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## Poetry.

### AN ALPINE PICTURE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Stand here and look, and softly hold your breath  
Lest the vast avalanche come crashing down!  
How many miles away is yonder town?  
That nestles in the valley? Far beneath—  
A similar half drawn from out its sheath—  
The river curves through meadows newly mown.  
The ancient water-courses are all strewn  
With drifts of snow, fantastical wreath on wreath;  
And peak on peak against the turquoise blue  
The Alps like lowering campanili stand,  
Wonderous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,  
Silver, crystal, like the prism in ice.  
O tell me, Love, if this be Switzerland,  
Or is it but the first-work on the pane?  
—Scribner.

## Selected Story.

### VENI, VIDI, VICI.

"No—I won't marry Sir Marmaduke Iretton—Marmaduke—Iretton!—They may say what they like, but I'll never be the wife of a man with a name like a Round-head in 'Woodstock,' who squints and drinks, and has red hair, and is hard to the poor, and likes billiards better than dancing, and hasn't a word to say. Maud Ashton told me what he's like—she met him in India—and I'd be bricked up in a convent wall before I'd let myself be taken down to dinner by Sir Marmaduke Iretton."

So said May Craven to Mrs. Arden, the mother of her old, or rather young school friend, Grace. Mrs. Arden, that mirror of good nature, looked down smilingly upon the bright eager face of her little friend and answered—

"Ah, the secret is out, then—that's why you were so bent on making a third in our little tour! Grace told me you had run away for fear of being married—what an idea! But of course if you say so yourself, it's true. Is Sir Marmaduke Iretton an ogre? Has he proposed?"

"I should like to see him dare!" "Isn't he rich my dear?" "Rich! Papa says he could buy up the country—so he's to begin with me."

"Well, you have all the luck, my dear. Believe an old chaperon when she tells you there's nothing one gets used to so soon as red hair, or even a squint, if the owner lends you his gold spectacles to look at him through. But how do you know he wants to buy you?"

May sighed. "Don't you know, mamma, (Grace being her sworn sister, Grace's mother was of course, 'mamma')—don't you know I've had bad luck to be heirless of Redlands? And that Redlands 'marriage'—that's the word—with Whitelands, that's belonged to the Irettons ever since Sir Marmaduke's grandfather—his first ancestor came over—"

"With the Conqueror, of course?" "No—from Sheffield. He didn't use swords like a gentleman; he made knives. There's Iretton, Sheffield, on our bluntest knives at home. Fancy a girl like me, that came over with Houghton and Horsa, marrying the grandson! Yes, mamma. I've known from my cradle that Whitelands is to marry Redlands on the first opportunity. That's my doom; and now that horrid, grasping, squinting, red-haired, stupid, tipsy young man is coming home."

"Perhaps he won't ask you, my dear." "Wont he?" And she glanced at the mirror which reflected the prettiest face that had been seen in Dinan, in Brittany—in all France, for many a long day—"And then he will be asking Redlands, after all, not me. And I shall be seeing him every day; and I know what my own mamma meant by saying: May, Sir Marmaduke is coming home; we must make our welcome as warm as we can."

"And what did you say?" "I said, 'I'll make it hot for him! He shall go back to India to get cool again. And papa heard me say it—oh, there was such a storm!'"

Mrs. Arden looked grave. "You are a very silly girl. There are hundreds of girls that would jump at your chance. I wonder Mrs. Craven lets you join me and Grace. How came that, pray?" "Because I chose. And with you and Grace I'll stay till mamma writes, like in the agony column of the Times. 'May, all is forgiven; come back to your repentant parents, and they'll never do it again.'"

"You are a spoiled child, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Arden, shaking her head. "If you'd been one of ten, like Grace, you wouldn't have been able to come and go as you please." But she was not angry. Nobody was ever angry with May.

"Of course I'm spoiled," said May. "And therefore I won't marry Sir Marmaduke Iretton—or anybody else, for that matter. I'm not going to honor and obey anybody but Miss May Craven. Ah, there's the bell for the table d'hôte—and here's Grace—come; I am as hungry as a lion."

shrewdly suspect we shan't be long in Dinan before we see him again."

"What! why, that poor traveling artist? Oh, Grace—and I'm her chaperone!" "I've said nothing, mamma. Only keep your eyes open, that's all."

They followed May into the salle a manger, and Mrs. Arden started. An overpowering steam of garlic saluted one set of nerves, and the sight of a quiet-looking young man, in grey clothes and with a thick brown beard, who was already seated at the table, overwhelmed another. Grace touched her significantly, and she saw a delicate, rose-tinted steel over the glowing face of May.

The young man rose and smiled brightly, and Mrs. Arden noticed that his chair was next to the three that were obviously reserved for her and hers.

"This is an unlooked-for pleasure!" said the young man, in a singularly pleasant voice. "We seem fated to meet."

"So it seems, Mr. Brown," said the lady coldly, arranging her party so that she might sit between him and May. "Where are you going when you leave Dinan?"

