

# The Oxford Democrat.

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## The Oxford Democrat

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GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### The Springing Life.

Now Ode the last long streak of snow,  
Now bourgeois every mass of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By some rings the violet blue.  
Now rings the woodland land and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And down'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a slightest song.  
Now dance the lights on lawn and lee,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sea,  
On winding stream or distant sea.  
Where now the new new pipes, or dices  
In yonder growing gloom, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their way  
To build and brood; that live their lives  
From land to land, and in my breast  
Spring vernal, too, and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.  
Alfred Tennyson.

### Saved.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Maltby?"

I had my hands full of drawing materials; but I received the letter, and continued on my way to Mrs. Maltby's dressing-room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the sea-side, where I had spent my vacation; made for Mrs. Maltby—to whom I had been "companion" for a year—and Mrs. Maltby had been interested in them, saying, "Touch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them and keep them."

I usually sat with her, in her dressing-room, through the morning. And thither I now repaired to touch up the drawings, while she sat with her slippered feet on the fender, embroidering with purple and crimson wools.

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance toward my companion. Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned toward me. In its regularity and pallor it looked like a face cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deathly. The letter was clutched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I was shocked, but silent. I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of fifty, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house. Her parents were dead. Her mother had died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn Hall ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She had never had a child. She had no brothers or sisters whom I had ever heard of. I could not surmise what had happened. I saw her burn the letter; and then she rose and left the room.

Afterwards I guessed what that communication was from.

A week passed. They were quiet and comfortable; but rather monotonous weeks at Redburn. But, though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was not unhappy with Mrs. Maltby. Only sometimes I wished for a little change.

It came—a most startling episode.

We had company to dine, Mrs. Maltby's lawyer and personal friend, from own. I was dressing her hair, as it sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements—pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without knock or warning, the door was flung open and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Maltby start under my hands. I, myself, was frightened—the intruder looked so bold and reckless. He was very handsome; but he seemed to me to have been traveling long, or to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled, his long, clustering hair unbrushed, and eyes bloodshot. Yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so high-bred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Maltby did not speak to him. He seated himself before and not far from her, however.

"Go on, Violet," she said.

"Certainly, let the young lady proceed with her task," he said quickly. "What I have to say need not interfere with her employment. I understand that she is your companion and confidante, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting her before."

The last sentence appeared to have been quite mechanically spoken, for he had fixed his eyes fiercely upon Mrs. Maltby's face and seemed to see only her. I went on, pinning up the braids of her hair as I had been bid; but my hands trembled. I could not see her face, but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refused me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had at first spoken, low and concentrated.

"Certainly," she answered.

"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I washed my hands clear of you long ago," she answered, composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated; and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me went over his face.

Then he was silent. I don't know why, but from that moment I pitied him. He got up, and commenced walking the floor.

"I tell you, Winifred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it, and to-night, to-night," he repeated.

Mrs. Maltby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not harder.

"Let me have it, Winifred," he said, pausing before her. "And I promise you I shall be the last time."

She made no reply.

"The last time. I mean it, Winifred." His voice faltered. She did not speak.

"Will you?"

"No," she replied, with no emotion whatever.

His face had been working with some strong, deep feeling. But that monosyllable seemed to strike him like a blow. He stood looking at her, his face still and desperate.

"I did not think God could make such a woman as you are," he said at last.

I felt her shrink beneath the actual horror with which he seemed to regard her. But she spoke with unaltered composure.

"I told you, more than a year ago, that I should pay no more debts of yours contracted in gambling, or in any other way," she said. "I meant it; you know that I meant it. I have given you fair warning. I shall not change."

He did not speak; his head was drooped upon his breast; he was deathly pale.

"I have done my duty by you, Guy—you know that I have," she added.

"Yes, you have been just; but you have never been merciful," he replied. "Oh, God!" He flung up his arms with a bitter cry that wrung my heart.

I looked at her. No; she did not relent or go to him. He had flung himself into a chair, and with his head dropped into his arms folded upon his back, was the most hopeless figure I had ever seen. She rose, for I had finished her hair, and took a seat nearer the fire. Her lips were gray, as if she were cold; but her face was still as inflexible as flint.

He gave a groan, and started up suddenly.

"I am going," he said. "I— He met her eye and asked, "Why do you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed Aer, you will remember."

A slight flush stained her cheek.

"You would have made her happy I suppose, if she had lived," she said, sarcastically. But the sting did not seem to reach him.

"If she had lived? Oh, heaven, if she had lived! Winifred, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me."

"I am willing," she answered.

He remained but a moment longer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach, and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me, and I, too, went away. "She was ill the next day; but on the following day she appeared much as usual."

Of all that I thought and felt, I, of course, said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. I understood that the two were brother and sister—that the young man was named Guy Sedley—that he was dissolute and in disgrace—that Mrs. Maltby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more.

