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## Oxford Democrat

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## Poetry.

### Love's Ruse.

"Let me in!" cried Cupid, knocking  
At my door one day.  
To the spirit I answered, shortly,  
"I've no time for play."  
But the voice, with silvery laughter  
Strove to move my heart,  
Tempted me with merry darts  
And love's cunning art.

Still unmoved, the door I fastened  
Against the coaxing spirit;  
Then he peeped within my window,  
Beautiful and bright,  
Promised me all things delightful,  
Wealth and wondrous fame.  
"No," said I, "I deem your promise  
Light, sir, as your name."

Slowly turned he from my window,  
With a puzzled face,  
"Fare you well," I cried, rejoicing;  
"Go and leave no trace."  
But too soon I heard a sighing  
Jest within my door,  
"Let me in!" cried Cupid,  
"Open, I implore."

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would dare to think of such a sacrifice as  
marrying his little Rose? Never, never  
should he have her! He would stay here  
forever and guard her; he would make it  
impossible! And then he felt that he was  
a fool, and that he knew better; he knew  
the modest little Rose, living her secluded  
life, had never had the remotest sort of a  
lover; he knew now that she was lying  
all in white, wrapped in her innocent  
dreams and thinking of nothing less,  
while he was marauding up and down  
the garden paths. He was very much  
mistaken; she was hiding behind the  
window at that moment, watching him  
between the streaming courses of her  
tears, as he went up and down and tor-  
tured himself with angry thoughts and  
passionate emotions. Why had she fixed  
him so? he was asking. Why was there  
no chance for him? why would no open-  
ing offer that he might enter and gain a  
promise of sufficient income to justify  
him in telling Rose what he felt—all  
these wild wishes and bitter longings?  
Now a moneyless clerk in a village store,  
he had no right to bind her fortunes with  
his, to bring upon her, even if she would,  
the weary cares and heavy weight of  
marriage with a man so destitute.

For look, even should she be kind,  
should they marry—ah, what throbs his  
heart gave at the fancy!—they would  
have no more than they had now, and as  
the years came and brought their bur-  
dens, it would simply bow Rose into the  
grave. And she knew it. That was  
what this desire to get out into the world  
meant—to break up their way of life, to  
be off and away from him. And then  
Roger groaned and clinched his fists, and  
asked himself the whole round of ques-  
tions over again. Yes, why was he, of  
all men, so placed that nothing could  
ever accrue to him? no help reach him?  
no one hold a hand to lift him up? just  
suffered to plod along from hand to  
mouth when a little capital would put  
him into such a heaven? If he had but a  
couple of thousand dollars to start with,  
he could open a second store here. He  
knew the whole structure of trade, there  
was quite business enough for another  
without robbing the first; he could even  
make new business. He knew just where  
he would plant his stock of goods and  
put up his sign. And then in spite of  
himself, came the picture of the blessed  
time when, work done, he should go  
home to Rose, fair, joyous, his by her  
fire, or looking out for him, springing to  
meet him; the scene grew so real it  
seemed to Roger he could feel her sweet  
breath on his face, her warm arms about  
him; he held her just one daring moment  
in this waking dream, and then he  
sat down upon the step and his face in  
his hands as if he would hide too the  
scalding tears that must have way.

Two thousand dollars—he might just  
as well wish for a silver mine! Just as  
he said the words to himself, a soft  
clear radiance was welling up over the  
dusky garden, and he raised his head  
again, after a while, there came the moon  
softly floating up above the horizon of  
the long interval below. It cheered him  
inexorably, like an omen, a promise;  
he stood up and struck one palm into  
another. "I will have her yet!" he cried,  
and went in to his dreams.

"Can you think of anything, Rose,  
where we can economize?" he said, next  
day.

"Economize?" she repeated, gayly.

"For what? In what? With what?"

"So that we can raise two thousand  
dollars," he answered gravely.

She sat down as suddenly as if some  
gigantic hand had been laid on her head  
and had crushed her into the seat.

"Two thousand dollars!" she gasped.

"We couldn't economize it in a thousand  
years, for I don't know where we waste  
a cent now."

"I must get it some way, then, if I  
have to go out sawing wood after hours."

"Why, Roger?"

"For capital to go into business."

"The house would sell for five hundred  
more than you want."

"The house?" he said. "That is not  
mine."

Rose stood up, moving one thing and  
another nervously about the table; her  
lips trembled, and all at once she ran out  
of the room. "Oh, he cares nothing for  
me; he despises me; he disregards me;  
he would take nothing from me! Because  
it is mine, it is not his, and he wants  
nothing of me."

"She takes no interest in it; she doesn't  
care a whit whether I go into business  
or not; it matters nothing to her," he  
sighed. "She flashes out of the room  
about her business as indifferently as  
though I were the merest stranger at the  
gate." And he jammed on his hat, and  
went to his work, head down, hands in  
pocket, and gloomy as the grave. All  
day long that rosy, dimpled face flitting  
before him and every customer; all  
day long the awful figures, \$2000, writ-  
ing themselves on the wall before him  
like a *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*; and  
when, late in the day, a cloud slowly  
rose and hung over the fields and marsh-  
es, till all the sky was purple and all the  
land was in shadow, and low thunders  
began to growl in its breast, and sharp  
lightnings leap from it, it seemed to  
Roger only something in accord with  
his feelings, for it befitted nature to be  
as dark as his own outlook.

It was a terrible storm, though, before  
another hour had passed. Peal after  
peal the thunder crashed over the little  
village, and tumbled its deafening bolts  
among the hills; flash after flash the

lightnings crackled and unrolled, and  
from moment to moment wrapped the  
place in sheets of flame; and after one  
report, when the heavens seemed to  
shrivel like a bit of burning parchment,  
the bark of the century-old elm in the  
square where the little band played on  
summer nights had been torn off in one  
long spiral from top to bottom, and the  
tree had answered the bolt in a pillar of  
fire. As the storm increased, Roger re-  
membered Rose's fear of thunder, and  
plunged out into it, determined that she  
should not be alone in such a moment of  
absolute terror. The rain met him half  
way, worse than any lightning—a gray,  
sliding down-pour, in which it was im-  
possible to draw his breath, and his only  
refuge was to take to his heels and run  
as fast as ever any Lampard ran a race.

He must have seen him coming, for  
she set open the door, though she stood  
behind it. "What made you leave shel-  
ter in such a storm as this?" she cried,  
and just then there came an overwhelm-  
ing flash, the fire of which seemed to  
penetrate her brain. She clapped her  
hands to her face with a shriek, the house  
rocked and the door swung and slammed,  
and she fell fainting upon the floor.

