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The Oxford Democrat

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BY
GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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OXFORD DEMOCRAT OFFICE

CHARLES R. ELLER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
50 Court Street, Boston, Mass.
Special rates for lawyers having business or claims on collection in Boston and vicinity.
June 19/76

UPSON & FARNUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Jan. 1/77 Norway, Me.

E. G. HARLOW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Jan. 1/77 Dixfield, Me.

A. S. TWITCHELL, ALFRED R. EVANS,
Commissioners for Me. Notary Public,
TWITCHELL & EVANS,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
GOVERMAN, N. H.
Will attend to practice in the Courts of N. H., and Oxford County, Me.
Jan. 1/77

ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Jan. 1/77 Bethel, Me.

S. R. HUTCHINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Jan. 1/77 Rumford, Me.

S. W. FIFE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
FAYBURN, ME.
Commissioner for New Hampshire. Jan. 1/77

G. D. BIRSE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Jan. 1/77 Bethel, Me.

F. W. RIDLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
KEZAR FALLS, ME.
Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan. 1/77

JAMES S. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(PARIS HILL, ME.)
Collections promptly made. Also, special attention given to business in Probate Court. 1/77

O. K. YATES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WEST PARIS, ME.
Office at residence, west side of river. 1/77

O. N. BRADBURY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NORWAY, ME.
Residence and Office at the house lately occupied by Dr. Peabody. Jan. 1/76

I. R. ROUNDS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Office at residence, first house above Congregational Church. Jan. 1/77

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Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.
WATERFORD, ME.
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Deputy Sheriff for Oxford & Chandler Cos.
WATERFORD, ME.
All arrears by mail will receive prompt attention. Jan. 1/77

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,
DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,
KEZAR FALLS, ME.
Business by mail promptly attended to. 1/77

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DENTIST,
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber. Jan. 1/77

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SURGEON DENTIST,
Will be at Dixfield the fourth Monday in every month, and remain four days. Jan. 1/77

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Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Dr. G. refers to one of the leading Homeopathic physicians in Maine or Massachusetts. 1/77

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DEPUTY SHERIFF,
PARIS HILL, MAINE.
All business by mail or otherwise will be attended to promptly. 1/77

INSURANCE AGENT,
NORWAY, ME.
Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates. 1/77

Poetry.

On a Naughty Little Boy Sleeping.

BY BETT HARTLE.

Just now I missed from hall and stair
A playful fellow that had grown
As dear to me as that grace time
That tells the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
Were staped. I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sight! no sound!—a moment's freak
Of fancy filled my pulses through:
"If—no!"—and yet, that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then I found him. There he lay,
Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
The very vandal who had sacked
His little town, and thought it play:

The shattered vase; the broken jar;
A match still smoldering on the floor;
The inkstand's purple pool of gore;
The chessman's shattered near and far.

Strewed leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the Woods?"
In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir were seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached, the feet that strayed;
And fallen in that amiable
The victor was himself overthrown.

What thought torn leaves and tattered book
Still testified his deep disgrace!
I stooped and kissed the lucky face,
With its dew and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled
My guilt, in trust that when my sleep
Should cease, there might be one who'd keep
An equal money for his child.

MEASURES.

BY H. H. H.

I have a dainty cup of glass;
It is not given by a thief;
Its beauty is its fragility;
A lady's hand might crush it true.

I gave a man to drink from it,
One day, a draught of water cold.
He took it like a woman's hand,
In reverent, loving, lingering hold.

He held it up in keen delight,
Gazed on it with stare and awe;
"Such glass as this," he rapturously said,
"Gives water all the grace of wine."

Another day, another man
Sat down, drinking at my board;
The dainty, peerless glass,
A perfect wine for him I poured.

He drank like a swallow down,
With smothered wrath I watched him;
Now wine was gone was left to him,
So that he quenched his thirst with tears.

"Ah me," I said, "to him that hath
All things on earth that he should bring;
From him that hath not, can he take back,
And leave him beggared, though a king."

Selected Story.

THE GIRL CRIPPLE, OR HOW A DREAM CAME TRUE.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENNISON.

"I'm very tired," sighed the minister, as he pushed the shutters impatiently back. The movement sent in a shower of rose leaves.

"Pity, pity," cried a childish voice. Mrs. Winfield, the minister's wife, stood at the door in a cool wrapper, holding back a beautiful, eager child.

"Shall she come in, George, are you through?"

"Yes; come here, Rosebud, and kiss away papa's headache."

"Tell papa he must walk out and let the wind kiss it away," said the clergyman's wife.

"The little thing repeated her mother's words in baby language."

"You should go out, George," Mrs. Winfield reiterated, "go to the running brooks and stones, or some of your poor parishioners, and let them talk to you. You know that always does you good; and there's little Bessie—"

"Oh, little Bessie; I had almost forgotten the child; haven't been there for a week; and the good little tailor; he will think we have neglected him. One more hug, pet, and pick up the rose leaves; good by wife," and leaving a kiss on two pairs of lips he put on his hat and went out.

THOMAS CLEARY, TAILOR.

That was what the bit of a sign said over a bit of a shop door. Everything was on a small scale there—Thomas, his cheery wife and the brown shanty by courtesy called a cottage.

The clergyman entered, not without stooping.

"Well, Thomas, stitching away yet: I suppose you get tired sometimes, this hot weather?"

As he spoke, he laid his hat upon the white pine table, and sat down near the tailor whose legs were crossed under him. The window was open, for it was a fine day. From a wee pot of heliotrope a faint sweet breath of perfume air floated now and then into the room. The floor was charmingly clean; the walls, though cracked, were neatly whitewashed. Beyond, in the parlor and bed-room combined, could be seen a square of rag carpet and a few pine chairs.

Thomas looked up with a smile.

"Yes, sir; I'm stitching yet; a little wearisome, but it brings the bread and pays Bessie's doctor bills. It's not like the gardening I did when a lad; but then the Lord make me thankful. He gives me plenty to do."

"What! your side aches?" the tailor had made a sudden motion of pain.

"Well, there's a bit of an ache there, sometimes," said Thomas, his face clearing up, and the happy smile beaming again. "It's a sharp, uncanny stitch too,

but it only stays for a minute, and so I'd ought to be thankful. I wouldn't like to feel it long at a time, though."

"No, Thomas, I don't like you to feel it at all," said the minister with a serious face.

"How is Bessie this morning?"

"The darling is weak, sir, very weak; the doctor said yesterday I must get her a bottle of the best wine. That costs extra, so I work at odd times to get it. I did some white washing yesterday, got up just at daylight and had the work done, and money in my hand by the time I sat down to the coat. Three mornings' work like that will soon bring money enough for the wine. It mayn't be long we'll keep her, and she shall have what she needs, please God, if I have to work my fingers to the bone."

"You shan't do that, Thomas; see here one of your kind friends and mine, gave me money for just such a purpose; there is enough for the medicine; don't get up at daylight tomorrow, Thomas."

The man's lips quivered as his pastor put the money on his knee.

"I'm not above taking such helps as that," he said, lifting his tear-filled eyes from his pastor's gentle face to the heavens that smiled benignly down.

"Does the doctor give any hope for Bessie?" asked the minister after a pause.

"Not white sun stays in this close city air, sir, though it's a nice sort of place compared with some. He says could we take her into the country, sir, I would save her. But here's the work, sir, and here, I suppose, is the duty. That was what he said yesterday; nothing but the country air. I felt had over it last night, so old Mary, her heart is bound up in the child. I thought what a bit of country air and sunshine would do for her, and we so poor we couldn't afford it even that little. I couldn't complain, sir, it only came to me like wine, and I prayed over it, and it seemed almost as if the dear Lord answered us in a dream."

"In a dream, Thomas?"

"Ah, sir, the sweetest dream a mortal ever had. I think it made me a happier man; I do, indeed, sir. There was Bessie on the grass, and the flowers growing all around her. Some were high as her sweet head, and there was a color in her pretty cheeks! such a light in her blue eyes, and such a ring in her voice as she cried out—"

"Oh, father, God's blessed, beautiful country!"

"For there's where we were in our dream, sir; and then I heard wife's voice and there she stood, sure enough, in the doorway of a little cottage. I can see it now; the prettiest picture I with a bit of white curtain blowing out of the open window, and all about were trees, and grass and flowers. And I thought to myself, 'my woman won't have to slave her life out over the tub.' It made me so light of heart that the wife said she laid and listened to my laughing in my sleep."

"I wish your dream might come true, Thomas; have you faith to believe that it will?"

"God is able," said Thomas, softly stitching away. "I'm certain it will be just like him. And if he don't see it, you know I ought to feel thankful for the dream itself, baring that Mary cried when I told her, and said that what it meant that wee Bessie would be put under the daisies. There's Bessie's tap," he added, "the dear child lets me know when she wakes; will you go to?"

