I
am. I wish he had to give me half his
worth."

I looked at the speaker in astonishment
and then it flashed upon me that the per-
sonal history of the two men were fami-
liar to me. His apparent poverty must
appealed for friendly aid, yet I could feel
but slight sympathy for him. His bitter
language reflected a painful picture, and
I felt like addressing him as follows:

"Forty years ago you and M— started
in life for yourselves. You were an easy,
good-natured fellow, with no fixed prin-
ciples in life; he was industrious, pru-
dent and straight-forward. He toiled
through the day and lived frugally, while
you idled your time away about the
streets. He spent his evenings in self-
improvement, while you were with gay
company, spending your money for
cigars and wine. As you grew older
you became poor and one by one your
friends left you, but he, by his earnest
efforts, accumulated wealth; and now he
lives in that beautiful mansion surround-
ed with many attractions. He has given
thousands of dollars to the poor, he yearly
pays thousands to the State and Govern-
ment in taxes, and his munificence gave
to the public this park where the poorest
of the city may freely come and sit in the
sunshine, under the blue sky, among
flowers and shrubbery. Is it not better
to have all this than to? Has not he
done something for the good of his fel-
lows, something worth living for? And
yet, you who have had the same oppor-
tunities in life, but wasted them in idle-
ness, come here and curse him for simply
enjoying the hard-earned competency of
a lifetime, even under the cooling shade
of the trees which his bounty has placed
here for your benefit."

O, man, does not the voice of the foun-
tain shame you, and these very flowers
rebuke you?

From this park let us look towards the
city. There is a noble structure, the
Public Library, the gift of a rich man.
Let us look inside. It is free to the
whole city. The thin clad boy or girl,
no matter how poor, who can neither buy
nor borrow the smallest pamphlet, may

come here and obtain any good book they
may want.

Look again: There is another edifice,
a home for indigent aged; and all over
these temples of charity are seen. They
were not established nor are they sup-
ported by tax-payers, but by men who,
having become wealthy, have put their
wealth to noble uses.

If our neighbors have toiled for their
competence, let us not complain of them
if we are unwilling to do what they have
done to acquire it. AUFORD.

A Bit of Romance.

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 1, 1876.

Newspaper Decisions.

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

Local Agents.

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

(Every Postmaster in Oxford County.)

Albany, J. H. Lovell; Andover, E. A. Rodwell; Bethel, Foster & Hemeny; E. W. Woodbury; Brownfield, J. S. Frink; Buckfield, J. H. DeCoster; W. Atwood; Geo. D. Babbie, Esq.; Dixfield, Hon. E. C. Hildreth; Fryeburg, A. E. Lewis, B. W. McKee; Galehead, Thos. Wright, A. J. Blake; Grafton, John Beattie; Greenwood, A. G. Whitman; Hallowell, A. K. Knapp; Hiram, A. G. Whitman; Hiram, L. A. Wadsworth; Mason, G. H. Brown; Mexico, Henry W. Park; Norway, George L. Farham; Orr, J. C. Hildreth; Oxford, Rev. S. A. Lockwood; C. E. Hawkes; Pres. A. L. Haines; Porter, F. W. Gellin; Isaac L. French; Rantoul, E. H. Hildreth; Sweden, H. Sanders; S. Waterford, J. M. Shaw; Woodstock, O. C. Houghton; Franklin & Milton Plantations, T. C. Houghton.
Agents will deliver their commission before sending money to this office.

Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

OF OHIO.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

WILLIAM A. WHEELER

OF NEW YORK.

FOR GOVERNOR

SELDEN CONNOR

OF AUGUSTA.

For Presidential Elector,

I. WARREN MERRILL.

For Member of Congress

2nd Dist.—WILLIAM P. FRYE, of LEWISTON.

COUNTY NOMINEES.

For Senators,

SAMUEL D. WADSWORTH of HIRAM,

JAMES IRISH of HARTFORD.

For County Attorney,

GEORGE D. BISHOP of BUCKFIELD.

For County Commissioner,

CHARLES O. PENDLETON of DENMARK.

For Register of Probate,

HERRICK C. DAVIS of PARIS.

For Sheriff,

JOSIAH W. WHITTEN of BUCKFIELD.

For County Treasurer,

GEORGE H. WATKINS of PARIS.

Defalcations.