When Rose came to herself, she was  
lying on the lounge where Roger had  
placed her, and the storm was slowly  
rolling off below the horizon, with now  
and then a smothered growl, and the  
rain was pattering only in thin showers,  
which the freshened breeze shook from  
the vines and boughs. She sat up di-  
rectly, and presently, as soon as she  
found her feet, went to the window to  
look about. The whole world seemed  
sweet and rich and gleaming in the sun-  
set, with a sort of delicious under-light,  
and the birds were wild with music.  
Roger stood beside her at the window,  
looking out into the enchanted atmos-  
phere. They were both silent; and just  
then good old Mrs. Vance came up the  
garden walk from her own adjoining  
one, fearing Rose was alone, and not  
having dared herself to come to her  
before; and she said to tea, and wanted  
a game of cribbage in the evening; and  
when Roger came back from escort duty  
to old Mrs. Vance, Rose just lifted the  
candle-flame between her face and his  
and saying good-night, hurriedly, was  
away to her slumbers.

Roger went to his, that is to say, to  
his room. Sleep he could not. His  
thoughts were whirling at such a rate  
with his emotions that he was wider  
awake than ever before. He stepped out  
on the old broken balcony of his window  
and watched the slow wheeling of the  
constellations, and heard the tiny crack-  
ling sound of leaves and rain drops and  
pebbles in the garden, of some night-  
bird, maybe, tapping the bough, or else  
of the dead vine branch beating on a  
window-pane, and he thought how hard  
and bitter a thing was life, and half  
cursed it; and then the vision of Rose  
would steal before him—the sweet smil-  
ing face, the dimpled velvet cheek, the  
shining eye, gentle motion, gentle spirit  
—and he said to himself that it was  
enough for any one to live in the same  
world with such a thing as she.

At length it occurred to him that this  
was enough of star-gazing. He heaved  
up to be a man, to win her, even if  
unable, he must cease his day-dreams  
and work; and to work, he must sleep.  
He returned to his room, and all at once,  
as if something stung him at every pore,  
he staggered back. What strange odor  
was this? what strange atmosphere after  
the cool night fragrance? The room was  
full of a thick pungent cloud—it was the  
smoke of burning. "Fire! fire! fire!" he  
shouted, and sprang through the door  
for Rose's room, only to be met by such  
a strong turbid mass of moving darkness  
and noisome steam and suffocation, as to  
stagger back again a single moment be-  
fore it. But almost immediately he was  
bounding through it, throwing open the  
doors between, and all at once, as he  
opened the third one, a great blinding  
glare fell from above, and there was the  
monstrous horror of flame towering and  
soaring, like an evil spirit that wiped  
matters from existence.

But Roger did not pause to think what  
it was like; he only thought that it was  
sweeping through an upper floor, that in  
a moment the floor must fall, that he  
must reach Rose's room. The house had  
been struck by lightning in the storm,  
and the smoldering spark had been  
making headway in the lonely upper  
rooms all the delicious summer evening,  
all the time that he had been leaning on  
his balcony drinking the balmy air, all  
the time that Rose had been folded in  
her sweet slumber, all the time he had  
been hearing that tiny crackle, and think-  
ing it was the rain dripping from the  
leaves upon the walk. Another moment  
and over its dull roar came a cry, "Oh  
Roger! Roger! Oh, my dearest! my  
dearest! where are you? do you know  
it?" And Rose, with a cloak thrown over  
her, burst through her door, and was  
caught in his arms as he leaped down  
the stairs at one vault and bore her out  
into safety.

They had barely reached the gate  
when the roof fell in, and though the  
neighbors came thronging round, and  
the engines were present at play, they  
stood there with the rest, and saw that  
it was of no use, and the blaze of the home  
of their childhood and their youth was  
ascending like a smoke of sacrifice.  
Rose stood folded in the arms of Roger,  
hiding her eyes from the dreadful sight,  
as a child might standing by the grave

of a mother while it is filled. "Let it go  
without tears, darling—let it go," Roger  
whispered. "It is a kindly flame. The  
old house is still protecting us; it has  
lighted our way to each other. With-  
out it we should still have been groping  
in the dark. I should never have dared  
win you; you would never have known  
I loved you."

"You are coming right home with me,  
children," said Mrs. Vance, "till we can  
turn round and see what's to be done. Is  
the house insured? Where's your  
papers?"

"They are gone," said Rose, "with  
everything else. We are utterly penni-  
less!"

It was just a fortnight after that, when  
Roger entered Mrs. Vance's house one  
night, Rose ran and clapped a bit of pa-  
per before his eyes so closely that he  
could see nothing. When he stepped  
back, she was holding it over his lips, and  
then half bashfully tiptoeing up and kiss-  
ing him through it, "Do you see what it  
is?" she said. "It is a check for twenty-  
five hundred dollars from the Safety In-  
surance Company, who have taken the  
circumstances into account. It is the in-  
surance on the buildings, and the lands  
are still left. The old house is still taking  
care of us yet, Roger. Two thousand for  
your business, and the rest," she whis-  
pered, shyly, and blushing like a rose indeed,  
"to furnish the new house."

## Poetry.

### FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

#### Twenty-Two.

BY C. ELLA WALES.

At twenty-two life bright and fair  
Doth stretch unto her heights sublime;  
And hope's glad song floats on the air,  
Gilding with joy the present time.  
At twenty-two, life's "young and new,"  
And all things take a rosy hue.  
Tis yet life's morn at twenty-two;  
The dew is on the way-side grass;  
And with strong hearts to dare and do,  
We gather gladness as we pass.  
At twenty-two, our skies are blue,  
And earth is fair, and friends are true.  
We work and wait for grander things,  
Nor doubt at all with foolish fears,  
But that the song that youth sings,  
Will come to pass in future years.  
At twenty-two, we pluck no rue,  
But gather roses starred with dew.  
July, 1876.

## Miscellany.

### FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

#### A Pleasant Trip.

Mr. Editor:—  
As a participant in the excursion of Mr.  
Mica Lodge, I. O. of O. F., I will try to  
give you a little insight into the huge  
amount of enjoyment crowded into Fri-  
day, August 18th. Early morning found  
a large number of the good people of So.  
Paris astir and packing into their various  
wagons huge baskets, boxes, coffee pots,  
&c., preparing for a ride of some four-  
teen miles to Harrison, where the steamer  
Mount Pleasant had been chartered for their  
special use. E. M. Thayer with the  
Red Bird started with a load of eighteen  
and went through without accident.

The butcher, the merchant, and the  
squire, not counting on their full weight  
started in too frail equipages and came  
to grief by break-downs when not far on  
their journey; the butcher by the fracture  
of an axle, and the merchant and squire  
by the collapse of a spring each. Such  
little trifles, however, made no impression  
on those so earnestly pleasure bent, but  
the damage was soon repaired by ex-  
change, and all hands were on time for  
the boat at 8 o'clock.

