

# The Oxford Democrat.

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## The Oxford Democrat

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GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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ARTHUR W. EIFF,

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G. BISBEE,

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F. W. RIDLON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

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NORWAY, ME.

Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates. Feb 23 '77 15

## Poetry.

### Summer Thoughts.

BY D. S. FOSTER.

Upon a mossy knoll in the forest,  
Lay looking upward at the eternal blue  
Of the infinite and quiet heavens, through  
The oak leaf and the hemlock's canopy.  
And now and then a cloud went drifting by,  
Lutescent and slow, and changing to the view.  
How like my fleeting summer thoughts to you,  
O sun, peaceful clouds? And now the evening sky  
A deeper, darker, lovelier azure hath,  
The birds have ceased their singing, and the breeze  
Is filled with hum of insects; darkness, swift—  
With the first few stars twinkling through the trees—  
That night has come. A little while, and death,  
Like night, will end life's summer reveries.  
Midsummer Holiday Scribbler.

### Sunrise on Mount Washington.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

We left behind the leafy shades of shade,  
The green soft grasses and the blossoms fair—  
Left the brown brook that tumbled merrily made,  
The smoke-plumed houses scattered every where.  
Before, gray rocks that rose in steeper slope,  
The softening snow, the glacier's foot marks rough.  
The still-receding summit, mocking hope,  
The glare and silence: was it not enough?  
Above, the hurrying mists went drifting by,  
Through rocky cliffs; the night climbed up space.  
We stood on some steep point uplifted high,  
To gaze upon some terror face to face.  
The gray dawn, streaked with angry red, at last  
Lift up the rocks, and when the sun burned through,  
Lo! the western clouds the shadow vast  
Of the great mountain loomed upon our view.  
O God! have pity. Is there, then, no rest?  
Must pain be infinite as loving be?  
Our weary feet the mountain's path have pressed;  
The laboring breath has come so painfully!  
Behold! upon its side we wake, we sleep.  
Forever climbing through its shadows deep.  
Oh, when at last behind, beneath, it lies,  
Let not its shadows fall upon the skies! —Harper's.

### An Old Tale.

BY H. H.

There's a funny tale of a stinky man,  
Who was none too good, but might have been worse.  
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,  
And carried along his well-filled purse.  
When the sexton came with his begging plate,  
The church was dim with the candle's light;  
The stinky man fumbled all through his purse,  
And chose a coin by touch and not by sight.  
It's an odd thing now that guinea should be  
So like unto pennies in shape and size.  
"I'll give a penny," the stinky man said;  
"The poor must not be gifts of pennies despise."  
The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!  
And back in his seat leaped the stinky man.  
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,  
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."  
Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,  
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate.  
Ha, ha! how the stinky man's heart was wrung  
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!  
"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account  
That guinea of gold is set down to me.  
They lend to him who give to the poor;  
It will not so had an investment be."  
"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;  
"The Lord is an exacter. He keeps the well;  
He knew it was only by accident.  
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell!"  
He keeps an account, na doubt, with the pair;  
But in that account He'll set down to thee  
Na more of that golden guinea, my mon,  
Than the one he gave to the poor to give!"  
There's comfort, too, in the little tale—  
A serious lesson as well as a joke;  
A comfort for all the generous poor,  
In the eternal words the sexton spoke.  
A comfort to think that the good Lord knows  
How generous we really desire to be,  
And will give us credit in His account  
For all the pennies we long "to give." —St. Nicholas.

### Selected Story.

#### JOSEPH'S BROTHER.

A STORY BY BRET HARTE.

They didn't call him Tom, or Jack, or Harry, but always spoke of him as "Joseph's Brother." And it was just as singular that they didn't say "Joe," instead of "Joseph," when speaking of or to the man.

