

# The Oxford Democrat.

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## The Oxford Democrat

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BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

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Jan 1, '77 RUMFORD, ME.

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G. D. BISHOP,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, '77 ROCKFORD, (Oxford Co.) ME.

F. W. RIDLON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

KEZAR FALLS, ME.

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O. S. BRADTHURY, M. D.,

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Residence and office at the house lately occupied by Dr. Peabody. Jan 1, '76 19

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Office at residence, 400 ft. above Congregational Church. Jan 1, '77

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All arrears by mail will receive prompt attention. Jan 1, '77

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DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,

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Dr. G. refers to any of the leading Homoeopathic Physicians in Maine or Massachusetts. 11-77

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All business by mail or otherwise will be attended to promptly. 11-77

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NORWAY, ME.

Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates. Feb 13-77 19

## Poetry.

### SONNET.

The following Sonnet by the poet Keats is published for the first time in an article on that poet's American relatives in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

"There was a reason when the fabled name Of Parnassus and Apollo's lyre Second terms of excellence to my desire: Therefore a youthful hand I may not blame. But when the page of everlasting Truth Has on the attentive mind its force impressed, Then vanish all the affections dear in youth And Love immortal fills the grateful breast. 'Tis wonders of all ruling Providence, The joys that from celestial Muses flow, Essential beauty, perfect excellence, Knowledge and refine the native glow. The poet feels, and thence his best resource To point his feelings with sublimer force."

### My Little Millionaire.

BY ELIA FARMAN.  
Twas one golden-day, in the mid-June weather, Out of doors in the gay green grass we lay, My own little boy and I together— I with my dream, and he with his play. "Don't cry dear mother, there is lots of money," Close up to my ear his little voice said; And he gave me a kiss as sweet as honey, From the two little lips of melting red.

He pointed me off to the meadow splendor, Where daisies and buttercups countless grew, And said, in a tone so arch and tender, "You dear pretty mother, it's all for you! All the while are my sister, dear mother, The yellow my gold! Wish! You needn't care, You can have one thing well as another, I can pay it all," said the millionaire. So I kissed the lips that were sweet as honey, And I wished for all that could never be; He paid for the whole with his flowery money, And just as merry as merry were we, I have had, little man, my share of pleasures, Life has given me much to have and to hold, But O, you paid for my sweetest with treasures Of daisy silver and buttercup gold! WIDE AWAKE.

### Robin's Rain-Song.

BY CELIA THAYER.  
O Robin, pipe no more of rain! 'Tis just days since we saw the sun, And still the misty window pane Is loud with drops that leap and run. Four days ago the sky was clear, But when my mother heard you call, She said, "That's Robin's rain-song, dear! Oh, well, he knows when rain will fall!" Fair was the morning, and I went Because she would not let me stray Into the woods for flowers, but kept My feet from wandering away. And I was vexed to hear you cry So sweetly of the coming storm, And watched with burning eyes the sky Grow cold and dim from clear and warm. It seemed to me you brought it all With that incessant, plaintive note; And still you call the drops to fall Upon your brown and scarlet coat. How nice to be a bird like you, And let the rain come pattering down, Nor mind a bit to be wet through, Nor fear to spoil one's only gown! But since I am not a bird, Sweet Robin, pipe no more of rain! Your merrier music is preferred, For at last that old refrain!

And tell us of the coming dawn— 'Tis well to be a bird again, Seeking for blossoms far and near: O Robin, pipe no more of rain! —St. Nicholas.  
**Selected Story.**  
**THE STORY OF THE ENGINEER.**  
"Let me put my name down first—I can't stay long!" It was a red ribbon meeting, and the man was a locomotive engineer, bronzed and strong and having eyes full of deep determination. He signed his name in a bold, plain hand, tied a red ribbon in his button hole, and as he left the hall he said: "As the Lord looks down upon me, I'll never touch liquor again!" "Have you been a hard drinker?" queried a man who walked beside the engineer. "No. Fact is, I was never drunk in my life. I've swallowed considerable whiskey, but I never went far enough to get drunk. I shouldn't miss it or be the worse off for an hour if all the intoxicating drink in the world was drained into the ocean." But you seemed eager to sign the pledge. "So was, and I'll keep it through thick and thin, and talk temperance to every man on the road." "You must have strong reasons." "Well, if you'll walk down to the depot I'll tell you a story on the way. It hasn't been in the papers, and only a few of us know the facts. You know I run the night express on the B— Road. We always have at least two sleepers and a coach, and sometimes we have as many as two hundred passengers. It's a good road, level as a floor and pretty straight, though there is a bad spot or two. The night express has the right of way, and we make fast time. It's no rare thing for us to skim along at the rate of fifty miles an hour for thirty or forty miles, and we rarely go below thirty. One night I pulled out of Detroit with two sleepers, two coaches, and the baggage and mail cars. Nearly all the berths in both sleepers were full, and most of the seats in the coaches were occupied. It was a dark night, threatening all the time to rain, and a lone-some wind whistled around the cab as we left the city behind. We were seven-teen minutes late, and that meant fast time all the way through. "Well," he continued after a moment, "everything ran along all right up to midnight. The main track was kept clear for us; the engine was in good spirits, and we ran into D—, as