Upon walking the plank we found our-  
selves on the steamer Mount Pleasant,  
(so named from Pleasant Mountain which  
with the hotel on its top had been in full  
view at the southwest during our morn-  
ing ride). The steamer is 87 feet long  
and 24 wide, with upper and lower deck.  
The upper deck being protected by a per-  
manent awning to guard from sun and  
rain. The steamer was well provided  
with seats to accommodate the nearly 150  
passengers.

Leaving Harrison we left No. Bridgton  
a mile to our right as we steamed down  
Long Pond. When about three miles  
down we left Centre Bridgton at our  
right, and five or six miles more brought  
us in view of Naples with its draw bridge  
so narrow that the boat sides sometimes  
touch, and the water, filled with perch,  
loose not more than two feet deep. I  
may as well say here that we found on  
board the Bridgton Band, 18 pieces, to  
discourage to us sweet music for the trip,  
and well did they fulfill their obligation,  
for one had only to ask, "When is the  
band going to play?" when the leader  
would answer, "Now," and go at it.

Leaving Naples drawbridge, the  
water widens for a mile or more into the  
Bay of Naples, when we enter the crook-  
ed Songo River. If you wish a good  
idea of how crooked this river is, take a  
cord and place it on your table with as  
many turns and elbows as possible, and  
it may give you a faint idea of its tortuous  
course. When about one third of the  
way down we came to Songo Lock  
which we enter, and are gradually lower-  
ed about five feet, to the level of Lake  
Sebago. A few rods below the Lock at  
the mouth of Crooked River, the steamer  
makes a turn at right angles by the use  
of a snub warp. This trip the rope part-  
ed from long use and much water, and

but for the prompt action of the engineer  
in reversing the engine, we should have  
grounded on the shore, head ahead. Set  
poles were used to get us in position  
again, when a new snub warp brought us  
around all right. As we continued down  
the river, the sunny side of the boat was  
first on one side and then on the other,  
showing its extreme crookedness. Six  
or eight miles of turning where it seemed  
as though the front of the boat must go  
aground and the hinder portion trail in  
the bushes, brought us into broad Lake  
Sebago, which we crossed, leaving Fryes  
Island at the left, and landed at Standish  
in season for dinner in a spacious grove  
near the landing.

All this time joy had burst forth in song  
from South Paris lips noted for song, in  
social converse, music from the band,  
and admiration of the splendid scenery  
on every hand. "Call John," and  
"When Father Noah built the ark,  
He built it strong of hickory bark,"  
called down the house.

When all had eaten and drunk their  
fill from the various baskets and coffee  
pots, those who wished, repaired to the  
tent of the Temperance Camp Meeting,  
which was being held for a week in a  
tent large enough to cover 1000 people.  
Here the Bridgton Band gave a voluntary  
and then played Old Hundred, all the  
vast assembly joining. The president  
then called for and introduced Asa D.  
Hutchinson and son, two of the celebra-  
ted Hutchinson family, who favored us  
with one of their old songs entitled:—  
"There's a good time coming boys, wait  
a little longer," and then led, all joining  
in, "Hold the Fort." This alone was  
worth quite a journey to hear. The  
president then introduced Rev. Mr.  
Draper of Manchester, England, who  
struck the key note in saying that the  
purpose of their meeting was to educate  
the public mind so that the sale and use  
of intoxicants should be odious to the  
people. When this was accomplished  
with the help of our just laws, rum drink-  
ing would cease.

At 3 P. M. the boat's whistle called  
for a return, which we made by the way  
of the narrows on the east side of Frye's  
Island by Raymond Cape. Frye's Island  
was named for a Mr. Frye who escaped  
from the Indians by leaping from a precip-  
ice into water 85 feet deep, and swim-  
ing to the island. I saw some of the  
celebrated images cut in the rocks and  
the mouth of the cave into which Nathan-  
iel Hawthorne used to sail 25 feet and  
then clamber up the rocks. Through  
the Lake into Songo and thence as we  
came, except that we called at Bridgton  
and No. Bridgton to leave passengers, we  
reached our starting place at 7:12 o'clock.  
Harnessing our horses, well cared for  
and ready for the homeward trip, nearly  
all reached South Paris at 10 P. M.,  
all declaring it to be a "red letter day"  
among excursions.

SAM.

## Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.,  
Aug. 13, 76.

The Germans are beginning to realize  
how poor their display is in contrast with  
other nations. Their most creditable dis-  
play is their Ceramic work, which can  
hardly be excelled for beauty. Their  
bronzes too are deserving of much ad-  
miration, but still they lack the taste and  
judgment that is shown by other European  
nations. Although the excuses offered are  
plausible, Germany is not up to the mark  
and her representatives are deeply mort-  
ified at the display. Prof. Feauxaux of  
Berlin is one of the representatives of  
Germany on the Jury of the Centennial  
Exhibition, and he has taken occasion to  
refer to it in one of his letters to the  
National Zeitung. He says, the Ger-  
mans in America have for many years  
talked of what Germany would produce  
when she should be united and regener-  
ated. They proudly foretold that their  
"Laderlind" would certainly surpass  
other nations in many respects, if not  
eclipse them altogether; now that they see  
that the very opposite has happened they  
have become our bitterest critics  
though indirectly they may prove to be  
our friends, for they are publicly setting  
before Germany truths which she would  
not believe when they were told her by  
her friends in Europe. He proceeds by  
saying: There are three principal criti-  
cisms which are made on the German De-  
partment in the Exhibition. First, that  
the leading principle of German industry  
is to produce things which are cheap and  
bad. Secondly, that most German goods  
are not made to be beautiful in them-  
selves but to attract by an appeal to Ger-  
man patriotic feeling, and thirdly, that  
German industry shows no progress what-  
ever either in taste or invention. He  
says, I cannot refrain from a feeling of  
shame when I wander through our de-  
partment of the Exhibition and see noth-  
ing but Germanias, Kaisers, Crown  
Princes, Bismarcks, and Moltkes in  
porcelain, zinc, iron, terra cotta, litho-  
graphs, paintings, and embroideries. In  
our own art products we have sustained  
a defeat equal to two Sedans. In the  
machinery department too seven-eighths  
of the space seems to be taken up with  
Krupp's giant cannon,—those killing ma-  
chines as the Americans call them, which  
stand like a menace among the pacific  
productions sent by other nations. Is  
that really a true expression of Germany's  
mission? Do we not by such demon-  
strations force other nations to believe that  
Germany is penetrated with a spirit of  
Chauvinism? As to the third objec-  
tion, I hear people say, we have found

something to learn of all the nations  
which are represented at the Exhibition.  
She teaches us nothing. This is hard,  
but it is almost quite true. I cannot  
deny the general justice of these criti-  
cisms, and can only express a hope that  
many German manufacturers will come  
here in order that they may see how much  
we have to learn and how much to forget.  
This will no doubt prove a severe lesson  
to Germany and will always be a re-  
minder to her that she has something yet  
to learn.