Recent investigations, demanded by a Democrat, have resulted in giving to the public the following table of losses by defalcations during each administration since 1844:

Date.	Administration.	Lost on \$1,000.
1844-45	Pierce	\$10.55
1845-46	Van Buren	\$1.15
1846-47	Jackson	\$3.86
1847-48	Polk	1.41
1848-49	Fillmore	0.48
1849-50	Grant	0.40
1850-51	Grant	0.26

No defalcations have been made from the above for amounts which may yet be recovered into the Treasury.

Spooks.

The Democrats, notwithstanding their loud calls for reform, and particularly for reform in the civil service, have unwittingly allowed some of their organs to show an unglorious hand. The New York Sun, quoted by the Register, says: "If Tilden is elected, the great majority of the public officers will not stand upon the order of their going, but will go at once." Thus we are shown what is to come when these reformers have control. This is all their calls for civil service reform mean. Well, they might as well tell the truth concerning this matter, for "actions speak louder than words." When the Democrats carried New Hampshire no republican office-holder stood upon the order of his going. When the same party captured the National House this scene was repeated.

Let us suppose that Mr. Tilden be elected, and all these eighty thousand officers "go at once," there will be eighty thousand vacancies to fill. What will the Democrats do with them? They will do as they have done before, fill every one of them with democrats—hungry, unwashed and rebellious. We shall have, without protest, then, Mr. Hamblinton, Mr. Fitzhugh and their associates and sympathizers in every post office and place of trust. This is only a fair inference to be drawn from what the party has already done, even when on its good behavior, because of an only partial victory. If they obtain supreme power, there will be no limit to their audacity.

The people will never place those in power who talk one way and set another. Neither will they consent to elevate a party whose only idea of earnest civil service reform is such a wholesale removal of officers and a division of the spoils.

—Belknap is for Hayes; Babcock is for Hayes; Colfax is for Hayes; Patterson is for Hayes; Jay is for Hayes; McDonald is for Hayes; McKee is for Hayes; and—Grant is for Hayes. Of course it will be a reform administration if he is elected.—Register.

Jeff. Davis is for Tilden; Morriss is for Tilden; Cox is for Tilden; Tucker is for Tilden; Tweed is for Tilden; Kelley is for Tilden; Biggar-man Fitzhugh is for Tilden; A. Okey Hall is for Tilden; Gen. M. C. Butler of recent Hamburg massacre fame is for Tilden; Conolly is for Tilden; Dr. Hamblinton is for Tilden; the Sheriff who allowed Tweed to escape is for Tilden; Jake Thompson of Indian Trust Bond fame is for Tilden; Garvey is for Tilden. These, and other worthies having fought the good fight, are all for "Tilden and reform." Of course it will be a reform administration if he is elected.

—Hon. W. P. Frye, who has been a guardian of the people's interests in the distribution of the Geneva Award, made another of his strong speeches on this subject June 29th and 30th. He gives the insurance companies, which make huge profits out of war rates, a pretty rough handling, for claiming half the amount to be distributed, and shows plainly that the money belongs to patriotic citizens who lost their all for honoring the American flag.

Up the Grand Trunk and Down.

Last Monday we took the 3:38 train from South Paris for Bethel, the last large village on this line, in Oxford County. West Bethel and Gilead are both enterprising stations above, but neither of them have yet attained the village dignity which surrounds aristocratic Bethel Hill. Bethel is a popular summer resort for the sin and business town denizens of the great cities. Here the lawyers and doctors, school teachers and literary characters rest from their toils, and find a repose which is continued in more populous and fashionable watering places and mountain resorts.

We have visited Bethel in winter and in spring; but never did the full beauty of its location, the nateness of its grounds and the home-like elegance of its dwellings strike us so strongly, as on this occasion. Hon. E. Foster, Jr., kindly gave us a ride through the village this evening. The air was cold and bracing, while with one of Plaidst's crack horses and carriages we were enabled to travel over considerable territory in a brief time. The first point of interest viewed was "Paradise," so named because it is at the top of "a hill called difficulty." From this eminence a fine view can be had of the village, and its surroundings of water and hills. We next drove through the village, down to the corners, under the hill, and to other places of interest. There are many excellent farms bordering the river, and they contain some of the finest farm buildings we have ever seen. The homestead of A. I. Burbank, Esq., now of Portland, may be mentioned among the finest of this class. "Over the river" is Mayville, a pretty little spur of Bethel, where are many beautiful, tasteful and comfortable dwellings.

The village is built on a northeasterly slope, rising from the Grand Trunk Railroad, which here skirts the Androscoggin River, both seeking level courses through a country which is hill-bound. Driving up the main street to the common one finds a large number of stores and manufacturing establishments, all doing a good business, considering "the times." Facing the common are two large hotels, the Bethel House, kept by J. F. Barden, and "The Elms," by J. S. Record. Both houses are filled with guests, most of whom are from the cities.