"I? Oh, I follow. That's the only way to travel—to follow the attraction of the moment. May I ask your next destination? I know this country, and perhaps I might advise—"

"Our? Oh, we follow fancy. That is the best way to travel—to avoid everything that's tiresome as soon as it comes. Perhaps we shall remain here."

"You could not possibly do better. That's what I think of doing."

"Then that's settled," thought Mrs. Arden to herself. "To-morrow sees us back to St. Malo."

It was a dull dinner. May's lion hunter had left her. The young painter generally managed to amuse Mrs. Arden, who liked him for his own sake, but to day he failed. She was transformed from the casual acquaintance into the chaperone.

"I don't like Dinan at all," she said to the girls when they had left the table. "I'm poisoned already with their garlic; we'll go back to St. Malo to-morrow morning."

Grace smiled. "But we haven't done the place at all," said May, opening her eyes wide, "and I know there's lots to be seen. However, even for the picturesque you mustn't be poisoned. Only, let's make the most of our time; let's take a walk somewhere? What do you say?"

It was the beginning of a lovely summer evening, and as May was to be cured in great things it was fair to indulge her in small. As it was not of the small things that life is made! So in an hour or so, the three travelers found themselves in the long avenue that led to the ruined chateau of La Grève—a foolish choice; for where but in that wilderness of massive foliage, in that tangled mass of vine leaves and ivy and crumbling grey stones, was it likely that a painter should be found?

Behind the screen of green and grey they almost fell over the inevitable Mr. Brown, lazily seated on a fallen trunk under an apple tree, and smoking a cigar. Grace hid a laugh in her sleeve; Mrs. Arden could have killed the young man. May's large hazel eyes expressed just nothing at all; but the young man's face for a moment, reflected, let us say, the full hue of the setting sun. It is a rare sign of grace in these days for a strong man to color at the sight of a girl.

There was no help for the meeting; and there was certainly no means of preventing his escorting them home. The only course open to Mrs. Arden was to prevent anything like pairing off. So she made up for her coldness at dinner by coaxing Mr. Brown to her own side. He showed himself wise in his generation; woo the mother to win the daughter; it is a golden rule.

But the road was full of ruts and snags, the night was growing dark, and Grace Arden suddenly tripped, stumbled, and fell.

It was a little odd that she fell just where there chanced to be no ruts or snags, but so it happened, and there she lay. Mr. Brown was at her side in a moment, and raised her as lightly as if she had been made of gossamer. "Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"I've only sprained my ankle. No—I don't be afraid you'll have to carry me. I can walk home with mamma's arm—I only want mamma."

Mrs. Arden was really alarmed; her daughter's ankle was, after all, of more consequence than the heart of her daughter's friend. Grace did not limp very badly, but she was obliged to walk so slowly that the long legs of Mr. Brown, in spite of themselves, were forced in by inches to widen the distance between Mrs. Arden and Grace and himself and May.

The two in advance were both great talkers; and yet they went on for at least a hundred yards without a word. Of course when the word came it was very commonplace indeed.

"So I hear," said he, "you are going to make some stay in Dinan? I'm so glad it is a charming place—I expect to be here myself for I don't know how long."

"Indeed? Then you know more than I. So far from staying, we go back to St. Malo to-morrow. I don't know exactly why, seeing we only came here this morning, but mamma's a little whimsical sometimes."

"What!" he exclaimed in a voice of dismay, "you are going back to St. Malo?"

"Yes." "You are not even going to stay a day?" "No." "Impossible—it is a sin—a shame. I hope it is not bad news?" "Oh—no."

"Then I suppose that means—when I say good night it must mean good-by?" "Yes—I suppose so."

"Well—perhaps you are right after all—Dinan is simply the most hateful place in Europe. But St. Malo—I've a good mind—"

"Why, you are as fickle as mamma—I thought Dinan was so charming just now."

A turning of the road had separated them from their now distant companions—for a moment he was alone with May Craven in a beautiful world under an orb who is responsible for so much lunacy.

"Fickle?" he asked; would you call steel fickle because it moves from spot to spot at the bidding of the loadstone? Nothing is so easily moved, because nothing is so true."

"Don't you think we are leaving poor Grace rather far behind?" "Oh, pray don't break the only chance I have of saying good-by! There, we'll walk a little slower if you like—"

"The only chance! I thought you talked of going back—"

"That's the question. I'm thinking whether I'll go back to St. Malo, or on—on—to nowhere. Which shall it be?" She began to feel afraid, but not with an unpleasant sort of fear. She wished they were not so far from Grace and Mrs. Arden, but she would not have wished it if they had been nearer.

"Which shall it be?" trying to keep up her reputation of talking lightly. "I should say nowhere would be the most interesting—"

"May!" All was said when he thus exclaimed. "May!" He hurried on; for in one moment he had put his fate to the torch to win or lose all. "May; don't you understand? Shall I go on myself or back with you? Have you not guessed why I am here? I would follow you all over the world. For heaven's sake tell me I may still follow my lone star, that I may still be as true as steel; tell me, for if to-morrow comes and you go back, we have no time to lose; tell me now."