But on the second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber. It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantle was chiming twelve. After a moment, I slipped out of bed, and glided toward the open door. The long, embroidered folds of my night-dress nearly tripped me up; but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the deep velvet of the carpet. I don't know how many I expected to see—certainly not Guy Sedley, kneeling before a sandal-wood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper burning on the mantle showed his face perfectly cool as he went on searching for something. He must have come through my room to reach the apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers in the chest were valuable; that there was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister.

"I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor, close at his side."

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched the knife, and leapt back to the door. I was mistress of the situation; for I had come from behind him, and done all in a flash; and as he rose to his feet, I stood with a calmness that showed that it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With a presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bank notes he had been searching for into the pocket of his waistcoat, and with a glittering eye regarded me speculatively. I was pale, and I had not screamed. I know now, that he was not much afraid of me.

"You have been robbing your sister," I said; "but if you will put the money back I will let you go."

His intense attention of me changed to a look of wonder.

"You child, are you not afraid of me?" he asked.

"No," I answered, truthfully.

"But I watched you in your sleep, a moment ago, debating whether it were necessary to kill you or not."

"You must have been glad to find that it was not necessary," I said.

He looked more astonished than before; but I did not stop to think of that.

"Put the money back," I said.

"No," he said, firmly. "I will murder you first."

"Do not do that," said I. "I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day."

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

"How much money have you there?" I asked.

"One hundred pounds."

"And you need it very much?"

"Very much," he replied with a bitter smile.

"Please put it back," I said. "She has been just to you; I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money."

"You?"

"I have it—yes—here in my room. Let me show you."

"I flung open the door, next to my writing-desk, and came back to him."

"These I will give you freely," I said, opening the roll of notes. "You said to her that it should be the last time, and I hope—"

He had taken the notes into his hand, looking at them in a kind of unbelieving way.

"You may hope that you have saved me," he said, in a low voice.

We were silent for a moment.

"You know now that I was very sorry for you," I said, with tears in my eyes.

"Yes," he said, gravely; "and I love you for it."

He put Mrs. Maltby's money back and rearranged the chest. I began to listen, nervously, for voices about the house; but all was very still. He locked the chest and gave me the key.

"You know where it is kept?"

"Yes; in a drawer in her dressing-room." I wondered how he had obtained it. "Hasten and get away!"

"There is no danger; I made my way hither carefully. Pure, brave little girl, how fearless you are for yourself!"

He looked at me earnestly, as if he wished to carry away a clear memory of my features; then he wrapped his cloak about him, flung up the sash, and leapt soundlessly out into the darkness. I extinguished the taper, and crept back to bed. I did not hear a sound about the house until daybreak.

When I arose I saw the dirk-knife glittering in the sunshine near my writing-desk where I had lain it. Then I shuddered.

A year later I was the mistress of Redburn; the beautiful house, the spacious grounds were all mine. Mrs. Maltby had died and bequeathed them to me.

On her dying bed she said, "Violet, you are my heiress. There is only one living being who has my blood in his veins; I mean I disown." She paused, and then went on: "You have seen my brother. I loved him; I was ambitious for him, but his natural bent was evil. We had a cousin Flora, a child, who was brought up with him. They were engaged to be married. But I forbade it. I revealed to her his dissipation. I told her of his debts and deeds of daring. She loved him, she trusted him,—but she was delicate and died. He says I killed her."

She grew pale, even past her dying pallor. She went on, "When I saw him last, the officers of justice were after him; he was a defaulter. He had stolen money to pay his gambling debts. He is probably lying in jail now; but I will have none of him. I was just to him, and I will never forgive him."

"So she died, hard as a flint to the last. And I was mistress of Redburn."

"I was young. I was fond of gaiety. I had now the means at my disposal. Every summer my house was filled with guests. In the winter I was in London or abroad. And yet I lived only on the interest of the money bestowed upon me."

Three years passed. I had never heard a word of Guy Sedley, when, one day, the Bromleys of London, who were coming to visit me, asked leave to bring a friend; I extended the solicited invitation, and Guy Sedley came. It was a shock; but he gave no token of the past. Reclaimed from his errors, he was so refined and manly that he was the most distinguished of my guests.

I loved him,—but I thought, "He must hate me, the usurper of his rights. He is poor because I have his patrimony. I have no right to Redburn, and I will not keep it. I will give it back to him."

An opportunity came. He was sitting on the terrace one bright evening. I went and took a seat near him.

"How lovely this view is!" he exclaimed, pointing toward the distant hills.

"Yes, and you shall wish for your right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn is yours. I have no claim to it." He did not speak, and I went on: "Your sister was just. And she would have made you the heir if she had lived to see you what you are to-day."

"But it was your mercy, not her justice, Miss Sedley, that saved me. Violet, I love you, and will take Redburn with your hand, not else."

I put my hand in his, trusting him, loving him utterly, and proud very proud to make him the master of Redburn. Nor have I ever regretted it.

Slang-Phrases and Profanity.