smooth as you please. The express coming east should meet us fifteen miles west of D—, but the operator at the station had failed to receive his usual report from below. That was strange, and yet it was not, and after a little consultation the conductor sent me ahead. We were to keep the main track, while the other train would run in on the side track. Night after night our time had been so close that we did not keep them waiting over two minutes, and we were generally in sight when they switched in.

"When we left D— we went ahead at a rattling speed, fully believing that the other train would be on time. Nine miles from D— is the little Village of Porto. There is a telegraph station there, but the operator has no night work. He closed his office and went home about 9 o'clock, and any messages on the wire for him were held above or below until next morning. When I sighted this station I saw a red lantern swinging between the rails. Greatly astonished, I pulled up the heavy train and got a bit of news that almost lifted me out of my boots. It was God's mercy, as plain as this big depot. It was the operator who was swinging the lantern. He had been roused from sleep by the whistles of a locomotive, when there wasn't one within ten miles of him. He heard the tool! tool! while he was dressing and all the way as he ran to the station, thinking he had been signaled. Lo! there was no train there. Everything was as quiet as the grave. The man heard his instrument clicking away, and leaning his ear against the window he caught these words as they went through to D—:

"For God's sake, switch the Eastern express off quick! Engineer on the Western express crazy drunk, and running a mile a minute!" "The operator signaled us at once. We had left D. nine miles away, and the message couldn't have caught us anywhere except at Porto. Six miles further down was the long switch. It was time we were there, lacking one minute. We lost two or three minutes in understanding the situation and in consulting, and had just got ready where we were when the head-light of the other train came into view. Great Heavens but how that train was flying. The bell was ringing, sparks flying and the whistle screaming, and not a man of us could raise a hand. We stood there on the main track, spell-bound as it were. There wouldn't have been time, anyhow either to have switched in or to get the passengers out. It wasn't over six seconds before that train was upon us. I prayed to God for a breath or two and then shut my eyes and waited for death, for I hadn't the strength to get out of the cab."

"Well, sir, God's mercy was revealed again. Forty rods above us that locomotive jumped the track and was piled into the ditch in an awful mass. Some of the coaches were considerably smashed, and some of the people badly bruised, but no one was killed, and of course our train escaped entirely. Satan must have cared for big Tom, the other engineer. He didn't get a hurt, but was up and across the field like a deer, shrieking and screaming like a mad tiger. It took five men to bind him after he was run down, and to-day he is the worst lunatic in the State." "Tom was a good fellow," continued the engineer, after a pause, "and he used to take his glass pretty regularly. I never saw him drunk, but liquor kept working away on his nerves till at last the frenzied caught him when he had a hundred and fifty lives behind his engine. He broke out all of a sudden. The fireman was thrown off the engine, all steam turned on, and then Tom danced and screamed and carried on like a fiend. He'd have made awful work, sir, but for God's mercy. I'm trembling yet over the way he came down for us, and I'll never think of it without my heart jumping for my throat. Nobody asked me to sign the pledge, but I wanted my name there. One such night on the road has turned me against intoxicating drinks, and now that I've got this red ribbon on I can talk to the boys with a better face. Tom is raving, as I told you, and the doctors say he'll never get his reason again. Good-night, sir—my train goes in ten minutes."