The tailor beamed over and lifted up the latch of a rude door that led into a closet-like room. The ceiling was very low. There was one large window, and close to that the clean white bed of the sick child was drawn. A smile sweet and glad, crossed the pale, wan face. Her hand nestled contentedly in his.

"Well, Bessie," he asked, "is the pain gone?"

"Yes, sir, thank you," she replied, in a voice like soft, sweet music.

"And you look happy; that tells me the soul is well."

"On always well," and an indescribably rapturous expression flashed over her sweet face.

"You hear the children at play sometimes?"

"Yes; I love to hear them. Mother cries because I am lying here so helpless when they are running about, but I don't mind it so very much."

"Don't you feel as if you would like to go out and play with them?"

Never could he forget the look she gave him, half sad, half smiling, nor the answer that followed slowly:

"What good would it be to feel so?"

He said afterwards there was a sermon in that sentence.

Just then a pale woman entered. She too greeted the minister with one of her cheering smiles. She had just run over she said to get some dinner for her husband, and Mrs. Clark had sent such a nice bowl of broth for the little one.

"How good they are," said Bessie, gratefully.

"All tired out?" asked the pastor, noting that she sank somewhat wearily into a chair.

"A little—it's hard work, but it's—it's healthy."

"You have some blessings," he ventured again.

"Some? Oh, my cup is running over," she replied. "Look at my husband and child! There's Thomas, one of the kind-est of men, working like a slave for me and her; never giving himself any pleasure, while most of the men in this

neighborhood squander their earnings and drink and quarrel. O, sir, indeed I can't thank God enough for my blessings."

"Well, well, it beats all," murmured the clergyman to himself, as he left the house. "There are two people working like slaves; sickness and the prospect of death staring them in the face—and yet they are as happy, as happy, as happy as kings and queens."

He had scarcely reached his home when he was met by a gentleman whose broadcloth, and personal appearance and manners denoted that he was a man of wealth and leisure.

"Pleasant day," said the preacher.

"Yes, for a wonder," was the ungracious reply.

"We've had bad weather quite long enough, and I don't suppose this will last till tomorrow."

The minister thought of the poor, cheerful Thomas who was sewing away in the close shop.

"How is your little daughter?" he now asked.

"No better; don't think she ever will be. I've taken her here and there, and everywhere, but Providence, think, sometimes seems to take particular pleasure in thwarting my plans."

"Don't accuse Providence, my friend. You have been blessed with large possessions, and unbounded opportunities for doing good."

"Hang the opportunities! I beg your pardon; I'm in a bad mood, and I could say plagues take the opportunities. As to doing good, I'm afraid I've got tired of it. I undertake to do a benevolent deed. The fact is, I'm in bad water all the time about some misdeed or other. My gardener died yesterday, an invaluable man, and where I am to get another with a like of his qualifications, I cannot tell."

The minister's face brightened.

"Perhaps I can," he said.

"Yes, I, my friend; I think you need a lesson. I want you to see a poor laboring man. He has a little girl who has been confined to her bed for months. I think, together, they can read you a sermon such as you may not have listened to before—better than from any pulpit."

"Ah, I see, you've got another case of destitute honesty, but I'll go with you, especially as there is a sick child in the case."

Just some afternoon the rich and portly stranger astonished the poor journeyman tailor with his august presence.

"Thomas," said the clergyman, who accompanied him, "I want you to tell this gentleman your dream; and the poor man, after a little hesitation complied. When he spoke of the pleasure of little Bessie at the great and beautiful change, the eyes of the rich merchant filled with tears."

"Where is this little child who loves the country so much?" he asked.

The tailor unlatched the little door. Bessie was suffering from one of her paroxysms of pain, but though great drops of anguish stood upon her forehead, though the sweet eyes were languid with suffering, the old smile, so full of beauty, came to her lips, when her pastor bent over her.

"Good heavens! to be sick here!" exclaimed the merchant, his thoughts reverting to the luxurious surroundings of his own child.

"There is something finer than common in the atmosphere of this place with all its poverty," he whispered to the clergyman; "I wonder if this man knows anything about gardening?"

"Ask him—stop," and he turned to the tailor.

"Well, Thomas," he said, "suppose the Lord would bring your dream to pass—what would you say?"

Thomas paused a moment and then looked up with a smile.

"I should say it was just like him!"

"Well, Thomas, do you know anything about gardening?" asked the merchant.

"I was brought up to it, sir," answered the tailor modestly.

"Then throw down your lap board and put up your needles, for your dream is coming true. I have just lost my gardener. On my estate is a nice little cottage, with flowers and vines growing all around it. I have no doubt you will give the greatest satisfaction."

The tailor looked around him much bewildered.

"You must be in earnest, sir, and yet my mind won't take it in. Is it for me to leave this close city spot and go into the country? Is my sick child to breathe heaven's pure air? Is it indeed, all true?"

"As soon as you can get ready, the place is ready for you," was the merchant's quick reply.

His dream was realized. Sweet, patient, saint-like Bessie! It was not long she lay in the little room of that cottage home, looking with rapture upon the flowers that bloomed without and within; upon the glorious breadth of blue sky.

And when strength came, and she found new beauties in the soft summer sunshine, she became the companion of the merchant's daughter, and taught the child such lessons of love and patience, that the sick room became, as her own had been, a little heaven on earth.

By six qualities may a fool be known: Anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing a friend from a foe.—Arab Proverb.

A Rope Dancer's Story.

I have yellow hair and gray eyes and a complexion that looks best in brown and drabs, and I am a rope dancer. Some girls learn dressing, some to fashion ovelly hats and bonnets, others book-keeping. Well, I learned rope-dancing. Ma said she was not able to take care of me, and any one knowing her would have said so too. At first my pay was small, as in all my contracts I had to include all expenses for me. But we were always able to save something toward the home we intended to buy after a while, and this was something to hope for. It was to be a cottage in some quiet village, with three or four acres attached, and a lawn with a peacock. Humble enough, you will say, but we could hope for this we knew, and took comfort in saving for and talking and planning about it whenever we were together.

I improved rapidly in my profession, and my second season out I obtained a splendid engagement with a first class circus that was to travel by boat and have things very comfortable; and I knew, if nothing happened, the cottage, the lawn, and the peacock were waiting for us at the end of the season.

The first night I performed I was looking my very best, in soft gray tulle, with flame colored ribbon, and a great yellow rose on my bosom, and dancing and balancing like a fairy. When through my act and once more dressed and wrapped in shawls and veils, as ma and I came out of the dressing-room, the ticket agent (the person I owed my engagement to) came up and said:

"Rhoda, I haven't got time to take you down to the boat to-night, and as none of the other ladies are going yet, I'll Gerand will take you and your mother down all right."

"Maybe he will and maybe he won't," says ma; "who's Jeff Gerand?"

"He's 'Miranda,' the barbed rider," says George, "and a better fellow never lived. Here, Jeff, if you're ready don't keep the ladies all night."

I had seen Miranda, early in the evening, do a wonderful two-horse act, and had admired the light, graceful form, with its dash and blue and white dress, but as he came up now in plain dark clothes and shook hands with us in his gentle way, I thought—but never mind. He was not handsome, his face could hardly be called good looking, but he was the kind of looking man little girls say they would like to have for a big brother. The next day ma says, "Rhoda, I believe if you were to fall in love with Mr. Jeff, and Mr. Jeff was to fall in love with you, I'd be tempted to let you get married, though I always did say you should never marry one of the profession."

"Why, he's not good-looking, ma," says I.

"Good-looking?" says ma. "Well, Miss Rhoda Cater (professionally known as Senora Rodde Caletti), if it is good looks you're after, I hope you'll find 'em, but in my very humble opinion" (which is not ma's, nor never was), "there is better things in this world than good looks, as you'll see."

After that ma and Jeff were always great friends, and thus three months passed away, bringing us nearer to the cottage, to the lawn and the peacock; when one night there was a terrible storm, the tent was blown down, nearly everything ruined, and Jeff had both of his legs broken above the knees. They brought him to the boat mooring with agony, and asked for me. It was ma who quieted and soothed him as though he was her own; it was ma who tenderly bound the broken limbs; it was ma who did it all, though there was willing hands enough. God knows. That night my eyes were opened, and for the first time I knew I loved Jeff Gerand. He recovered rapidly, poor fellow, and we kept him on the boat till the end of the season, petting and nursing him like a child, each one vying with the other as to who the profession (God bless 'em!) can, to make him comfortable and happy, till one dreamy day, in Indian Summer, he told me he was going to leave us; he was whittling a little stick, I remember, and I thought how beautifully he cut and veined the leaf, and you rarely saw him since the accident. Without a knife and piece of soft wood.