Under the head of "Language and Composition," Hill's Manual thus considers profanity:

A man is known by the company he keeps. He is also known by his language. No amount of good clothes or outside polish can prevent a man from being regarded as vulgar and low bred who is addicted to the use of profane words. The use of profanity plainly indicates that the person using the same, has such a limited knowledge of words, suitable to express ideas, that he is compelled to use vulgar language in order to convey his thought. And the same measurably is true of slang phrases. Such words as "Level best," "Right smart," "Played out," "You bet," "Bottom dollar," etc., while sometimes allowed among familiar acquaintances, are vulgarisms, and in all graver speaking and writing should be avoided.

The uniform use of a chaste, refined and beautiful language, is not only an index to a pure, clear, and cultivated intellect, but is always, to the lady or gentleman, one of the surest elements of success in any business where language is required.

### "Running a Village."

A worthy gentleman, who lives out of town, was amazed the other day by being suddenly asked, "Who runs your village?"

"All the pride of a suburban citizen, who hears birds in the morning instead of milk-men, flashed in his eyes as he replied, "Nobly."

"Ah! then you don't have Philharmonic concerts?"

"No, Sir," was the lofty reply; "and no other rural community has Philharmonic concerts."

"There's where you're mistaken," was the lively answer; "and it comes of living in a village that is not properly 'run.'"

When the other gentleman asked if "running" was indispensable to Philharmonic concerts, he was answered that in every little community there must be some leader in every direction of activity or interest, or nothing would be done.—There is a certain amount of "running" power latent in every rural neighborhood. This may "run" away with the neighborhood into all kinds of follies and abuses, or it may stimulate and lead it to the most desirable and delightful results. But the "running" power must be more or less highly developed in some few persons, or good lack! quash the earnest gentleman, you'll not only not run, but you'll stagnate.

The earnest gentleman, whose name was Rusticus, proceeded to say that his neighborhood had suffered a good deal from some of the more familiar and unpleasant results of this spirit of "enterprise," as it is called. It was perpetually designing boulevards and spacious avenues, and bent upon enhancing the value of everybody's property by making it a corner lot by an infinite multiplication of streets. It was always striving to "attract capital" to the neighborhood, to "stimulate activity," and to draw population. It planned to dispose of quagmires and bleak hill-tops under salvos of Champagne corks and the hospitality of free lunches and bands of music. Mysterious allusions to the charms of that vicinity, to its ease of access, and to its freedom from all the heats, mosquitoes, and chills and fevers that usually infest suburban communities, appeared from time to time in the columns of city newspapers. Meanwhile this form of the "running" power ran the neighborhood into debt, and left it boiling through deep and direful mud in the spring, and was responsible for such swearing as had not been heard since the army was in Flanders. There were jobs of every kind on all sides, and the public welfare was maintained only by a constant fight with the spirit that was trying to "run" the village.

Now, said Rusticus, behold the obverse of the medal. Behold the advantage of the same spirit directed to the most delightful results. It is true that in all communities and enterprises some one must lead the way. Sam Adams directs the Boston Mohawks to the tea ships. John Adams is the Colossus of Independence. Columbus sticks fast to his new route to India, and reveals a continent. It now, in your village, continued Rusticus, addressing his friend, there were some generous and intelligent musical enthusiasts, for instance, who had such faith in his own faculty that he scorned enterprises that "do not pay," who saw around him plenty of people willing to enjoy if the way could be opened, but no one of whom would open it; someone who had energy, resolution, and organizing power—why, you would have Philharmonic concerts in your sleepy old village, and you and your friends would all be on the committee, and you yourself would be selling tickets, and turning out in the evening in a white cravat, and putting on prime gloves, and handing beautiful prima donna up to the platform, and clapping and cheering vociferously, and pitying the unenterprising villages that have no Philharmonic concerts.



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## TOWN ITEMS.

### Bethel.

Sept. 1.—The work on the new church at Shelburne, N. H., is about completed, and it will be dedicated on Wednesday, Sept. 12th. The people of Shelburne are a church-going people, and now they have one of the best churches in the County. Rev. Perry Chandler, of Gorham, preaches every Sabbath A. M. at Gorham village, P. M. at Shelburne. All are invited to attend the dedication. Those coming from out of town will be provided for.

Judge A. E. Giles of Boston and Prof. Andrew M. Davis of New York are spending a vacation at the Watersport Mountain House.

### Hebron.

Aug. 30.—School commenced last Tuesday with 95 students; quite a number have come since. The prospect is good for a large school. The Academy has received since last spring about \$400.00 worth of apparatus, which will be a great help to the school. This term finishes Mr. Moody's sixth year. He is a successful teacher and the school is fortunate in securing him.

Another correspondent writes: Hebron Academy begins its fall term with one hundred and fifteen in attendance the first week. There are still boarding places and rooms for a limited number of students.