### Mother Goose and the Old South Church.

Mother Goose and her melodies were commemorated by Rev. J. M. Manning, the pastor of the new Old South Church in Boston, at the Christmas festival of the Sunday school. He said: "There is one thing in the history of the Old South Church which has not had the recognition it deserves. In the list of admission for 1898 occurs the immortal name of Elizabeth Goose. I almost beg pardon of her memory for saying 'Elizabeth,' since by the unanimous verdict of the world, in whose heart her name is enshrined, she is known as 'Mother' Goose. So, then, Mother Goose is no myth, as some have thought, but once lived in Boston, in veritable flesh and blood, as the records of the Old South clearly show. It is also a pleasure to find, that in making a Goose of herself she married into a well-to-do family, where in time she, too, by putting her melodies to the press, not merely laid one golden egg, but has been laying a steady succession of them from that day to this. For, unlike the goose in the fable, she could not be killed, but still lives, and yields stores of wealth to the book-sellers as often as Christmas-tide returns. Her nest will not be empty as long as there are children and nurseries in the world. It is almost a pity, if one may say so without straining the metaphor, that her eulogy cannot be written with a quill taken from her own dear wing. What child in all Christendom has not often nestled under that wing, been brooded by it, and forgotten every trouble by listening to her immortal lays. The maiden name of this venerable lady, mother of us all, was Elizabeth Foster. She lived in Charlestown, where she was born, until her marriage. Then she came to Boston, where her thrifty husband, Isaac Goose, had a green pasture ready for her, on what is now Washington street, and including the land in and about Temple place. She was his second mate, and began her maternal life as step-mother to ten children. These all seem to have been lively little gossings, and to their number she rapidly added six more. Think of it! Sixteen gossings to a single goose—assuming that none of them had been eaten up by the hawks, and that none of them had died of crook in the neck. Poor, happy Mother Goose! No wonder that her feelings were too many for her, and that she poured them out in the celebrated lines: "There was an old woman lived in a shoe, She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Yet her family cares seem, on the whole, to have set lightly upon her; for she was no wild goose, flying South or North, with every turn of the sun, but she stayed by her nest through cold and heat, happy as the day is long, and living to be ninety-two years old. She even survived the father Goose many years, and she led and fed her numerous flock and tenderly brooded them in the little enclosure on Temple place till they were able to swim and forage for themselves.

One of these, her daughter Elizabeth, became the wife of Thomas Fleet. And here is the fact to which we owe it that her name and fame are spread through the world. Thomas Fleet was a printer, living in Pading Lane, a place whose very name had so savory a taste in the dear old lady's mouth that when Thomas Fleet became a nappy father she insisted on going to live with him as nurse of honor to his son and heir. To coddle her own grandchild, in Pading Lane, was the beau ideal of blessedness for Mother Goose. Her activity and concern in the house were such as to throw what we read about busy mothers-in-law wholly in the shade. No doubt she would have been paid to save Rome, as certain other gosses once did with their cackling, but lacking the opportunity to do this, she sang her ditties from morning till night, "up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber," till her son-in-law became sensibly alarmed at the fertility of her genius. Sing she must, however, for she was not a poet, full of the divine fire which refuses to be quenched. It is well for the world that she was a law unto herself. No up-stair song-in-law could control her, or keep her from humming and cooing at her own sweet will.

And now it was not a Roman Senate, but a Boston printer, that her persistent music awakened. A happy thought occurred to Thomas Fleet. He printed and sold songs and ballads at his printing house in Pading Lane. Was it not a sign of something good about to come to him, that this precious mother-in-law, with her endless rockings and lullabies, had put herself in his way? He stopped asking the irrepressible songster to rock less, and urged her to sing more. And while she sat in her arm-chair, or shuffled about the room lost in sweet dreams, he carefully wrote down what he could of the rhymes which fell from her lips. His notes rapidly accumulated, and in a little while he had enough of them to make a volume. These he now printed, and bound them into a book, which he offered for sale under the following title: "Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pading Lane, 1719. Price two coppers."

This title-page also bore a large out of a veritable goose, with wide-open mouth showing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. They were just as saucy in the days of Mother Goose as now, and just as ready to turn a penny at the expense of their mothers-in-law. How the immortal author bore this profane use of her name, or what she thought of the ungracious but shrewd Thomas Fleet, history does not say. We have every reason to believe, however, that she took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials and annoyances of her life. She possessed her soul in patience, and continued her gentle ministry to the little ones; still gathering them into her arms, and soothing and gladdening their hearts about the shadows of old age had fallen about her; but busy as ever-with it, when the time came for her motherly soul to spread its wings and fly away to the great company of children in heaven. Such is the true story of Mother Goose. Her little book started forth on its errand, it grew and multiplied with each new edition. It made her dear name a household word wherever it went. What shore or fastness has it not visited? Where is

the home in which its loving rhymes are not sung? It is one of the few books which cannot be destroyed. Not Homer or Shakespeare is so sure of immortal fame as Mother Goose. Considering the love in which her melodies are everywhere held, their freedom from anything which might corrupt or mislead the infantile mind, their practical wisdom, their shrewd mastery of the motives of human conduct, one is in all soberness forced to admit that her name is among the brightest of the jewels which adorn the brow of Old South. What other son or daughter of the church, renowned as many of them are in history, has proved a greater blessing to mankind, or secured the benedictions of so many hearts? She is to the new world what Santa Claus is to the old. And if the twain could, by some poetical license, be made man and wife, who does not confess that she, though much the younger, would be by far the better half? Let us hope that the day is not distant when a memorial statue will be erected to this venerable lady in one of the parks or squares of Boston. Let it be an appropriate symbol of her and her blessed ministry. Let it stand where the children of the city may gather in their daily sports, trundling their hoops and carts about, and singing their ditties to sleep in its motherly shadows. Where could that memorial better stand than on the triangular plot of ground at the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth streets, so near to the present Old South meeting-house, and in full view of other buildings and institutions which are the pride of Boston? If not there, yet in some place it should be reverently set up. And on it should be the following inscription:

Elizabeth Foster, Known in the literature of the Nursery as "Mother Goose." Was born in Charlestown, Mass., 1695; Married Isaac Goose, of Boston, 1722; Became a member of the Old South Church, 1688; Was left a widow in 1719 The first edition of her "Melodies" Published in 1719. She died 1787. 82. 92 years.