"They had indeed no time to lose. She once again heard 'May!' but it was in the voice of Mrs. Arden. 'There—we are called—we must go back—'

"Wait—May—wait—I will not go back a step till you have said if I may go back to-morrow—if you will have me—yes or no?"

There was no time to play with his heart or her own; it was now or never. "Yes, then," hurriedly whispered May Craven, who had always followed the first impulse of her heart ever since she was born, without thinking beyond the hour. He caught her hand for a moment, kissed it, and then let her run back in a panic to Mrs. Arden, following her more slowly, like one in a happy dream.

May was a wild bird, but she had been caught now, and by one of whom she knew nothing except that he was a gentleman. She trusted because she loved; let us hope that the love came partly because she trusted. But it was a wild plunge into the unknown, all the same; and I feel a shadow already falling over the bright life of May.

"Are you better now, Grace dear?" she asked, longing to express sympathy with somebody or anybody.

Grace smiled. "You little hypocrite," she whispered, "much you care. But if it's any comfort to you, I'll race you to the way to Daquescllin's statue, and win."

There was no opportunity for explanation. Counsel must be taken as to how and when the matter should be laid before Mrs. Arden. So those whom it most concerned finished the walk in silence, Grace and Mrs. Arden talking for all. But May, though terribly frightened, was unutterably happy, even in the face of the storm she saw at home. "Till to-morrow, darling," whispered the young painter, as he pressed her hand at the inn-door, and she answered him with her eyes.

"To-morrow!" said Mrs. Arden to the two girls. "You'd better pack now. I do hate tourists; it seems to me one only leaves England to fall out of the Smiths into the Browns."

"Brown is an excellent name, mamma!" said she who had turned up her nose to that of Iretton. "It is one of the oldest of all, a grand old Sax on name."

"Oh, dear!" thought Mrs. Arden, she's already reached the point of reconciling herself to the sound of Mrs. Brown. "May, my dear, here is a letter for you."

May kissed Grace and Mrs. Arden more warmly than usual, and escaped into her room. As to the letter, she saw it was only from home, and was in no hurry to open it. Her own head was full enough of news to read no more. But she opened it at last and read as follows:

"MY DEAREST MAY,—I don't know how to break the sad news. You must come home now. Your father is very ill—how shall I write it? We are ruined. When I married, Redlands was what they call mortgaged over and over—and then there had to be borrowing—and of course we had to keep up the old position of the Cravens in the country for your sake, my dear. So your father acted for the best—he tried to put

things straight by investing in mines, and things, and now it's all gone. We shall be beggars, and he will sink under the blow. My darling May, it depends upon you to save your father from ruin, from beggary, from a broken mind—perhaps from—I can't write the word. All the directors have turned out to be cheats and swindlers, and your father who never knew about ledgers—how should he, indeed, being a Craven of Redlands?—has got mixed up with them, and all because he tried to be a good father to you. I implore you, my darling, come back, and be good—it is our only chance. May! come back, and don't say a word to a soul, not even to Grace Arden."

Your loving, heart-broken Mother.

P. S.—Sir Marmaduke Iretton is expected at Whitelands any day."

Mary let the letter fall. She had just engaged herself to a nobody—a wandering painter, whom she was learning to love with all heart and soul—and now!

Poor girl! She had faults enough and to spare, but none were inconsistent with her bright, frank, honest eyes.

Self-will does not of necessity mean selfishness, or waywardness in prosperity; an incapacity in the hour of need. But there are limits to the endurance of a martyr. Had her mother's letter arrived a week ago, she might have made a face and swallowed Whitelands, Sir Marmaduke and all; had it arrived an hour ago, she might have found it possible to crush her silent heart; but now her heart had spoken out; it was no longer her own to crush or resume. To sell herself—to be faithless to love—to revoke her promise—to act like a jilt and coquette—to set herself to share the purse of a stranger, and to break the heart of him she loved—that was treason to her whole nature. But then to ruin those who had, as her own mother had told her, ruined themselves and even incurred dishonor for her; to let the chance of an hour be the cause of their destruction; to let the faces of her father and mother upbraid her for her selfishness, all her days; to think of a new love before she thought of them—that would be vile. Even if this hateful Sir Marmaduke proved beyond the reach of her aim, she must not dream of the love of a poor man. She threw herself, undressed, upon her bed, and let opposing impulses fight over her, and draw her now this way, now that, while she was hardly conscious of the battle. At last her eyes closed in a miserable mockery of sleep; and when she woke, the tune of "Auld Robin Gray" was rumbling in her ears.

Grace was by her bedside; and then the whole horror of the situation rose up before her. "Grace," she exclaimed, "I must go home at once—my father is very ill."

Which meant: "I must do what seems to be right, come what may. I should not deserve the love of a good man, if I sacrificed my father's welfare, his life, perhaps, his good name, even for him. Mrs. Arden and Grace pressed her with sympathetic questions, but she would only answer, "My father is ill—I must go home."