### Locke's Mills.

Aug. 24.—Last week E. E. Morse, Bedstead Manufacturer of South Bethel failed. Liabilities from eight to ten thousand dollars; assets, as represented by him, fourteen to fifteen hundred. At a meeting of creditors Tuesday, 21st inst., it was thought probable an assignee would be appointed to close out the property.

A. G. Tinkham & Co. propose to dissolve. Woodman goes out.

The long season of rain did great damage to grain in this vicinity, spoiling entirely many acres.

Our depot master is to visit his friends in Montreal next week.

Tobacco & Buck are closing out their stock of dry and fancy goods at about cost, as they propose to move out of their present quarters soon.

The house and barn of Aaron Crockett of Woodstock, near Locke's Mills, was destroyed by fire at about 3 o'clock this morning.

### Oxford.

Aug. 29.—Henry F. Smith of this place died here the 28th inst., after a two day's illness.

Wm. B. Walton died in Peru at the residence of his son Frank, the morning of the 28th inst. Mr. Walton was an old and highly valued resident of this locality, a member of the Legislature when it held summer sessions.

Albert D. and Ellery C. Park, sons of H. W. Park, were thrown from a wagon between Hebron and Mechanic Falls Tuesday the 28th. Ellery was quite badly bruised; the other son escaped with very little injury, and held the frightened horse so that no damage was done to the wagon.

### Paris.

The corner is being rapidly built up. Wm. Perkins has opened a carriage painting shop over Whitman's blacksmithing establishment. William thinks he can renovate a wagon or sleigh with the next man.

Five boarders in the stone castle. Da collard gem/man objects to rooming with a light skin, while the bold Saxon despises his mess-mate of a darker hue. Crime as well as poverty makes strange bed fellows.

Most of our summer company left last week.

A fall term of district school will begin next Monday, the 10th inst., Miss Adabelle Hammond, teacher.

The night blooming cereus has become so common in our village that it now ceases to attract much attention. Still it may interest persons who have never seen the flower, to know that Mrs. C. T. Meilen has a plant which put out two blossoms Sunday night, and has five buds about to open.

The Reform Club met Saturday evening as usual, and adjourned to meet Sunday afternoon, 9th inst., at 3 o'clock, in the Court House.

### North Paris.

Quite an extensive religious interest has prevailed in this vicinity for the past year. Three were baptized one week ago last Sabbath and united themselves with the Methodists. Three were to have been baptized last Sabbath, but the inclemency of the weather prevented. They were to have joined the Baptist church.

Samuel W. Dunham has purchased of Lewis Pratt the grist mill owned and run by the popular miller, the late Elihu Murdoch. He intends to keep constantly on hand a good stock of the different grades of flour, as well as a large stock of corn and meal. The services of Oscar Ellingwood have been secured as miller. Mr. Dunham has also rented the carriage shop, and secured the services of several good carriage builders, and intends to build quite a number of different styles of carriages as well as sleighs.

The people here regret very much to part with their friend and blacksmith, C. C. Gilman, although living here only one year he leaves a host of warm friends.

We rejoice to see our old friend Joseph Dunham out from the sick room and able to be among us again. His illness has been long and severe and his suffering great, and we trust he will be spared from a like experience of the past few months.

Farmers will be well paid to visit the farm of Wellington Dunham and see what patience, perseverance and hard labor can do for that farm. He showed me one field that had been considered worthless, filled as it was with large boulders, but he procured help, and with

powder and drills went to work and soon those big rocks were crumbled into pieces that could be hauled by oxen, and put into a wall. He informed me that it cost him fifteen dollars to remove one large rock; and now a finer field could hardly be desired. He had built a wall on the lower side of this field some 18 rods long, 5 feet high on the face side and from 6 to 8 feet wide. If all farmers could take the same interest and pride in farming as Mr. Dunham does there would be less complaining of hard times.

JNO.

## MARRIED.

I. K. Kroll, N. H., Aug. 20, by J. A. Thurston Esq., Mr. Daniel C. Sweet to Miss Eva D. Andrews, both of Mill Plantation, Maine.

Isaiah N. H., Aug. 20, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. A. J. Benedict, John Bellows Esq., of Exeter, N. H., to Helen E., eldest daughter of the late V. L. Stiles. No cards.

## Weather Report.

Temperature last week at S. A. M.  
Sunday, 60°; rain; Monday, 61°; cloudy; Tuesday, 62°; foggy; Wednesday, 63°; rain; Thursday, 65°; clear; Friday, 65°; clear; Saturday, 65°; cloudy.

IN GREAT DANGER!—The public are again in great danger of being deceived by a flood of the imitation of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters. The Rev. John Pike writes as follows: I have been deceived several times by the imitation put up in the same shape bottles and signed by one "Na than Wood," which imitation has always proved nearly worthless.

East Psychology Me. JOHN PIKE.

The true medicine gives relief, and bears the large red patented trade mark "L. F." as well as the signature of "L. F." Atwood.

april-17

## New Advertisements.

### WANTED.

A man and wife to rent a farm three miles north of North Village, Maine. References required. Call at premises or address.

