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The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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It is paid in advance, a deduction of five cents will be made, if paid within six months, a deduction of ten cents will be made, if paid within three months, and a deduction of fifteen cents will be made, if paid within one month. The cost of the year two dollars will be charged.

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Poetry.

SUMMER.

Butterflies, clover, and leathery thistle,
Butterflies, bees, and locusts that whistle,
Heliotropes, roses, and morning glories—
These are but snatches of Summer's stories.
Dawns that are blushing to sunbeams sweeping,
Twilight and shadows and drowsy sleeping,
Nights that are breathing o'er nights that are ten-
der—
These are but snatches of Summer's splendour.
Waterfalls, rivers, and waves that are singing,
Murmurs of sea-bells on wet beaches ringing,
Whispers of pine-tree breezes are singing—
These are but snatches of Summer's singing.
Robins, and blue-birds, and meadow larks, and thrush-
es,
Twitterers, and songs, and raptures, and hushes,
Altar of all the year's sweetest—
This is what makes the Summer's completeness.
—Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in July Wide Awake.

Marriage-Bells.

Moss and silver chains and sunlight air
Freighted with scent of honey orange flower;
Glad, friendly, festal faces everywhere—
She, radiant in all this uncharity hour,
With cloud-like, east-back veil and faint flushed
check,
In bridal beauty moves as in a trance
Along with him, and fears to breathe, to speak,
Lost the rare, subtle spell dissolve perchance.
But he upon that floral head looks down,
Noting the misty eyes, the grave, sweet brow—
Houses if her bliss be perfect as his own,
And dedicates anew with inward vow
His soul unto her service, to repay
Ritely the sacrifice she yields this day.
—Rosa Loring, in Esquimaux.

Selected Story.

A DREAM.

"A velocipede!"
Mr. Martyn sat bolt upright in his chair and looked at Tommy, who stood a suppliant before him.

"Such a beauty, papa," the boy pleaded, with all the fervor of his seven-year-old enthusiasm in his eyes. "Mr. Bates is going to Chicago, and he says John cannot take his velocipede with him, so John says I may have it for six dollars. It cost thirteen, papa, and it is almost new. Please, please let me have it!"
"Six dollars! Do you think I am made of money?"

"No, papa," with a shadow in the great brown eyes.
"Six dollars will buy you a hat and pair of boots. Six dollars will pay the milkman for a month. When I was your age, sir, I used my feet and legs, as they were intended to be used. I walked, sir, walked. There, don't let me hear any more such nonsense."

So Tommy, all the eagerness gone from his handsome face, went to a corner, and sat in crushed silence, while his father, behind the newspaper, told into reduction. The extravagance of children, he reflected, was really frightful. Candy, toys, circus, picture books, cakes, and now a velocipede. The paper slid from Mr. Martyn's hand. Mrs. Martyn sewed quietly, and silence reigned.

Suddenly Mr. Martyn was aware of a strange sensation creeping over him. From the far corner of the room, where Tommy was nursing his disappointment, a figure arose at which Mr. Martyn gazed in puzzled amazement. It was Tommy! It was not Tommy. It wore Tommy's shirt waist, knee breeches and buttoned boots; it had Tommy's big brown eyes and curly hair; but it was fully six feet high, with shoulders to match. Gazing at this enlarged edition of his son, Mr. Martyn became aware that his own proportions had become reduced. His broadcloth suit covered a figure some three feet high, and dapper little boots were upon his feet.

While he wondered, Tommy advanced to his chair.
"Come, get out of that!" he said, peremptorily; "how often do you require to be told, that when I come in, I want that chair! Do you hear me, sir!"
The tone of surprised indignation gave Mr. Martyn a sudden spasm, that very closely resembled the fear of caning familiar to his boyhood, and he slowly moved to leave his seat.

"Come, sir, I'll teach you to move a little faster when you are spoken to!" And a twitch that seemed to threaten dislocation of the shoulder joint, sent Mr. Martyn spinning across the room.
"Dear me, do look where you are going, papa!" said an impatient voice, and another push sent him reeling back.

Was that Arabella, his daughter of five, with long braids, ribbon tied, a short white dress, and white kid boots?
"Never mind," whispered a soothing voice in his ear, "they are both cross. Come and look out of the window!"
And consulting him was Mrs. Martyn, dwarfed like himself from the topmost braid of her chignon to the trail of her purple silk dress. Leading him to the window, she whispered a hope that Tommy would go out presently, and perhaps Arabella would be good natured.