She looked ill enough herself; but she would not delay her journey for an hour, nor would she let her friends see her back faster than St. Malo. But she managed to steal a moment to scribble one little pencil note for the garcon to deliver to the man whose love she had accepted only a few hours—or was it years?—ago.

"Please forgive me," she wrote; "don't think ill of me—since last night has happened what I can't explain—must part us forever. Forget me, you have not known me long—and I will try. God bless you and make you happy."

MAY.

It was over and she was on her way home to catch the owner of Whitelands. It was a horrible journey; it was like a long funeral, wherein she was following herself to the grave.

We may hope that she obtained a grain of comfort when, arrived at home, her mother embraced her warmly and said, "My darling May! You will save us still—I know you will!"

"And papa?" "He is better since we got your telegram to say you were coming home. But oh, how pale you look, May!"

"I am only tired. And—"

"Sir Marmaduke?" He comes home the day after to-morrow, so the house-keeper says. I wrote to ask him to dinner the day after."

Her heart grew heavy and cold as she decked herself for the first interview with her intended victim. It was a bitter involuntary pleasure, if there is room for such a word, that her glass reflected pale cheeks and fevered eyes. She knew not till then how far away her whole heart had gone. Her mother came into her room.

"Go down now, May, if you are ready—yes, you want color, but you are looking very well, on the whole—I'm not quite ready, and your father's behind-hand, of course, and it won't do to let Sir Marmaduke find nobody to receive him."

"Oh, please, mamma, let me wait for you!"

"No, my dear, I particularly wish you to go."

And so May, who had forgotten how to rebel, went down alone. Slowly she turned the handle of the door, and entered the room with downcast eyes. She knew that a man was leaning against the chimney piece—that was all. So quietly had she entered that he did not hear her come in—at least he did not move. At last she dared look up, and saw the reflection of his face in the mirror. It was not Sir Marmaduke—she almost screamed below her breath as he turned round.

"May!" Had her self-conquest made her mad? Was she face haunted?

He seemed more bewildered than she, but he recovered himself more quickly. "May—Miss Arden—I never dreamed of seeing you here—but you shall not break my heart without letting me know why."

"Oh, go, for heaven's sake—how dare you come here—and follow me—"

"How dare I? When Mrs. Craven asked me to come? But even if she had not, and I had known you were here, I should have dared—"

"What—mamma asked you?" "No—Mrs. Craven asked me. And as I am here—"

"She never heard of you—and if she had—she asked Sir Marmaduke Iretton."

"And I am Sir Marmaduke Iretton."

"Then—"

"She could not believe her senses, and it was well she could not; if she had, and if joy ever killed, she could almost have died of joy. Where were the squinting eyes and red hair."

"I can't believe it! You are Sir Marmaduke Iretton! You are not Mr. Brown?"

But his face fell. He had read the joy in her eyes—and he was not pleased to be thus welcomed as Sir Marmaduke who had been dismissed as Mr. Brown. "That is my name, Miss Arden," he said coldly, but with a sigh.

"And I am not Miss Arden—I am May Craven. How strange, she went on, her eyes gradually waking up in their sunlight gleam, that we should have been together, and not have known our own names! Oh, why did you call yourself by a false name? What you might have spared me!"

"What!" he asked almost sternly; "should you not have written that note at Dinan if you had known my real name?"

"Not."

"Good heaven—and you own it?"

"I do not say what May's impulse led her to do was either right or wise. I can only say she could not bring herself to let happiness slip from her again. Instead of answering, she drew forth her mother's letter, which she carried about her as a talisman against temptation, and placed it in his hand; thus betraying the family skeleton to one whom she trusted only because she loved him, confessing that she was powerless, and owing that she was trying to catch him because he was a rich man. It was frank and honest, but I doubt if any girl ever trusted any man so much before."

Nor do I say that he did what was wise—only that he looked from the letter into eyes that he seemed to reach more plainly than words, and the cloud faded from his brow. For a moment he paused to read; and then, instead of being caught, he caught her—in his arms. "My poor May—I understand!"

All her life flowed back. "Can you ever forgive me? And oh, why did you trick me by calling yourself—"

"Brown? You must ask Mrs. Arden why she called out 'May!' just at the lucky moment when I was going to tell you all. When you are Lady Iretton you will find it pleasant sometimes to travel on foot and call yourself Mrs. Brown. But I am so glad all this has happened—though you'll marry me because I'm rich, you told me you loved me when I was poor—"

"Told indeed! But oh, do you know Maud Ashton, who's in India, told me you were so stupid—"

"Quite right—so I am."

"And that you squint so horribly—and have red hair—"

"And don't I? And haven't I?—By Jove, May! That was the late Sir Marmaduke—and a bad lot he was too, though he's dead and was my own first cousin. He died in Calcutta a month ago. We're all Marmaduke, you know, either by first or second Christian name; that's the family tradition for—let me see—about thirty years. The baronet must always be a Marmaduke, and I'm Hugh Marmaduke Iretton."