N. E. McGRILL, Norway, Me.

### To Pensioners.

ON and after TUESDAY, September 10th, the Portland Board of Examining Surgeons for pensioners will hold daily sessions at the rooms of the old Pension Agency, Centennial Block.

sept-12

### FURNITURE.

You can save 25 per cent. by buying of the manufacturer.

J. H. BARROWS, West Paris, Maine.

22-25 Seaters wanted. 24-47

### NOTICE.

PURSUANT to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford I shall sell at public auction on the thirteenth day of October A. D. 1877, at two o'clock in the afternoon on the premises all the right, title and interest which Lydia A. Cushman of Rumford an insane person had in and to the following described real estate viz: R being her homestead at Rumford Point, and all the privileges and appurtenances belonging thereto.

Dated this thirteenth day of August A. D. 1877.

WALDO PETTINGILL, Guardian of said Lydia A. Cushman.

### Commissioner's Notice.

THAT under and having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August A. D. 1877, commissioners to receive, examine and decide the claims of creditors against the estate of Peter Holman, late of Dixfield, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the date of said appointment are allowed to said creditors in which to present and prove their claims; and that they will be in session at the following place and times for the purpose of receiving the same, viz: at the office of E. G. Harlow in said Dixfield on Saturday the 28th day of October A. D. 1877, at one o'clock P. M., and again at the same place on Saturday the 28th day of November A. D. 1877, at one o'clock P. M., and again at the same place on Saturday the 10th day of February A. D. 1878, at one o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated this 28th day of August A. D. 1877.

E. G. HARLOW, Commissioner.

LUTHER H. LUDEN, Commissioner.

Sings its own Praises, and Leads the World.



### THE ESTY ORGAN.

Whimsical by the most eminent musicians to be unqualifiedly the best. Celebrated for pure tone, beauty and durability. Nearly one hundred thousand in use in homes, churches, schools and wherever they are. Special new styles just received.

Pianos, Organs, Melodeons, Piano Stools, and Carvers for sale or to order at the installation plan.

PRICES LOW.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

WM. J. WHEELER, SO. PARIS, MAINE.

South Paris, Sept. 4, 1877.

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

ON the petition of WINIFRED S. RIPLEY, Guardian of Richard N. Davis, minor heir of Nehemiah Davis, late of Woodstock, in said County, deceased, praying for license to sell and convey the interest of his said ward in the homestead of Benjamin Davis late of Woodstock aforesaid, to Benjamin Davis Jr., at an advantageous price of one hundred dollars.

Ordered, That the said Petitioner 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 Sep. next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

A. H. WALKER, Judge.

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

### Non-Resident Taxes.

In Franklin Plantation in the County of Oxford for the year 1876.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the County of Oxford for the year 1876, in bills committed to Charles W. Child, Collector of said plant, on the 5th day of June 1876, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 5th day of June 1877, by his certificate of that date, and now remains unpaid, and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes and interest charges are not paid into the Treasury of said Plant within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will, without further notice, be sold at Public Auction at the schoolhouse in District No. 3, said Plantation, on Tuesday, February 12th, 1878, at ten o'clock P. M.

31-1

David F. Brown, north of County road,

38 Ma 30 \$100 \$1.50

Same, 38 Ma 100 3 1.20

Same, 37 Ma 100 100 1.50

Same, 38 Ma 100 100 1.50

Barrett Thron, South of Speckled Mountain, 100 50 75

Cyrus Dunne, mountain

E. W. Dolley, 22 Ma 250 225 3.37

WM. H. M. Franklin Plantation,

Franklin, September 4, 1877. 3w

Treasurer of Franklin Plantation.

All kinds of Job Printing done at this Office.

## Wm. J. Wheeler,

### AGENT FOR



The Esty, Mason & Hamlin, and Geo. Wood & Co.'s

## ORGANS,

Woodward & Brown, Chickering, Hazeltin Bros., and Chas. D. Blake's

## PIANOS.

Piano Stools, Covers, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, constantly on hand, and for sale at lowest prices. All kinds of Musical Instruments sold by monthly installments, and to let on lease.

12 E. C. ST. L. O. W.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Office in Savings Bank Block.

NO. PARIS, ME.

South Paris, Sept. 4, 1877.

### Non-Resident Taxes.

In the Town of Sweden in the County of Oxford for the year 1876.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the said town of Sweden for the year 1876, in bills committed to Hugh F. Melanson, Collector of said town, on the 5th day of June 1876, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 5th day of June 1877, by his certificate of that date, and now remains unpaid, and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes and interest charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will, without further notice, be sold at Public Auction at the schoolhouse in District No. 2, said town, on the twenty-sixth day of January, 1878, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

26-1

Jewett Albert, 35 No. of lot

Wm. Riddion in trust, 7 3 100 200 2.80 1.00 4.70

Same, 29 3 100 300 4.20 2.50 7.05

\* Unpaid highway tax for 1875.