### Old Books.

The Queen of England lent to the Caxton Exhibition her Psalter, in Latin printed at Mentz (Mainz), by Faust and Schöffer, in 1457, and valued at £3,000. It is spoken of as the first book printed with a date; but it has other peculiarities. It is the first printed Psalter, and the first example of printing in colors, as is shown by the initial letter. In the first of all things there is a certain interest; but the small beginnings of typography are especially curious. Thus, the note of interrogation—the little crooked thing that asks questions, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague maliciously said to Pope—was earliest used in this same Schöffer's "Psalter" two years later, though it is not to be found in his less recent editions. Then 1640 saw the first Bible, in Latin and German, printed on both sides with metal types. These Bibles were remarkable men in their day and generation. They survived the famous dispersion of the printers at Mentz, and issued thence, not only the first Bible with a date, and the first divided in two volumes, but also the first divided Latin classic, the first book in quarto, and one of the two books in which Greek type was first used. Among other traditions of "first," again, may be mentioned a *Thelios* by Johannes de Spira, of Venice, the earliest work in which catch-words are used; the "Continental Caxton" of 1470; the "Sermon of Cologne," wherein the novelty of numbered pages was introduced; and the *Magnificat* of Essington, in Württemberg, in which we find, as never were found before, printed musical notes. The literature of cookery dates from a Venetian folio, published in 1475; copper-plate engravings from a Florentine Lorenzo of 1477; and the first Greek classic from Milan three years later. At the same time was issued a work printed in the interior of St. Albans Abbey, and a little later, the Augsburg "Armorial, or Book of Arms." The Aldine Press was established in 1501 by Aldus, the Venetian, who also produced a Petrarch, the first Italian book printed in Italian type. Him following, in Homeric phrase, came the inventors of vellum—though it may be doubted whether it was not in vogue long before—of leather bindings and oaken boards, and then the great Cromwell Bible, the first "by authority" in England. Since that period innumerable as the sands of the seashore have been books, of which, we are told, there is no end. But it might, perhaps, be a blessing were an Alexandrian or a Don Quixote bonfire to burst out, now and then, and burn the majority.

DID YOU HEAR THAT?—A New Orleans paper tells of a printer, who, when his fellow workman went out to drink beer, put in the bank the exact amount he would have spent if he had gone out with them to drink. He did this for five years. He then looked at his bank account and found that he had laid up five hundred and twenty-one dollars and eighty-six cents. In five years he had not lost a day because of sickness. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had in the meantime become drunkards. The water-drinker then bought out the printing office; and in twenty years from the time that he began to put by his money, he had laid aside a good many thousands of dollars. This story teaches a lesson which every little boy should lay to heart.

He was a friend of mine, and I used frequently to drop in and give me advice as to how I ought to run my paper. He was a minister, and consequently thought I should devote a little more to the cause of religion, and not quite so much to politics. He said it could be made a power for good in the Western land, in which we had cast our fortunes. He was a lover of the original, too, and said he disliked to see reprint, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, and fill the paper up with good, new stuff. That seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say: Brother, you had a glorious meeting at the school house last night, I hear—suppose you write it up for me? He didn't seem to act as though he wanted to. He flashed a little, and stood around awkward-like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before. I still urged. Then he took off his gloves. And his hat. And his overcoat. Then I gave him a seat at the table, with paper and pencil. He sat down to editorial work. He had always been talking about how it should be done, and now he was at it. He started in. I went about my work, and having written a column or two of matter for the week's paper, left him still writing, while I went out to solicit some advertisements. I was gone an hour or two, and when I came back he was still at it. He was sweating awfully. The table and floor were white with copy-paper, and the pencil in his hand was much diminished in length. I went to dinner. When I returned he was at it yet. There was more paper scattered around, the pencil was shorter and he was wetter. It was summer. The hours dragged along into the middle of the afternoon. Great cords stood out on the preacher's heated brow. His eyes were bent on the dazzling white paper before him, and his fingers moved nervously, and the pencil was a stub. I began to grow frightened. I knew I had only a small weekly paper, and that its fourteen columns of space, (one side was a patent inward) would not hold the contents of the Bible and a supplement from Heaven besides. At last the man looked up, and timidly advancing with a piece of paper in one hand, suddenly turned and went back to change a word. Then he came on again, and, like one who had passed through a vision, held out the paper and feebly asked: "Will that do?" I looked. There were just seven lines of it, advertising measure! He was a large man—weighing over 300 pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later, he weighed less than 125. He had been sick. The seven-line-a-day effort was too much for him. But it was not all lost. He never advised an editor again. Neither did he ever compose for a paper again. It was hard work for him to write, and he saw he was not cut out for an editor.