"Then, please—I'll call you Hugh. Do you mind?"

"I'll be everything to you darling, as long as you'll be May to me. And we'll pull your father through, never fear. I'm a purse-proud nouveau riche, you know, and Whitelands can pick up Redlands as easily as I could you, my own little May—Ah!"







**Editorial and Selected Items**

—Rev. L. H. Taber will preach a Runford Point, Oct. 8th.

—Gen. Bragg died in Galveston Wednesday, of heart disease.

—Read adv't of Cooper, Wilson & Co. to be found in another col.

—The White Mountains were covered with snow Thursday, and were distinctly visible from Paris Hill during the entire day.

—H. L. Haysings, Boston, publisher of the "Christian," says a rascal named Fisher has been collecting, without authority for that paper. Look out for him.

—Cattle Show Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Go early and often. It only costs 15 cents to get in. Take your wife and the children, and have a good holiday.

**GOLDEN WEDDING.**—Rev. Zenas Thompson and wife celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on Saturday next. He will hold a meeting at the house at Mechanic Falls, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. during which time all the friends are invited to call.

—Election news and Court work have caused the discontinuance of our articles descriptive of Oxford County villages and interests. After the County Fair and trip to the Centennial, the publication of these articles will be resumed.

—J. A. Rodick & Co., Lewiston, advertise a full line of fall and winter goods to suit the Oxford County trade. People of Paris, when you visit Lewiston don't forget to call on Mr. Coburn, who formerly ran the branch store at South Paris.

—Jefferson Washburn a disabled soldier, will have a stand at the Fair Grounds this week, where he will sell photographs of Presidential candidates, and trinkets of value in the family. He is worthy to receive the patronage of all patriotic citizens.

—Agreeably to an order from the Judge of Probate for Oxford County, and in another column, there will be no Court held at Waterford, Lowell or Fryeburg in October. All papers made returnable at such courts are to be presented at Fryeburg, the first Tuesday in December.

—The Democratic nomination of Charles Francis Adams as governor of Massachusetts is an insult to the Democratic nomination of Horace Greeley for President. Mr. Adams is no more a Democrat than Mr. Greeley. He is in no sense a representative of the character or purpose of the party. He was elected against the evident sympathy and desires of the convention, simply to reflect upon the country, and to produce the impression that the Democratic party is a party of reform. It is merely a political trick. —*Harpers Weekly.*

**PERSONAL.**—The many friends of E. E. Shaw, Esq., former proprietor of this paper, will be glad to learn that the Col. is very pleasantly located at Lancaster N. H. He has the largest printing office in that State, outside of Concord, and is doing a fine business. His residence is a fine villa, situated on the North bank of the Israel River, a tributary to the Connecticut, into which it empties below the bridge. It is one of the most sightly locations in Lancaster.

From Abraham Seed, Esq., of Littleton, Mass.

"I have for several years suffered severely with dyspepsia, accompanied by weakness and nervous irritability, which made life a burden to me. Nothing but the simplest nutriment could remain in the stomach without pain. Sourness and windy eructations, uncomfortable feelings in the head, and taste in the mouth, catarrhal symptoms, indigestion of the liver and bowels, piles, general debility and a nervous system, rendered me unable to perform my duties. I commenced taking Adamson's Medical treatment. By the advice of an eminent physician, I continued to take the Catarrh and Troche Powder, until at once I began to experience benefit. After taking three bottles all these bad habits have been removed, and I enjoy my life as well as ever. Most cheerfully do I recommend Peruvian Sarsaparilla."

A thirty-two page pamphlet containing a treatise on the use of a nutritive food, and other valuable papers, testimonials from distinguished physicians, laymen, and others, will be sent free by mail to—

Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Proprietors, Boston.

**CURE YOUR COUGH.**—At this season of the year when Colds are so prevalent, it is desirable to know the best remedy for such ailments. After a thorough trial of "Jackson's Catarrh Snuff and Troche Powder" we have no hesitation in giving the preference over any other preparation in use for the cure of Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma and disorders generally arising from exposure to damp and inclement weather. The "Snuff and Troche Powder" is composed of vegetable essence, and may be administered with perfect safety, even to the youngest children. The flavor is agreeable, and the article may be used in the most judicious manner. For sale by all public speakers and others. See the advertisement in our special column.—*Boston Courier.*

The soothing, healing effect of Adamson's Saline are plainly experienced from the first dose. Its work appears little less than magic. Yet it is a simple remedy, and its principle ingredients—syrup of Marshmallows and cod-liver oil, and the salts of Soda and Potash—are moderate, and compounded in just the right manner to cure.

Greene's Sulphur Soap is not only a curative for specific inflammations of the joints and eruptions of the skin, but it renders the complexion fair, and the texture of the cuticle velvety, and the cheeks glowing with the hues of health. Sold everywhere.

**Kidney Diseases, Dropsy and all Diseases of the Primary Organs can be cured by the use of HUNT'S REMEDY.** Hundreds of lives have been given up by the Physicians to die have been cured by HUNT'S REMEDY. Try it.