"I can't live off you folks forever, Rhoda," he says, "and though I haven't got a relative in the world, I think I can find some friends in New York to help me and find me something to do. I once thought, maybe things would be different, Rhoda, but since the smashup—my piece broke down, but he dashed away the tears and went on—"I wouldn't ask any girl to tie herself up to a poor cripple—I have a very bad temper, ma says, and it showed itself right here. I wasn't going to have any one I loved call themselves a poor cripple, and I told Jeff Gerand so, too, and a great deal more, and when ma found us I had my head on Jeff's shoulder in a way to make the blood boil, she said."

Well, I married Jeff in spite of him, self, and before Christmas we were in the cottage with the lawn and the peacock, too; and Christmas eve, as we sat by the fire and ma bustled in and out getting tea, as the chimneys of distant bells came softly over the hills, telling of happy little ones and loaded Christmas trees, I clasped Jeff's hand close in mine and was very, very happy. After paying

for our little home we still had a small fund left, but I intended to follow my vocation of rope dancing and do what many a better woman had done before—support the man I loved.

We had been married some months when Jeff began to write to the city, and receive small packages; these he did not show to any one, and one day, when he asked me to fix up a small room up stairs for his own use, and then shut himself in day after day with the door locked, I think I had cause to be curious; and even ma began to hint things. I saw nothing wrong; I never for a minute supposed Jeff, my poor darling, doing wrong. Ah! God forbid! But he should have told me, I thought, for who loved or trusted him more than his wife, Rhoda?

So things went on for three long weeks, ma hinting, some one—for shame! you'll say—sneaking, and Jeff hiding something from us all; when one morning, as I was passing the door, not accidentally, I confess, Jeff looked out and in his gentle way said, "Rhoda, little woman, you may come in now, if you wish."

Never will I forget that room, with its soft, gray draping relieved with scarlet facing, the two windows filled with flowers, the lovely Winter sun bathing it all, while a golden canary whistled softly to its mate, and on a table a set of the most exquisite chessmen mortal eyes ever beheld; kings and queens, bishops and pawns all carved from creamy ivory and rosy coral, and looking like the work of some fairy sculptor. And when my darling told me they were all his work, sold for \$800, and more orders than he could fill in a year, and that there was to be no more rope dancing thought of, could I help taking him in my arms and crying over him like a child, while ma said in her humble opinion Jeff was a hero. And he is a hero in my eyes and heart, a brave, noble hero, who has found his life work in producing wonderful, fair-like creations from creamy ivory and rosy-tinted coral.

Employment for Young Men.

It may be safely stated that nine out of every ten young men who are out of employment in our large cities and towns, are so because of a false pride in regard to the mode and manner of obtaining a livelihood. College bred young men inherit the idea of superiority to the laboring man, and in a sense, look upon labor as degrading. Anything that will harden the hands, darken the skin or soil the clothes other than sporting, is shrunk from involuntarily. No branch of productive industry is considered sufficiently respectable, but menial service as clerk, agent, office-writer, car-conductor, etc.,—that which will not tax the bone and muscle or soil the linen, is welcomed as "respectable." The farmer calls for laborers, the mechanic for assistants in his shop, or the builder on his job, but these nice young men, good looking and well dressed, starving though they may be, will not heed the call; but let a lawyer, banker, merchant or public officer seek a clerk and they will be thronged by these idlers. They are standing candidates for any soft place where there is genteel subsistence and immunity from labor.

The result is the professions are invaded with pretenders; political assemblies with adventures clamoring for place; commercial circles with speculators; and all our towns and cities with idlers "nice young men" living upon the industry of others. Every branch of productive industry is open before them and only willing minds and ready hands are needed to provide comfortable homes and independent livelihoods, but it is useless to talk to city bred and college bred gentlemen of the advantages of rural life for securing maintenance and permanent homes beyond the reach of suffering and want. This involves the necessity of labor and physical exertion—it involves a patient continuance in habits of industry and frugality—the abandoning of self-indulgence with "last society"—the surrender of kid gloves, fancy canes and fancy dress for the substantial elements and habits of practical life and industry; and ninety-nine of every hundred of these "well bred and accomplished" young men will prefer their easy-going dependence upon town life to an independent subsistence by vulgar labor and ignoble industry. It is a humiliating and pitiful reflection, but such is human nature—labor is accepted as a curse and exemption from it as a blessing.

The hard lesson of necessity now imposed upon commercial and business circles, and the stern demands upon all classes of society for a more rigid economy and frugality, is making innovations upon the "soft places" of idleness, extravagance and ease which cannot but be permanently beneficial toward a moral, political and industrial renovation.—Semi-Tropical.

A patron of a certain newspaper once said to his publisher, "Mr. Printer, how is it you never call on me for pay for your paper?" "Oh

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 3, 1877.

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 uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

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.

Local Agents.

The following persons are authorized agents for the OXFORD DEMOCRAT. They will receive for cash, orders to deliver, or for subscription, advertising, and to any other matters which patrons may desire.

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Agents will deduct their commission before sending money to this office, as we do not open accounts with them.

The Centennial.

We have before us the Maine Centennial Commissioners' Report. It is a real document of 24 octavo pages, well prepared and printed. Of the \$12,000 appropriated for this exhibition by the State Legislature, but little more than half has been expended—leaving \$6,418 11 unexpended. The Commissioners report that Maine was the eighth State in point of applications for space. This is a good showing considering our distance from Philadelphia, and the greater disadvantage resulting from lack of funds, early in the season. The Commissioners mention, in detail, between fifty and seventy-five exhibitors, whose goods were under their care, stating, at the same time that many manufacturers forwarded their exhibits through agents, located in other places.

In regard to lack of a State building the Commissioners well say:

"Some of our people who visited Philadelphia, seemed disappointed in not finding a Maine house to be used for headquarters by the visitors from this State. It would, perhaps, have been a convenience, but the Commissioners could find no authority in the act passed giving them power to appropriate the money for any such purpose.

The appropriation of ten thousand dollars was obtained at a very late day, only by the strenuous exertions of a few enthusiasts, and only for a specific purpose. The Commissioners felt it to be their duty to expend the money as economically as if it had been their own; and now, after the experience and observation of the past season, we are confident that several thousand dollars expended in the building of a house, would have been a foolish expenditure of money. We have the testimony of the Commissioners of several States, who built houses, that our method was the wiser one, and that it would have been more satisfactory to them had they taken the same course.

Many Maine people seemed to have been disappointed in the appearance of their State; but, after reading this report, we feel that the exhibit was entirely creditable. The whole community will be benefited by what was there exhibited and done.

The Commissioners are worthy of much compliment for the faithful and economical manner in which they conducted the affairs entrusted to their care. We doubt if another State can make so good a showing as this. Laboring under all the disadvantages (which are fully set forth in their report) of lack of funds, lack of intelligent information, and lack of interest among the people, one almost wonders that their efforts were not entirely fruitless. The success of our exhibit shows unusual executive ability on the part of our Commissioners.

It is estimated that over 25,000 Maine people visited Philadelphia during the exhibition. Not the least benefit to many of this vast army was the broadening of their views by contact with new phases of life, and observing the wonders of those great cities of which they had never formed the slightest conception.

Secretary McCrary will attend the Iowa republican convention, and may do something to remove the opposition to the President's policy manifested among Iowa republicans.

Is not this violating the new civil service rules? If a Custom House officer or Post Master may not attend a caucus to aid his party, why should a Cabinet Secretary be allowed to attend a State convention for the purpose of removing "the opposition to the President's policy?" Is the President's policy of more value than the party by whose labors he was elevated to his high position? If it had not been for the labors of government officials during the campaign of 1876, Rutherford B. Hayes would have been defeated by so large a majority, that he would have concluded he had not even been voted for. President Hayes is not "doing the square thing" by his party, whatever his motives may be; and we shall see that his opponents who are likely to succeed him in 1880, have no sentimentality about using the weapons he has placed in their hands, not only to secure his defeat but to overthrow all his high toned civil service regulations.

Iowa Republicans say they are not yet ready to endorse the President's southern policy. At their State convention last Wednesday, a resolution to that effect was voted down by a three fourths vote. We think of the heroic Chisholm family, throw up their hat, and yell "bully for Iowa!"

—Harvard beat Columbia by 13 1-2 seconds at the Springfield race, Tuesday.

A Specimen of Democracy.