**Crowns and Hearts.** The gossips have not yet done talking of the curious fact that on the opening of Parliament the Princess Louise and Beatrice both drove to Westminster in the royal coach with the Queen; but of all the Lords, knights and gentlemen who took part in the pageant, there was no place it seemed, which the Marquis of Lorne might fitly occupy. The anomalous position which he occupies as husband of the wife, must be galling to the proud young Scotch nobleman. Long years ago—but this is a bit of exclusive reminiscence known only to a few—the queen, in the early days of her wedded life, had one of those squabbles with her husband, of the sort which will come about sometimes, even between the most loving married people. Chagrined and vexed, the prince retired to his room and locked the door. The queen took the matter quietly for a while, but after a lapse of an hour went to his door and rapped. "Albert," said she, "come out." "No, I will not," answered the prince; "go away; let me alone!" The royal temper waxed hot at this. "Sir," she cried, "come out at once. The queen whose subject you are commands you." He obeyed immediately. Entering the room she designated, they sat down in silence. For a long time nothing was said. The queen was first to break the silence. "Albert," she said, "speak to me." "Does the queen command it?" he asked. "No," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck. "Your wife begs it." Certain.—Olive Logan.

### His Newspaper Contribution.

He was a friend of mine, and I used frequently to drop in and give me advice as to how I ought to run my paper. He was a minister, and consequently thought I should devote a little more to the cause of religion, and not quite so much to politics. He said it could be made a power for good in the Western land, in which we had cast our fortunes. He was a lover of the original, too, and said he disliked to see reprint, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, and fill the paper up with good, new stuff. That seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say: Brother, you had a glorious meeting at the school house last night, I hear—suppose you write it up for me? He didn't seem to act as though he wanted to. He flashed a little, and stood around awkward-like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before. I still urged. Then he took off his gloves. And his hat. And his overcoat. Then I gave him a seat at the table, with paper and pencil. He sat down to editorial work. He had always been talking about how it should be done, and now he was at it. He started in. I went about my work, and having written a column or two of matter for the week's paper, left him still writing, while I went out to solicit some advertisements. I was gone an hour or two, and when I came back he was still at it. He was sweating awfully. The table and floor were white with copy-paper, and the pencil in his hand was much diminished in length. I went to dinner. When I returned he was at it yet. There was more paper scattered around, the pencil was shorter and he was wetter. It was summer. The hours dragged along into the middle of the afternoon. Great cords stood out on the preacher's heated brow. His eyes were bent on the dazzling white paper before him, and his fingers moved nervously, and the pencil was a stub. I began to grow frightened. I knew I had only a small weekly paper, and that its fourteen columns of space, (one side was a patent inward) would not hold the contents of the Bible and a supplement from Heaven besides. At last the man looked up, and timidly advancing with a piece of paper in one hand, suddenly turned and went back to change a word. Then he came on again, and, like one who had passed through a vision, held out the paper and feebly asked: "Will that do?" I looked. There were just seven lines of it, advertising measure! He was a large man—weighing over 300 pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later, he weighed less than 125. He had been sick. The seven-line-a-day effort was too much for him. But it was not all lost. He never advised an editor again. Neither did he ever compose for a paper again. It was hard work for him to write, and he saw he was not cut out for an editor.

**Babies' Legs.** Bow legs and knock-knees are among the common deformities of humanity; and wise mothers assert that the crookedness in either case arises from the afflicted one having been put upon his or her feet too early in babyhood. But a Massachusetts physician, who has watched for the true cause, thinks differently. He attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles pressed together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they do not attempt to make it when they are socked or slipped. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's sole covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on one side, with one knee turned into the hollow behind the other. He has found where one leg has been bowed inward more than another, the patient has always slept on one side, and the upper member has been that which has been most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the inside of the knees so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.—*Harper's Magazine.*