"Oh, mamma! see what you are doing! You are too careless!" and Arabella inflicted a rousing box on Mrs. Martyn's ears, as she took from the window seat a box of doll's sewing. "You have just ruined this sack for Rosa. I declare, you are the pest of my life!"
Mrs. Martyn, sobbing, took a low seat, while her bewildered husband felt in all his pockets for his consolation in all affliction, a cigar. None there, and, worse still, no money. Scarcely yet comprehending the position, he looked at Tommy, severely perusing a picture book,

while he crunched chocolate drops in his teeth.

"I should like a cigar," he said.

"A what?" cried Tommy, severely.

"A cigar."

"How many cigars have you smoked to-day?"

"Three."

"And how much did they cost?"

"Ten cents apiece."

"Ten cents apiece! I declare, Arabella, it is perfectly appalling the way you spoil papa. If you are hungry, sir, go to Bridget and get some bread and butter, and don't let me hear any more of cigars at ten cents apiece. Stop! Can you tell me how much three cigars a day, at ten cents apiece, will amount to in a year?"

"No, I—I forgot!"

"And I send you to the office every day! Take a slate and pencil, sir, and don't let me hear you speak until you tell me what three cigars a day, at ten cents each, will come to in a year."

With a hazy recollection of inflicting similar penance upon Tommy, when a question of candy was under discussion, Mr. Martyn meekly took the slate, and multiplying ten by three, and three hundred and sixty-five by thirty, arrived at the conclusion that the cigars thus allowed would cost one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents in one year.

"If Tommy knew how often I smoke six or eight, and as often at fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents at ten, how many friends smoke at my expense several times a week, what would he say?" thought Mr. Martyn. "I guess I won't say any more about cigars now. I'll read awhile."

Stealthily reaching for the book whose pages had held him interested till a late hour the previous evening, he was deep in the narrative, when a shadow fell across the book.

"What are you reading?" cried Arabella, snatching the book. "Another book of travels! How often have I told you that it is a waste of time to read such books? Come, sir, have you studied the lesson I gave you this morning? No, I thought not! How many miles above the level of the sea is Mont Blanc?"

"I forget exactly."

"You do! In what year did Cromwell begin to reign in England?"

"I don't exactly remember," faltered papa.

"Then, sir, let me see some more reading till you can answer some simple questions in geography and history."

The book was tossed upon the coals, and as it burned, there danced above it in visions of glee all the pictures in a copy of fairy tales that had been similarly condemned a week before.

"Not another word. And no whimpering. Papa, get me my boots. And by the way, papa, what were you doing in that large carriage store to-day?"

"There was a top-buggy offered for sale. Very cheap, indeed. A perfect bargain, built to order, and only in use six months. I told it—I would take it, and I know where there is just the horse to suit me."

"You do!" said Tommy, laying aside his book to sit bolt upright and glare at his father with his eyes open to their full extent. "You do! You think you will buy a top-buggy and a horse! Will you be kind enough to inform me, sir, what your legs and feet were made for?"

"To walk with, I suppose," faltered papa.

"To walk with. And you propose to buy a top-buggy and horse when you have a pair of good legs and feet for walking. When I am of your age, papa, I expect to walk—to walk, sir, on my own feet. A horse and buggy? Why, I can buy your daughter Arabella a complete doll's house, sir, for one-tenth the price of a horse and buggy. It is time you were in bed, anyhow. Arabella! Put mamma to bed, and we will walk down the street and look at those skates you told me about. Cold weather will meet me here, and we must be ready to meet it. I will price some sleds too, and perhaps, if papa and mamma are very good, we will take them to Central Park and let them see us skate."

"Oh, Arabella," mamma cried, "if you are going down the street with Tommy, won't you please look at the new chain-link bracelets in F—'s window. I do want a pair so much."

"No. Chain-link bracelets are a useless piece of finery. If you want a nice woolen dress, mamma, or a pair of boots, I will ask Tommy for the money to buy them, but chain-link bracelets are simply a waste of money. When I am a grown woman, mamma, I don't expect to string finery upon myself, and look like a doll. Talking of dolls, Tommy, did C— have anything new when you were there to-day?"