—Cuts, Bruises and Burns are troublesome.—Forest Tar Salve' will save the pain.

It is an interesting fact that nature has provided her own healing remedies—no one of which has so wide a reputation as tar. "Forest Tar" is simply a pure preparation of tar for the Throat, Lung, and Catarrh. sep20 4w

**MURDER WILL OUT.**

A few years ago "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few thin Dyspeptics made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merit of GRIMM'S AUGUST FLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer, and another, and another, until advertising sales have become immense. Druggists in EVERY TOWN in the United States are now selling it. No person suffering with Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Salpuration of the Heart, Indigestion, Low Spirits, etc., can take three doses without relief. Go to GEO. E. WILSON, of Paris; J. H. RAWSON Paris Hill; G. R. WILEY, Bethel, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles, 10 cents.

**The Grand Union of New York.**

Attention is directed to the Card of THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central depot in New York. This hotel is one of the largest and most popular of the New York city first-class hotels. It is so conveniently located to the Grand Central depot that all expense of carriage, baggage and expressage is saved its guests. The judiciously recommended use of this house is the only safe way to stop. Those who desire regular patrons thereafter. Persons contemplating visit abroad or passing through New York or to attend the EXHIBITION, will do well to give the Grand Union Hotel a trial. The Grand Union supplies every advantage afforded by a first-class hotel, while the rates of charges are moderate, being suited to the rates of change of the times. 3mms

[illegible]

**Rene's Magic Oil**

If you have got Rheumatism, USE RENE'S MAGIC OIL  
If you have got Neuralgia, USE RENE'S MAGIC OIL  
If you have got Colic or Cramps, USE RENE'S MAGIC OIL  
If you have got any other Pain, USE RENE'S PAIN KILLING MAGIC OIL

Try it, and you will be surprised at the beneficial effects derived from a thorough and faithful use of this potent and harmless remedy. It is purely vegetable and sold in pure form internally or externally.

Made in Paris by A. M. Hammond; So. Paris, A. M. Hammond, New York; J. H. Noves, A. J. Howe, Bethel, G. R. Wiley; So. Waterford, Chas. Young, Fryburg, T. C. Ware; Harrison, Hammond & Son Wm. R. Niles & Sons, Portsmouth, Pittsfield, Mass., July 25-3m

**Mother's Secret**

Mothers can secure health for their children and rest for themselves by the use of Castor oil, a perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely harmless, and is as pleasant to take as honey. For Wind-Colic, Sour Stomach, Worms or Constipation for young or old, there is nothing like it. It is certain, it is speedy, it is cheap.

**Caked Breasts,** Rheumatism, Scatish Swellings, Sprains, Joint Sprains, Burns, Seals, Poisonous Bites, and all flesh, bone and muscle ailments, can be absolutely cured by the Centaur Liniments. The White Liniment is for the human family, the Yellow Centaur Liniment is for spotted, red, lame and straggled horses and animals. mss30 3m

**Many Years of Careful Research has produced it.**

**Wood's Improved Hair Restorative** is unlike any other, and has no equal. The Improved has new vegetable tonic properties; restores grey hair to a glossy, natural color; restores faded, dry, harsh and falling hair; restores, dresses, gives vigor to the hair; restores hair to prematurely bald heads; removes dandruff, humors, itching eruptions; removes irritation, itching and scaly dryness. No article produces such wonderful effects. Try it, call for Wood's Improved Hair Restorative, and don't be put off with any other article. Sold by all druggists in this place and elsewhere everywhere. Trade supplied at manufacturers prices to Wholesale Agents, Geo. C. Phillips, Sole Agent for the United States and Canada, and by Weeks & Potter, Boston. au22 ly

**Jackson's Catarrh Snuff**

**AND TROCHE POWDER:**  
A DELIGHTFUL AND PLEASANT REMEDY IN Catarrh, Headache, Bad Breath, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Deafness, &c., and all Diseases resulting from Colic in HEAD, THROAT AND VOCAL ORGANS!

This Remedy does not "DRY UP" a Catarrh but LOOSENS IT, and the bad effect of all offensive matter, soothes the BURNING Heat in Catarrh; is so mild and agreeable in its effect that it positively cures ALL CATARRHS OF THE VOICE BOX!

As a TROCHE POWDER, it is pleasant to taste and never nauseates; when swallowed, instantly cures the Throat and Vocal Organs

**Delicious Sensation of Coolness & Comfort**  
*In the best TONIC TONIC in the world.*

Sold by Druggists, Wholesale, and only 35c.  
Said by drug stores, mail orders free. Address Geo. C. PHILLIPS, WILSON & CO., PORTLAND, ME. W. W. WHITPLE & CO., Portland; George C. Goodwin & Co., Weeks & Potter, Rost Bros. & Bird, Boston, Wholesale Agents. sep6 cm

**New Advertisements.**

**Virginia!—Virginia!**

TRIPLIST & HEALTHIER FARMS IN VIRGINIA, and the best of all affordable ship timber original growth. Terms very easy. LINDSEY & EDWARDS, Franklin, Southampton Co., Va. H. N. BOLSTER, SOUTH PARIS, Maine, Has No. 1 Baldwin Apples! (NEW HAMPSHIRE FRUIT) for \$2.25 Per Barrel! Also, WILL PAY CASH FOR POTATOES. So. Paris, Oct. 3, 1876. 4w

**Administrator's Sale.**

PURSUANT to a license from the Judge of Probate for Oxford County, I shall sell at public auction on Saturday, the 4th day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Court House in Paris, all the real estate belonging to William Chase, late of Paris in said county, deceased, since his death, to wit: one lot of land situated on Paris Hill in said town of Paris.