In the office we find "Lawyer A." from Boston, endeavoring to extract from a Connecticut youth his heart's secrets; but the little son of a Professor is too sharp to be caught by an impossible supposition of wishing beans and caps. A short mouse story has no better effect in drawing out the youngster; so with a brief practical lecture upon the bad habit of smoking, delivered between pulls at his "fifteenth cigar," the "distinguished lawyer" turns to the easier task of amusing his older admirers. He is full of war stories, and was evidently somewhat familiar with the "under-ground railway" of ante-rebellion fame.

We would be glad to copy his inimitable style as he recorded the adventures of "John," an old negro, who went South during the war after his daughter, but that was impossible. Perhaps the bare facts, however, may interest our readers.

John, armed with a pistol and the determination not to be captured alive, started for that undefined territory, "the South." Arriving at his destination, he holds conference with some of his free brethren, who agree to arrange a meeting between father and daughter on the river bank at nine o'clock, Thursday night. She resides twelve miles from the appointed rendezvous, but with her baby in arms, starts on the journey light-hearted,—for were not father and freedom before her? But the walk is more wearisome than she had anticipated, and the baby, like other weights, grew heavier with the miles. Midnight passes and she has not reached her father.—John's companions desert him, but the old father, faithful as his race, awaits alone her coming. He is sure she will be there. At last, just before day-break, she is with him, her bare feet and ankles cut and lacerated by the tall grasses, sedges and stones, through and upon which she has traveled. The joyous meeting has scarcely taken place, when baying hounds announce that her escape has been discovered, and her recovery determined upon. John drops upon his knees and prays. Wading through the water they hide in the tall grasses, and for three days remain there without food. Their path through the water threw the blood seekers off scent, and they are safe from their pursuers. But the Potomac has to be crossed, and there is no boat. Finally an old dug-out with one end gone, is discovered, and the trio are ready to embark. The wind is blowing a gale and it would be impossible to "weather the blast" in so frail a craft. John again has recourse to prayer,—earnest prayer,—full of faith. It is answered, and the wind soon subsides. So they cross, and two more negroes are rescued from bondage.

Of course, on the completion of this story there is a discussion as to whether the Lord caused the wind to cease because of John's prayer, or there would have been a calm without the prayer. Voted that his prayer was answered, in either case.

With a hearty good-night, and a parting joke the lawyer retires, while Record holds forth on his excellent parts. Particularly are the people struck by his love for children and his latent powers of legendarian, story-telling, etc., with which he amuses the little folk.

For a half hour longer we sit and hear a widower, cooing to a lady in the parlor, with frequent references to his late wife, and his lonely state since her death, which occurred years ago. We are confident there will be a wedding, some day.

Then Record appears with a lamp and exhibits to our weary eyes a neat, cosy chamber—our home for the ensuing hours. But

"Tired nature's sweet restorer balmy sleep" is not for us yet. Dr. Morpheus is unable to administer his opiate, for being a musical spitter, the dancing tunes from Barden's rondo hinder him from doing so. Finally the sound of dancing

"Mix with a murmuring wind, much like the sound of swarming bees, did exist him in a swoon. No other noise, nor people's troublous cries as still he went, for 't was the town, 't was there he lay."

In other words we went to sleep and slept right royally.

The people of Bethel arise early in the morning. We started out before breakfast, hoping to catch the village napping; but many of the traders had opened their stores to admit the first rays of old Sol sent over the purple hills, and the blacksmith's hammer "rang right merrily" on the cold morning air. It was indeed cold. There was no thermometer at hand, but judging from the fact that we could cut off our breath three feet from the escape-ment, one would have indicated about thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. A brisk walk about Bethel in the early morning, is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

The hills which completely wall in the town are half enveloped in mist, which rises from the numerous lakes and ponds, seeking protection from the heats of summer and the colds of winter among the forests which yet remain on every hand. A peculiarly soft light is notable about the mountain peaks, and the village was occasionally all aglow with sunshine which crept out between the drifting clouds. The impressions of Bethel beauty which we received in our drive about the village last evening were intensified until we were inclined to think it were the original Bethel. It certainly is a fit habitation for Delity.