ALVIN PIKE, Treasurer of Sweden.

Sweden, August 27, 1877.

### Non-Resident Taxes.

In the town of Roxbury, County of Oxford and State of Maine, for the year 1876.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Roxbury for the year 1876, in bills committed to Hugh F. Melanson, Collector of said town, on the 5th day of July, 1876, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 5th day of July 1877, by his certificate of that date, and now remains unpaid, and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will, without further notice, be sold at public auction at the schoolhouse in District No. 2, said town, on the twenty-sixth day of January, 1878, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

26-1

Henri S. C. Gleason, 2 4 100 282 14.00

E. G. Mitchell, E. G. Mitchell, 13 1 100 81 4.21

David, William estate, 12 2 100 23 2.03

Same, 14 1 100 23 2.03

Same, 14 2 100 23 2.03

G. H. Houghton, What? 3 6 50 20 1.04

E. M. Wilbur, 10 10 100 20 1.04

W. B. Houghton, What? 12 8 50 10 1.04

Same, 12 8 50 10 1.04

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Same, 12 8 50



# SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

Take ginger preparation is prepared from the purest ginger, combined with choice aromatic and medicinal herbs, and is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

**CHOLERA, MORBUS, CRAMPS, PAINS, DIARRHOEA, AND DYSENTERY** are instantly relieved by it. It will remove an attack of Cholera Morbus, if taken when the symptoms first appear. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

**ICE WATER**—and a solution of it, forms a mixture which, as a cooling, healthy, and refreshing beverage, has no equal. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

**DYSPEPSIA**—Flatulence, sluggish digestion, want of tone and activity in the stomach and bowels, oppression after eating, are sure to be relieved by a single dose taken after each meal. A great deal of relief is to be found in it.

**RESTORATIVE STIMULANT**—free from serious objections, yet valuable, even in the most delicate cases, it is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

**SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER**—an elegant combination of the True Jamaica Ginger with the choicest Aromatics. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

**\$500 REWARD** will be paid for a bottle of this ginger if found to equal it in its flavor, purity and prompt medicinal effect. Largest, Cheapest, and Best—Take no other until you have given it a trial.

**ELECTRICITY** FOR THE MILLION. AN ELECTRIC BATTERY FOR 25 CENTS. COLLIN'S VOLTAIC PLASTER.

**COLLIN'S VOLTAIC PLASTER**—Cures Pain and Aches. It is a most effective remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

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**Our Flag!**  
Lift up your beautiful flag!  
Let cannon-mouth  
Unto North and South—  
From flag to flag—  
Answer the resolute shout  
Of nations crying out:  
"The flag of the flag!"  
Give to all who are flag!  
Of lands and waves,  
Wherever waves  
Their golden flag,  
Of the glorious stars  
Shine through all prison bars,  
Humanity's flag!  
Fling out that glorious flag!  
No need of drum,  
If its light may come  
Where soldiers lag—  
Into each patriot's soul  
That sturdy voice must thrill—  
America's flag!

**In the Swing.**

Pretty, saucy Kitty went swinging up and down, and her light muslin dress waving and fluttering in the breeze.

"Glorious, Rupert, isn't it?" she cried, calling to her pet and companion, a huge, shaggy dog. "But where are you? Why don't you answer, sir?" And swinging more slowly, she looked everywhere round her.

Kitty was down at the bottom of the old-fashioned garden, back of her father's farm-house, where a swing had been put up for her, in a little grove of trees.

Suddenly a merry voice cried out "Here," and a handsome young man appeared, leaping the low fence, and advanced toward her, laughing, and doffing his hat.

Kitty was out of the swing and on her feet in an instant, her eyes flashing, her figure drawn up to its full height. She looked prettier than ever in her indignation.

"I beg your pardon," said the intruder, bowing, half-mockingly; but I was taking a short cut across the field, when I heard you call me."

"Call you?" Kitty looked at him as she would annihilate him.

"Certainly," with the utmost coolness. "You called 'Rupert' didn't you?"

"I was calling my dog, sir," said Kitty with infinite haughtiness.

"Well, I'm not exactly a dog," was the laughing answer, "but I've often been called an impudent puppy—at your service, miss!" And he bowed again profoundly.

"I should think so," snapped Kitty, stamping her little foot. And she muttered to herself, not expecting to be heard, "Impudence!"

The stranger heard the word, nevertheless. His manner changed. He became as serious and deferential as the most chivalrous knight of old in presence of his mistress.

"I beg pardon, I'm afraid I'm trespassing. But the path through the field was trodden as if one had the right of way there, and I heard you call—well, I made a mistake." Again the mischievous look danced in his eyes. "Good morning!"

He swept the very ground with his hat as he executed another profound bow, and then turned, and putting his hand on the top of the fence, vaulted over, and the next moment was out of sight.