The commissioners are seriously con-  
sidering the proposition to light the  
buildings and keep them open till nine  
or ten o'clock in the evening. The gas  
fixtures will have to be extended; this  
can be done with little expense, and they  
think the increased attendance will amply  
compensate them. There are no serious  
drawbacks so we have no doubt this will  
receive favorable consideration. It is  
also suggested that towards the close of  
the season certain days should be set  
apart for half price admissions as has  
been the custom with other Expositions.  
I see that petty thievery is still carried  
on to some extent.

Saturday last, one hundred and fifty  
mocking-birds arrived from Texas and  
were placed on exhibition in Agricultural  
Hall. They were at first put in a cage  
in the North Wing. They are a mag-  
nificent lot of birds, being well trained and  
beautiful singers. It seems the principal  
singer, who has a very extensive rep-  
ertory singing selections from Offenbach's  
operas as well as popular airs, has dis-  
appeared in a very mysterious manner. It  
was discovered Wednesday on their re-  
moval to the Central side of the building  
but it is supposed he escaped himself.

The finest military display was on  
Thursday last, and is the first time in the  
history of Pennsylvania that the State  
militia have turned out in a body. Seven  
thousand men from Camp Anthony,  
Wayne, and about three thousand addi-  
tional. The side-walks along the line of  
march was crowded hours before the pro-  
cession, by persons anxious to have a full  
sight. One would suppose that with the  
daily parades, drills, &c., that by this  
time the people would have become satiated  
and the thing grown monotonous. In-  
stead of this I never saw greater interest  
shown or more anxiety in the crowds  
than was last Thursday. I was glad to  
see that every precaution was taken by  
the soldiers as preventives against sun-  
strokes. Sponges were worn in their  
hats and the effect was good, very few  
cases of sunstroke being heard of that  
day.

AMICUS.

A lady in Bedford, who lived near a  
church, was sitting by the window listen-  
ing to the crickets which were loudly  
chirping, the music from the choir refer-  
ring being faintly audible, when a gentle-  
man dropped in familiarly, who had just  
passed the church and had the music full  
in his mind. "What a noise they are  
making to-night!" said he. "Yes," said  
the lady, "and it is said they do it with  
their hind legs."

The volume of the Mississippi exceeds  
that of all the noted rivers of Europe  
combined. Ninety trillion cubic feet of  
rain water fall in its valley every year,  
sufficient to form a lake of 750 miles long,  
1000 miles wide and 50 feet deep. Only  
one-fourth of its vast volume reaches the  
Gulf, the balance being taken up by  
evaporation, absorption, &c.

"Pompey, I hear you are a great  
preacher." "Yes; de Lord do help me  
powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey,  
don't you think the negroes steal?" "Ise  
mighty 'fraid they does." "Then, Pom-  
pey, preach a sermon against stealing."

"You see, dat wouldn't never do, 'cause  
'twould trow such a coolness over de  
meetin'."

There is said to be a benevolent gen-  
tleman in Boston who gives twenty-five  
cents for religious purposes every time  
he swears. He has already sworn a new  
steeples on the Presbyterian church, and  
is now engaged in "cussing up a gill" to  
the Home Missionary Society.

The use of the editorial "we" pre-  
vails in the South, as will be seen by the  
following remark in the Paris (Tenn.)  
Intelligencer: "If we escape the hog  
cholera this season, there will be a large  
surplus of pork next winter."

"I never complained of my condition  
but once," said an old man, "when my  
feet were bare, and I had no money to  
buy shoes; but I met a man without  
feet, and became contented."

Lace is what ruffles the men now-a-  
days.—Ez. You are wrong. Lace ruffles  
the women as usual. It is the paying for  
them that ruffles the men.—Norristown  
Herald.

A man had a lot of powder exploded  
in his face the other day at Amsterdam,  
N. Y. His name is Going and his eye-  
sight is gone.

A bald-headed man peddling a hair  
restorer was the confusing spectacle  
presented to Danbury in the past week.  
—The principal objection to



# Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 22, 1876.

## Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed 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 uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

## Local Agents.

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

## (Every Postmaster in Oxford County.)

Albany, J. H. Lovejoy; Andover, F. A. Bodwell; Bethel, Foster & Hersey; E. W. Woodbury; Brownfield, J. S. Frink; Buckfield, J. H. Decker; W. Atwood, Geo. D. Bibeau, Esq.; Dixfield, Hon. E. G. Harlow; Fryeburg, A. F. Lewis, B. W. McKee; Gilead, Thos. Wright, A. J. Blake; Gorham, John Beattie; Greenwood, D. A. Coffin; Hamover, A. K. Knapp; Hebron, A. G. Whitman; Hiram, L. A. Wadsworth; Mason, G. H. Brown; Mexico, Henry W. Park; Norway, George L. Farnham, Esq.; Oxford, Rev. S. A. Lockwood; G. E. Hawkes; Peru, A. H. Bates; Porter, F. W. Reddon, Isaac L. French; Ramoth, E. H. Hatch; Sweden, H. Sanders; S. Waterford, J. M. Shaw; Woodstock, O. C. Houghton; Franklin & Milton Plantations, T. H. Thornton.  
Agents will deduct their commission before sending money to this office.

## On Trial.

Until further notice, the OXFORD DEMOCRAT will be sent to any address, post-paid, three months, on trial, for 25 cents. Those who wish to continue their subscription after they have tried it, may forward \$1.50 to this office, on receipt of which they will be entitled to the paper for one year.

## 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 F. FRYE, of LEWISTON.

## COUNTY NOMINEES.

For Senators,  
SAMUEL D. WADSWORTH of HIRAM,  
JAMES IRISH of HARTFORD.  
For County Attorney,  
GEORGE D. BIRBECK of BUCKFIELD.  
For County Commissioner,  
CHARLES O. PENDENTH 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.

## Republican Meetings, OXFORD COUNTY.

Republican meetings will be held in this County during the campaign, as follows:

EX-GOV. PERHAM and J. S. WRIGHT, Esq., will speak at HARTFORD, Monday Evening, Aug. 21.  
WEST SUMMER, Tuesday, " " 22.  
EX-GOV. DINGLEY, and GEO. D. BIRBECK, Esq., will speak at HIRAM, Wednesday Evening, Aug. 23.  
LOVELL, Thursday, " " 24.  
WATERFORD PLAT, Friday Evening, Aug. 25.  
GEN. WALTER HARRIMAN, will speak at NEW HAMPSHIRE, Saturday, Sept. 1.  
BETHEL, Saturday, " 21.  
HON. A. G. LEBROCK, will speak at CANTON, Tuesday Evening, Sept. 26th.  
DIXFIELD, Wednesday, " " 27th.  
RUMFORD CEN., Thursday, at 2 P. M., Sept. 28th.  
BRYANT'S POND, Friday, " " 29th.