"I didn't notice. It really is preposterous, Arabella, for you and papa and mamma to expect me to notice such trifles when I am attending to business. I went to C—'s about my own affairs!"

And Tommy resumed the perusal of his picture book, while Arabella said sharply:

"Mending your old hat! As if dolls weren't as important as hat and ball!"

"I think I might have the bracelets," whispered mamma; "papa saw them when he went to have his diamond stud fixed."

"What business had it to be broken?" asked Tommy, shortly, throwing down his picture books again. "I declare, one would think I was made of money. I

thought I told you to go to bed, papa."

"I'm not sleepy, said papa."

"But you will be in the morning, and be coming to me for an excuse to stay at home from the office. I won't give you any more excuses, now remember. At your age I expect to know all about counting-house affairs, and to be ashamed to be asking for excuses to stay at home every few days."

"I'm sure he's no worse than mamma!" chimed in Arabella. "Four times last week all the sewing was left to take care of itself while mamma was making calls. Two luncheons at M—'s at two dollars each, and a matinee on Saturday!"

"And you, sir," said Tommy, "I am told you let an important engagement slip by forgotten altogether while you took oysters with your friend Simpson from Albany. It is that what I send you to the office for you might as well stay at home."

Mamma was by this time nodding sleepily, and Arabella, with an energetic exclamation that "Mamma is the plague of my life!" jerked her from her chair and carried her to her room in disgrace.

"This kind of thing," said Tommy, crossing his legs, "has got to stop somewhere. The way that parents are in indulged now-a-days is simply preposterous. What, with tobacco and horses, jewelry and luncheons, matinees and oysters, my expenses are getting to be simply enormous."

Mr. Martyn crept behind Tommy's chair utterly overwhelmed, while the soliloquy continued.

"I must talk to Arabella. She is at home all day and naturally has more control of papa and mamma than I have. She must try to eradicate some of these extravagant notions, and get the family expenses upon a more economical footing."

Crash!

What was that? Mr. Martyn started to his feet, broad awake. Upon the floor in the corner, sat Tommy, rubbing his shoulder, after rolling off his seat fast asleep as papa had been.

"What a ridiculous dream," murmured Mr. Martyn. "Tommy, my boy."

"Yes, sir."

Bright, erect, respectful. What a handsome boy he was.

"Did you get a good ticket in school this week?"

"Yes, sir. I haven't missed one this term," was the proud reply.

"And you want John Bates' velocipede very much?"

"Oh, papa!"

The most eloquent answer was in the eager tone and dancing brown eyes.

"Well, if you will be a very good boy, you may tell John to bring it over in the morning, and it is a good one you shall have it."

"Oh, thank you, papa. I will be good."

"And now go to bed. Don't fall asleep on the chairs any more. Good night."

"Good night."

"Can you afford it?" asked Mr. Martyn as the happy boy bounded off to bed.

"I think I can. I have been studying the matter over."

"I thought you were asleep."

"I was realizing the other side of the question."

Mrs. Martyn did not exactly understand, but Mr. Martyn never explained.

KATE'S PRINCE.

"There now, you're banging that door again. I declare to goodness you children would worry the patience out of a saint."

"Oh, never mind, Sally," I said, panting after a race to get into the house first—a race I had won, for Lil and Cissy were yards behind.

"Never mind, indeed!" cried Sally, "and there's your fine cousin coming down to-day from London. I wonder what she will say when she sees you racing about the meadow like so many wild colts, and your arms all brown and scratched, and the hooks of your dress. I never see such children, never."

"But you like us, Sally," I said, getting hold of her rough, fat, red arm, and laying my cheek against it.

"I don't, I declare I don't," she cried impudently; and to show her dislike she threw her arms round me, and squeezed my nose nearly flat against the piece of hard wood she used to wear inside her dress.

Sally was our house maid, parlor maid and nurse maid all in one; and it used to seem to me that she spent all her leisure time in quarrelling with the cook and snubbing us; but for all that, one of my principal recollections, during the fever I had so long was waking at all times to see Sally's red face watching by my bedside; and I know that she did all cook's work for six weeks as well as her own, when poor Cook had such a sad accident and cut her hand.