One of the uses—and we are not certain but that it is now the only one—of the remarkable political associations known as the democratic party is to illustrate the diverse significance of certain political phrases when used in connection with the two parties. We know in a general way what Civil Service Reform signifies when the great need of it was urged by democrats out of power upon Republicans in power. We know that it meant the abolition of the spoils system and the substitution of honesty, ability, and fidelity as the tests for office. We should never have known, though, what it meant as applied to democratic exercise of authority and distribution of offices if we had not witnessed the entry of a democratic majority upon a taste of power and patronage in the last Congress. For them it meant the descent upon Washington of a famished horde of idle and ignorant and lame and lazy and impudent and greedy politicians from the whole country; sweeping removal of every republican who held an office they could reach, and the installation in their places of as incompetent and worthless a set as ever settled on a people, scourged a community, or sacked a treasury. Then what large and striking illustrations they have given us the past year of that charming phrase, "laying aside partisanship." Honey is bitter to the sweetness with which the democratic editor overwhelmed the republicans who laid aside partisanship and voted for Tilden. But within a few months past there have been several cases reported of democrats who have laid aside partisanship to say they approved the policy of the Administration. When? How that altered the case. The democratic editor sees nothing in that but disloyalty, treachery, weakness, and a reprehensible hankering for office.

And now the Connecticut democracy, which seems specially endowed with the most striking characteristics of the party, is giving us a fine illustration of the meaning of democratic rhetoric about burying the past, and letting bygones be bygones, and all that. By the death of the late incumbent the office of State Attorney for New Haven County has fallen vacant, and the choice of a successor devolves upon the Judges of the Superior Court. The most prominent candidate for the place is the Hon. Orville H. Platt of Meriden, a gentleman of the highest personal character, whose integrity, ability, and fitness are unquestioned. But in the year 1861 Mr. Platt being a member of the Connecticut Senate, introduced a resolution, which was carried, ordering the removal of the portrait of ex-Gov. Thos. H. Seymour from its place on the walls of the chamber, that gentleman having given grave offense to the loyal and patriotic sentiment of the people of the State by his openly avowed sympathy with the South and hostility to all the war measures of the Government. To be sure it was a good while ago, and the people of Connecticut and of the whole country have forgiven and forgotten a great many things almost as bad as that since then, but the Connecticut democracy, as represented by its mouthpiece, the New Haven Register, cannot forget or forgive so enormous a crime as this. That is asking too much. The Register, speaking of Mr. Platt's candidacy, says: "The democratic party should never forget his insult to the memory of the Hon. Thomas H. Seymour during the late unpleasantness, and if he gets this appointment it will be by the vote of a democratic judge, which we will not believe until it is so recorded. No mere partisan should occupy such a position, and the defamer of 'Tom Seymour' has no claim on democratic support." How edifying this is as an illustration of the real significance of letting bygones be bygones from a democratic point of view. There was a disposition manifested in certain quarters a year or two ago, when Mr. Wm. W. Eaton was an uncomely anxious candidate for United States Senator, to hold that gentleman responsible for some of the many ridiculously disloyal and silly performances with which he peppered what might be called his career during the war, then the Register and all the rest rose up and said, "Oh, that's mean; don't do that; this is an era of good feeling; we must forget the past, and let bygones be bygones." And so the liberal republicans and those democrats whom Mr. Eaton had more than insulted, inaugurated the era and elected Mr. Eaton Senator.

It's one of the funniest eras ever opened. The good feeling seems to be all on one side, and the laying aside partisanship on the other. And the only purpose served is to illustrate the sincerity of democratic professions and the consistency of their performances. In this case it would be hard to match the gross indecency of any such partisan interference, with a judicial appointment by a bench of judges. To thrust under the noses of the judges such partisanship as this, and boast that it must be an effective argument because there's a democratic majority on the bench, is well, it can't be characterized so well by any other word—it is democratic. Connecticut democracy does have its uses—as a horrible example.—New York Tribune.

The war in Europe has at last assumed a phase of interest to the general reader. Saturday the Russian troops crossed the Danube, opposite the Turkish port of Ibrail. The passage at this point was unexpected, and was hence made without loss. Several other crossings have since been effected, and great activity prevails along the whole Russian line. In Asia the Turks have gained some little advantage in the vicinity of Erzeroum. But the prospect for Turkey is indeed dark when the vast resources of her antagonist are considered. It is reported that Russia, Austria and Germany have formed an alliance to prevent English interference. Such action would doubtless involve all Europe in the conflict.

—It is strange our public officers cannot confine their reports to the matters entrusted to them. Last year the Fish Commissioners gave us a little essay upon political economy as manifested in "the egg of hen," and now the Centennial Commissioners are inclined to think that the great exposition will assist specie resumption. What we want, gentlemen, is a plain statement of facts, in such documents. We can each do our own theorizing.

—Relief for the St. John sufferers has been prompt and generous.

—Commodore John S. Goldsborough died at his home in Philadelphia Penn., Monday morning. He retired July 2, 1870, having received an appointment as shipmaster in 1824. He was 69 years old.

—A triple murder occurred near Gore, Logan county, Ohio, Saturday morning. John Wedon was found in a field with his head split open, his sister and daughter in the house with their heads smashed. It is supposed the murders were committed for money. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

—Marblehead now takes her turn at devastation by fire. A conflagration on Monday morning, burned over fifteen acres in the heart of the town, destroying seventy-two buildings, among them shoe factories, stores, hotels, residences &c.—It is a fearful catastrophe for the place.

—Of the work of Francis Murphy, the temperance reformer, a Pittsburgh paper says: "His work in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia speaks for itself. There are hundreds of families, now happy homes, which three months ago, were bedlams; thousands of poor men released from a bondage worse than a human slavery, all of whom can thank God and Francis Murphy for the change that has come over them."

—Mrs. Mary Livermore thus speaks of a sign of the times: "In Iowa I saw a law sign, 'Foster & Foster.' It meant Mr. and Mrs. Foster. They attended the same law school; became attached, became partners for life. The man looked up the cases; the woman pleaded them before the court and jury. In a certain difficult case where a woman was concerned he doubted his ability to do it justice and carried it to his wife, and she proved it to be a case of insanity."

—A trusted correspondent of the Jackson (Miss.) Times writes that after Judge Chisolm was mortally wounded by the Kemper County mob he called Mrs. Chisolm to his bedside and said: "My precious wife, I am innocent of any crime, and when I am dead I want you to tell my children so, and train them up to know that their father never did an act for which they need to blush or feel ashamed. I have been murdered because I am a Republican and would live a free man."

—Mr. Samuel J. Tilden may as well hang up his fiddle as a candidate for 1880. His late whining speech has done the business for him. Comparisons between him and Hendricks are freely made in the democratic organs all of which so far as we have been able to observe agree with the Augusta (Georgia) Constitutionalist when it declares that the Southern States in the next national democratic convention will certainly prefer Hendricks "to that Northern man whom Senator Beck describes as being as cold as a d—d clam," and who sat sucking his fingers in Gramercy Park while the radical leaders were juggling the democratic party out of their constitutional rights."

—The actual number of participants in the greenback convention at Skowhegan was but a small part of the number present—hardly enough for small change. Curiosity probably drew the most who were there. The Somerset Reporter says: "It is impossible to tell the real size of the convention as it was a mass affair and no credentials were required or presented. We should presume that the vote for Governor would be the fairest test. A gentleman who counted while the vote was being taken—it was taken by rising—made but twenty-six. There was a good attendance throughout the day, but the actual participants in the convention probably numbered less than forty."

—Gov. Packard of Louisiana having arrived in Cincinnati on his way north, reports were started that he was on a mission against the administration of President Hayes. These reports having been brought to Gov. Packard's notice he declared them falsehoods, and said that his travels in the northern States had no political significance whatever. In relation to affairs in Louisiana, Mr. Packard said everything was quiet, the people having settled down and gone to work. As to his own case, he remarked that it was all summed up in the simple statement that Packard was out and Nicholls was in. He declined to say anything whatever in relation to President Hayes or his policy.

CROP REPORTS. The June report of the Department of Agriculture indicates a better prospect than usual for wheat. The average for winter and spring wheat together is 100, winter wheat being above that figure and spring wheat below it. The State averages are as follows: Maine 100, New Hampshire 102, Vermont 100, Massachusetts 100, Rhode Island 100, Connecticut 103, New York 108, New Jersey 100, Pennsylvania 98, Delaware 97, Maryland 103, Virginia 90, North Carolina 100, South Carolina 97, Georgia 108, Florida 100, Alabama 96, Mississippi 107, Louisiana 103, Texas 110, Arkansas 106, Tennessee 91, West Virginia 107, Kentucky 108, Ohio 115, Michigan 106, Indiana 112, Illinois 105, Wisconsin 107, Minnesota 95, Iowa 102, Missouri 110, Kansas 99, Nebraska 103, California 50, Oregon 100.