ALBINO E. CHASE, Administrator. October 3, 1876. 3w

**Probate Court Notice.**

PROBATE COURT in Paris, September Term, 1876. ORDERED, That the date of holding the Probate Court at Fryeburg is hereby changed to the FIRST TUESDAY IN DECEMBER NEXT, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Court House in Lowell or Fryeburg in the month of October next. All papers returnable at the October Term of Court must be returned at the above time and place.

A. H. WALKER, Judge. Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Clerk.

**SOX PAPERS!**

All Styles and Sizes.

At A. M. GENRY'S, South Paris.

**Mass Temperance Convention**

All active workers in the temperance cause are invited and earnestly requested to meet in Mass Convention Ball, Augusta, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1875, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

For the purpose of devising some system of action whereby the General Government may be induced to abstain from the sale of intoxicating liquors and ensure the National Prohibition of the liquor traffic. All Temperance Officers in Maine are cordially invited to attend. The usual reduction of fare on the several railroads may be expected. Let every true friend of temperance be present.

**BANKRUPT PROPERTY!**

BY virtue of an order of the United States District Court for the District of New Hampshire, the undersigned, Assignee on the estate of E. S. Mason & Son, of South Paris, Me., in the Commercial Bankruptcy Case No. 1876, do hereby sell at public auction on

**Tuesday, November 21, 1876,**

at 10 o'clock A. M., at the present residence of J. Mitchell Mason, on Bethel Hill, Maine, the following described Real Estate owned by the said Mitchell Mason when he was adjudged a bankrupt namely: A certain piece of land bounded as follows, Beginning at North East corner of land formerly owned by Samuel Dunn, on East street, thence southward described Real Estate owned by Robert Chapman, thence easterly on said Chapman's line 22 rods to land of said Chapman, thence northerly on said line of said Chapman's land to a meeting stone lot, thence westerly two and one half rods to corner of meeting house lot; thence southerly on said meeting house lot to Main street; thence westerly on said street to first mentioned bound, being the Mitchell Main building, now called consisting of a large two story house, a barn, two stores and about one acre of land.

Also a certain parcel of real estate situate on Bethel Hill, described as follows: Being the same premises conveyed to Daniel G. Kendall by his late father, Beziah, deceased, in 1844, and which said Daniel G. Kendall occupied by D. G. Kendall as a homestead, containing 60 acres of excellent land, more or less, owned by said Daniel G. Kendall, and to him conveyed by Samuel H. Chapman by deed recorded in Book 181, page 249.

Also the following described real estate situate in the east quarter part of lot numbered seven in the 30th range of lots in said town, and being the same premises conveyed to D. G. Kendall by said Daniel G. Kendall, in 1844, and to him conveyed by Samuel H. Chapman by deed recorded in Book 181, page 249.

Also certain parcels of real estate situated on Bethel Hill, and which said Littlefield conveyed to Stephen Bartlett, and which said Bartlett conveyed to Joseph T. Bartlett, and which said Bartlett conveyed to John Bartlett, and which said Bartlett conveyed to John Bartlett by his deed dated October 27, 1876.

Meaning and intending at said time and place to sell said property, both at and personal not exempt by law, to which said Mitchell Mason had, at the time of his bankruptcy, claims, claims, claims, claims, right, title or interest in the state of Maine.

Terms made known at the place of sale.

C. B. JOHNSON, Assignee. Lancaster, N. H., Sept. 29, 1876. oct3 3w

**SHINGLES!**

Spruce, Fir, Hemlock and Cedar Shingles for sale at the STEAM MILL, PARIS HILL, by ELBERIDGE FORBES. August 8, 1876. 3m

The readers of THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT are reminded that a

**GRAND**

**Exhibition**

AND

**SALE**

OF

**BLACK SILKS,**

STRIPED INDIA SHAWLS,

**NEW AUTUMN DRESS GOODS,**

FLANNELS

AND

**UNDERWEAR,**

is now in progress at the

**NEW DRY GOODS STORE**

OF

**HORATIO STAPLES,**

180 Middle Street,

**PORTLAND.**

---

**OUR BLACK SILKS**

are better than ever and

**CHEAPER THAN EVER**

in spite of the great rise of Silk Material in Europe and China. We offer a good

**"TAFFETA" SILK,**

(Warranted all silk.)