Practical breakfast being disposed of we turn our attention to business. First we visit Andrews's carriage factory. Mr. Wm. Pinney has leased the blacksmith shop, a building 20 by 30 feet, over which is the paint shop. Pinney is a first-class blacksmith and does a good job at repairing as the next man, while in getting up new work he is equally unapproachable. Frank Bartlett has leased the wood-working department, which is located in a building some 24 by 30 feet, two stories high, while L. Freeman does the painting. These three men are putting up some very nice carriages, farm wagons and sleighs, and also, devote much time to repairing and job work. They have their goods on exhibition in a store room, part of the main building, which is 60 by 20 feet, and two stories in height. They have leased the shops for six months and will continue the firm longer if trade is sufficiently encouraging.

Rowe, Grover & Burnham and Kimball occupy a block, facing the common, as general stores, and are doing a thriving business.

Miss Hall has a large and well stocked drug store on the corner of Main street, where she keeps a full line of drugs, medicines, toys and fancy articles. The upper part of this building is principally occupied by lawyers.

Mr. Farnum keeps a jewelry shop opposite Mr. Foster's law office. He has a full line of jewelry, watches, etc., and does a good business at repairing; in fact, has his hands full all the time.

When we had viewed these establishments and interviewed the proprietors, of the morning had passed so far that it was nearly train time. On arriving at the depot however, we found opportunity to visit O. H. Mason's hardware establishment, which is one of the most complete and fully stocked to be found in this vicinity.

Opposite, on the other corner, is the large grain, feed, and general store of Woodbury, Purinton & Co. We have heretofore pronounced it the most conveniently arranged establishment for its business to be found in Oxford County.

All the hotel people come down to the depot, at train time, either to depart, see their friends off or to receive new recruits. So the station presents a very lively appearance three times a day.

It is a thirty-five cent ride from Bethel to Locke's Mills, the first station below. The rate of fare is about four cents per mile, and any one who is at all "smart at figgers" can easily discover the distance, from the above data.

Locke's Mills station is on Alder river, which here flows through a narrow flat country abounding in stagnant ponds. The village is quite small. A good hotel is kept by S. E. Heath, while A. G. Tinkham, postmaster, and E. E. Rand & Co., have general stores.

The principal business of this place is manufacturing spools. Dearborn & Tibbets are proprietors of the factory. It is in a three story building, 40 by 80 feet, supplied with power from a 40 horse water wheel, and an 80 horse steam engine. About one million feet of lumber are purchased by them annually, nearly all of which is found in Oxford County. Fifty hands are employed, and about 1200 gross of spools are manufactured each day. They are marketed in New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island, and are sold to regular customers. Seventeen lathes and 16 "roughers" are kept in constant motion to perform this work. The factory lives within itself as much as the farmers of a century ago did. Every part of the machinery is repaired in a machine shop connected with the works, and very few outsiders are called upon for any assistance. Capt. Dearborn, one of the partners, has entire control of this business. He has had twelve or fifteen years experience, and is hence familiar with every department of the work, which he watches with the most careful attention. Owing to his good management, the factory has been in constant operation during the past few years of business depression, while all other factories have been obliged to curtail or suspend. Thus thousands of dollars have been poured into the hands of Locke's Mills people, every year, while many of their less fortunate neighbors have been in straight.

Mr. Tibbets owns a grist mill located close to the spool factory. Clifton Jones an excellent horse-shoer and blacksmith, has a shop between the hotel and depot,

where he finds plenty of water to cool his irons.

This is the land where showers are manufactured. Numerous ponds furnish moisture which condenses among the wooded hills, and then pours down, keeping the country in a state of summer freshness during six months of the year. It is also a famous fishing territory.

Tuesday the dignitaries of the village went on a prospecting expedition to the lead and gold mines of Milton and Woodstock. It looked at noon as though we could not get away from the village, as all the horses had also gone prospecting. But Mr. Tinkham finally furnished a first-class conveyance, and in the midst of an abundant shower, we started for Bryant's Pond. The distance between the village and the ponds is about three and a half miles, by carriage road, and though it would seem that we must climb a mountain to travel in any direction, our driver picked out a very level passage-way, among the hills, which opened to let the river run through. He had some fish stories of interest to sportsmen, and after listening to his conversation for a half hour, we felt quite like trolling a spool in such teeming waters.

A hotel is kept at Bryant's Pond, by a Mr. Allen, we believe, though the last State Register reports Mr. Kler as still in possession. Bryant's Pond is principally noted as the station where people get off who are going to the lakes, Andover and vicinity. In its day it has been quite a business centre, and now ships much country produce.

H. F. & O. C. Houghton have a large flour and grain store on the Andover road. They also own an adjacent building 30 by 48 feet, occupying the first floor as a store room. The second story is a town hall, and the third is occupied by the Masonic Lodge.