—At 9:30 Monday forenoon, while a circus procession was passing in Rockland, a fellow attempted to rob the Rockland National Bank. He entered through the director's room, and crept behind the counter and grabbed the contents of the money draw. The cashier, who had taken the precaution to lock the vault, was standing near the window, and saw the fellow, just as he was going through the door into the director's room. He instantly vaulted over the high counter, intercepted and grappled with the thief at the door and held him till a policeman took him into custody, when he was securely locked up and ironed. He dropped a roll of bills on the floor in endeavoring to make his escape, and several hundred dollars were found on his person by the police. He gives the name of Ross, of Boston, nineteen years old.

MARBLEHEAD was the scene of another terrible conflagration, last Monday. Of the extensive shoe factories in that place but three remained standing after the fire. Seventy dwellings were burned.—Loss estimated at \$800,000.

—Gen. Wm. G. Leduc of Minnesota, a practical farmer, has been appointed Commissioner of Agriculture, and will assume his duties July 11th.

—The Democratic State Convention is to be held at City Hall, Portland, August 14th.

—The Springfield "Republican" in view of two recent speeches, is moved to suggest Wade Hampton and Fred Douglass as a Presidential ticket for 1880.

—Gen. Howard in person commands troops numbering 550, which are moving against Joseph's band of 400 warriors encamped on Salmon river. A company of troops have reached the citizens who had fortified themselves at State Creek. The Platte Indians have offered to join the troops in fighting their old enemies, the Nez Percés.

—Mr. B. F. Maxim of Wayne, who went to the Black Hills in the Readfield party, has returned home and writes that he found all the valuable claims in the mines taken, and about forty times as many people there as there was business for them to do. Hundreds walk the streets unable to find anything to do to keep from starvation. Altogether he proffers Maine to the Black Hills.

—Of the new civil service order, the Somerset Reporter says:

So far as this county is concerned the order is of little consequence one way or the other. We know of but one official who is reached by it. Wm. D. Hayden, Esq., postmaster at East Madison, will find it necessary to resign either that office or his position on the Democratic State Committee. We are sorry for William, for the post office is dear to his heart and it really is quite impossible for him to keep out of politics—and at this of all times, when those Greenback bones are waiting to be picked!

—The Iowa Republicans are not ardent admirers of Mr. Stanley Matthews, or of the "policies" he advocates for the Administration. The Burlington Hawk eye, one of the best-natured of papers, can't stand Matthewsism, and it emphatically remarks: "It is rumored that parties in Washington, in their kindness are willing to furnish the Republican State Convention a lot of ready-made resolutions indorsing the President's policy. We don't know that this is true, but we do know that if any such resolutions are presented in the convention, they will be kicked out, and the man who sends them will receive a rebuke that he will remember for the balance of his life. It may do for the powers that be in Washington to send a commission into a Southern State to trade and dickie away the victory that was gained at the cost of life itself, but it will not do to attempt to 'manage' Iowa on the Stanley Matthews plan, and if the attempt is made it will receive the rebuke it deserves."

—The town of Thomaston is to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation on the fourth of July, and is making elaborate preparations therefor. An oration will be delivered by Hon. E. B. Neely Speaker of the House of Representatives, and there will be other exercises appropriate to the occasion. Thomaston was known as a trading post in the early times, but a settlement was not made until about the year 1719. The Indians were long troublesome, and nothing of a permanent character was accomplished until the arrival of Mason Wheaton in 1763. Thomaston formerly included South Thomaston and Rockland, and originally belonged to the Waldo patent. The town was incorporated March 20, 1777, and Rockland and South Thomaston were set off in 1848. The two latter co-operating with the parent town in order to make the occasion a success. The Governor and Council and other State officials have been invited and will probably be present. Gen. Cilley has loaned a battery of artillery for the occasion, and the steamer City of Richmond transports it from Bangor and back free of charge. The day's festivities will close with a grand display of fireworks.

—Ex-Gov. Noyes thinks the Republican party in Ohio stands as well now as it has at any time for years, that the dissatisfaction with the Southern policy has almost entirely died out, and the financial question will not make much trouble.—When asked by a reporter of The Philadelphia Press what he thought about the organization of an anti-administration party, Mr. Noyes said: "There are certain public men of great ability, high character, and real patriotism—such men as Mr. Blaine—who think a different policy would have been better, and who cannot quite reconcile themselves to the idea of Packard and Chamberlain not retaining the places to which they were undoubtedly fairly elected. I must confess that I myself sympathize somewhat with that feeling. But the President had to take things as he found them, and there was no way for these Republican State governments to be maintained except by the use of arms, and the whole country was really getting impatient at military interference. I have never believed, and I do not now believe, that Mr. Blaine will place himself in an attitude of hostility to the Administration. He may oppose certain matters of policy, which it is right to do, but I am sure he entertains a friendly spirit toward the President. He is a man of good sense and of high character. I have not the slightest idea that the formation of any such party will be attempted."

SENATOR BEN HILL said in a recent speech in Georgia that "the future of the South is going to be better, brighter, nobler and higher as time goes on, and if we will be wise, prudent, true and firm—clinging to the Union as it is—the day is not far distant when you will be the controlling power in this government, to the great good of everybody in this Union." There is no doubt that the wisest of the Southern politicians intend to control the country within the Union. Their representation in Congress has been so increased by the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slaves that they need but little aid from the North to give them the full control. The State of Georgia is about to frame a new constitution, because the existing one recognized the supremacy of the national government over the State and denies the right of secession. Vagrant laws have been enacted in some of the Southern States which establish a system of peonage, differing from slavery chiefly in that the master is not bound to provide for the slave in sickness and old age. In Texas the provisions for education have been utterly repudiated, and the intention is clearly manifested to keep the African race in such ignorance and degradation as will effectively prevent it by asserting the rights guaranteed to it by the constitution. In all the cotton and sugar and rice States, there are evident indications of a fixed determination to continue the aristocracy of caste and color, and on this basis to make the South "the controlling power in this government."—Press.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 23, 1877.

But one voice is heard here relative to Hilton's action, in excluding Mr. Seligman from the Grand Union Hotel; and all that has gained with a few purse-proud nabobs who conclusively demonstrate the superficial, not to say hypocritical, character of their Christian professions by a display of bigotry and vindictiveness that would have been deemed intolerable two centuries ago, is that a bagatelle compared with the overwhelming storm of indignation aroused among the intelligent of this and every other country and clime under the sun, wherever the telegraph has repeated the story of the outrage. One feature of the business is especially galling to the feelings of citizens of the United States who care ought for our national reputation.—In some accounts of the occurrence sent abroad, Hilton is represented as being the sentiment of native-born citizens, and an absurd attempt has been made even to hold the Government responsible. It is thought likely that Mr. Hilton can in no way be made to so keenly regret his presumption as through the diminished returns on the capital invested in the Grand Union, in the New York stores and at other enterprises at home and abroad. Mr. Seligman, who suddenly finds himself the cynosure of numberless eyes, is well and favorably known here. Mr. Koessle, proprietor of our leading hotel, has often entertained him and declares him an unexceptionable guest.

The Indian outbreak in Idaho among the Neg-Percés, Flat Heads and roving individuals of other tribes, engages considerable attention. The success achieved in the first fight with the regular and citizen soldiery, has rendered an extension of the disaffection to Dakota, Oregon and Washington Territory very probable, unless Gen'l Howard shall be able to so concentrate his small force as to strike the hostiles a crushing blow before they have had time to incite the neighboring braves to take the war-path.

It is by everybody conceded—even by iron-clad Bourbons—that Townsend's letter places the "Reform" Attorney Gen'l of New York in a most unenviable position where, unless able to disprove the allegations of Tweed's lawyer, he must inevitably be ground to impalpable powder between the upper and nether millstones of public opinion. There has long been an opinion among the politicians encountered here that the New York officials were only intent on suppressing Tweed's testimony because of possible danger to themselves and friends should it be made public. Fairchild appears to have retained the so-called "confession" just as long as suited his own purposes, and then returned it to the heart-broken old thief languishing in Ludlow with the statement that his continued confinement is deemed of more advantage to the plundered citizens of that city and State than the arrest and conviction of scores of others equally criminal, which it is claimed could be readily accomplished upon the testimony of the old boss.

The late "reform" candidate for the Presidency setting up as a plea the statute of limitations in the suit against him for \$150,000 tax withheld through alleged perjury, and all the sombre possibilities of Tweed's revelation in the background lead to reflections not at all calculated to lessen the gloom at present surrounding many of the Treasury and other Democratic stalwarts of the country.