Kitty did not swing any more that day, but went back to the house, muttering, "The impudent fellow!" while the real Rupert, who had been off chasing a rabbit, re-appeared just at this juncture, and accompanied her, flogging and barking round her. But this was not the Rupert she meant when she said "The impudent fellow."

A week passed. Kitty saw no more of the stranger, though she often wondered who he could be, and if he was staying in the neighborhood. At the end of that time, she attended an evening party at General Stacy's. Almost the first person she saw on entering the room was the handsome stranger.

"I wish to introduce you to my nephew," said the General, leading that personage up to Kitty. "His name, by baptism, is Rupert Mortimer, but he is such a saucy fellow, that he is best known among his friends as 'that impudent puppy'."

The eyes of the two young people met. Young Mr. Mortimer was dancing with fun. For the life of her, Kitty could not help laughing. So they laughed in concert, and he said, bowing low, and repeating the words he had used in the garden, "Yes, 'that impudent puppy'—at your service."

"He is making sport of me," said Kitty to herself, and drew herself up haughtily; and for the rest of the interview she was cold and reserved, confining herself to monosyllabic replies. Very soon, at the appearance of one of her many admirers, she excused herself, and went off to dance.

"A bit of a Tartar, I'm afraid," soliloquized Rupert Mortimer. "But how pretty she is! She looks too, so as if she had a noble character, and she can take her own part as I have found to my cost. But I'm afraid she has been spoiled by admiration. To get into her good graces, one must go on very nicely to her, and feign it is almost worth while to do it. But Rupert Mortimer, my boy, keep your self-respect!" Then, with a laugh, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

"Yet often that evening, Rupert found himself, as if by some magnetic attraction, drawn to Kitty's side. Kitty, too, could not help, occasionally, glancing admiringly at his handsome face and graceful figure. She saw, very soon, that he was the best dancer in the room. So, when a waltz struck up, and he asked her to join in it, she could not resist.

"If I don't dance with him," she said to herself, "the other girls will say I didn't ask me; and that would never do."

Kitty had never enjoyed a waltz so much. She forgot the ridiculous epithets she had been accustomed to hear, and danced with him as if he were a prince.

"The old Scottish heathers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching old sermons. A group of parishioners was observed to be somewhat merry on their way home. The minister asked the cause of this. 'Indeed, sir,' replied the beadle, 'they were saying you had preached an old sermon to-day, but I tackled them, for I told them it was no an old sermon, for the minister had preached it not six months since.'"

"The swamps are now dry, and work on them should not be neglected. Getting out muck for use in the winter, and digging ditches, can be better done in August than at any other time."—*Agriculturist.*

and young Mr. Mortimer were together almost constantly. Somehow, Kitty fell into the habit of expecting Rupert always, as her special escort; and he began to feel that no one but he had a right to Kitty, and to be very jealous when others attempted to pay her attention. As yet, however, no words of love had passed between them; for Rupert, now thoroughly enamored, feared to ruin all by too premature an avowal; especially as, once or twice, when he had ventured to approach the subject, Kitty had suddenly grown haughty and cold.

A final picnic had been planned to close the season. It proved a great success. The day passed merrily on, until luncheon-time. Rupert had made up his mind to have a quiet ramble with Kitty, after this meal, and if things went well, to speak of his love. But he had counted without his cost, for when luncheon was over, and he had got rid of his aunt, Mrs. Stacy, who had called him to her side to wait on her, he found her favorite dog came bounding toward him, jumping and barking, and manifesting the greatest delight at seeing him. But when Rupert stopped to pat his name-sake, the dog darted ahead; then stopped and looked wistfully at Rupert, and then rushed on again. "What can he mean?" said Rupert.

A sudden fear seized him that something was wrong, and he hurried on the dog rapidly leading the way.

At last, in an opening of the woods, on a moss-covered rock, he saw Kitty, pale, breathless, and apparently in pain.

In a moment he was at her side. All his jealousy was gone. Love was uppermost.

"Oh, darling!" he cried, "what is it? Thank Heaven, I have found you!"

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer," she cried with a little sob, "how glad I am to see you! I began to think I should have to stay here all night alone. I've sprained my ankle, so I can't walk. What shall I do and she burst into tears.

Our hero took both the little hands, and held them tightly in his own, while he questioned her anxiously as to the accident, relating meantime how he came to find her.

"But how," exclaimed Kitty ruefully when he had done, "how am I ever to get back? I don't believe I can walk a step."

"Of course you can't. Who said you could?" cried Rupert. "But you'll get back right, all the same, for I intend to carry you."

"Carry me?" Kitty gave a little scream, and shrunk back, and covered her face with both hands, for she felt the hot blood in her cheeks.

"Oh, no! that will never do!" she blundered out, unthinkingly. "What will people say?"

But Rupert did not stop to reply to this question. Very little cared he for what people said. Without a word, he put his arms about Kitty, and lifting her bodily from her feet, walked off with her as if she had been a feather-weight.