Over the door of one establishment we saw this legend: "H. C. Davis, Lawyer." It carries a moral on its face.

C. R. Houghton has a large hardware establishment nearer the depot, where he keeps a full line of hardware, stoves, tinware, revolvers, cartridges, fishing tackle and everything needed for domestic or backwoods life. He manufactures all his own tinware, and warrants it to be as represented.

Lyman Bolster & Son keep an apothecary establishment opposite the depot. Mr. Lyman Bolster has recently deceased, and his son is continuing the business.—Large quantities of essences and extracts are put up here, and anything from a glass of soda to the most costly drug can be procured.

We intended to visit Whitman's carriage factory, but as a freight train came along, and we found a good opportunity to steal a ride with a distinguished citizen of Paris, we departed with a promise to call again. The joke of this stealing a ride from Bryant's Pond is there is a grade, and the gentlemanly conductors can neither stop nor put a bumper off till they reach West Paris. That being our destination, we did not care particularly whether or no we were detected between stations, and so took as comfortable a position as could be found.

West Paris has grown very rapidly during the past twenty-five years. H. G. Brown, Esq., gave us a brief account of his experience in the place. When the railroad was projected there were but three buildings on the ground, and the whole territory was owned by one individual. Now there are more than a hundred buildings, many of them large and costly; numerous stores, and several factories. The freight business of West Paris now amounts to about \$3,000 per month, and might be easily increased if better facilities for loading could be secured.

Near the depot is H. G. Brown & Co.'s chair manufactory. It consists of a building 36 by 75 feet, two stories high. Last year 14,000 chairs were turned out. This year the business will be some larger. Power is supplied by a forty horse upright engine, well adapted to do the work which is expected of it. The factory is well stocked with machinery for the manufacture of chairs, and for custom planing, sawing, etc. The building is thoroughly warmed by exhaust steam, which also heats the dry house. All kinds and styles of cane and wood reated chairs are manufactured in the best manner. Most of them are sold in "knock-down" to large dealers. The business is growing, and can be very economically carried on, as it is so near the Railroad there are no expenses for cartage.

S. B. Locke & Co. occupy a large ground store near the depot. It is now undergoing a thorough repairing. 20 feet have been added to the store, which, with a large store room in the rear gives a building 92 feet in length. A piazza is being run about the whole building, which will render it particularly attractive to the family which resides above.

There is a flour mill and also various other establishments in the village which we hope to visit at some future time.

West Paris Lodge I. O. of O. F. is erecting a new hall 30 by 55 feet, two stories high. P. C. Fickett, Esq., has taken the contract to build it, for about \$1500. J. C. Perry is doing the stone work. He has some very nice material on the ground and is rapidly pushing the work forward. E. Willis, Esq., has the wood-work in hand. He began on Tuesday and is to have it completed by September. The building is to be very neat and tasteful, and will be a great addition to the village. Its site is one of the most beautiful in West Paris.

We must mention two very beautiful dwellings located on the west side of Little Androscoggin river, viz: those of S. B. Locke, Esq., and Dr. O. K. Yates. Anybody should be good and happy with such lovely surroundings, such a beautiful climate and pleasant neighbors.

"Trap Corner" is situated between West Paris and Snow's Falls. It is a pretty populous school district, though it could scarcely be called a village. Sheriff L. D. Stacy, keeps a general store and clothing manufactory here. He does a large business in the manufacture of

sale work, giving employment to many women in the towns of Paris and Summer. He does a little in the line of farming, though he is too generous a neighbor to be very successful in that line. He sent no less than a half bushel of new potatoes to the Democrat and other friends on Paris Hill, besides giving them and the writer a free ride home.

After a six year's residence in Paris, we have taken our first trip to each of the stations on the Grand Trunk above South Paris. The country is beautiful and fertile beyond all expectation. Its water power is unlimited, and still unimproved. There is plenty of wood for small manufactures. Ponds and brooks, alive with fish, offer inducements to the sportsman, while the beautiful locality, pure air, good society and facilities for transportation all point to a yet to be populous and prosperous section. Oxford County must continually grow, with such undeveloped natural resources to draw from, even if her gold and lead mines prove failures.

Schools.—The fall term of Oxford County's oldest institution of learning, Hebron Academy, will begin its fall term Tuesday, August 29th. J. F. Moody A. M. continues as Principal. Under his care the institution has continued to grow rapidly. We understand that the last summer term was the largest ever held in the school. A most excellent corps of assistants is advertised to aid Mr. Moody. See adv't in another column.