Very little sympathy was excited here in behalf of the "Millers" yesterday executed in Pennsylvania. Outraged law has at last been vindicated and it is felt that the world would lose nothing if every brute who could be identified as one of the cowardly gang known as "Molly Maguires" was to be sent to his own place by the same road taken by the eleven dispatched yesterday.

The fusillade between the Methodist, Parson, Newman, and the Jesuit Pastor, White, and Secretary Sherman's last letter are about the only matters of general interest just now. Sherman's letter is substantially as follows:

Under existing laws there is no coin issued or issuable in which the principal or interest of the 4 per cent. bonds are redeemable or payable except our gold coin of standard value fixed by law in force July 14, 1870 when the bonds were authorized. The government exacts their face value in exchange for each coin. Hence the Secretary is of the opinion that there will be no legislative or other action, looking to their redemption or the payment of their interest in a coin of less value than the gold coin that is now our only standard of value.

LOGAN.

Real Estate Transfers.

F. D. Speny, to S. P. Pratt, farm in Albany; G. S. Ames to J. L. and H. L. Horne, land in Norway village; W. Mason et al to T. J. Foster, stand on Bethel Hill; C. G. Knight to F. M. Mosher, undivided half of "old Kilgore farm" in Waterford; S. B. Twitchell to T. J. Foster, land in Bethel; A. F. Mason to W. E. Cooper et al, farm in Paris; L. Briggs to A. F. Mason, farm in Paris; O. A. Bronson to S. Gallaway, farm in Newry; G. W. Garland to J. A. Mearl, house lot on Paris Hill; I. Shaw to F. L. Irish, meadow land in Backfield; A. A. Bolster to I. Johnson et al, farm in Norway; D. L. Chenery to R. P. Thompson, land in Canton; R. Dean to C. Gardner, land in Backfield; S. E. Whitcomb to M. Whitcomb, land in Norway; J. A. Kimball to V. V. Kimball, farm in Albany; E. A. Morse to T. L. Robinson, land in Oxford village; F. Washburn to T. P. Mitchell, farm in Sumner.

W. K. GREENE, Reg'r.

—Mr. Clerk Adams has completed his list of the next House, which shows a democratic majority of eight. He has only disfranchised three republicans—the fourth California, third Missouri and Colorado districts, from all of which the state courts or executive have decided that republicans are elected. Mr. Adams belongs to the state rights party.

TOWN ITEMS.

Bethel.

June 27.—While journeying through Bethel, Gilead, Shelburne and Gorham, N. H., last week, we took a glance over the farms and into the farmyards, where the observing farmer can learn some valuable lessons, even at this season of the year. We notice the grass fields are looking rather discouraging. Old lands which were seeded last season the severe drought in May with the absence of snow to protect the feeble roots and the absence of rain for several weeks past, will cut the hay crop down to nearly one half. Farmers are hurrying with their hoes, and many will commence haying the first week in July.

The Sabbath School concert in the M. E. church last Sabbath afternoon was well attended. The children acquitted themselves with honor. After the exercises of the children, Judge E. W. Woodbury, being present, was called upon, and addressed the children in a very appropriate manner. He was listened to with marked attention. The text concert will be on Sunday afternoon, July 29th.

There was a good gathering of people at the temperance meeting last Sabbath at 3 P. M. Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell of Fairfield, formerly of Bethel, was the first speaker. A more earnest effort in the cause of temperance I never listened to. The meeting was opened by singing "Pull for the Shore," followed by an earnest prayer by Rev. Mr. Bisbee. Our worthy President then made some good remarks, followed by Bros. Barker, Dr. True, Dr. Morton, Rev. Mr. Bisbee, and others.

Last week a party of three from Bethel and the Rev. Perry Chandler of Gorham, N. H., made a trip out to Mount Washington. The White Mountains have long been a place of summer resort. Their popularity is on the increase. From the south they can now be quickly and easily reached over the B. & C. M. Railroad. The railroad on Mt. Washington is appropriately named the Sky Railroad, and it is one of the world's marvels of engineering triumph. To stand on Mount Washington, whether in a summer snow squall, in a cloud, thick fog, or with no barrier to clear vision, is something to be remembered. Advise all who can spare a few days to avail themselves of offering privileges, and visit the mountains. Our party left Gorham in a two-horse carriage at 8 o'clock A. M., and arrived at the Tip-top House at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At the half-way house we stopped one hour for dinner. While at Gorham we called on V. V. Twitchell, publisher of the Mountaineer, a first-class paper printed under the very shadow of this Switzerland of America. Mr. Twitchell informed me his paper has a circulation of some over nine hundred. Mr. T. H. Hutchinson has constructed a wire bridge across the river about sixty rods below the Chandler wire bridge, so that teams can cross over. Mr. Hutchinson is now building a carriage road on the north side of the river leading from his bridge down into Shelburne. This, when completed, will be a great convenience to Gorham and Shelburne people.

The ladies connected with the M. E. society met with Mrs. Cyrene S. Little, and presented her with a beautiful book-case, and passed the evening in a very pleasant manner.

Mr. L. T. Barker has been appointed Postmaster, in place of S. R. Sheehan, Esq., resigned.

C.

West Bethel.

Not many years ago, in the northern part of what is known as "Academy Grant," a lady of affluence came and built a house, or it may more properly be called a mansion, so elegant was its finish and outward appearance; and also a saw mill upon a stream running near her, the local position of the expenditure being a dense forest. The owner has now gone; the house is dilapidated; the mill is in ruins, a few tenons of the heavy posts are left sticking out from among the drifted wood, the rest has been washed away. The large, heavy stone abutments are still there to mark the spot where the mill once stood. At this place the Pleasant River Reform Club decided to have a picnic, and accordingly set forth on Saturday, June 23d, accompanied by many friends. The day was fair, the air cool and bracing, expectations ran high, and at the close of the day, it was found they had been more than realized. Upon arriving at the ground, it was found that some very thoughtful boys had gone early, and were at hand with abundance of trout, and utensils for cooking them. They were served at the proper time with other delicious food, upon a long table prepared for that purpose. For amusements, some were playing croquet, others kept the swings in motion. A great portion were busy watching the rest. After dinner a temperance meeting was held. The speakers occupying the piazza of the house. Mr. Geo. H. Brown of Mason was present, and favored us with eloquent remarks. The occasion was one of pleasant harmony. An amusing incident occurred in the morning. A naughty boy had been telling ghost stories to the young ladies during the morning ride, and we suppose these thoughts were uppermost in the minds of the young ladies as they were about to enter the house on an exploring expedition—when, lo! a screech unearthly rent the air. The young ladies had never heard a ghost, and mistaking the voices of three little unfiled birds over the door, who set up their cry for food as they entered, a horrible fright was the result.

PLEASANT RIVER.

Brownfield.

A fatal accident occurred in Porter near the Brownfield line, as Mr. John Douglass and wife were riding down a steep hill near Erastus Cole's house the hold-back iron broke, letting the carriage on its side, which soon became unmanageable, and after running some over one hundred rods, threw both from the carriage. They were taken up insensate. Mr. Douglass lived about an hour. Mrs. Douglass is still alive, but no hopes.

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of recovery. They were attended by Drs. Sweat of Brownfield and Smith of Hiram.

VERITAS.

Fryeburg.

The Selectmen have just completed the money taxes in this town.

The Weston Bridge is undergoing repairs, and without impeding travel.

R. K. Jenness is having a very nice piggy built near his barn, and proposes to keep the very best breeds of porkers to be found in the County. He has just received three pigs from a breeding farm in Massachusetts, and they are fine specimens.

Mr. Fred. Usher is just beginning the study of law with D. R. Hastings, Esq.

Hartford.

June 27.—Since 1817 there have been the following churches in town, viz: Congregationalist, Calvinist Baptist, Open Communion Baptist, Free Will Baptist and Methodist. All have had stated preaching, and all have died save the latter. Those who wished for a religious home, have united with churches in other towns.

Rev. Charles Crockett, Free-Will Baptist, was ordained at Canton, on the 7th. On the following Sabbath he baptized nineteen, twenty-five united with his church, many of whom belong to Hartford, making a majority of the present church.

The 3 o'clock meetings on the Sabbath at East Backfield, conducted by some from the Y. M. C. A. of Auburn, have been well attended by many from the various religious denominations from that and neighboring towns. The greatest interest manifested recalls to mind the large audiences that were wont to meet twenty years ago upon each returning Sabbath at the meeting house.

On the 20th, Leander Hildgdon of E. Backfield, had a sister, a widow, from Presque Isle call upon him, whom he never saw before, though they were over sixty years old, and spent most of their lives in Maine. He carried her to their eldest brother, Benjamin, in Hartford, who had not seen her for more than thirty years. Here she found her mother, widow Oren Record, formerly of Backfield village, whose body and mind were enfeebled by four score years and ten. The loss of a father when young separated the children.