*FOR 85 CENTS.*

AND

**GROS GRAIN**

*FROM \$1.00 UP TO A*

**ROYAL "BON MARCHE,"**

*AT \$2.50.*

---

The popular styles of Dress Goods are a BASKET PATTERN and a broad diagonal effect, in the new

**BOTTLE GREEN,**

**SEAL BROWN AND**

**NAVY BLUE SHADES.**

We have these goods in ALL GRADES.

Also imitations of high cost goods for 12 cents.

**A Good Black Alpaca**

for 25 cents.

**Black Cashmeres**

from 65c. (all wool) to \$1.40

**Colored Cashmeres'**

in all the new shades.

**Heavy & Wide Twisted Crash**

for 10 cents.

---

We have just received a lot of

**WHITE MERINO**

**UNDERVERSTS AND DRAWERS!**

for Children, in sizes from 16 to 26.

**for 25 cents each.**

**Men's Undershirts and Drawers**

**for 25c. and upwards.**

These are but a few of the many inducements that we offer to close buyers of Dry Goods. Please call and examine. Samples sent by mail free.

**Horatio Staples,**

180 Middle St.,

**PORTLAND, ME.**

September 26, 1876. 3w

**FALL AND WINTER.**  
1876-77.  
**J. A. Rodick & Co.,**  
No. 2, Flint and Tracy's Block,  
LEWISTON, - - - MAINE.

We have just opened a very large stock of Fall and Winter Goods which we are offering at  
**Very LOW Prices for CASH!**

Brown Cottons, 5 to 10c.  
Bleached Cottons, 8 to 10c.  
Prints, 6 to 8c.  
Dress Cambrics (slightly damaged), 10 to 20c.  
Shirting Flannels, 82 to 88c.  
Blankets, \$2.25 to \$8.00 per pair.  
Paid Flannels & Repellants, at very low prices.  
Plaid Repellants in Silver Grey, Seal  
Brown, Bottle Green, Navy Blue  
and Plain Black.  
Black Cambrics, a specialty.  
Black Alpaca & Brilliantines, from 25c. to \$1.00 per yard.

**Woolens for Men's & Boys' Wear.**  
Table Linens, Crash, Napkins, Childrens' Cloakings, Shawls, Felt  
Shirts, Ties, Hosiery,  
Gloves, Neckties,  
Corsets,  
and all kinds of Staple and Fancy Goods  
At the Very Bottom Prices!

**Best of Worsteds Yarns in Plain Colors**  
and **Halmoral**, only 20c. per ball.  
Ladies', Gent's, Misses' and Boys'  
Underwear, Very cheap.

This is only a very small part of what we keep on hand for Photographic. We do not keep a Professor, we have all kinds of **Dry and Fancy Goods**, and that we sell as **LOW AS THE LOWEST**.  
If you are not satisfied with yourself, please bring material for a garment, can have it **cut free of charge**. All orders by mail will receive our prompt attention at a call.

Don't Forget the place,  
**J. A. RODICK & CO.,**  
2 Doors S. Post Office, Lewiston, Me.  
N. B.—Mr. E. W. CORBIN is still with us and will be pleased to wait on any of his friends that will favor him with a call.  
October 3, 1876.

**GREAT BARGAINS!**  
IN  
**ORGANIS!**

I WILL SELL A

5	Stop Double Reed Organ for	\$65 00
7	do do do do do	75 00
7	do do do do do	85 00
8	do do do do do	95 00
10	do do do do do	105 00
10	do do do do do	125 00

These Instruments are in **Heavy Black Walnut Cases**, and in size, finish and tone are second to none made. They are manufactured by three different companies, and the best is among the **ARGEST IN THE COUNTRY**. I have to pay the same prices for these Instruments as other dealers, but will sell for **ONE-HALF** of their profits.

**Instruments Delivered at any Station on Grand Trunk at the above Prices, and a five days trial given before payment is demanded, and if not satisfactory in every particular money returned at my expense.**

Call at my residence and see the Instruments or send for Photograph. We do not keep a Professor, at the Organ to exhibit them, in order to bring out all their good points and hide their defects.— If you are not satisfied with yourself, please bring the best one you can get and give them a **HOROUGH TRIAL**.

**ALL Instruments Warranted for the Term of FIVE YEARS.**  
**O. W. BENT.**  
South Paris, September 19, 1876.

**IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the United States for the District of Maine**  
vs.  
CALVIN C. FOX, { In Bankruptcy.  
Bankrupt.

This is to give notice that a petition has been presented to the court this 28th day of September 1876, by CALVIN C. FOX, of Porter, in said District of Maine, praying that he may be declared to have a full discharge from all his debts, payable under the Bankrupt Act, and upon reading said petition

It is ordered, by the Court that a hearing be had upon the same on the first Monday of December, A. D. 1876, before the court in Portland in said District of Maine, and that the order thereof be published in the Portland Weekly Advertiser and may be deemed to have a full discharge from all his debts, payable under the Bankrupt Act, and upon reading said petition

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