Rumford Centre High School will have a fall term, to begin Sept. 5th, with C. M. Hatchins as principal. Mr. Hutchins is a young man of energy and tact. He has been eminently successful in all the schools he has previously taught. No doubt this will be as well directed as his previous efforts.

Rumford Point High School will open its fall term Sept. 17th. A. L. Haines principal. Mr. Haines is also a young man of talent. He has taught a number of schools with unvarying success. He is a regular correspondent of this paper.

Bridgeport Academy will be under the charge of Wilson Nevans, A. B. during the fall term. It opens September 12th. We are not personally acquainted with the principal, but he has an excellent reputation. Many students from Western Oxford find it convenient to attend this institution.

Paris Hill Academy opens September 5th. We have heretofore spoken of the Board of Instruction.

Norway Liberal Institute or Norway Free High School will probably be taught by C. A. Black, A. B. Mr. Black was engaged to teach the Institute as before announced. A movement has since been inaugurated to equip a free high school. The Register says it will be offered to Mr. Black, in case arrangements be completed.

Excursion.—Mount Mica Lodge, I. O. of O. F., will celebrate its second anniversary by an excursion to Sebago Lake. The party will leave South Paris in season to reach Harrison before the 8 o'clock boat leaves, Friday, August 4th. There will be a three hour sail down Sebago Lake, Songo River, Bay of Naples and Long Lake. Returning the party will reach Harrison at 6 P. M. Fare for round trip \$1.00. E. M. Thayer will carry parties from South Paris to Harrison and back for \$1.00. No doubt this will be one of the pleasantest trips of the season, and all who can should avail themselves of the opportunity to visit this most beautiful section of our State. If the weather should prove unfavorable, the excursion will be postponed to Tuesday, the 8th inst.

State Fair.—We have received a circular announcing that the next State Fair will be held at Presumpscot Park and City Hall, Portland, from Aug. 29 to Sept. 1, 1876, inclusive. Arrangements have been made for half freight rates on goods and animals for exhibition. A full list of premiums is offered for all kinds of exhibits usually presented at such fairs. For further information, circulars, etc., address Sam'l Wasson, Secretary, East Surrey, Maine.

Real Estate Transfers.

T. D. Colby trustees of M. E. Church, stand at Rumford Centre for parsonage; G. W. King to Wm. H. King, two parcels of land in Oxford; W. J. Abbott to Geo. G. Abbott, lot of land in Upton; F. M. Coffin to O. J. Cole, a piece of land in Gilead; M. D. Dow to John C. Kidder, real estate in Hartford; J. J. Perry to Geo. H. Jones, real estate in Oxford village; W. P. Knightly to Anna P. Greene, real estate in Waterford.

W. K. GREENE, R-g'r.

OUR TABLE.

WIDE AWAKE for August sets forth a tempting repast for folks like and big-two serials, four short stories, several poems, a paper of the Poets' House series, relative to J. T. Frowbridge, an etiquette paper, an article relative to "Saving Life" by the Rocket Apparatus, another, really written about the "Hambro" at Rome, while the department of fiction, all prodigiously illustrated.—The opening short story, "Jenny's Lark," is by Nora Perry. "How Little had her picture Taken" is well told both by pen and pencil. In the serials, "Good-for-Nothing Polly," Polly is a genuine boy, while in the "New Fashioned Girl," Non is a good type of notions of our modern girls, and dreams and her duties pulling at her with contrary hands. The etiquette paper, "Manners at Home," ought to be printed as a tract for general distribution. Among the poems, that "Classic of Baby and Jack and the Bean-stalk," by Clara Doty Bates illustrated by Charlotte Doty Finley, and "The First Touch," by Edgar Fawcett, will be widely read. Only \$2 a year. D. Lethrop & Co., Boston.

—Among the most noted speakers to be present at the Sebago Lake Temperance Camp-meeting is Dr. Carpenter of Montreal—brother of the renowned London Physician—Mr. Kaler of England and Dr. Jewett, the great Temperance Reformer, of Connecticut. Mr. Jewett will speak Wednesday, Dr. Carpenter Thursday. They will be present during the entire meeting. Mrs. Dr. French, who founded the inebriate asylum in Philadelphia at her own expense, will deliver an address.

—The President denies that he has any intention of pardoning Avery, the Whiskey Ring convict. The report that he intended to do so was started for political capital.

The farmers have been a sweating over their haying, owing to the hot weather.

Mr. Eliphalet Adams, of this town has a gun that is one hundred years old, also an ox yoke that has been in constant use for over forty years; he has a milking stool, that has been used for the last twenty years for milking purposes.