We three—Lil, Cissy, and I—had a long discussion about Cousin Kate and her visit; and we all felt that dreadful little ragamuffins we should seem to her, for I'm afraid we had been running wild; though papa only used to laugh about it, and would come into the school-room when mamma was busy over our lessons, whenever it was a fine morning, and cry, "Now then, girls, the sun shines and the birds are calling. Out with you! learn lessons when it rains."

I knew afterwards why this was, Papa had a horrible nervous dread of growing

up weak and sickly, for his was a delicate family; and had heard that our cousins were often very ill.

"I can guess why Cousin Kate is coming to stay with us," said Lil.

"I know why she's coming," I said.

"It's because she's ill," shouted Lil, for I should know my knowledge first.

"Sally will take her up new warm milk and an egg in it before she gets out of bed in the morning," said Cissy solemnly, "that will soon make her well."

"She shall have all the eggs Speckle lays," said Lil, "and Jenny will take her every morning to the old garden-seat under the trees. She's sure to get well there."

And so we did, for Cousin Kate came that afternoon—a tall, pale girl, with a sad, weary look in her face, as she gazed wistfully from one to the other.

We three girls stood back quite in awe of the well-dressed, fashionable looking body, who was so different from what we had expected, while mamma went up to welcome her, and took her in her arms in a tender affectionate way, saying, "My dear child, we are so glad to see you."

Cousin Kate threw her arms around mamma's neck and burst into a fit of sobbing, hiding her face from our sight. We did not see any more of Cousin Kate that day; but our young interest was deeply excited, and somehow, perhaps fostered by dark hints dropped by Sally, who was a blighted flower having been crossed in a love affair with the horse-keeper at a neighboring farm, we girls got to think of our cousin's illness as a sort of mystery connected in some way, how we did not know, with the heart.

Our awe of the sweet gentle cousin fell off the very next day, when we took possession of her, and led her around our dear old country home, with its wilderness of an orchard, great garden shrubberies, and pleasant meadow.

Her coming seemed to mark an epoch in our young lives, for seeing how weak and delicate she was, we used to vie one with the other being quiet and gentle, waiting upon her in the most unnecessary way, like slaves, and always ready to rush off most willing messengers to forestall any little wants she expressed.

"This came natural to us; but on my part it was increased by a few words which I heard pass between papa and mamma, mamma, saying that she did not think poor Kate would ever grow strong again, but slowly wither away. I gave a great gulp as I heard those words, and then burst out sobbing violently."

"You here, Jenny!" said mamma. "Well my dear, as you have heard what we said, it must be your secret too. Never let your poor cousin know what we think, and never behave to her as if you thought she could not recover."

I promised readily, and at fourteen the possession of that secret seemed to make me more womanly than my sisters, as I redoubled my tenderness to the suffering girl.

The invalid was nineteen—a great age in our estimation—and I used to look up to her with great veneration, gazing at her soft sweet face and wistful eyes, wondering why she was so ill, and what was the great sorrow that had come upon her like a blight upon one of the roses round our porch.

Cousin Kate came to us in the spring, and the months flew by till it was the height of summer; and many a night had I turned my face to the wall, so that Lil should not know, and cried silently till my pillow was wet. For I knew so well that Kate was weaker, so much weaker than when she came, a walk across the lawn to the old garden-seat in the shade being as much now as she could bear.

"Cousin Kate," I said, one day when we were alone, Lil and Cissy having rushed off to get some flowers, "couldn't a doctor make you well?"

She looked at me with a wild strange gaze which almost startled me, before she replied, and then in a way that made my heart beat she sobbed out—

"Only one—only!" and then as it to herself, in a low whisper, she added, "and before he can come I shall be dead—dead!"

She did not know I heard her last words, and I sat chilled and frightened, gazing at her till my sisters got back, when as we frequently did, we sat down about her; Lil got upon the seat, Cissy sat on the grass with her head against one of Kate's hands which hung listlessly from the corner where she leaned, and I threw myself on the grass at her feet, so as to look up in her gentle face, which had now become calm, with its old weary look.

"Cousin Kate," said Lil, "tell us another story."

"No, no," I said, "don't ask; she isn't so well to-day."

"Yes," she said quietly, raising her head and looking at me, "I am better to-day."

"Tell us one, then," cried Cissy eagerly, "one you've never told us before."

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 shew cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

A. H. WALKER, Judge.

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