HARTFORD.

June 26.—A delegation from the Y. M. C. Association of Auburn were here last Sunday and held services. Mr. Richardson, our pastor, baptized ten new converts that day, making quite an interesting occasion.

Jas. Sturdivant had his new barn raised Saturday.

There are a few potato bugs in this vicinity.

Haying has been commenced with good prospects of an abundant gathering.

TYRO.

Locke's Mills.

June 21.—The Spool Factory after two weeks stop, started last Monday with its usual number of men, under the management of the foreman, Mr. H. A. Brownell, Capt. Dearborn being on a fishing trip at the Lakes. He returned to-day with a fine number of "beauties" that will only "rise" to just the right touch of the "fly."

Business here is about as usual. Our farmers feel well in regard to crops, speaking in the highest terms of grass crops. They say they find a few potato bugs, but not enough to hurt the crops this season.

Tebets & Buck have a full line of haying tools, which reminds us that the season of haying is near by.

Some of our members of the "Iron Clads" think it would be better if our members would make more effort at home to keep up the interest, rather than put so much effort into outside clubs. Not that the work they may do away is lost but that "Charity begins at home."

OCCASIONAL.

Mason.

The weather is dry, hence our hay crop must be light—many old fields hardly worth mowing. Corn has a hard time—looks sickly. Potatoes are just splendid. Potato bugs are scarce. They early attacked the field of A. A. Grover, but by careful industry he succeeded in removing them, thus setting a good example to his neighbors, and preventing the pests from reaching other fields. Mr. G. employed the thumb and finger remedy.

Our farmers are nearly done hoeing the first time

\$500 REWARD will be paid for a bottle of Sanford's Jamaica Ginger if it is found to equal in flavor, purity and medicinal effect, Sanford's Jamaica Ginger. Sample free at all Druggists and Grocers.

SANFORD'S Jamaica Ginger

is prepared from the true Jamaica Ginger, combined with choice aromatics and genuine French Brandy, and is vastly superior to every other extract or Essence of Ginger before the public, all of which are prepared with alcohol by the old process. It instantly relieves.

DISEASES OF THE BOWELS,
Cholera, Cholera Morbus Cramps
and Pains, Chronic Diarrhea,
Dysentery and Cholera Infantum, Diarrhea in teething,
and all Summer Complaints.

DISEASES OF THE STOMACH,
Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Sluggish
Digestion, Want of Tone and
Activity in the Stomach
and Bowels, Oppression
after Eating,
Biliousness of Food,
and Stomach
Ailments.

CHILLS AND FEVERS,
Cold and Chills, Feverish Symptoms,
Pains in the Bones, Catarrhal Symptoms, Rheumatic
Symptoms, Sore-
ness and Pains
in the
Muscles and
Joints.

Elegantly flavored, purely medicinal, it should be in every family, on board every ship, and the constant companion of every traveler. It is a sure and certain remedy for all the common household ailments. Ask for SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER, the only genuine preparation of Jamaica Ginger, Choice Aromatics and French Brandy.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers in Medicines. Price, 30 cents. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

For Local Pains, Lameness, Swelling, Weakness, Numbness and Inflammation of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Spleen, Bowels, Bladder, Heart and Muscles, are equal to an army of doctors, and ares of plants and herbs. Even in Paralysis, Epilepsy, of Fits, and Nervous and hysterical Mania, Asthma, this Plaster is the only remedy. The Nervous System, has effected cures when every other known remedy has failed.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price 25 cents.

sent on receipt of price, 25 cents per box. One \$1.25 for six, or \$2.50 for twelve. No part of the United States and Canada, by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston.

PIANOS

21 octave, rosewood, (not used over six months) only \$130.00, and \$200.00. New Pianos at wholesale. Great bargains.

ORGANS

Nearly new \$20.00, 24 stops, \$45.00, 26 stops, \$50.00, 28 stops, \$55.00, 30 stops, \$60.00. New organs at wholesale. Beware imitations. Best offer ever made. Sent on 15 days free trial. Money refunded if not satisfied. Agents Wanted. Descriptive literature, price lists, and all other particulars, send for free. Address: H. H. HALL, 100, Washington, N. H.

\$66

week in your own town. Terms \$5.00 and \$10.00. H. H. HALL, 100, Washington, N. H.

Drunkard, Stop!

C. C. BROWN, M. D., (formerly of Boston) has a harmonium, which can be given with the knowledge of the patient. Also one for the

OPIMUM HABIT!

Permanent cures guaranteed in both. Send stamp for descriptive literature. Address: H. H. HALL, 100, Washington, N. H.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10c.

10c. per post. L. JONES & Co., N. Y.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5.

free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

CHRONIC Diseases Cured. New paths.

of treatment. "Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense." Nearly 1,000 pages, 200 illustrations, by Dr. J. C. STINSON, 120 Ave. N. Y. Purchasers of this book are at liberty to consult its author in person or mail free. Price, 50 cents. Send for free.

ROOFING SLATE.

A. WILBUR & Co., Slate Wholesalers, 529 Commercial St., Boston. Sole Agents for the State of New Hampshire. We have received the highest Certificate of merit and diploma. Sold by the square or cargo at Bangor or other kind of slate and roofing materials. Address: A. W. & Co., Boston, or H. A. MERRILL, Bangor, Me.

Statement of the Condition OF THE PHENIX INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.
On the 31st day of December, 1876.

The Capital Stock of the Company, which is all paid in, is \$1,000,000.00.

The Assets of the Company are as follows:

Cash on hand and in Bank, in hands of Agents and in course of transmission, \$1,000,000.00

Real Estate, \$1,000,000.00

United States Stock and Bonds, \$1,000,000.00

State, County, and Municipal Securities, \$1,000,000.00

Bank Stocks, \$1,000,000.00

Loans on Collateral, \$1,000,000.00

Interest and Rents accrued, \$1,000,000.00

LIABILITIES

Outstanding Losses and Other Claims, \$87,914.81

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, COUNTY OF HARTFORD, January 30, 1877.

Personally appeared, D. W. C. SILL, Secretary of said Phoenix Insurance Company, and made oath to the truth of the foregoing statement by him subscribed, according to his best knowledge and belief.

Before me, M. N. CLARK, Notary Public.

Agricultural.

From the Manchester Mirror.
Cotswold Sheep.

Letter from the Superintendent of the College Farm.

Editor of the Mirror:

I have just received the following letter from a gentleman in Maine:

"I noticed in the Mirror, an article in regard to Cotswold sheep on State farm. Will you please write if you have any to sell. If so what price? How much wool do they shear apiece? What do you think of the Cotswolds for farmers to keep on their farms in Maine? Should be happy to hear from you through the Mirror."

ABIEL CHANDLER.

Upon the subject of sheep husbandry, I claim no special information, and shall not attempt to speak with authority.

Although the question asked is in regard to Cotswold sheep for Maine, yet it is closely allied to the question What do you think of sheep husbandry for New Hampshire? for western Maine, I judge, is very much like our own State, and the Cotswold sheep would need a locality and herbage where sheep in general would thrive.

Character of soil, which in a very large measure determines character of herbage, has very much to do with the prosperity of this branch of farming, and that the question is one of great importance. Then the question in effect is, Is our soil adapted to the production of sheep?

A steady and prolonged decline in the extent to which an industry is carried on would by many be considered an unerring indication of want of either relative or absolute prosperity. Such a decline must certainly have taken place in sheep husbandry in New Hampshire, if the census can be relied upon at all, even to indicate the drift of our changing system of husbandry. Number of sheep in 1850, 284,756; in 1860, 310,534; and in 1870, only 287,700, only 62 per cent. as many by the last census as by the one of twenty years previous, and I find that all New England and a part of the Middle States have about the same proportionate decline.

As every effect has its cause, to what shall we ascribe the cause of this rapid and continuous decline in this branch of farming? Not markets, surely, for we have better markets than formerly, and the best of the country. Do other departments of farming pay better, or is our soil and vegetation ill-adapted to sheep husbandry?

Stewart in his recent work entitled the "Shepherd's Manual" considers this question quite fully and says: "The land most suitable for sheep is one that is naturally drained with a sandy loam or gravelly soil and subsoil, and which bears spontaneously short, fine, herbage, largely mixed with white clover; it should be rolling and may be hilly in character rather than flat and level."