Jewett & Bennett have shipped over seventy cart loads of spool strips and box shooks.

Grafton.

July 15.—The hot wave has passed over, and cooler days and nights are thankfully received.

We are having an excellent school district No. 2, taught by Miss A. A. Parly, of Bethel.

Mr. R. G. Lane has nearly completed his new house, adding much to the city and comfort of his home. We understand Mr. Lane contemplates boarders another season. All love a good dish of fried trout, do well to try his hospitality. York's pond, which abounds in speckled trout, is near. Mrs. Lane is very well with bilious fever, but it is thought will recover.

The farmers in this locality have done but little towards haying, the ground looking finely, it is not as forward as other towns, and some of our boys have gone to Portland and vicinity, to get employment.

A. S. B.

Hiram.

Mr. Arthur Kimball has opened a meat market and confectionery shop at Hancock Avenue, East Hiram.

Mr. Geo. C. Rowe has removed from Brownfield to East Hiram, and opened a shop for Sign & Carriage painting.

Messrs. White & Swan of Brownfield have also opened a blacksmith shop at Hancock Avenue.

Mr. John McCloskey of So Hiram, has removed to East Hiram, and performs carriage and job work generally. Capt. James Evans's shop.

The Reform club holds weekly meetings, but not weekly ones by any means.

The Blaisdell Brothers (Adams) are holding meetings in a large tent at Hiram.

Mr. Eli Clements has improved to stand very much by removing his barn, and rebuilding it on the end of the lot, widening it 8 feet, making it clapboarding, painting white, with a proof paint on roof, and a neat cupola crowning the whole.

Mr. Marshall Spring has been repairing his house, it being the "Old Spring Tavern," opened in 1795 by his grandfather, Capt. Thomas Spring, the tavern in Hiram.

The various Societies in Hiram, East Hiram, and the citizens generally, united in celebrating the fourth of July in a quiet and orderly manner. In the morning young America appeared in fantastic costume, and paraded in intense amusement and gratification. At 9 A. M. a procession was led by the Mr. Cutler Grange, P. O. of East Hiram Reform Club, the Methodist Congregationalist and Universalist Sabbath Schools, and citizens, and in the direction of Eli Clements, Esq., Marshal of the day, and Ephraim Worth Deputy marshal, with music, the Hiram Brass Band marched through the streets of Hiram and East Hiram, and at length halted at the new house, half way between the two villages, (built at a cost of \$2,150) in union district, comprising both, was an ample collation was served to the present. After dinner, Almon Young, Esq., President of the day, introduced Lowellyn A. Wadsworth, Esq. of Hiram, who delivered an historical address, the settlement, and subsequent progress of the town of Hiram, 1774-1876. The address occupied about an hour and quarter, during which a shower poured the audience to adjourn from the finished building to the Grange Hall, where it was finished. After which remarks were made by Dea. Thomas May Jr., Rev. Isaac J. Mead. On motion of Mr. Mead, the audience voted a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Wadsworth for his interesting address. It was voted that a copy of the address be forwarded to the Librarian of Congress for preservation for historical purposes. Mr. Wadsworth has been for several years gathering dates, and writing a history of Hiram. Mr. George C. Rowe read the Declaration of Independence. I should not omit to state that the opening remarks of Mr. Young, on taking the chair, were brief, eloquent, and to the point. The day was otherwise improved by a game of base ball in the afternoon, and fire-works in the evening, and a Bill Grangers Hall in the evening. And it is remembered, that all present during the day went home sober.

North Lovell.

July 26.—It is with a great deal of pleasure, that we look for the arrival of this dear, old paper. It is now, and is read with a good deal of interest. It is very seldom that this place is represented. So take pleasure in saying that this is not a dull town, by any means. We have thirty farmers, and numerous spool manufacturers, and other branches of business, which go to make up an enterprising town. We have no churches, which have most excellent preachers, and they are interesting people so that instead of having empty pews they are filling up the future generation to respect the Sabbath.

I notice that we occasionally see Massachusetts people here. Mrs. Bursett and her son have been paying a native town a visit. Mrs. Russell and her little family from Haverhill, Mass. have to come back to the home town every year. Well, we cannot blame them. Old Oxford County is a pretty good place to live in after all.

R. W. V.

Denmark.

The weather has been very warm for the last two weeks, ranging as high as 100°. We have had a very dry time, and vegetation has suffered considerably.