### Self Complacency.

Never try to rob any one of his





## Agricultural.

### Fruit as a Medicine.

The importance to health of eating plenty of fresh, ripe fruit at this season of the year cannot be too strongly argued. Not imported tropical products, but the fruit of our own latitude and climate. Not green or rotten fruit. All the patent pills and half the physicians' prescriptions for average human indisposition are for one purpose—to drain the system of dead and injurious matter. Headache, dullness, sluggishness, fever and two-thirds of the symptoms which precede some form or other of disease have their origin in imperfect human drainage. With a very large proportion of people, a certain consumption of ripe fruit will regulate this economy. It is better than any pill, for the action so induced is regular and constant in proportion to the supply. At best, the action of the drug is spasmodic. It is only a choice between two evils. Fruit is a food and medicine, also recommended by the palate. It nourishes and cleanses. Yet thousands of people live on year after year, whose daily experience is that of "not feeling very well," whose sole trouble is more or less constipation. The burden of their diet is meat, salt and fresh, bread and potatoes. Thus they go on perpetuating their misery and ignorance of the simple remedy within their reach. Or to effect the necessary action they use citrate, pills, aperients and occasionally, when an extra stoppage with all its disagreeable symptoms occurs, a dose of sal and senna, rhubarb or "blue mass." Of course a long neglect of the clogged-up system renders such remedies imperatively necessary.

The range of fruit is large. Apples, pears, peaches, berries of various sorts, prunes, and all of these dried for winter consumption. Try this remedy. Cut loose from doses, doctors, citrates and pills. Study the working of your own system. No doctor can do this for you. It is your own house, and you should best know how to take care of it. Don't despise allusion to these plain, homely facts. Your strength of body, and mind, your cheerfulness of temper and clearness of head, your skill in doing business, driving bargains and making money, all depend very much on keeping the drainage of the system in as perfect a condition as possible.

Napoleon attributed the loss of his first battle to a clogged stomach. Many a man has failed at the trying hour because his blood was clogged with impurities. When blood is one-third dead matter, the man or woman is also one-third dead. Moral courage, confidence, decision, wit, presence of mind, good address, powerful magnetic influence and the right word and action at the right time and place, depend for their force, vigor and presence, very much on proper bodily conditions.

### Budding Fruit-Trees.

There are two well-established methods now in general use among experts in fruit-culture, for changing or multiplying varieties of the same class on the same tree, and both of these are simple and inexpensive. The first of these is known as grafting, and is only practiced on larger trees, and always in the spring before the foliage is developed. The other method, which is much more rapid, and quite as sure when properly done, is budding, and the time for doing this extends from the middle of July until the first of September. Whenever the bark separates easily from the wood, the buds may be set, with fair chances of success. The outfit for budding consists of some narrow strips of bass matting, such as comes on the inside of coffee-bags, and a pocket-knife with a single blade, and a small piece of ivory fastened in the end of the handle. When the incision is made the ivory is used to raise the bark up on either side, so that the bud may be pressed into place. The buds to be inserted should be cut from young, healthy trees, and always of the present year's growth, those that are most matured being selected. The leaves may then be clipped off the branch of buds, leaving say half an inch of the leaf stalk attached to the bud. Then with a keen-edged knife cut off each bud separately from a half to three-quarters of an inch in length, leaving a thin slice of wood back of the eye or bud. These buds should be kept moist and protected from the sun or air until set, exposure even for a short time may prove fatal.

When the whole top or any part of it is to be budded over, select the spot for each bud in a smooth part of the branch, not too large, say from one to two inches in diameter. On this part make an incision through the bark in the form of the capital letter T, and raise or separate the bark from the wood with the ivory on the handle of the knife. The bud may then be pressed into place, cutting off square the portion that goes above the cross incision. Then with a strip of the bass matting wrap firmly around the branch above and below the eye, fastening the end of the strip by a slip knot. This completes the operation, which can be successfully done even by a novice in less time than it takes to describe it.—P. T. Quinn; "Midsummer Holiday Scribner."

**Farmer's Scrap-Book.**  
Every farmer should keep a scrap-book. Many valuable recipes, useful hints and beautiful thoughts are floating round in the various newspapers that may be preserved in this way for convenient reference. The book may be arranged in different departments—the scientific, the horticultural, the veterinary, the household, the agricultural, the poultry, the ornamental—and each article placed under its proper heading. Thus an index will be unnecessary, and you can readily turn to the article to which you wish to refer. The value of such a book will, we think, be apparent to every farmer, and its compilation a pleasant amusement.—The lives of valuable animals may be saved by reference to its pages: the corn and other grain may be cultivated more successfully, or other and better varieties obtained. Many a pleasant hour may be passed by the winter fireside reading its pages, for if the selections are good it is an interesting and valuable encyclopedia of rural affairs. Let the children have a department of their own devoted to pigeons, rabbits and other pets. You will thereby instill into their minds a love of nature, a desire for study and methodical habits.—American Stock Journal.

### Bone Meal for Grapes.

The editor of the London Horticulturist asserts that among all the fertilizers proposed for the grape, none embody more of the necessary ingredients than bone meal. It should be applied as early in the season as possible. About a ton to the acre makes a dressing that will prove valuable for two or three years.