## 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 1854:

Date.	Administration.	Lost on \$1,000.
1854-57	Jackson	\$10,535.
1858-61	Van Harn	11.15
1862-65	Pierce	5.86
1866-69	Lincoln	1.41
1870-73	Johnson	0.48
1874-77	Grant	0.10
July 1, 78 to June 30, 79.	Garfield	0.26

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

THE New York Sun has just perpetrated that old joke of inquiring if troops are not needed in New Hampshire, or some other New England locality, where an isolated case of special atrocity has led the people to rise and threaten vengeance in their own might. The difference between such action and the continual unrelenting persecution of negroes by armed bands and organized forces, is so plain no one will be misled by such sophistry. If there is a case parallel to the Hamburg massacre, or if there is a secret organization, planning murders, which local authorities cannot suppress, or if a band of desperadoes are able to resist the process of law in New England, we say, "Send on the troops." Let us have them in New Hampshire or Maine or Oxford County. Let the integrity of our laws and domestic peace be protected at any and every cost.

It is a most deplorable fact that our political gatherings are being turned into advertising dodges. At the soft money convention, Mr. Gage's "little book" was favorably noticed by several speakers. And now comes the Democratic convention advertising the county newspapers. Mr. Black, chairman, advertised the OXFORD DEMOCRAT in his opening address, five dollars worth. He called special attention to three articles in the last issue, and to several which had been previously published. He further commended it to Democrats by remarking that it never published sermons. During the afternoon, remembering Mr. Black's successful effort, and not wishing to appear backward, D. R. Hastings, Esq., spoke a good word for the Register, and recommended it to every democrat in Oxford County. Where will this line of conduct eventually lead us?

—Eben F. Pillsbury says over his own signature that Gov. Tilden is not going to send that barrel of money to Maine. There are some sad Democrats to-day.

## One Dollar.

Much misapprehension and confusion of mind have resulted from the habit of calling greenbacks and bank bills "dollars." The face of a greenback reads: "The United States will pay to bearer One Dollar;" a bank bill, "The National Bank of — will pay on demand to bearer, One Dollar." Then neither of these pieces of paper is a dollar. One is a note signed by the United States Treasurer, and secured by national credit; the other, one signed by a bank president and "secured by bonds of the United States deposited with the Treasurer at Washington." Neither of them have any value except that conveyed to them by their surties. If a bank fails, its notes are worth but three cents per pound for old paper. When the government is in financial straits its notes lose credit. In fact, the greenback or bank bill bears the same relation to government that an individual's note bears toward its signer. They are promissory notes, and nothing more.

What then is a dollar—the dollar which the signers of these notes promise to pay? There is a little round coin, which "before the war" used to circulate freely among the people. This coin weighs 25.8 grains, of which 23.22 grains are pure gold, and 2.58 grains alloy, composed of copper and silver. One of its sides are the words "ONE DOLLAR"—not a promise to pay, but a name, such as is placed beneath a picture or upon a medal. This is a dollar. There is another coin weighing 420 grains—silver—which like the gold coin contains .9 pure metal, and the words "ONE DOLLAR" are stamped upon its back. This is also a dollar—a material tangible article. A dollar is also "the unit commonly employed in the United States in reckoning money values."

Of course a note cannot be given for a unit of value any more than for an angle, or for a point; and as these coins, above described, and a unit of value are the only things to which the word "dollar" can be properly applied, our greenbacks and bank notes must be promises to pay coin.

In a time of national distress the government issued its notes, as a business man does when he has not a sufficient supply of cash to conduct his business. It did not give the people bits of paper in exchange for their metals, cattle and time, but notes promising to pay them coin for all commodities delivered to the general government. It did not declare its notes money, and if it had, such declaration would not have converted paper into money. It simply demanded that citizens of the United States should use these notes for the purposes of business exchange. It could do no more.

These government notes were not drawn on time, but on demand, and the people understood that as soon as the exigencies which led to their issue had ceased to exist, the notes would be redeemed. With this understanding in view, the last Republican Congress passed a law which fixed a date for the payment of these notes. It gave a definite promise instead of the vague one heretofore accepted, and was one step toward resumption. But the Democratic National Convention and the Democratic House of Representatives, by their voice and vote, have indefinitely postponed this day. They have decided in their unequalled wisdom that an indefinite promise to pay is as acceptable as a certain one. They have cut loose from the only pier to which our financial ship was moored. We are now as much adrift as we were when the war closed. The greenback promise to pay "one dollar" is again a lie and a snare.

Now the people demand that this state of uncertainty be forever laid aside. They demand that the government shall supply them with the dollars which are promised by both greenback and bank note. The only step toward this consummation was taken by the Republican party. It was as promptly undone by their opponents. From the Democratic party we can expect to receive no relief. By their platform and candida they favor indefinite action and uncertainty. The Republican platform calls for resumption at the earliest practical moment, while its candidate says: "I shall favor resumption in 1879—if not before." Those who believe that the government should be as faithful to its promises as an individual is, will do well to consider the attitude of the two great parties on this question.

We were delighted to see our old friend, Elisha T. Cotton of Brownfield, last Tuesday. In March, he took a little trip out of the State for his health; but feeling that his influence might be of some value, he put in an appearance at the late Democratic convention. He was particularly active in endeavoring to secure the election of a new County Attorney. It is no use, Mr. Cotton, there has been a strong tidal wave of temperance sweeping over this county since you left, and no officer will be cashed for procuring indictments against rum-sellers. Your physicians will certainly recommend a removal from Maine, or a temporary residence at Auburn, after September, unless we undervalue the scope of your influence.

CONGRESS adjourned Tuesday night, after having been in session over eight months. It is disgusting to read the record of its proceedings. All the House has endeavored to do has been to manufacture political capital. It has wasted millions in useless investigations; and has crippled the civil service by deductions and reductions. It has done nothing for the good of the country, and its final act of repealing the resumption act, is alone sufficient to consign its members to irredeemable detestation.

The Why says: "A lead pencil has made its appearance in the stores labeled 'Tilden'—Democratic Pencil—Hendricks." The pencil is made of two kinds of lead—the soft on the end with Hendricks, and the hard on the Tilden end. The idea is very significant.

## Democratic Convention.

The Democrats of Oxford County met in convention at the Court House last Tuesday. There was a large delegation present. Seventy-seven delegates were reported by the committee on credentials.