Early potatoes are very light. The hay crop is about an average one, and is nearly housed. The apple crop will be next to nothing, as there are large orchards entirely barren, not only of apples, but of leaves also. It is feared the hot sun this summer, will finish what the caterpillars commenced in the spring.

Business is very dull at the village mills, but promises better soon. The enterprising firm of Ordway & Potter are erecting a large building as a store-room for their furniture, and a nice hall, which is much needed in the place. This firm is determined to go with the times, and have reduced prices on everything, more especially on coffins, which they put at Granger prices.

Miss Frank Bran, while taking a ride with a lady friend last week, was thrown from the carriage, and quite seriously hurt, but no bones were broken.

We are having a little scandal case, which causes some talk and a great deal of disgust among the respectable citizens, who sincerely wish the case of Stevens against Potter was in Brooklyn, or some other place, as they do not take to such things kindly, and think this thing should have been put in the dark closet till house cleaning time when all nasty jobs are taken in hand.

Our politics are very quiet at present, but we expect warm work this fall, as we send a representative this year, and as the candidate for Co. Com., Lieut. C. O. Pendexter, is a Dane, we intend to do our best. Mr. Pendexter has always been an honorable, thorough going, hard working republican, and his townsmen will show their respect and confidence in him when the time comes, which will show that they are not afraid to trust him.

A. R. N.

Fryeburg.

July 24.—Last Monday about fifty of our people made an excursion to the summit of Mt. Pleasant.

The Oxford House has put on a daily coach, leaving Fryeburg for the Mt. Pleasant House at 10:30 A. M.

The Fryeburg Brass Band has organized under the lead of Dr. Lamson. They have purchased several new instruments, and will meet for practice twice a week.

W.

Weather Report.

Temperature last week at S. A. M.

Sunday, 56°; rain; Monday, 62°; clear; Tuesday, 64°; clear; Wednesday, 50°; rain; Thursday, 67°; clear; Friday, 70°; cloudy; Saturday, 68°; cloudy.

TOWN ITEMS.

Andover.

July 27.—The heavy shower on the 20th inst., produced a great change in the weather; so great, in fact, that a good fire and overcoat are very indispensable. Farmers are busy haying, and will secure a good crop.

We have quite a number of boarders in town at present, and more are expected soon.

Union Hall was packed full last Friday to hear the address of Calvin Record Esq. of Auburn. Mr. Record spoke for about an hour. The address was a sound, candid argument, replete with startling facts, and containing wholesome instruction and advice to everybody. At the close of Mr. Record's remarks, several stepped forward and signed the pledge.

Mr. Stanley, the fish commissioner has made arrangements to stock Roxbury Pond with bass.

The grasshoppers are giving up the ghost, after doing all the damage they could. Some farmers in this vicinity have suffered severely from these pests.

Rev. Geo. Burbank preached two splendid sermons in the M. E. church, last Sabbath. The people of Rumford are very fortunate in securing the services of such an able preacher.

LOUSE STARR.

July 29.—It was FURNISH Abbott who died the 12th inst., aged 74.

During the heavy thunder shower the 14th, lightning struck the barn of Frank Lin Poor, damaging it slightly. It also struck several trees in different parts of the town.

Capt. John Good had added to his house a modern piazza.

S.

Bethel.

July 27.—We are having very growing weather. Hay crop good; very extra quality. Most of it will be secured by the first week in August. Mowing machines are largely used, and various kinds of horse rakes. Grain is more than an average crop; some fields of oats having been harvested.

Grasshoppers have made their appearance in large numbers, and it is feared that late sowed grain will be destroyed by them. We learn that P. G. Kimball's grain crop at Middle Intervale, has been ruined by them.

The Amphion concert last Thursday evening at the Congregationalist church, was executed with great power and effectiveness. Mr. Burnham, Mr. Horne, and Miss Weeks, were all loudly and heartily applauded.

Mr. E. V. Blake owns a native cow, from which his wife made twelve and one fourth pounds of first-class butter, in seven days. Who can do better than that?

On Wednesday last, Rev. Dr. Cleveland and Frank Cunningham, Esq. of Boston, stopping at the Watersport Mountain House, visited Sunday river, for the purpose of dropping a line into its placid waters, where the speckled beauties do most abound, and in one half day took out three hundred and fifty big bouning ones. One of them was a whopper, big enough for a whole city council's dinner. Mr. Cleveland is not only an expert and enthusiastic fisherman, as well as skillful and powerful in the pulpit. Mr. C. preached last Sabbath in the M. E. church. His sermon was on upstate. His illustrations were graphic and familiar.

C.

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