The two had a wagon in the band, dragging itself toward the Black Hills day by day and mile by mile. They messaged by themselves, scarcely spoke except to each other, and their lives and their actions were a sort of mystery to the rest, who were a jolly set, drinking, carousing, fighting, playing cards, and wishing for a brush with the Indians. Some said that Joseph was a fugitive from justice, and that he wouldn't fraternize with them for fear of betraying himself when interrogated. Others thought he felt too proud to mix with such society, and between the two theories he had nearly all the men thinking ill of him before the wagon train was four days travel from Cheyenne.

"He keeps his brother hidden away in the wagon as if a little sunshine would kill the boy," growled one of a dozen gold hunters sitting around their camp-fire in the twilight.

"Perhaps he thinks our language isn't high-toned enough—blast his eyes!" exclaimed another.

"Ain't we all bound to the same place—all sharing the same dangers—one as good as another?" demanded a broad-shouldered fellow from San Antonio.

"Yes, yes!" they shouted.

"Then don't it look low down mean for this 'ere man Joseph to edge away from us as if we were pisen? If he is so mighty refined and high-toned, why didn't he come out here in a balloon?"

know manners as well as the next. I believe that man Joseph is reg'lar starch, ready to wilt right down as soon as I pint my finger at him, and I'm going over to his wagon to pull his nose!"

"That's the game, Jack! Go in, old fellow! 'Rah for the man from Texas!" yelled the gold hunters, as they sprang to their feet.

"Come right along and see the fan," continued the Texan, as he led the way toward Joseph's wagon.

The vehicle formed one in the circle, and at a small fire a few feet from the hind wheels sat Joseph and his brother, eating their frugal supper. As the crowd came near, the boy sprang up and climbed into the covered wagon, while Joseph slowly rose up and looked at them anxiously and inquiringly.

"See here, Mister Joseph what's-your-ether-name?" began the Texan, as he halted before the lone man, "we have come to the conclusion that you and that bobby brother of yours don't like our style. Are we kerect?"

"I have nothing against any of you," quietly replied Joseph. "The journey thus far has been very pleasant and agreeable to us."

"But you hang off—you don't speak to us," persisted Jack.

"I am sorry if I have incurred any man's ill will. I feel friendly towards you all."

"Oh, you do, eh?" sneered the Texan, feeling that he was losing ground. "Well, it's my opinion that you are a sneak!"

Joseph's face turned white, and the men saw a dangerous gleam in his eyes. He seemed about to speak or make some movement when a soft voice from the wagon called out:

"Joseph, Joseph!"

A soft light came into the man's face. The Texan noticed it, and, slapping Joseph's face, he blurted out:

"If you ain't a coward you'll resent that, sure!"

A boyish figure sprang from the wagon and stood beside the lone man. A small hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Bear the insult for my sake."

There was a full minute in which no one moved. Joseph's face looked ghostly white in the gloom, and they could see him tremble.

"He's a coward, just as I thought," said the Texan, as he turned away. The others followed him, some feeling ashamed and others surprised or gratified; and by and by the word had reached every wagon that Joseph and Joseph's brother were cowards.

Next morning when the wagon train was ready to move, the captain passed near Joseph's wagon on purpose to say:

"If there are any cowards in this train, they needn't travel with us any further."

It was an earnest thrust. Joseph was harnessing his horses, and the brother was stowing away the cooking utensils. The strange man's face grew white again, and his hand went down for his revolver, but just then a voice called out:

"Don't mind it, Joseph; we'll go on alone."

The train moved off without them, some of the gold hunters taunting and joking, and others fearful that the two would be butchered by the Indians before the day was over. When the white-topped wagons were so far away that they seemed no larger than his hand, Joseph moved along on the trail, his face stern and dark, and so busy with his thoughts that he did not hear the consoling words:

"Never mind, Joseph; we are trying to do right."

That night, when the wagon train of the gold hunters went into camp, they could not see the lone wagon, though many of the men, ashamed of their conduct, looked long and earnestly for it.

They had seen Indians afar off, and they knew that the red devils would pounce down upon a single team as soon as they sighted it.

Darkness came; midnight came, and the sentinels heard nothing but the stamping of the horses and the howls of the coyotes. At two o'clock the reports of rifles and the fierce yells of Indians floated up through the valley, and the camp was aroused in a moment.