D. R. Hastings, Esq., of Fryeburg, called the meeting to order and nominated Alvah Black, Esq., temporary chairman.

On taking the chair Mr. Black addressed the convention for nearly an hour. He opened by remarking that this campaign presented a different front from any which had been fought for a number of years. The Democrats were no longer on the defensive; they were to assume aggressive operations and press their toes to the wall. He then spoke of the charges raised against Mr. Tilden and other Democratic candidates for office. The remainder of his speech was devoted to confuting these charges, thereby setting a good example of "aggressive" warfare before his hearers. He touched lightly on the money question, and stated that Mr. Tilden did not act as Attorney for railroads and that his judgment was correct when he (Tilden) averred the Credit Mobilier was a legal corporation. He accused Grant of causing Custer's death and deprecated the course he pursued, concerning the Hamburg and other southern troubles. It is impossible to give a synopsis of Mr. Black's speech without occupying too much space. It was intensely partisan, bitter and scurrilous; but was well received by the host of old line democrats present.

P. J. Paris of Norway, and F. L. Watson of Hiram, were elected Secretaries. Andrews of Paris, Hastings of Fryeburg, and Frye of Bethel, were appointed committee on resolutions.

D. R. Hastings then introduced S. C. Belcher, Esq., of Farmington, Democratic candidate for Congress from this district, who addressed the convention for about forty-five minutes. His speech was a candid and impressive effort. He took the first planks of the National Republican Platform, pronounced them good, and then stated the party would not carry out their professions. He examined the financial question, slightly, condemned the erection of costly public buildings and the giving of public lands to railroads.

At the close of Mr. Belcher's address, the convention adjourned for dinner. At 2:30 Mr. Black called the convention to order and business was hurried forward with considerable dexterity.

Hiram M. Cox of Dixfield, was nominated as Senator and H. D. Smith of Norway, as Treasurer, by acclamation.

D. R. Hastings arose and stated that Western Oxford had no candidate for Senator; those residing in that section only wished to advance the best interests of the party, he therefore presented the name of C. B. Benson of Paris, as candidate for that office. Mr. Benson is a young lawyer of some ability who has recently opened an office on Paris Hill. His nomination was a trick to catch votes; but is so transparent few will be induced to bite.

A. S. Kimball of Waterford, was nominated for the County Attorneyship; E. P. Lignall of Denmark, for County Commissioner; Alfred Cole of Buckfield, Register of Probate, and Clark S. Edwards of Bethel, Sheriff. All these nominations except Sheriff, were made unanimously, only one kind of vote being distributed.

It will be seen that the Democrats took Mr. Cole from the Soft Money ticket, and nominated A. S. Kimball also, according to agreement. Mr. Carey, soft candidate for Senator, was thrown overboard because he would not declare for Tilden. Otherwise the programme was carried out as previously arranged.

The Committee on Resolutions reported three brief resolves, commending their candidates and platform. Mr. David Hammons was then called upon and spoke at length, deploring the hard times, criticising the National banks and declaring our financial trouble were due to excessive taxation.

By some deplorable blunder, the convention adjourned with three cheers for Tilden and Hayes.

RALLIES.—It will be seen by notice in another column, that quite a number of appointments have been made for speakers in this county. The county committee will soon issue notice of meetings to be addressed by Hon. J. P. Swasey, Hon. E. Foster, Jr., Geo. L. Farnum, Esq., and other interesting speakers. Let everybody attend, and hear what is said. No one can be injured by respectfully listening to views of others, even if they do not adopt them.

## Where Some of the People's Money is.

The counties and towns of Illinois owe between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000 on account of railroad subscriptions that were swallowed by Tilden's patent process. Large amounts of money were taken from the people of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and other States of the West, Northwest, and Southwest, in the same manner. Of all this, Mr. Tilden has received his full share. He was the lawyer who devised the means whereby these frauds were worked out; he counseled the active manipulators at every stage of the operation; he acted as the agent for winding up and reorganizing the companies, and he pocketed a large part of the plunder. There is scarcely a railroad in this side of the Alleghany Mountains in which there was not at least one, and many in which there are several Credit Mobilier schemes, manipulated by Sam Tilden for the profit of himself and those associated with him. This is how he made his millions, and the people of the West who contributed the money are particularly interested in understanding and remembering it.—Chicago Tribune.

Gov. Noyes gives the latest and best version of the "bloody shirt" in his speech at Buffalo the other evening: "Well, gentlemen, it was no disgrace to Rutherford B. Hayes to wear the bloody shirt when a Democratic bullet went crashing through his blood and bone, and a broken arm hung by his side as he led his brave boys on."

[From New York Tribune.]

## A Model for Letter- Writers.

Gov. Tilden's letter is the theme of the hour. He has spent nearly two months studying over it. Here is a letter that doesn't seem to have had even two hours' reflection; yet with all his study Gov. Tilden has never written anything that goes so straight to the hearts of the American people. Extracts from it have been published, but the whole text is worth preserving. It is taken from a life of Gov. Hayes, by Mr. J. Q. Howard, soon to be published in Cincinnati. The Hon. William Henry Smith, to whom it was addressed, is one of Gov. Hayes' earliest and most intimate friends, and was, about that time, Secretary of State of Ohio:

CAMP OF SHERIDAN'S ARMY,  
Near Charlottesville, Va., Aug. 24, 1864.

Friend S.—Your favor of the 7th came to hand on Monday. It was the first I had heard of the doings of the 11th District Convention. Many thanks for your attention and assistance in the premises. I cared very little about being a candidate, but having consented to the use of my name I preferred to succeed. Your suggestion about getting a thorough to take the stump was certainly made without reflection. An officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to cleave a road for a seat in Congress ought to be scalped. You may feel perfectly sure I shall do no such thing.

We are, and for two weeks past have been in the immediate presence of a large rebel army. We have skirmishing and small affairs constantly. I am not posted in the policy deemed wise at headquarters, and can't guess as to the prospect of a general engagement. The condition and spirit of this army are good and improving. I suppose that the day would be rejected as unfit to be trusted. If they cross we shall pretty certainly have a meeting.

Sincerely,  
Hon. Wm. Henry Smith.

## Soft Money District Convention.

Pursuant to a call in *Chase's Chronicle*, the independent greenback voters of the 2d congressional district assembled at the Town House in Turner, on Wednesday, Aug. 16, at about 3 o'clock P. M. The meeting was called to order by Solon Chase, Esq., on whose motion Edward Fuller of Hartford was appointed chairman, and C. H. Lowrey of Lewiston, secretary. On taking the chair Mr. Fuller briefly addressed the convention. He said he had always been a republican, but should renounce his former political faith and support Peter Cooper. W. D. Chase of Buckfield, M. S. Smith of Auburn and Silas Morse of Turner were appointed a committee on resolutions.