"Certain soils, such as those consisting of decomposed granite and felspar, and which are rich in potash, are not generally favorable for sheep." This soil, spoken of as unfitted for sheep husbandry, represents well a large proportion of our soil, and in fact, of New England. Again, he adds, the soils most to be preferred are sandstone and limestone. A very large part of the soil of Vermont would represent this class of lands better than any to be found in New England to any extent, probably; therefore it may be interesting to compare the numbers of sheep to the acre in New Hampshire and in Vermont; perhaps it may be more indicative to compare the number to the improved acres. For every 100 acres of improved land in New Hampshire there are 10.6, in Vermont 18.8 in Maine 1.8 sheep.

The geological survey of New Hampshire by Prof. Hitchcock shows that quite a number of our Connecticut river valley farms are calcareous, or contain a large per cent. of lime, while another proportion are slaty, which also contains quite a per cent. of lime. Among the towns are Lyme, Hanover, Lebanon in the calcareous formation, and Walpole and the towns to the north and south of it the river are on the slaty soils. Now these towns are notably the best towns for sheep, as sheep-raising is carried on to a larger extent than in any other section of the State, and it may be observed that Merinoes take the lead, but few long-wooled sheep being found in the towns to the north or south of Hanover. Several flocks in Hanover shear from nine to eleven pounds of unshorn wool, and the wool from these towns at the Centennial carried off the prize. From what we know of the history of the Cotswolds and Southdowns in England, we know that they have thrived best on chalk or limestone soils, or on soils that rest on chalk.

For these and several other reasons, I should judge that sheep raising would not become a leading feature in our system of farming. But I would not by any means discourage sheep raising in our State or Maine; that is I would not exclude the sheep from the farm. In mixed husbandry it may be an important factor in the system, without being the most important one. Our broken country, swept by pure cool breezes in summer, supplied by an abundance of cool pure water, make our locality very favorable for sheep husbandry in that respect; so much so that sheep in small flocks, with ample pasturage, have and will continue to thrive here. Large flocks, confined to areas in which they are forced to consume (not being allowed to select), nearly all of the grass produced on our granitic soils, will not be likely to succeed here as elsewhere. Again, sheep will pay only in good hands, for they are an animal that succumb more readily to neglect and adverse circumstances than our other domestic animals; rightly managed they pay better.

In buying sheep and cattle last fall in Vermont and Canada, I saw several lots in flocks of 15 to 30 that were paying the owners \$10 each, not by their fancy sales for blood, but at market rates for nice wool and mutton.

The yearlings would weigh 150 lbs. and sell at five to six cents per pound; their mothers would shear eight to ten pounds of wool. The yearlings' wool would about pay for wintering. Some one will say that is extra, we can't do it. It is simply good management; and does any one know of any other kind of farming that pays except good farming.

But the management was not what would be included in the term fancy; the

Errors of Youth.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from the effects of youthful indiscretion, will sell the recipe and directions for making the medicine, which will cure the sufferer, and will profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, J. A. H. WALKER, 100, Washington St., N. Y.

Pimples.

I will mail (free) the recipe for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, AND BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and healthy, also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address: Ben. Vandell & Co., Box 512, No. 100, Washington St., N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, and having made a cure of the following sufferer, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address: REV. E. A. WILSON, 100, Washington St., N. Y.

Important to Persons Visiting N. Y.

One of the best and most convenient Hotels for Merchants and others to stop at when in New York is the GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, nearly opposite the GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, kept on the European plan, and where you will find the most comfortable and economical accommodations. The hotel is situated in the heart of the city, and is within easy reach of all the principal business centers. The hotel is well equipped with all the latest improvements, and the service is of the highest quality. The hotel is a most desirable place for a stay, and is highly recommended to all persons visiting New York.

One thought suggests itself to me, not strictly in keeping with the question (comparative revenue of sheep versus stock), that may be of interest to note. That is that sheep are engaged in two-fold production; that is, either weight or lambs and wool; and that this two-fold production must be one of economy, for it takes a given amount of food to maintain live weight without increase, and the growth obtained is made from the food given over and above the amount necessary to maintain that weight, and if a second form of growth is introduced it is upon the animal already maintained for other purposes, and no maintenance fodder is necessary to be charged to the growth so made, only the extra fodder that is consumed on account of this additional growth.

To illustrate from facts that will not be strictly applicable but will approximate very closely to the actual facts of the case: Here at the college farm I fed last winter largely by weight to ascertain the per cent. eaten of fodder by different stocks of different ages under different circumstances. Steers without growth consumed two per cent. of their live weight daily. Cows producing young or in milk consumed 2.6 per cent. daily of live weight. Sheep consumed three per cent. daily.

Now then, in the production of milk and young, the cows required .6 of one per cent. extra food daily. If we assume that the production of milk and young by the sheep required .6 of one per cent. extra food, daily also; then 2.6 per cent. of their food went for maintenance fodder, and the production of milk and young, and the .4 of per cent. extra, to make up the .3 per cent. daily was required to produce the wool, which would amount for 150 days at the barn to 60 pounds of hay to produce over nine pounds of wool.

While this course of reasoning is open to criticism, there is a fact taught that cannot be invalidated.

Bear with my rambling pen for a few figures on a 150 lb. Cotswold; 150 days at barn, 3 per cent. live weight daily of hay or its equivalent (this being the amount eaten by the sheep I lbs. fed, with a dollar added for pasture, 8 to 10 lbs. wool and a hundred lb. lamb, or a 150 lb. yearling.

I am aware that many causes for the decline of sheep husbandry in our State may be alleged with much show of reason. I have no time to discuss them, neither the question of the breeding and management of sheep. I hope some of the readers of the Mirror will consider the question.

Hanover, June 8.

—Do all know that a table-spoonful of pulverized alum administered in the food of horses having water founder—a very dangerous thing—will in three or four days completely cure them? It is a simple remedy, any one can try it, and it will be sure to prove efficacious.

—I never did like mutton with capers," Brown said, as he brushed his clothes after an attack from a ram.

—The man who was all "doubled up with a kick" is supposed to have been kicked by a pair of double uppers.

—Whiskey left in a cask seven years will lose its fustil oil.—Ex. And a cask left in a Kentucky newspaper office seven days will lose its whiskey.

—"Christmas Slippers" were more numerous this past holiday season than for several years past. You couldn't walk a square without becoming a Christmas slipper.

—Meddled men say that when a man is full of whiskey he can't freeze, and appearances indicate that a number of our citizens are expecting a mighty cold snap.—Pittsburg Commercial.

—A bachelor returning from a hall in a crowded coach, declared with a groan that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had a most unequivocal aversion to "belles on his toes."

—A young lady sent a poem to a British newspaper entitled, "I cannot make him smile." The beast of an editor ventures to express an opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

—"I can't pass you to-night," said the doorkeeper of a concert-room to an inveterate dead-head. "Well, I don't want you to pass me," said the dead-head. "You just stand where you are and I'll pass you!" and he passed.

—The following is a genuine copy of a bill made out by the hostler of an inn in a village in Dorsetshire, England: "Aforhorse (hay for the horse), 3d.; elinorshna (cleaning horse and chaise), 4d.; brininomomom (bringing him home again), 6d. Total, 1s. 1d.

—During a debate in the Victoria Legislature an unfortunate Royal Liberal whose education has been sadly neglected, was reading a document to the House and vainly endeavoring to decipher an obscure letter. Turning to his next friend, he said, anxiously: "Is that a hen or a hen?" "Oh," replied his friend, "call it a hen, and move that it lay on the table."

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GLINN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

A STERLING REMEDY FOR DISEASES AND INJURIES OF THE SKIN; A HEALTHFUL REMEDY FOR VITILIGO, A RUSSIAN MEANS OF PREVENTING AND RELIEVING RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, AND AN UNEQUALLED INDECENT, DEODORANT AND COUNTER-IRRITANT.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap, besides eradicating local diseases of the skin, banishes defects of the complexion, and imparts to it glowing clearness and smoothness.

Sulphur Baths are celebrated for curing eruptions and other diseases of the skin, as well as Rheumatism and Gout. Glenn's Sulphur Soap produces the same effects as a Sulphur Bath. This admirable soap is especially useful for treating scalds, burns, sprains and cuts. It removes dandruff and prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray.

Clothing and linen used in the sick room is disinfected, and diseases communicable by contact with the person, prevented by its use. The Medical Fraternity sanction its use.

Prices—25 and 50 Cents per Cake; per Box (3 Cakes), 60c., and \$1.20.

For Sale by Mail. Prepaid, on receipt of price, and 3 Cents extra for each Cake.

"HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE," Black or Brown, 50 Cents.

E. A. CHITTY, Prop'r, 7 Sixth St., N. Y.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June A. D. 1877.

The petition of THOMAS H. BROWN, Administrator on the estate of George W. Allen, deceased, praying for license to sell and convey all the real estate of said deceased, and for the payment of debts and incidental charges.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of July next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

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Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of July next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

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