"The devils have jumped in on Joseph and his brother!" whispered one of the men, as he stood on a knoll and bent his head to listen.

"Good 'nuff! Cowards have no business out here," growled the Texan.

The first speaker wheeled, struck the ruffian a sledge-hammer blow in the face, and then, running for the horses, cried out:

"Come on! come on! A dozen of us can be spared for the rescue."

Sixteen swept down the valley like the wind. The firing and the yelling continued, proving that the man who had been called a coward was making a heroic fight. In ten minutes they came upon the lone camp, made light as day by the burning wagon. Fifty feet from the burning bonfire, and hemmed in by a circle of dancing, leaping, howling savages, was Joseph's brother standing over Joseph's dead body. The gold hunters heard the pop, pop, pop, of the boy's revolver as they burst into view, and the next moment they were charging down upon the demons, using rifle and revolver with terrible effect. In two minutes not a live Indian was in sight. Joseph's brother stood over the body, an empty revolver in his hand. The men cheered wildly as they looked around, but the boy looked up into their faces without

sign of exultation, surprise or gladness. There were three dead Indians beside the wagon, killed where the fight commenced, and the corpses were more than the victims of the sixteen men.

"Is Joseph badly hurt?" asked one of the men as he halted his horse beside the boy.

"He is dead!" whispered the white-faced defender.

"He is! God forgive me for the part I took last night!"

"You called him a coward!" cried Joseph's brother, "and you are to blame to this! Was he a coward? Look there! and there! and there! We drove them back from the wagon—drove them clear out here! Joseph is dead. You are his murderers!"

Every man was near enough to hear his voice and to note his action as he picked up the rifle of an Indian and sent a bullet through his own head. With exclamations of grief and alarm trembling on their lips, the men sprang from their saddles. The boy was dead—dead as Joseph—and both corpses were bleeding from a dozen wounds.

"We'll carry 'em up to the train and have a burial in the morning," said one of the men, and the bodies were taken up behind two of the horsemen. They did have a burial, and men looked into the grave with tears in their eyes, for they had discovered that Joseph's brother was a woman—yes, a woman with the whitest throat and softest hands. It might have been Joseph's wife, or sister, or sweetheart. No one could tell that; but they could tell how they had wronged him, and they said, as they stood around the grave—

"We hope the Lord won't lay it up agin us!" —New York Sun.

### THE WAY TO KILL AN ENEMY.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, not angry.

"That means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?" asked the questioner, a friend named Isaac Martin, a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his ground?"

"No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a grudge against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear tree that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs full of fruit hung over on his side. You would hardly believe it, but it is true; I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off those two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me, what has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence. Try and remember."

"I know what first put him out—I kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home I suppose, was all the time prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. The next morning a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail out. I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his pitiful looks haunt me now; I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of sight."

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I never have regretted the act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy, and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, thee scolded and called him hard names, and threatened."

"Yes—just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as though I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better; it grows, if anything worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me."

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering. The law should protect thee."

"O yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape with my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing and said it was

plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage maker's bill at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with a prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt the time had come to act decisively, and sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. After that, Dick Hardy was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied that in more than one instance he left gaps in my fences, in order to entice my cattle into his field, that he might set his dogs on them and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence, who had strayed into his field after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than the master or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy assuredly; and if thee doesn't get rid of him he will do thee great harm. Thee must, if thee would dwell in safety, friend Levering."

(The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent toward his neighbor in a confidential manner.)

"Thee must put him out of the way."

"Friend Martin!" the surprise of Paul was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him."

The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment.

"Kill him!" he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee, one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self preservation being the first law of nature."

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some byroad. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead, I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer? I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood?"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" said the Quaker, mildly.

"Why, you!"

"Thee's mistaken; I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No friend Levering, I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed.

"A new way to kill people!"

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, it thee'll only try."

"Let me see. How shall we go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.











[illegible]