While the committee were preparing resolutions, M. S. Smith presented the name of Solon Chase as a candidate for representative to Congress, and Mr. Chase was nominated by acclamation. The Committee on Resolutions reported a set of resolutions: 1st, demanding the unconditional repeal of the resumption act; 2nd, charging the government with trying to redeem ten paper dollars with one gold dollar; and 3d, pledging their support to Peter Cooper and the nominee of the convention. M. S. Smith was called upon to address the meeting. He said he had always been a republican, but should renounce his former political faith and support Peter Cooper. W. D. Chase of Buckfield, M. S. Smith of Auburn and Silas Morse of Turner were appointed a committee on resolutions.

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## A Bold Reformer.

A special Washington dispatch to the Boston Herald is as follows:

Revelations affecting the reputation of Gov. Hendricks of Indiana most unfavorably have resulted from the examination of records of a mule claim which he induced the War Department to pay in 1870, and the case is a much worse one than that which has given George H. Pendleton so much dispute. The claim itself was a bad one, but Governor Hendricks' connection with it is worse.

A citizen of Indiana named Hendricks, while a senator, took up the claim for his cousin, made an effort and failed to get it paid at the War Department. He then tried to lobby it through the Senate committee on claims, writing the petition himself while still a Senator, and again failed. He ceased to be a Senator in 1869, but continued to prosecute the claim, finally getting a favorable opinion from McKee Duren, the Judge Advocate of the War Department, who approved the Kentucky Central railroad claim for Hendricks. The two claims came close together on the books of the War Department. The claim was paid in 1870, and the papers and records show Hendricks' connection with it throughout. The payment of the claim was a fraud on the government. A further important fact is that Hendricks secured a pardon for the culprit, Hall, and afterward got him a place in the New York custom house. It is not at all unlikely that Hendricks will be compelled to retire from the democratic ticket.

The very funniest thing in politics yet is Mr. John C. Talbot's solemn statement of the sacrifices he made for the Union cause. He writes to the *Argus*: "During the spring of 1861 I was the owner of a valuable horse, (which I still own) which I let to Crosby Shorey, Esq., of Machias, for four months without compensation, to be employed by him in the transportation of soldiers, and he was so employed at the time."

And now the rumor comes from Machias that it was a hard spring, hay was scarce, and Mr. Talbot, having several horses, let Mr. Shorey have this one to use for his keeping. Mr. Shorey was employed in transporting troops, for which purpose he used his own horses and kept Mr. Talbot's for his private driving. And this is the sacrifice to the cause which Mr. Talbot advertises as an offset to a black record of violent, persistent and vituperative opposition to the war. Mr. Talbot is unconsciously the great American humorist.—Press.

Now we know why Tilden never married. He was opposed to setting the day, for fear it would be a hindrance to his wedding.—Lowell Courier.

—Old-Man-Proud-of-His-Horse is Sioux for John C. Talbot.

## Editorial and Selected Items.

—A fire was very desirable Monday morning.

—There was a light frost on the lowlands Sunday evening.

—And now *Chase's Chronicle* is advertising the OXFORD DEMOCRAT free of charge.

—G. J. Shaw of Detroit, Maine, says he can furnish "C. C." with the pigs he wishes.

—Spencer Kerr died at Rockbridge Alum Springs Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

—We have received the first issue of the *Pittsfield Times*, a 5 column local journal, published by Smith & Pond.

—The exhibition of Oxford County Poultry Association will be held in Concert Hall Norway, at the date heretofore fixed.

—We have received Superintendent Johnson's report for 1875. Further mention of the work will be made at a future date.

—James Everdell, 302 Broadway, N. Y., sends us a fine steel engraving of Gov. Hayes. Price, by mail, \$1.00, postage free.

APPOINTMENTS.—The Governor has appointed S. R. and S. S. Crawford of Bethel, Taxidermists, and J. G. Rich of Greenwood, Trial Justice.

—A Mrs. Osborn of Plymouth shot her son, aged about twelve years, and then took her own life with the same weapon, last week. She was insane.

—The publishers of Scribner say that their Midsummer Holiday (August) number has met with such a cordial reception at the hands of both the press and the public that the edition of 75,000 that contained the first installment of Fanny Hodgson Burnett's new serial story of English mining life, entitled:—"That Lass o' Lowrie's."

WELL PUT.—Governor Tilden covers his surrender to the inflationists on the question of repealing the resumption act by this inapt comparison,—to which the *Chicago Tribune* well replies: "The man asking to be appointed captain of a steamer sailing between New York and Liverpool who would not promise to have his ship ready to start on the advertised day would be rejected as unfit to be trusted. A steamship line unable to fix with certainty the time of departure would have neither freight or passengers. A steamer promising to start only when the 'human mind' at the helm got ready would hardly be considered a safe means of transportation for the human life and property entrusted to it. The steamer leaving port with the rudder unlashed, and at the mercy of wind and wave, would not be able to find insurance in any company, no matter how desperate."

MOVING.—The practice of moving whole buildings has gone almost entirely out of date, since the use of slight timbers has been so generally adopted. In olden times, the neighbors were frequently invited to unite their teams and assist in changing the location of some building. One of these gatherings took place in the vicinity of Paris Hill last week. Mr. G. W. Shaw secured a lot on Paris Hill and desired to place thereon a small house, formerly occupied by widow Duren, in the Hammond neighborhood. Thinking it would be more economical to move the building than to take it down, he issued invitations for an old-time hauling. The distance to travel was about one mile and there were three sharp hills to be passed. Twenty-three yoke of oxen were attached to the building as it passed through the village, and with the shouting of their drivers, the creaking of wheels and squeaking of timbers, they presented a scene worthy the attention it attracted.

## TOWN ITEMS.

### Dixfield.

A High School in Dixfield village commences Tuesday, Sept. 12, under the instruction of E. C. Chapman of Bethel.

Rev. C. A. Heizer is engaged at Dixfield. All denominations join in the support of him.

The Reform Club holds its meetings Sunday evening at 4 o'clock. The interest is unabated. E. G. H.

### Hebron.

At a town meeting held Wednesday, it was voted to raise \$200 for a Free High School. The amount will be expended in connection with our Academy.

Ruel Barrows is quite sick with fever. All the patients with this trouble are improving. Tyro.

### Kezar Falls.

East Hiram Reform Club held a very large and interesting meeting in the M. E. Church at this place on the 13th inst. The house was crowded full and many had to stand out of doors. The remarks by members of the club were listened to with the closest attention and at the close nearly a hundred signed the pledge, after which a club was organized by choosing F. W. Reddon, President; John Stanley, Jr., Vice President, and R. F. Wormwood, Rec. Sec.

Wm. Towle's horse broke leg on the 19th inst., by jumping over the fence on to some rocks.

The grain crop is reported to be very light. W.

### Mexico.

Aug. 14.—We are having a severe drought in this vicinity. Crops are already injured by it past recovery. We must have rain immediately, or a vast amount of injury will be done.