### Value of Sea Weed.

One ton of dried seaweed, made into manure, returns to the soil three times as much inorganic matter as manure made from one ton of straw or the same amount of hay; and twenty pounds of dried or eighteen pounds of fresh seaweed contain as much nitrogen as one hundred pounds of oat straw or one hundred and eighty pounds of barley straw.—National Agriculturist.

—The best time to cut wheat is when it is in the dough state. The straw at this stage is yellow at the ground, and all the remainder is still green, but is followed by a speedy change to yellow throughout the whole length as it approaches maturity. A large proportion of the wheat of the country is permitted to become too ripe before harvesting, to secure the best results.—Journal of Agriculture.

### The Fertilizing Power of Rain.

In the average annual rainfall, on an acre of land, the clouds furnish 25.59 pounds of ammonia, 68.91 pounds of nitric acid, equal to a total of 41.42 pounds of nitrogen. This is what the rain does for the farmer, giving his land a dressing in nitrogen equal each year to that contained in 280 pounds of nitrate of soda or 288 pounds of guano. Quite a percentage of such especially of the ammonia, is lost by exhalation from the surface of plants or of the land, yet sufficient remains to account for the luxuriant growth prompted by gentle showers, and to indicate the value and importance of the yearly rainfall as an element of fertility.

Mr. Editor.—Perhaps some of your farmer readers who have money out at interest and are sometimes a little puzzled to know just how much is due them will be pleased to know that by using the following simple rule they can hit it every time.

Multiply the principle by the number of days for which interest is due and divide the amount by 360, it will give the answer in cents for one per cent.; which multiply by 5, 6 or 8 as the case may have been agreed upon. Or having multiplied the principal by the number of days as above, divide the amount for 4 per cent. by 90, 5 by 72, 6 by 60, 7 by 54, 8 by 45, 9 by 40, 10 by 36, the number of times the respective figures are contained in 360 will give the answer.

**Staking Tomatoes.**—Stake your tomato plants before they fall over and go sprawling along the ground. Drive a stout stake four or five feet high close to each plant, with two or three cross-pieces a foot long nailed on it. Nip off every lateral branch that starts from the main stalk, above the leaves, and tie the plant to the stake as it grows, with coarse twine. For early fruit select three or four of the most forward plants, and pinch off not only all the laterals, but the main stalk, a few inches above the first cluster of blossoms. You thus divert all the vigor of the plant into one cluster of fruit, and can ripen tomato-trees or three weeks ahead of the other plants. We have had twenty-four fine "Trophies," making a cluster as large as one could cover with a hat, ripened the most of them in July, by this process. Under favorable conditions of soil and culture, on the single-stalk system, tomato plants will grow five or six feet high, and ripen as many clusters of fruit—cleaner better in flavor, larger and earlier.

### Protecting Pear-Trees.

A correspondent from Pittsford, New York, asks: "Would it be advisable to thaten young pear-trees during the winter? I have some choice dwarfs that were put out last spring, and are now about 3 1/2 feet high. They are located on a knoll or plateau where they get the full force of north-west winds, which, blowing off our lakes, are quite severe during the winter." In case the trees have started an early growth, and the young wood is fully matured, there is no necessity for protecting the pear-trees by thatching. A late succulent growth of wood is often winter-killed; but when the wood is ripened, there is no danger from this cause in Monroe County. It would be good policy to plant some rapidly growing overgreens the coming spring, such as Norway spruce or white pine, in a line ten or fifteen feet apart on the west side of the orchard. By the time the pear trees come into bearing, this row of evergreens will be large enough to break the force of the wind, and save the fruit from being whipped off the trees. Thatching young pear-trees in that locality seems an uncalled-for labor and expense.—Home and Society; Scribner for February.

**Insanity and Revivals.**  
A recent number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal contains an interesting article upon "Insanity and the Revival," by Theodore W. Fisher, M.D., in which reports are given of eight cases of insanity that have come under his observation during the last two months, which were caused by undue religious excitement growing out of the Moody and Sankey revival. The writer says it would not be fair to attribute all these and similar cases to the effects of revival preaching but the presumption in that direction is very strong. An examination of 60 reports of asylums in the United States in 1876 shows that out of 36,983 cases 2144 were produced by religious excitement. In closing his article the writer remarks: "It is needless to add that true religion does not in itself tend to produce insanity, but is the best moral preventive and antidote; but it is the false theology and superstition too often mingled in the religious instruction, and urged upon ignorant and susceptible minds, with vehemence and implied threats of Divine anger, that are liable to disturb an already too unstable mental equilibrium."

### Cement for Wood Vessels Required to be Water Tight.

A mixture of lime clay and oxide of iron separately calcined and reduced to powder, intimately mixed kept in a close vessel, and mixed with water when used.—Scientific American.