At first Kitty struggled a little; but the strong, manly arms held her close, and she soon began rather to like it, and to think it all very delightful.

"At any rate," she said to herself, "I can't help it; he is too masterful to resist."

With this comforting conclusion, her fair head sank on his shoulder, and for the first time in her life Kitty knew what it was to be supremely happy.

Rupert carried his lovely burden to his own phaeton, which stood apart from the crowd, and carefully placed Kitty in it.

"There now," he said, "I shall take you home immediately, and stop for a doctor on the way. Nobody can drive you with so little pain as I can," he added seeing she was about to object. "Besides, you must begin to obey me, so as to get your hand in, for you are going to be my wife, you know."

"Your wife!" cried Kitty. She gave a point, and a toss of her head, but she blushed, and not with anger either. Yes; blushed to the tips of her dainty ears.

"Of course," retorted Rupert, as he stepped softly into the phaeton, and took his seat beside her, looking half-saucily, half-fondly into her eyes, which fell before him. "I've meant it all along. Didn't you?"

"Really you are the most impudent puppy I ever saw!" retorted Kitty, bursting into laughter in spite of herself.

But, for all that she did not repulse the kiss, which, before starting, he pressed thought it necessary to fortify himself for the journey.

What more is there to tell? Very little. For Kitty and Rupert were married early in the autumn, and were superlatively happy.

"Do you know," said Rupert, one day, "that it was the merest accident we ever knew each other? I had come down to my uncle's, for a single night only, when I saw you in the swing, and my whole life was changed. I fell in love at first sight, and resolved to stay, and make your acquaintance, even if it took all the summer."

"So I owe my happiness," answered Kitty, archly, "to my faithful dog—dear old fellow—being off guard that afternoon."

"And to an impudent puppy coming along," retorted Rupert, with a kiss, "just in the nick of time, and taking his place."

The old Scottish heathers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching old sermons. A group of parishioners was observed to be somewhat merry on their way home. The minister asked the cause of this. "Indeed, sir," replied the beadle, "they were saying you had preached an old sermon to-day, but I tackled them, for I told them it was no an old sermon, for the minister had preached it not six months since."

The swamps are now dry, and work on them should not be neglected. Getting out muck for use in the winter, and digging ditches, can be better done in August than at any other time."—*Agriculturist.*

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**NERVOUS DEBILITY.**  
Vital weakness or depression to such extent that no energy or courage is left to resist the influence of the system, is always cured by Humphrey's Homeopathic Specifics. It dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy, stops the drain and restores the system. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle, or \$5.00 per package of five bottles, and \$2.00 per bottle of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address: Humphrey's Homeopathic Specifics, 107 Fulton St., New York.

**HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS**—Have been in general use for twenty years. Everywhere known. They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering. Every ailment, specify the well-defined prescription on an adjacent physician.

**Case, Morocco, with above 35 large vials and 100 small vials, \$10.00**  
**Case Morocco, of 20 large vials and 100 small vials, \$6.00**  
These remedies are sent by the case, single box or vial, to any part of the world, by express, on receipt of price. Address: Humphrey's Homeopathic Specifics, 107 Fulton St., New York.

**For sale by all Druggists.**  
Geo. E. Wilson, and A. M. Gerry, Agents.

**AMERICAN WATCH WINDER.**  
And worthy of the consideration of every one who possesses a watch.

The American Watch Winder, superior to any watch winder device, is a most useful and valuable watch. It is durable and, when applied, it becomes a part of the watch, yet can be removed without affecting the watch and ready replaced.

Being a fixture to the watch, it always runs as smoothly as the watch itself, and is not liable to become loose or to get out of order. It is a most useful and valuable watch.

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**THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY GIVES PUBLIC NOTICE** that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of **LITDEY, late of Paris in said County, deceased**, giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him on or before the 10th day of August, A. D. 1877.

**ALVAH BLACK.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY GIVES PUBLIC NOTICE that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of **JOSEPH B. GRAY, late of Hartford in said County, deceased**, giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him on or before the 10th day of August, A. D. 1877.

**SULLIVAN & HUTCHINS.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY GIVES PUBLIC NOTICE that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of **JOHN P. GLASS, late of Portland in said County, deceased**, giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him on or before the 10th day of August, A. D. 1877.

**SETH DORR, Glass, Gorham, Me.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY GIVES PUBLIC NOTICE that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of **CHARLES HINCKLEY, late of Franklin in said County, deceased**, giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him on or before the 10th day of August, A. D. 1877.

**CHARLES HINCKLEY, JR., GOSHOP, Me.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY GIVES PUBLIC NOTICE that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of **JAMES A. JACKSON, late of Paris in said County, deceased**, giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him on or before the 10th day of August, A. D. 1877.

**ELLEN E. JACKSON.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER HEREBY GIVES PUBLIC NOTICE that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of **JOHN P. GLASS, late of Portland in said County, deceased**, giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him on or before the 10th day of August, A. D. 1877.

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