John N. Thompson, for many years of the "Union Hotel" at this place, died this morning—sickness, heart disease.

We have a number of Mexico's sons and daughters with us at the present time who for a few years past have lived away from "home and friends," among them the following: Lewis H. Reed, student at Bowdoin College; Elmer Reed, clerk in store at Chelsea, Mass.; Mrs. W. B. Bolster and children, of Auburn, Me.; C. T. Gleason, miner, Georgetown, Col.; John N. Thompson, Jr., clerk in

store, Washington C. H., Ohio; Albert D. Park, student at Manchester, N. H.; Albert Mooney and wife, now residents of Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. John Brett and child, from Auburn; all making visits to their former homes.

Fred Porter has returned from Chelsea and purchased the Osgood Virginia farm. Clark Houston, our "village blacksmith," is building one of the best stables ever built in this county.

O. P. Tucker has sold his interest in the Mexico Steam Mill to A. F. Bartlett, who has returned here after a four or five years stay in Boston. Parsons & Bartlett have put a larger engine into the mill. They are assisted by Henry F. Smith, who formerly worked in Winslow's mill, Portland.

We raise no apples in this vicinity this year. We have secured a larger quantity of hay than usual, and should, had we been favored with rain during the last two weeks, had exceedingly large crops of all kinds, unless we except hops—my impression being that hops are not very good.

The East Rumford Reform Club continue to, and are going to "Hold the Fort"—the countersign—"Iron Clad" will admit with a glad welcome any one seeing fit to call on us at the East Rumford meeting house any Sunday at 4 o'clock P. M.

Another correspondent sends an interesting account of a camping-out excursion to White Cap. The party consisted of about twenty-five persons. For amusement and instruction the party held an impromptu temperance meeting. Observing the sun rise, and picking berries were the order for the second day. All enjoyed themselves hugely.

### Norway.

Our enterprising townsman Charles B. Cummings has commenced putting up new cottages, in that part of our village known as Puddystville. He owns six there already, and proposes putting up three more this fall. The carpenter is already busy in that vicinity. These cottages afford cheap rent to small families, and are a great convenience to parties who wish to work in the shoe factory.

Mr. Geo. Andrews is putting up a two story house near the shoe factory, to be used as a boarding house.

The drought is being sharp, many wells and springs are dry. An occasional foggy morning of late has encouraged us to think that rain was coming, but the quantity of flying dust increases daily.

Rev. L. H. Tabor has resigned the pastorate of the Universalist Church here. Mr. Tabor has been here some eight years, and has been liked as a speaker and a man very much. He takes hold of all the reform movements of the day with a hearty good will. He is a strong man in all good words and works.

A large delegation from Paris Hill Reform Club visited the Norway Club Sabbath afternoon. Concert Hall was well filled by an appreciative audience. Speeches were made by most of the Paris delegates, to whom the time was surrendered. Mr. Locke of Boston, told a little story and sang a song of his own composition. The meeting adjourned amid mutual expressions of good will. The singing was spirited and inspiring.

### North Norway.

Mr. E. R. Merrill of North Norway has a hen which laid an egg measuring 8 inches by 6 1/2 another 7 3/4 by 6 3/4. If others are larger pass them along.

### P.

The summer school on High Street, which has been under the instruction of Miss Annie F. Fayer, closed Friday, the 11th inst. The scholars with their friends held a picnic in Bicknell's grove on that day. The time was very pleasantly spent in festivities appropriate to the occasion. Miss Fayer has been very successful with this school, and her energy and attention to duty have placed her in the front rank of instructors.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of Paris Hill Mfg Co. was held last Wednesday evening. During the past six months there has been a large gain on the capital, but owing to the quantity of manufactured goods on hand, the directors did not feel justified in declaring a cash dividend. The principal work done during the past season was the manufacturing of carts, wagons and rakes; goods which find a ready market and quick sales during every ordinary season. Orders for cars have been received from all sections of the country. The prospect for a successful season's work on seeds is very excellent. All those interested are very much encouraged by the gains already made and feel confident that as soon as the times brighten, stock-holders will find that they have made a profitable investment as well as aided in civilizing the village and encouraging home industry.

Hawkes & Garland have a fine stock of kid gloves. Don't go out of the village if you wish any.

Geo. Garland shows us a spear of barn grass measuring six feet and eight inches. It grew in his garden and would have attained a greater height if allowed to stand longer.

Rev. Mr. Gunnison preached a very beautiful sermon in the Universalist church last Sabbath. Subject, man fadeth as the leaf. He wove in some scenes and described various edifices which had come under his notice in foreign travel, and drew appropriate moral lessons from them.

The reform meeting Saturday evening was well attended and of the usual interest. Meeting at King school house next Sabbath afternoon.

Rev. Dr. Estes started for the Centennial, Monday. Rev. G. M. P. King of Washington, D. C., will attend in his pastoral duties during his absence of ten days.

S. U. Hawkes has twin cucumbers to match those of DeCoster, in Buckfield.



**STATED MEETINGS.**

## STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. Masons.

BETHLE-—Oxford Chapter, R. A. M.—meets in  
Thursday of each month.

Bethel Lodge,—and Thursday of each month.

BOWDOLEH—Shepard River,—Saturday on or  
before full moon.

BRYANT'S POINT,—Jefferson, —Tuesday on or  
before full moon.

BUCKINGHAM—Edgewood Star,—Monday on or  
before full moon.

CANON—Antares Chapter, R. A. M.—  
Monday on or before full moon.

Worcester Lodge, A. L. A.—Thursday on or before  
full moon.

DENMARK—Mr. Moriah—Wednesday on or before  
full moon.

DIXFIELD—King Hill—Tuesday on or before  
full moon.

DEVERING—Pythagoras—Monday on or after  
full moon.

LOVELL—Delta—2d Tuesday of each month.

**SOUTH PARIS**—Paris—Tuesday on or before the full moon.

**Independent Order of Odd Fellows.**  
**RETHLE.**—Mr. Abram—meets every Friday.  
**BROWNFIELD.**—Pogoda—1st & 2d Wednesdays.  
**FREDERICK CENTER.**—Frychur—Thursdays.  
**LOVELL.**—Kear Valley—Saturdays.  
**NORTH LOVELL.**—Kear Valley—Fridays.  
**NORWAY.**—Norway—Tuesdays.  
**NORTH WATERBURY.**—Oxford—Wednesdays.  
**PATRI.**—Mount Pleasant—Fridays.  
**WEST PATRI.**—West Patri—Saturdays.

**Patrons of Husbandry.**  
**HEBRON.**—Hebron—nearly every Thursday.  
**LOVELL CENTER.**—Kear Valley—Thursdays.  
**NORWAY.**—Norway—Saturdays.

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