## Potato Bug!

I have come to the conclusion that

### FARMERS AND OTHER MEN

are not fully aware that

## Wool Has Advanced, Nearly One-Half.

Consequently

## CLOTHING

must be very much higher, and I will say to you that for the next

30 DAYS

I will sell clothing at

SLAM BANG PRICES!

regardless of cost. I have a

FULL LINE OF

CLOTHING

OF ALL GRADES,

and I am going to sell it

Very LOW for CASH

for the next 30 days.

REMEMBER.

30 Days from July 26th,

and not one day over.

MY FALL STOCK

will come in then, and my prices will be

FALL PRICES.

In accordance with the above, I will request all who are indebted to me, in call and settle the same before August 26th, 1877, or their bills will be left with my lawyer for collection. I mean it. They will be left, no matter who the man is. I must have my pay.

**E. C. ALLEN,**

NORWAY ME.

July 26, 1877.

**Closing out Sale**

**Dry and Fancy Goods**

at Prices to Suit.

We have just ordered an

immense stock of Dry and

Fancy Goods, for Fall and

Winter, to be delivered about

Sept. 1st.

Our store is full now, and in

order to make room for the

above, we shall offer our entire

stock of

**Summer Goods,**

for the next 30 days, regardless

of cost. Now is the time to

buy.

We shall not give a long list

of prices for others to copy

from, but will ask you to call

and examine our goods and

prices. Then you will be con-

vinced that we mean what we

say.

All orders by mail will receive

our prompt attention.

Send for Samples.

**J. A. RODICK & CO.,**

No. 2, Flint and Tracy's Block,

LEWISTON, - MAINE.

(2 doors South of P. O.)

July 31, 1877.

**Notice of Foreclosure.**

WHEREAS Deansboro S. Marble of Dixfield in the County of Oxford on the twenty

eighth day of April A. D. 1876 by his

Deed of date conveyed to Joseph H. Marble

the following real estate situated in Dixfield

and described as follows to wit: One un-

divided eighth part of lot numbered eight

in the first and second range and also one

undivided eighth part of the homestead

farm of the late Loomis B. Marble, excepting

and reserving the widow's third in said farm; also

one undivided one third part of the Parker farm

so called being the northerly part of lot No. 14

in the third range and the boundaries of these foregoing

pieces of land are described in a deed

given by Joel A. Marble to Mary E. Marble dated

April 4, 1863, and recorded in Oxford Registry of

Deeds Book 12 Page 110 to which deed reference

is had and for a more particular description of

said premises reference may be had to the Oxford

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### Errors of Youth.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the evils of youth, writes as follows: "I have been cured by the use of the medicine advertised in the Standard. I have been cured of all my troubles, and I am now a healthy man." JOHN B. GORDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.

### Pimples.

I will mail (free) the recipe for preparing a simple and effective BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address: Ben. Vander & Co., Box 4121, No. 5 Wootter St. N. Y.

### To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address: HAY, A. A. WILSON, 191 Penn St., Williamsburg, New York.

### NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Vital weakness or depression, a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage, the result of Mental over-work, indigestion, or excessive sexual indulgence, is cured by the use of Humpreys' Homeopathic Specifics. It tones up and invigorates the system, restores the vitality, and gives the system strength and energy—stops the drain and restores the vitality. It is a sure cure for Nervous Debility, and is sold by all druggists. Price, 100 per single vial, or \$5.00 per package of five vials and \$2.00 vial of powder sent by mail on receipt of price. Address: Humpreys' Homeopathic Medicine Company, 105 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

### COPY YOUR LETTERS

Excelsior Copying Book. Made of Chemical Paper. Quickly copies any writing WITHOUT WATER. For Ladies, who wish to retain copies of letters, every business man, clergyman, correspondent, traveler, and all who desire a reliable and simple method of copying, will find this book a most valuable possession. Send \$3.00 and we will send a 300 page book by mail, paid to any address. We refer to any Commercial Agency and Stationery Agent's Circular. EXCELSIOR, N.Y. 5000. GENTS wanted.

### THE MILD POWER

## CURES

### HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

Have been in general use for twenty years. Every ailment of the human system, whether simple or complicated, and whether of long or short standing, is cured by the use of these medicines. They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering. Every single specific the well tried prescription of an eminent physician.

For Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations, &c. 25 Cents.

For Croup, Whooping Cough, &c. 25 Cents.

For Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. 25 Cents.

For Consumption, &c. 25 Cents.

For Dropsy, &c. 25 Cents.

For Rheumatism, &c. 25 Cents.

For Gout, &c. 25 Cents.

For Neuralgia, &c. 25 Cents.

For Headache, &c. 25 Cents.

For Stomachic, &c. 25 Cents.

For Nervous Debility, &c. 25 Cents.

For Dropsy, &c. 25 Cents.

For Rheumatism, &c. 25 Cents.

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